

RESIGNATION OF LOUIS PHILIPPE



Oh c'est ce bon tricolor ! Tu ne vaux plus rien mon ami
mon drapeau - N'importe ! Tu ne me quitteras jamais -
comme meuchien

A DISTURBER OF PUBLIC PEACE AND COMFORT.

FLOORED •



COCHRANITE. "I say, Old Edder, of course you'll fraternise with us."

and come and break some Vinders

SOLDIER "Of course I won't, but I'll punch your head if you
don't move off." PUNCH

THE
PICNIC MAGAZINE,

A Journal of Literature,

SCIENCE, CHESS AND THE DRAMA.

CONTAINING:

SELECTED REVIEWS: COPIOUS NOTICES AND LISTS OF NEW BOOKS: BIOGRAPHY:
TALES, TRAVELS, SCIENTIFIC SELECTIONS AND NOTICES: NATURAL HISTORY:
ORIGINAL ARTICLES: POETRY: CHESS AND MISCELLANEA—CAREFULLY COMPILED
FROM ALL THE BRITISH PERIODICALS LEAST GENERALLY READ IN INDIA.

"I am very sensible, that it is not so much for a person's reputation, thus to make use of other men's labour, and that it is in a manner renouncing the name and quality of Author. But I am not fond of that title; and shall be extremely well pleased, and think myself very happy, if I can but deserve the name of a good compiler"—ROLLIN.

VOL. I.

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ADDRESS.

It appeared to the Projector of this Magazine that many Periodicals were published in England, containing excellent Reviews, Tales, and various other matter, which never met the eye of the public in India; and that as it was impossible for all the Book Clubs to subscribe to every one of those numerous monthly issues of the British Press, that a Magazine comprising *picked and selected* articles, from all the periodicals least generally read in this country, would not only be a taking and amusing compilation, acceptable and worthy of public support, but also serve to complete the stock of literary information of our Book Clubs, and tend to bring into notice those publications, and increase their subscribers in India.

In support of his views, there is for example the "London Athenæum," a weekly paper deserving of the greatest popularity here, as well as at home, but which we have rarely met with in this country.

We have drawn largely from its pages in consequence of the paucity of our resources, at the commencement of our career; and the least we can do is to recommend it strongly to all Book Clubs: they can judge of its merits from our selections, which extend over three months of its pages. We have thus extracted more from it in this our first number than we shall have opportunity of doing in future, but we do not regret this, as, while we have been able to put our readers "au courant" with Literary Affairs of the past year, so we shall be able hereafter to extract from many others of the periodicals set forth in our prospectus.

Our present number is selected from some fifteen different sources.

TO OUR REVIEWER.

THE "great promptness" with which our *friend* of the *Hurkaru* has favoured us with his *valuable* opinion of our Magazine, looks almost like predetermination, and puts us in mind of the leniency that Judge Jeffreys used to show to his unfortunate victims. We are led to these remarks from his unqualified censure of our work, which he has not allowed to possess *even one* redeeming quality; and after all this castigation, evidently calculated, if not intended, to hiss us off the stage, he very composedly begs us not to feel annoyed, as it will all "conduce to the improvement of the publication!"

We cannot, however, in justice to ourselves, or our readers, allow him to put us down by mere assertion.

Our *friend* begins with the old adage that "first impressions have a powerful and abiding effect," and it would certainly appear from "his prompt" effort to bias the public against our first No., that he desires to make it applicable to us, and that to our prejudice.

In the next place he is "not sure that the periodicals 'least generally read in India' are the best sources from which to draw a supply of reading for the Indian public." We reply, that people do not require that of which they *have* a supply. "Prompt republication," as our friend has it, or, in other words, forestalling the contents of Magazines, popular in India, and which are preferred in original, is not our object; but we wish to place before our readers such articles as they have not seen elsewhere, and which it is not desirable should be lost to them. At the same time our friend goes on to *admit* that "carefully chosen articles from the literary and scientific publications of England *ought* to meet with extensive patronage," thus contradicting himself, and exposing the *animus* in which he wrote.

We are said "to have failed in every particular quality," which he deems necessary we should combine to render us "even endurable," viz. "Cheapness, quality of selection, and rapidity of reproduction." Premising that one man's opinion, though in his own estimation it may doubtless be *very important*, is in reality of *very little*, or rather of *no* consequence whatever to the public, particularly in matters where they have an opportunity, and are therefore better able to judge for themselves, we cannot go on to admit any of his postulates. On "the rapidity of reproduction" we have already touched: it is a piece of claptrap, in which a daily paper may indulge, without fear of contradiction, but for which the public have to pay, at the rate of only Rupees 64 per annum. Next "the quality of the selections;" we have said, let every one judge for himself, we are evidently not ashamed of "the contents," every one having had an opportunity of knowing, whether the selections are new to him or otherwise, before subscribing to the Magazine; and having had the best proof, by a very fair influx of subscribers, that there *are* **VERY MANY**, to whom our selections are quite new. We have therefore said advisedly, that the public are better capable of judging, than our friend of the *Hurkaru*. Though an Editor may be supplied with all the new books as soon as they appear, and has access to all the public Libraries and Book Clubs of Calcutta, he should not run away with the somewhat contracted idea, that all India has equal opportunities of seeing the articles which we lay before them. Living in the Mofussil, and belonging to one of their Book Clubs, we can judge, very nearly, of what will be new to them, and we believe, that our articles have not been reprinted in this country, and must necessarily be quite new to many hundred readers; although our friend has expressed his article so, that a casual reader would suppose that *he had himself* given most of our articles many months ago. To condemn the quality of our selections, which are the best of many good works, is to condemn the works themselves, but this, coming from one who sneered at a *London Quarterly* for having "retrospective reviews beyond endurance," does not surprise us, and when this sapient critic supposes that all the talent of Britain is

engaged on four or five of the oldest Magazines, it is enough to convince us that his opinion is of very little importance: though it is well for us not to let false impressions get abroad. A poor grub may do much harm if not eradicated.

We need scarcely allude to our cheapness, the price speaks for itself.

As to our friend's remarks about "old notices of New Books," &c., people may differ in opinion as to *what is "old;"* for instance, we thought our friend's fourth edition of "*La Camicia Rapita*," after two other Indian Journals had re-published it, was a *repetition* "beyond all endurance," and decidedly "old" to nine-tenths of the Indian public, but he would evidently have preferred a 5th. edition of it from us, to a reprint of some excellent reviews for the first time in this country. And here we would impress on our readers, that we are not obstinately refusing to listen to good advice, when properly administered; we fully intend to give them extracts from *the newest sources*, but we have plainly stated in the address to our first Number, which the *Hurkaru* had not the liberality to extract, that we wished to put our readers in possession of Literary and Scientific information of the past year, which they would otherwise never have seen; and though the critic speaks of "people wanting to know and that they *can* know those of the last month," we need merely ask where? certainly not in the columns of the Literary Gazette, or our work would never have been issued with any hope of success. We were in hopes that our course was quite clear of his, and of every body else, but this is only another proof of the vanity of human wishes.

Lastly, as to the balm with which he endeavours to heal our wounds, in saying, "that he is willing to believe that in future the Magazine will supply a desideratum in the local literature," we accept it in the spirit which it deserves; and on our part, having only refuted his imputations, we are willing to let off the *Hurkaru* and *Literary Gazette* as Uncle Toby did the fly, "Go! poor devil! there is room enough in the world, both for thee and me!"

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THE
PICNIC MAGAZINE.

Vol. I.]

MARCH, 1848.

[No. 1.]

I.—SELECTED REVIEWS AND NOTICES OF
NEW BOOKS.

REVIEWS.

Thornton's History of British India, Vol. VI.

THIS volume has come out at an awkward juncture, when the events to which it relates have lost the freshness of news and not acquired the interest of history. Mr. Thornton might have taken "Incedo per ignes" for his motto, and so indeed might we—for we find the task of reviewing to be only second, in point of difficulty and delicacy, to that of writing a history of contemporary transactions. The influence of the feelings under which we suspect this volume to have been written, becomes from the first perceptible in the author's hanging as it were in the wind, and loitering through a hundred pages over questions of no very exciting or enduring interest, instead of rushing on, as was his wont, to tales of war and battle.

Though we cannot follow exactly in his footsteps, and may spare room for lengthened notice of only one of the topics touched upon in these preliminary pages, we think it well to mention what they are, that our readers if they wish for it, may know where to seek for information.

The volume opens with the controversy in 1833 between the Court of Directors and the Board of Control, when the latter threatened to send the former to jail, but thought better of it. The particulars of this most amusing case are given in the first twenty pages, and may be recommended to the attention of all who question the use of having a permanent body of independent gentlemen, like the Court of Directors, interposed between our Indian empire and the ever-fluctuating administration of the mother-country.

The next matter noticed is the removal of Lord Heytesbury in 1835, on the sole ground of contrariety of party views, from the post of Governor-General; and here we would call attention to the remark of one of the most accomplished members of the Court, cited at page 37, that "India was of no party, and the Court of Directors, were considered to be perfectly independent of all political influence."

The account commencing at page 74, of the attempt made at Luck-

now in 1837, on the death of the King of Oude, to defeat the arrangement resolved on by our Government with regard to the succession, is well worthy of perusal, though justice is there hardly done to the conduct of the Resident Colonel Low; who, while separated from all support, and surrounded by a furious mob, some of them with drawn swords and others with pistols pointed at his head, trying in vain to intimidate him into performing obeisance to the lad whom they had seated on the throne, preserved his serenity amid the most imminent danger, and thus extricated himself and saved the palace and the city from becoming the scene of massacre and pillage.

If any of our readers have ever been induced to attend the Meetings occasionally got up in London by the agents of the Ex-Rajah of Sattarah, they will be able to appreciate the justness of the following remark of Mr. Thornton on that chieftain's case:—

“Of all the powers of India, that of the Mahrattas is the least calculated to call forth honest sympathy; and a foreign apologist can scarcely be listened to with patience, because it is scarcely possible that he should be believed to be sincere. If the misguided princes of the East, who lavish large sums in the purchase of European agency, were aware of the precise value of that agency, they would soon withhold their useless liberality, and retain in their coffers the wealth they so dearly prize, but which in such instances they dispense so foolishly.”—P. 93.

We come now to the only one of these preliminary topics upon which we can afford to enlarge, and that is the *Press*.

In our notice of the former volumes, we have given our own sentiments upon the difficult question of the liberation of the Indian press, and we have no disposition to combat the many strong arguments now advanced by Mr. Thornton against the policy of this memorable measure of the late Lord Metcalfe. We have already remarked that the press has most happily disappointed many of the predictions of those opposed to its liberation. It has not lent itself to the dissemination of private scandal, and it has not evinced that hostility to public bodies or to individual functionaries which was apprehended as probable consequences of the entire removal of all pre-existing restraints. Its offences have been chiefly want of caution in its disclosures, and want of consideration in its speculations. By the former, it has sometimes done its best to put our enemies on their guard against projected operations; by the latter, it has gone far to shake our alliance with independent states, by an open avowal of a desire for their speedy annihilation or absorption. But though, even in these respects, we acknowledge our censures to have been too sweeping, still it must, we think, be admitted, that in the present state of India a perfectly free press is undesirable, and so we are persuaded thought Lord Metcalfe, in common with Mr. Thornton; but he also saw that, be it for good or for ill, its liberation was inevitable, and that no Government, however powerful, could long resist the current that was setting, having its source not in India but in the growing potency of the popular voice in England.

Taking this view of the question, we cannot agree with Mr. Thornton in thinking that the circumstance of Lord Metcalfe's having been only in temporary possession of the high office of Governor-General, consti-

tutes any valid objection to the step taken by him on his own responsibility; nor do we think that to have referred the matter to the home authorities would have been either wise or generous. The reference could not but have transpired, and in that case the odium incurred by withholding the solicited sanction, would have been but a shade lighter than what they might have braved, if they had thought proper, by a rescision of the obnoxious law. That they did not exercise this last-mentioned power proves, to our mind, that they had real cause to be grateful to their intrepid servant, who took upon himself all the reproach of a concession which neither they nor he had the power long to withhold.

Having no intention to follow our author very closely across the trodden ground of the Afghan war, we cannot resist the inclination to linger over our reminiscences of the distinguished individual to whom we have just alluded, and whose eventful and eminently useful career has so recently been brought to a melancholy close.

It was justly remarked in an almost obituary article of a morning paper, shortly before Lord Metcalfe's death, that in his instance was to be found the only existing exception to the general fact, of the decay of those feelings of personal regard for public characters whereby mankind used not very long ago to be swayed and led. To look no further back than to the time of our fathers, how strong were the more than mere political attachments that then bound the members of the two great parties to their several chiefs! The influence of this kind of personal devotion was felt in the remotest parts of our empire, and we ourselves remember to have heard in our youth a retired Irish major of the Indian army recount with great animation the story of a quarrel ending in a duel he once had with a companion who offended him by abusing his friend Fox. Now, without disrespect towards our present party leaders we may be permitted to doubt whether even an Irish major could be found who, out of pure love, at the distance of many thousand miles from the scene of their power, would wage war in defence of their reputations.

The friends of the late Lord Metcalfe never had occasion to give any such proofs of their affection, for there was that in him to disarm malevolence in all but those whose spite was too contemptible to provoke resentment. But whenever an occasion rose to call forth an expression of the general feeling towards him, whether in India, where the better part of his life was spent—in Jamaica, where its decline commenced—or in Canada, where it was visibly hastening to a close, the sentiment that found vent was not that of mere loyalty or attachment to a system of government, as embodied in the person by whom it was administered, but a warm and even tender regard and reverence for the man himself, abstracted from the accidents of power and influence annexed to his position.

The last manifestation of these feelings at the meeting assembled in the Oriental Club-room, in London, to consider of an address of sad congratulation on the return of Lord Metcalfe from Canada, may still be fresh in the minds of many of our readers. *Never was there more of real and less of formal feeling displayed at any similar meeting.

Men of all classes and ages, grey-headed statesmen, generals and judges, merchants, civilians and soldiers, all under the influence of one common sympathy, their hearts wrung by one common sorrow, and their minds oppressed by a deep and awful sense of the inscrutability of the ways of Providence in subjecting such virtue to so fierce a trial, sought to give utterance to thoughts and sentiments which happily found adequate expression in an address, pronounced by the leading journal of the day to be as superior to the common run of addresses, as the object of it was superior to the common run of men.

The first steps in the career of public life of one who could thus go on to the very end, awakening affection wherever he went, and accumulating it as he advanced on his course, must be an object of no idle curiosity to all who like to watch the development of a powerful mind in its dealings with the world. The young Charles Metcalfe went to India about the year 1802, and after passing with credit through the college, then just founded in Calcutta, was appointed to be an assistant in the Governor-General's office. Getting excited by the stirring events then passing in upper India he asked for and obtained Lord Wellesley's permission to proceed and join the grand army assembling at Agra, under Lord Lake, towards the end of the year 1804. This was at the time when the disaster, known by the name of Monson's retreat, had checked but not shaken our power. The emergency was met with commensurate energy, and the Commander-in-Chief equally beloved by the Native as by the European soldier, was in the field to repair whatever mischief had been done.

The post of the Governor-General's Political Agent with the army—a post, as we shall show in the sequel, often necessary, but always invidious—was filled by Mr. Græme Mercer, to whom young Metcalfe was appointed to be an assistant. He went by Dawke, (that is in a palankeen with relays of bearers,) from Calcutta, and was attacked on the road between Lucknow and Cawnpore by banditti, in his encounter with whom he lost the top joint of the fore-finger of his right hand. This compelled him to stop for a short time at Cawnpore, but he joined the army on the day when it took up its ground at Muttra on the Jumna, about 30 miles above Agra, where our enemy Holkar had been previously encamped.

Mr. Mercer, the Political Agent, had a seat at the general table of Lord Lake, with all the rest of the staff, and his assistant Metcalfe was necessarily admitted to the same privilege. There is reason to believe that Lord Lake did not like this young assistant's coming up in the way he did without any previous reference to him, and the more so, probably, because he came from the Governor-General's office, where all the young men were more or less in Lord Wellesley's confidence. In his secret soul the old warrior probably regarded the civilian as a spy, and being a very abrupt plain-speaking man and not over discreet, he is said to have given vent to this feeling in terms by no means complimentary to his new guest, sneering at the same time at those whose business it was, without risk to themselves, to comment upon the actions of others who were daily encountering danger.

The position of the young civilian, enduring such a slight from the Commander-in-Chief at his own table, must have been very embarrassing. To resent it would have been absurd; yet something to counteract its effect was absolutely necessary for the maintenance of his own character. With a judgment and nerve rarely to be found united at so early an age, he seized the first occasion of a service of danger to take the point from one part of the reproach addressed to him, while, by the tact and discrimination of his general conduct, he removed every impression of his mission being that of a spy. When the fortress of Deeg was attacked, he got the Commander-in-Chief's permission to accompany the storming-party, and by his gallant bearing completely won the old warrior's heart. He soon became a special favourite, and was ever after called by Lord Lake, "his little stormer." We can vouch for the accuracy of this anecdote, and we think it well worthy of record, were it only for the light it throws on the position of a class of officers in some degree peculiar to British India, whose duties are ill understood at home, where their actions have consequently been of late not a little misrepresented.

We allude to the Political Agents, or "the Politicals," as it is now the fashion to call them.

In running down this section of the service, men in and out of Parliament, men with and without Indian experience, have joined together with a harmony of virulence, indicative one might almost think, of some common motive of greater force than a mere concurrence of opinion on a matter of official expediency. The very constitution of the department is misrepresented, even by some who affect a familiarity with the details of Indian administration; and in a recent Number of a contemporary Journal it is spoken of as if composed principally if not exclusively of members of the *Service*.* Now the fact is, that though many members of the *Service* have risen to the highest places in the political department, the department itself is open to the aspiring of every branch of the Indian service. In proof of what we say, it is only necessary to mention, that although Lord Metcalfe, the Hon. Mountstuart Elphinstone, Sir R. Jenkins, and Sir W. Macnaghten, were civilians, their contemporary political agents, Sir J. Malcolm, Sir D. Ochterlony, Sir T. Munro, and Sir H. Pottinger, were military men, while Mr. Græme Mercer, under whom Lord Metcalfe began his career, belonged to the medical branch of the service.

The functions of the department are as little understood as its composition; and we find it spoken of in the article above noticed as if it served no purpose but that of embarrassing "military commanders in the proper discharge of their duties." Now, considering that the employment of special political agents, in concert with commanders of armies, has been persisted in by a series of wise and eminently successful governments, it ought, we think, to occur to every candid mind that there must be some cogent reason for this practice, notwithstanding the opinion of the late Sir William Nott, that it is one of the primary evils

* *Quarterly Review* for October, 1846. Article VII.

of our system of administration. The reason is to be found in the peculiar circumstances of our Empire, and the absolute necessity, in the discharge of political duties in India, for such a knowledge of the language and character of the people of the country, or of such super-eminent general talent, as can but very rarely be met with in the narrow circle whence the military commander of every expedition must be taken. It constantly happens that the officer to whom a command must, in compliance with the rules and regulations of the army, be confided, has but recently arrived from England, full perhaps of Peninsular experience and professional knowledge, but totally ignorant of the language and the modes of thought and feeling of the people of the East.

In this case, some one possessing the knowledge wherein the Commander is wanting, must go with the army, or else the communications with friendly and hostile powers must be carried on by dumb show.

This all will admit; but it may be argued that the person so employed ought to be placed in subordination to the Military Chief, or, in other words, attached to his Staff. This would do well enough, if his part were to be that of a mere interpreter; but more is necessary. In addition to ignorance of language, the officer whom chance and his standing on the list, as often as selection, places at the head of an army, must often be wanting in that acquaintance with the peculiar interests of our singular empire, and that consideration for the perplexities of Asiatics in their dealings with Europeans, without which there can be no real intercourse with Native Chiefs, no allaying of unfounded fears as to our designs, no negotiation, in short, excepting that word-and-blow diplomacy ever sure to be popular in camps and praised in senates. It may, perhaps, be thought that the duly qualified subordinate can always supply by his suggestions the deficiencies of his superior; but they know little of the military variety of the genus *Homo*, who would rely upon such suggestions being frankly made or kindly received. The spirit is mollified, but not extinct, which prompted the reply of a General in the war of 1757, to some wise hint of the youthful Washington, "Silence, sir; things have come to a pretty pass, indeed, when a British General is to be instructed by a Virginia Buckskin." The political agent to be of any service, must be in some degree independent of his military coadjutor; and though doubtless this partition of power is well avoided, when, as may happen once or twice in a century, an individual can be found uniting in his own person either such knowledge as we have described, or its only substitute, vast and comprehensive general talent, with the exact grade of army rank to entitle him to the command; still, considering how rarely this can happen, the distribution is perhaps not so universally absurd as it is sometimes represented.

To illustrate our meaning, let us only look at the correspondence of Sir W. Nott, as given in the Article of the Quarterly Review. The gallant general was very probably fitted to fill the joint posts of military and political chief of the Afghan expedition. This double appointment, however, was precluded by his juniority to some other general officers in the field, to not one of whom would he himself, we suspect, have wished to see such a combined charge delegated.

It is true that the Government of India might have given the office of Envoy to Sir W. Nott; but then he would have become a political—the object of his own abhorrence and a butt to sarcasms as bitter, and very probably as merited, as those levelled by himself at the late Sir W. Macnaghten and his subordinates. Perhaps things might have been better managed by him than they were by Sir W. Macnaghten—but so they might have been by somebody else; and the circumstance of individual capacity does not touch at all upon the general question of the wisdom of separate political agency.

But we can give a very high authority for our view of the necessity for attaching a degree of independent authority to the post of political agent with an army or in a newly conquered country. In that repository of military and political wisdom, the Wellington Despatches, there may be found the following letter, dated 13th October, 1803, and addressed to a gallant officer who seems to have complained of his subordination to a political functionary.

“In this part of the world there is no power but that of the sword; and it follows that if those Agents have no authority over the Military they have no power whatever. The natives would soon find out their state of weakness, and the residents would lose their influence over their councils. It may be argued, that if this is the case, the Military Commanding Officer ought to be the Resident or Political Agent. In answer to this argument, I say, that the same reasoning applies to every part of the executive government; and that, upon this ground, the whole ought to be in the hands of the Military. In short, the only conclusion to be drawn from all reflection upon this subject is, that the British Government in India is a phenomenon, and that it will not answer to apply to it, in its present state, either the rules which guide other governments, or the reasoning upon which those rules are founded.”

Wellington Despatches, Vol. 2, Page 411.

Here we may quit this part of our subject, merely remarking that the illustrious writer of the above Despatch is, to the best of our recollection, the only individual to whom in Europe the full and undivided power of political and military administration has for a century past been delegated; while the only corresponding instance in India, that we can call to mind, was that of one who used to be styled the Wellington of the East—the late Sir David Ochterlony.

Returning from this digression to the consideration of the volume before us, we now propose to follow Mr. Thornton's narrative in its bearing on political transactions, to the exclusion, in as far as possible, of all purely military matter. The account of our political relations with Persia and Afghanistan from the beginning of the century to the breaking out of the war in the latter country is, with partial exceptions, clearly as well as concisely given by Mr. Thornton. There is little in this passage of our history to be contemplated with satisfaction. The whole scheme of subsidizing Persia, and so making the Persians think that we were paying them to defend us, was faulty, and betrayed an ignorance of Asiatic character; while

“Suspicion must have slept
At Wisdom's gate, and to Simplicity
Resign'd her charge,”

when, in 1814, we, to please our Russian allies, persuaded the Court of Persia to engage "to maintain no navy on the Caspian."

The first of these errors was, perhaps, a natural consequence of the negotiations being conducted under instruction from the Ministry of the Crown; but the second looks rather like an act of infatuated fondness on the part of an individual, than of cold and measured friendship, such as alone can subsist between states.

Our author says nothing in explanation of Dost Moohummud's estrangement from us, and leaning towards Russia, although it is evidently in this mood of his mind that the origin of our expedition to Cabool is to be sought for.

We are told indeed that

"Shah Shooja twice unsuccessfully attempted to recover the throne from which Muhmood had been expelled; but Runjeet Sing succeeded in wresting Peshawur from the grasp of the Rebel Chiefs, and annexing it to his own dominions."—P. 123.

This is stated as a separate insulated fact having no connexion with anything that followed; and yet, as we showed in our former article, the proof may be found in the first pages of the Afghan Blue Book, that Shah Shooja was permitted to form his little army at Lodiana in our territory, and to march out at its head in the winter of 1833-34, for the avowed purpose of attacking the *de facto* ruler of Afghanistan.

If, as we believe, it was this conduct on our part that disposed Dost Moohummud to look for allies in another quarter, a stronger instance can hardly be adduced, of the danger of swerving, however slightly, from the plain rule of open and fair dealing, with which no casuistry can reconcile the passive countenance given by us to this operation against a friendly, or at least a neutral power. It is not known in how far Dost Moohummud was privy to the designs of the King of Persia, but these were directed against Herat, and professed to be limited to obtaining from Kamran, the Suddozye King of Western Afghanistan and nephew of Sakh Shooja, compensation for certain real and undisputed injuries, of no great moment perhaps, but furnishing a fair plea for the hostile movement on which the heart of the former potentate had long been bent. That Persia was encouraged and prompted by Russia, in the claims she was so forward to press, is broadly stated by Mr. Thornton on apparently satisfactory grounds—p. 124 *et seq.* After two years spent in preparation, the movement against Herat was, as is well known, made in the summer of 1838, and certainly one more full of menace to our tranquillity in India was never undertaken. It was well remarked, as Mr. Thornton tells us, by the late Sir A. Burnes before the Afghan war began, and the remark continues true after its close, that there may be an extravagance of incredulity as well as of alarm, with regard to the designs of Russia in the direction of Hindostan. The chance of her appearing at Delhi has of course been absurdly exaggerated, but it is sheer folly to believe that all her subtle operations were without aim or object. Russia may be our very good friend, but what business, as Sir A. Burnes said, had she in Afghanistan? "Vat shall de honest man do in my closet?" said Dr. Caius.

We know not what she intended, but we know what she effected,—and that was a rousing and stirring of the Mahommedan mind in India to an extent imperceptible possibly to those who were not in the habit of personal communication with our subjects of that persuasion, but never to be forgotten by those who were. It was deep, intense,—sufficiently so to break through the restraints, not only of prudence but of what is of more force in the East, conventional politeness and reserve. Verses in the Hindostanee language, not wanting in fire and spirit, and calling upon the votaries of Islam, of every class and rank, to lay aside their ordinary pursuits, and to gird up their loins for the approaching Jihad or Holy war, were lithographed at some undiscovered work-shop, and circulated far and wide. The lately emancipated Press was also turned to account, and the columns of the Persian newspapers in Calcutta were filled with articles of nearly the same inflammatory tendency. A result, little anticipated at the time of its liberation, was the discovery through this channel, of some extraordinary proceedings at Kurnool in the Deccan, which, even to this day, remain enveloped in a degree of mystery. The ruling Nabob of this little principality was a zealous Moosulman, and his outward demonstrations of this spirit became the subject of such ardent encomium in the Persian newspapers, that attention was thereby drawn to the subject. An inquiry, set on foot by the Government of Madras, led to the discovery of several hundred well-made pieces of field artillery, skilfully concealed under the soil of the great court of the Nabob's palace, and of a store of small arms and accoutrements laid up in vaults, sufficient for the equipment of an army of 50,000 men. A sharp skirmish, in which Lieutenant-Colonel Wright of H. M. 39th Foot, and several other officers were wounded, ended in the dispersion of whatever force the Nabob had collected, but neither entreaty nor threat could extort from him any explanation of the cause of an accumulation so disproportioned to the means of his little state. "It was my fancy," was his only reply: "some men like to buy horses, some to buy books, and I to collect arms and military stores." He was deposed and removed to the Southern province of Trichinopoly, where, as noticed by Mr. Thornton, page 324, he came to a remarkable and unlooked-for end. He who had been the cynosure of every Mooslim eye, listened to a Christian Missionary, was struck by what he heard, and began to frequent the Mission Chapel. While he was seated there one night a man rushed in, stabbed him to the heart, and escaped. The undiscovered assassin was believed to have been one of his followers, shocked at his incipient apostasy; but, there may have also been a prudential motive for making away with one who probably had much to disclose, and appeared to be wavering in his attachment to the faith of which he had so recently been the vaunted champion.

Such were some of the effects produced by the King of Persia's advance to Herat; and that Russia was accessory to that movement is proved by the presence of the envoy, Count Simonich, in the camp, and by his conduct, as stated by Mr. Thornton, page 158, in advancing money to promote the enterprise. Russia's concurrence is also to be

inferred' from the strong facts of a Russian battalion having served under the wily *alias* of Polish deserters at the siege, and a Russian general having, as we have heard, been killed in the trenches. Had Herat been taken, the Persian force would have rolled on to the Indus, leaving Russia established in power, in its rear. "How shall I describe, or what shall I say of the vast armies of Russia? Herat is the first object of attack, and then the intention is to advance against the English possessions in Hindostan." These are the translated words of a letter printed in a Persian newspaper in Calcutta, and may assist our readers to estimate the extent of the danger to our peace, involved in the fall of that town and fortress.

How was this peril averted? How came this important place, assailed as it was by the united force of an Asiatic and a European despotism, to be preserved from becoming the advanced base of a series of hostile demonstrations against our empire in India?

It is useless to seek for a reply in the volume before us, where an incidental allusion at page 161 is the only notice betowed upon what we consider to be, not only in its attendant circumstances, the most striking, but in its consequences the most important event of any that preceded our occupation of Candahar and Cabool. We must endeavour to fill up this strange blank in Mr. Thornton's tale.

The siege was raised, partly in consequence of the alarm caused by an exaggerated report of the strength of an expedition fortunately detached from Bombay during that season to take possession of the island of Kurraç in the Persian Gulf. Even the Russians were startled by this well-timed move, and some of their officers in Persia are said to have expressed their surprise at such promptitude on the part of England, "the unready." They forgot that India is not governed precisely upon the model of the mother-country, and that a Governor-General enjoys a freedom of action unknown in Downing Street.

The detachment on the island consisted only of native troops from Bombay, or "rotten Hindoos," as the King of Persia called them in his wrath, when he discovered how inferior to what he had been led to believe, was the force which had contributed to divert him from the attack of Herat. But there was another cause for his failure in that enterprise: a cause passed over in silence by our author, although it might have been made the subject of a sketch, to form a pendant to his animated description of the defence of Vandewash, by Lieutenant Flint in 1781. Lieutenant Eldred Pottinger of the Bombay Artillery, a nephew of the present distinguished Governor of the Cape of Good Hope, while on his way through Afghanistan to Persia in the spring or summer of 1838, heard, as he approached Herat, of the impending attack of that place. He perceived and seized the opportunity of rendering a great service to his country. He tendered his services to the King Kamran and his Minister, Yar Moohumud, as an artillery officer, to assist in the defence. Gunnery being the one art wherein a true Moosulman may admit his inferiority to a dog of a Christian, Lieutenant Pottinger's offer was accepted; and he soon acquired a general control over all the operations of the garrison. So well were

these conducted, and so entirely were they felt to proceed from Lieutenant Pottinger, that long after the siege had been raised the Minister for foreign affairs in Persia, Mirza Hajee Aghasee conversing with an English gentleman on the subject, suddenly burst out into an honest encomium of the young officer, by whose skill and courage he had been baffled, and exclaimed :—

“He was a clever fellow that Pottinger. Wherever I ran up a battery, there he had always a work to counteract me. But if I had only had 20,000 pounds more of gun-powder I should have blown him up. Yet, it would have been a pity ; for he was a clever fellow.”

In addition to this praise from the lips of a foe, we can give the following anecdote from the pen of a friend who gathered it, we believe, from the people of Herat, where it must be remembered that Lieutenant Pottinger was, during the continuance of the siege, without a single European companion. On one occasion, a storming-party had actually forced the breach and effected a lodgement within the walls. The Afghans were dismayed, and even the Minister, Yar Moohummud, was retiring in despair to shut himself up in his house, when Lieutenant Pottinger, who had been employed in another quarter, hearing of what had happened, hurried to the spot, seized Yar Moohummud by the arm, dragged him towards the point attacked, addressed a few words of encouragement to the men of the garrison, and then led them on to charge and drove back the Persians who had so nearly opened a way for the victorious entry of their king.

A melancholy interest attaches to this anecdote, for it rests on the authority of the gallant Colonel Stoddart, who introduced it into the last letter that he is known, we believe, to have written from Bokhara, because, as he stated, he might never have another opportunity of recording what he knew his friend Pottinger's modesty would not allow him to narrate of himself.

But Lieutenant Pottinger's services did not end with the liberation of Herat from a state of siege.

On the retreat of the Persian army, the Minister, Yar Moohummud, began to recruit the shattered finances of the state, by many cunning expedients, among which the most remarkable was that of selling as slaves to the Oosbeck Tartars such heterodox Moosulmans of the Sheeah sect as would not pay for permission to remain in the town. Against these and other enormities, Lieutenant Pottinger, who had been appointed to be the British Political Agent at Herat, remonstrated so boldly, that one day in open Durbar in the King's presence, the Minister lost his temper and called him a liar. “You are a dog, and a liar too,” was the reply returned by Lieutenant Pottinger, who instantly withdrew with his friend Colonel Stoddart, and prepared, at all hazards, to quit the place. On his intention transpiring grain rose to double its previous price in the Bazaar, and the Minister was constrained to beg it as a favour of him to remain. Lieutenant Pottinger consented, but upon the condition of the cruel measures which he had objected to being abandoned.

In contemplating the position of this young British officer, alone

among a fierce and fanatical people, hereditary haters of his race and creed, yet all submitting in war to his guidance, in peace to his dictation, the mind naturally runs back to the earlier intercourse of Europeans with Asiatics, to speculate upon the cause of the unvarying ascendancy of the former over the latter, from the first dawn of authentic history until now. The cause, we suspect, lies too deep for human wisdom to detect; but the fact seems to us to be established by the experience of upwards of twenty centuries—and there is more than a fanciful analogy between the situation in point of influence of Themistocles at the Court of Artaxerxes, and that of Lieutenant Pottinger in the Durbar of Kamran. The speculation is not an idle one, for it is the consciousness of this very moral and intellectual superiority that regulates and accounts for the variations observable in our conduct towards Asiatic from the rules that govern our dealings with European states. International law is unknown in the East, where religion supplies, however imperfectly, its place. If rigidly adhered to, it must often fetter one party without imposing any compensatory restriction on the other. But while a literal observance of its rules may often be, as Mr. Thornton somewhere says, pedantic folly, there can never be a case to warrant our violating its spirit, or, in the pride of our wisdom and our strength, dispensing with such of its restraints as are founded not upon compact or understanding between communities, but upon the great principles of justice engraven by our Maker on our hearts. These reflections have been suggested to our minds by the question now pressing on our notice, the policy namely and the propriety of our Afghan expedition from the beginning to its close.

For so long as Herat was in peril there cannot, we think, be a doubt that the revolution to advance to meet on the threshold, a danger which at every step would have become more formidable as it drew nigher to our possessions, was as justifiable as it was bold and wise. In this opinion most of those acquainted with India will, we think, agree, though many may regret that the movement was persisted in after the King of Persia had retreated, and Herat was safe. But we had, to conciliate our formidable ally of the Punjaub, become parties to a treaty binding us to co-operate with him in restoring Shah Shooja after 30 years of exile to the throne of Cabool. Our co-operations with native allies have ever proved to be very one-sided operations, and we must leave it to deeper jurists to decide in how far our promise to the ruler of the Sikhs made it incumbent upon us, as men of our word, to take upon ourselves the whole labour of invading and conquering Afghanistan.

On the score of policy, our mistake seems to have been that of relying on a power of our own erection to second and carry out our own peculiar views. No restored sovereign can ever be of much service to those, if strangers, through whom he regains his throne; for his very obligations to them must, by destroying his popularity as a ruler, impair his efficiency as an ally. This inefficiency must of course be aggravated, when the reinstated Prince is forced to square his administration by the wishes and principles of those who bring him back, instead of suiting it to the feelings and habits of those to whom he returns. Shah Shooja

laboured under both of these difficulties; he was not only replaced by the English, but he was daily obliged to recall this mortifying fact to the recollection of his subjects, by the European cast and colour of his measures. He is said to have expressed this rather quaintly in taking leave of a British officer who was returning to India. "Tell the Governor-General," he said, "that all the good that is done here is done by Sir W. Macnaghten, and all the evil too; for I do nothing."

Far be it from us to cast any blame upon the envoy for labouring as he did, with all the powers of his well stored mind, to render the reinstated monarchy a blessing to the people, or for striving to give them a taste for a mild and well ordered government. Indeed, neither he nor the Governor-General could have allowed Shah Shooja to rule upon Afghan principles, without being themselves soon called to account by their own countrymen for a disregard of Christian principles. But while the people of England would not have tolerated a head-lobbing administration, they were sure soon to complain of the enormous cost of a milder system. Hence arose those orders for economizing which, as hinted rather than asserted by Mr. Thornton, (page 241,) became the proximate cause of the final revolt. In his anxiety to carry out the policy of his superiors, the envoy, conscious of the real good that he was daily doing, may have overlooked how entirely the power of Shah Shooja rested upon the two props of bullion and bayonets; but Mr. Thornton does not say that he either suggested or approved of the reductions to which it devolved upon him to give effect. Timely warning of the probable consequences, of these measures upon the Ghibzye Chiefs in the Kohistan was, we believe, given by Lieutenant Pottinger, who, now raised to the rank of major, had been removed from Herat, and was stationed as political agent at Charikar, about 20 miles to the North of Cabool, whence, though wounded, he effected his escape (as stated at page 268,) with only one companion, and passing through the Afghan force, entered the beleaguered cantonments in the middle of November 1841.

The events that followed belong to military history, and lie beyond the limit assigned to our comments. The direct authority of the envoy and the political agents, ceased with the commencement of open hostilities; but as those functionaries have been often alluded to, as instrumental in some way or other towards inducing the disasters that ensued, we think it right to try to explain their real position. It is distinctly asserted by Mr. Thornton (page 264,) that it is a bare act of justice to Sir William Macnaghten to state, "that whatever of promptitude and energy was displayed in the higher departments at Cabool during these unhappy scenes, seems traceable to him," and even the unfriendly Quarterly Reviewer admits (No. 156, page 424,) that, "when the abyss of danger at last discovered itself, Sir William showed no want of manhood; on the contrary, whatever energy can be said to have been displayed in the crisis itself, was displayed by the unfortunate diplomatist."

With such concurrent testimony in favour of the envoy's conduct, and with our knowledge of his long-established character for eminent

ability, we cannot resist the conclusion that it was to his want of authority to command, that the absence of all plan and decision in the subsequent operations is to be ascribed; and yet, there are those, in high place too, who scruple not to speak of our disasters as in some degree caused by his perplexing presence and interference. In one passage of the Article in the Quarterly Review, above cited (page 494,) a parallel is drawn between the "small birds" at Cabool, and the "strong man" at Candahar; but when it is remembered that the danger at the former place was at least four times greater than at the latter, and that General Nott was free to order and to act as he thought fit, while Sir William Macnaghten could only suggest, we think that the unshaken constancy evinced by the diplomatist, might have averted the disparaging comparison here implied between him and the more fortunate military commander.

There is a prevailing error also, as to the manner and degree of the envoy's mistakes, antecedently to the revolt, upon which our author throws no light whatever. That outbreak does not appear to have been, as many suppose, the result of any undetected plot, and in fact, came unexpectedly even upon those who took the most active part in it. The account given of its origin by a Moonshce, or native secretary of the envoy's, who escaped with the loss of the points of his fingers and toes into Hindostan, carries a good deal of probability on its face. His story is, that on the night of the 1st November 1841, Ubdoola, a chief, afterwards killed at Belunarbo on the 23d of that month, came to Ameenoola Khan, one of our most inveterate foes, and said, "Macnaghten is going, and Burnes" (to whom he bore a private but deadly grudge,) "will succeed to his place, and once in power may get beyond the reach of my vengeance. To make sure of my revenge, I will attack and murder him to-morrow morning." How he acted upon that resolution is matter of history, although Mr. Thornton narrates the assault upon the house of Sir A. Burnes, as if it had been a consequence, instead of the precursor, of the insurrection in the city (page 252.) This we apprehend to be a mistake, and we wish the authority were given for that want of decision, and "ostentatious moderation" on that officer's part, but for which he thinks "the out-break might have been at once checked." We agree with our author in thinking that the spark might have been trodden down before it spread into a flame; and the Moonshce's narrative confirms this by stating that, for two hours after the murder of Sir A. Burnes, the town's-people were all aghast, looking for what was to follow; but nothing, we are convinced, could possibly have prevented that lamented officer and his gallant companions from becoming, in the very words used by the Chiefs at Cabool, in announcing the event to those of the Khyber pass, "the food of the sword."

We must now glance at the situation of the gallant little army at Julalabad, and see in how far political agency contributed to its maintaining its ground, and thus proving a barrier to the torrent, that with its fall might have poured through the Punjaub into our provinces. Sir R. Sale entered Julalabad on the 12th November 1841, with provisions for not more than a week, and with the loss of all his baggage,

and the greater part of his ammunition. Happily, the treasure was preserved, and thus, in the hands of the political agent, Major George Macgregor, proved the means of procuring the other necessities of existence. Speaking their language with fluency, and understanding their character thoroughly, this worthy colleague of the gallant chief, who was ever forward to bear witness to his merits, opened a communication with the Afghans, and actually purchased, under cover of the night, not only provisions, but even ammunition from those with whom, in his military capacity, he was engaged in fighting during the day.

But the treasure was not inexhaustible, and unless it could be replenished there was still risk of the garrison perishing from the want of the means of subsistence and defence. The required pecuniary reinforcements were furnished by two other able members of the political department, both, like Major Macgregor, accomplished oriental scholars, and conversant with the ways and manners of the people among whom they were thrown. These were Captain Lawrence, now Resident at Lahore, and Captain Mackeson, who, from their post at Peshawar, contrived by small remittances, craved by horsemen, (who of course passed as belonging to our enemies,) to keep the treasury at Julalabad from being drained.

But Peshawar belonged to the Sikhs, and without their concurrence our political agents could neither have remained there, nor have commanded the means of rendering aid to their countrymen in advance. How was that concurrence obtained throughout the long and dreary period of our disasters and depression? Here the influence of another political agent of a higher grade is to be found contributing directly to the great object of supporting the force at Julalabad. We know *now* what the Sikhs are and are therefore in the best position to prize to the full the service rendered to his country by the individual through whose tact and talent the Court of Lahore was kept steady to its friendship at a season when, not to speak of its open hostility, its mere inactivity might have done us such deadly injury. That individual was Mr. George Russell Clerk, of the Bengal Civil Service, then the Governor General's Political Agent on the Sutledge and lately appointed to be the Governor of Bombay.

We must now go back upon our steps to Cabool, where Sir William Macnaghten had perished, in a vain attempt to effect by negotiation, what our arms could not achieve.

Mr. Thornton (page 294,) repels with becoming scorn the miserable attacks upon the envoy's memory, in regard to this very negotiation; but even he hardly gives full force to Sir W. Macnaghten's emphatic expression, as we have heard it, of his consciousness of the danger which he was about to encounter. "I know that it is dangerous," were, we believe, his words to some one who sought to dissuade from meeting the insurgent chiefs, "but will you tell me what there is that we can do now which shall not be dangerous?"

By the death of the envoy and Sir A. Burnes, Major Pottinger became the senior of his department on the spot, and consented, Mr. Thornton tells us, at the *urgent request of the General*, to act as Political Agent.

At a council of the senior officers of the force,

"Major Pottinger opened his views, avowing his conviction that no confidence could be placed in any treaty formed with the Afghans, and that to bind the Government of India, by engagements, to evacuate the country, and to pay a sum of 14 lacs of rupees (for this formed part of the engagement,) was inconsistent with public duty. Entertaining these opinions, the only honourable course in his judgment was either to hold out to the last at Cabool, or to endeavour to force a way to Julalabad. Major Pottinger appears to have found no support in the council."—P. 299.

Here we see the want of a separate political officer, acquainted with the language and manners of the country, acknowledged in the hour of difficulty, in a manner not to be mistaken; but Mr. Thornton omits one circumstance highly honourable to Major Pottinger's disinterestedness, namely, that when his objections were overruled, he consented to affix his signature, as required by the Afghan Chiefs, to the treaty concluded with them, in order that he might not cripple a measure resolved upon by others, however much he might disapprove of it himself.

Major Pottinger's life was preserved by his being made over to the Afghans as a hostage, and he appears once more upon the scene, as the main, we might almost say the sole, agent, in effecting the liberation of the ladies and other captives at Bamian, on the borders of Toorkestan, in September 1842.

The description of this event, by Mr. Thornton, at page 385, is well worthy of perusal; but we can only find space for the following sentences, cited from Lady Sale's narrative:—

"It would be great injustice to Major Pottinger not to mention the active part he took in affairs. From his *perfect knowledge of the Persian language, and his acquaintance with the manners and customs of the people*, he well knew how to manage them, and take advantage of the slightest opening on their part in our favour. His coolness and decision were only equalled by the promptness with which he met the wishes of the Chiefs."

The liberation of the captives was an object of vast public importance; for the reproach attaching to us throughout India from their long detention, would have been rendered indelible by their removal into hopeless slavery in Toorkestan. In this matter, policy confirmed what gallantry dictated, and the whole nation owes a vast obligation to the young Political Agent, the late (alas, ! that we must say the *late*,) Major Pottinger,* who in rescuing his countrywomen from a fate too terrible to contemplate, saved his country's honour from a stain that must have tarnished all its after triumphs.

The gloomy subject of Sinde alone remains to be noticed; and this we shall touch upon but lightly.

All that we know for certain about this province, on the authority of the volume before us (page 413,) is, that, "during the terrible reverses of our armies in Afghanistan, and the consequent diminution of our military reputation," Sinde was under a separate Political Agent's charge, and that Sinde *then* remained tranquil. We are further told, at page 415, that on the 15th October 1842, Sinde was transferred to the

* Major Pottinger died in China, where he had gone to see his uncle, Sir H. Pottinger, immediately after his return from Cabool.

political charge of the General commanding our army in that quarter, and that thenceforward, as our dangers were passing away in other quarters, our troops returning in triumph, and assembling in vast strength on the Sutledge, Sindé became disturbed, and the scene of a desperate struggle.

It is clear, therefore, we think, that whatever there may be of good or of evil, future or present, in the conquest of Sindé, is to be carried to the credit or debit of that union of political with military power, which, though so often spoken of as a desideratum in our system of Indian government, we have only, in this one instance of late, seen submitted to the test of practical experiment.

We may now draw to a conclusion, trusting that we have done something, even by our feeble and imperfect sketch, to disabuse our readers of a prevailing error, relative to one most important department of British Indian administration, and that, too, without reflecting upon any other branch of the public Service.

The error, if it be one, is of no slight magnitude, for it remotely involves the removal of the main restraint upon our empire's tendency to overshoot even its gigantic strength, by a too rapid growth. If, by exaggerating failures, and keeping all the good done by the political department, as at present constituted, out of sight, an impression can be produced that Indian diplomacy, even in its details, is as safely to be intrusted to persons of no Indian experience as to those who have made the languages and manners of the people of the East their professional study, it follows as a natural consequence, that, at no distant period, our negotiations may, in future wars, be left in the hands of a class, whose leanings must ever be in favour of further and further conquest.

Here we must stop; but our partings with Mr. Thornton are even alleviated by the prospect of a speedy meeting, and a glance at what is to follow may therefore form a fitting close to our notice of the volume before us. Judging of his feelings by our own, we almost envy him the task that now we hope occupies his attention. It must indeed be with a joy bearing some faint resemblance to that expressed by Dante and Milton, in effecting their escape from the realms of darkness or uncertain light, that our author will pass from a tale of distress, and disaster, and dubious glory, to the more congenial theme of a war founded in justice, prosecuted with vigour, and terminated with that lofty wisdom which waves immediate to secure enduring benefits.

If there be any drawback on the pleasure attending the contemplation of the events alluded to, it will we fear be found in the verification of a remark in our former Article, that even a Governor-General requires encouragement to persevere in a course of moderate and forbearing policy. Great as is the honour due to Lord Hardinge for his heroic bearing during those successive days and nights of battle, when, for the first time in the annals of our Indian empire, that empire was for a while in real and imminent peril, not less is praise justly owing to his moral courage in braving the reproach, not to be averted even by his long-established name as a soldier, or by his recent deeds of daring in

the field, for resolving to refrain from seizing upon all that those very deeds had contributed to bring within his grasp.

We rejoice to perceive, that while but too many in India join with the equally inconsiderate in England in blaming the moderation of the Governor-General, the wiser portion of the Indian Press has maintained its own character by defending the recent policy of our Government towards the rulers, and people of the Punjaub. How that policy is viewed by our own native subjects in the East, is what few will condescend to inquire. Yet their views upon such a point seem to us to be of no secondary importance; and we are happy to be able to assure our readers, upon the authority of some of the best-informed among our countrymen on the spot, that the arrangements which followed the brilliant campaign on the Sutledge have gratified our friends as much as they have mortified our enemies;—the former rejoicing at the proof afforded by our moderation in the hour of triumph of the sincerity of those professions in which their faith had been a little shaken, the latter lamenting that they can thence divine no confirmation of their assertions that our cupidity is boundless, and that our real object is the gradual absorption, on any decent pretext, of every independent state in India. For ourselves, we frankly avow our pride at finding the speculative views contained in our former Article to be in harmony with the subsequent policy of the Government of India, and at the high confirmation thus given to the opinion there hazarded on the wisdom of leaving a nation of Hindoo origin and character interposed between us and the fanatical Mahomedans of Western Asia.—*N. British Review for Aug. 1847.*

A Voyage of Discovery and Research in the Southern and Antarctic Regions, during the Years 1836—43. By Captain Sir James Clark Ross, R. N. 2 vols. Murray.

THE publication of this book is particularly opportune. The scientific voyage, the details of which it clearly and unaffectedly relates, was suggested by the British Association for the Advancement of Science, at Newcastle in 1838; the same Association which is now holding its seventeenth annual meeting at Oxford. The suggestion was sanctioned by the Royal Society, adopted by the Admiralty whilst the Earl of Minto was First Lord, and ordered to be carried into execution by the government of Lord Melbourne. The "Expedition of Scientific Research to the Antarctic Regions," as it was called, consisted of two vessels,—the *Erebus*, a bomb of 370 tons, and the *Terror*, of 340 tons, each with a complement of sixty-four persons. The chief officer of the Expedition was Captain, now Sir James Clark Ross,—who sailed in the *Erebus*, "a vessel of strong build with a capacious hold;" and the second in command was Commander F. R. M. Crozier, the Captain of the *Terror*, a vessel particularly strengthened for contending with the ice of the Arctic Seas, and employed under the command of

Sir George Back in his arduous and unsuccessful attempt to reach Repulse Bay. Capt. Ross received his commission on the 8th of April, 1839,—his Instructions from the Admiralty on the 14th of September following,—and on the 23th of the same month the Erebus and Terror slipped their moorings in the Thames; and, with long catalogues on board of desiderata from the Royal, Geological, Zoological, and Botanical Societies, sailed on an "Expedition of Research in the Southern and Antarctic Regions."

Capt. Ross's Instructions were full and to the point. He was to touch in the first place at Madeira, in order to obtain the sea-rates of the several chronometers with which each vessel was supplied; and from thence was to make "the best of his way" to the island of St. Helena,—where he was to land the observers and the instruments for the fixed magnetic observatory intended for that station. From St. Helena he was to sail to the Cape of Good Hope; where he was to ascertain "at what point you cross the curve of least magnetic intensity," and where he was to establish a second fixed observatory. From the Cape he was to proceed to Kerguelen Island; where it was thought he would find the sea sufficiently open to proceed due southward and examine those places where indications of land have been noticed by recent voyagers. He was then to proceed to Van Diemen's Land to establish a third magnetic observatory; and from thence to sail to Sydney as a centre eminently fitted for the determination of all the magnetic elements. The remaining winter months were to be passed in visiting New Zealand and the adjacent islands, and in obtaining there as many series of observations as the time would allow. In the following summer he was to proceed direct to the southward in order to determine the position of the magnetic pole,—and even to attain to it, if possible; and on the breaking up of the succeeding winter to resume the examination of the Antarctic Seas in the highest latitude which he could reach—terminating his magnetic labours in the same seas by visiting the South Shetlands or the Orkneys, the Sandwich and the Falkland Islands.

To tell how these Instructions were carried out, and what was seen and what discovered, is the object of the present publication. Some of the magnetic observations have already appeared, under the supervision of Colonel Sabine and others, in the *Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society*; and the whole will hereafter be given in the same appropriate publication. Content with this simple reference to them, we then will proceed to put together the more striking and interesting passages in the two volumes.

One of Sir James Ross's first objects was to ascertain the exact altitude of Pico Ruivo the highest mountain in Madeira:—

"Some uncertainty still existing as to the exact altitude of Pico Ruivo, the highest mountain of the island, above the level of the sea, a party of officers was despatched to its summit, with two mountain barometers, for the purpose of its determination: this service was entrusted to Lieutenants Wilmot and Lefroy of the Royal Artillery and corresponding observations were made with the standard barometers of the Erebus and Terror, near high-water mark, by the officers of the ships. The result of these operations gave, for the height of Pico Ruivo, 6097·08 or 6102·90 English feet, accord-

ing as Gay Lussac's or Rüdberg's measure be taken for the expansion of air by heat. The result is computed by Bessel's tables, in which the hygrometric state of the atmosphere at the two stations is taken into the account. This elevation is some hundred feet greater than the height which was assigned by Lieut.-Colonel Sabine from barometrical observations made by the late Captain Clavering, R. N., and himself, in the winter of 1821-22. It is probable that this difference has been occasioned by the frequently practised deception of the guides : when fog conceals the highest peak from view, they halt at a station they call the '*Homme à pied*,' which, under such circumstances, may be easily mistaken for the summit, having a steep descent on every side. By this artifice the guides save themselves and the travellers the trouble and fatigue of descending into a deep ravine, and of thence ascending the most toilsome portion of the journey to the peak."

As the expedition approached the Magnetic Equator, the alteration in the dip of the needle was a point of importance :—

"As we approached the magnetic equator, or line of no dip, our observations relative to this interesting question were more frequent ; and in order to secure a faithful record of those of each ship, as well as to detect the cause of any differences in either, it became our practice every day at 1 P.M. to communicate by signal the results of all that had been obtained up to that time. So much advantage was derived from this measure, that I would strongly recommend its adoption by any expedition that may be employed on a service of this nature. We had watched the progressive diminution of the dip of the needle, and steering a course as nearly south as the wind permitted, in order to cross the line of no dip at right angles, we found the change so rapid as to be ascertained with great precision ; so much so that the signal for our being on the exact point of no dip, where the needles, being equally poised between the northern and southern magnetic systems, assumed a perfectly horizontal position, was being hoisted from both ships at the same instant of time. Nothing could be more satisfactory than the perfect accordance of our observations in a determination of so much importance : nor could it fail to be of more than ordinary interest to me to witness the needle thus affected ; having some years previously, when at the north magnetic pole seen it in a directly vertical position : nor was it unnatural, when we saw the south pole of the needle beginning to point below the horizon, to indulge the hope that ere long we might be permitted again to see it in a similar position at the south magnetic pole of the earth. The regularity, as well as the rapidity, with which the alterations of dip occur, is also worthy of notice. At two hundred and eighty miles north of the magnetic equator, the dip was $9^{\circ} 36'$, showing about 2.05 minutes of change for every mile of latitude ; at two hundred and ninety-two miles to the south, the dip was $9^{\circ} 52'$, or about 2.03 minutes for every mile of latitude. It is to be remembered that this large amount of change is limited to the region of the magnetic equator ; near the poles, it requires an approach of about two miles to produce an alteration of a single minute of dip."

The first piece of ice was seen on the 3rd of May 1840 ; while the party were favoured by a strong north-westerly breeze and advancing rapidly to Kerguelen Island :—

"On the morning of the 3rd, when in lat. $47^{\circ} 17'$ S. long, $58^{\circ} 50'$ E., the first piece of antarctic ice was seen by us, though so small as scarcely to deserve the name of an ice-berg, being not more than twenty feet high and evidently fast dissolving, yet it was sufficiently solid to injure seriously any vessel that might run against it. We passed several beds of floating sea-weed, and were accompanied on our course by many of the great albatross, and the large dark petrel, and still more numerously by the speckled Cape pigeon and stormy petrel, of two or three different kinds. These birds added a degree of cheerfulness to our solitary wanderings, which contrasted strongly with the dreary and unvarying stillness of the tropical region, where not a sea-bird is to be seen, except only in the vicinity of its few scattered islets, which is the more remarkable where the ocean abounds so plentifully with creatures fit for their food."

On the 13th of May, they anchored in Christmas Harbour, in Kerguelen Island :—

“ On the south side of the harbour is the extraordinary rock noticed by Cook, and which forms so conspicuous an object in his accurate drawing of this place. It is a huge mass of basalt much more recent than the rock on which it rests, and through which it seems to have burst in a semi-fluid state. It is upwards of five hundred feet thick, and rests upon the older rock at an elevation of six hundred feet above the level of the sea ; and it was between those rocks of different ages that the fossil trees were chiefly found, and one exceeding seven feet in circumference was dug out and sent to England. Some of the pieces appeared so recent that it was necessary to take it in your hand to be convinced of its fossil state, and it was most curious to find it in every stage, from that of charcoal lighting and burning freely when put in the fire, to so high a degree of silicification as to scratch glass. A bed of shale, several feet in thickness, which was found overlaying some of the fossil trees had probably prevented their carbonization when the fluid lava poured over them. A still more extraordinary feature in the geology of this island is the numerous seams of coal, varying in thickness from a few inches to four feet, which we found imbedded in the trap rock ; the positions of two of the larger of these seams are marked on an annexed plan. Whether the coal is in sufficient abundance ever to be of commercial importance we had not the opportunity of ascertaining : but, at the present day, when steam-vessels are traversing every portion of the ocean, it may not be unworthy a more extended examination for in no situation would it be more desirable to have a coal dépôt than at this island, lying as it does, immediately in the high-road to all our Indian and Australasian colonies, abounding with excellent harbours, and at a convenient distance from the Cape of Good Hope.”

Coal is not the only product of Kerguelen Island. The cabbage of the island is thus referred to by Dr. Hooker, the assistant-surgeon of the *Erabus* :—

“ Though Kerguelen Island is remote and comparatively bare of vegetation, there are several peculiarly interesting points connected with its botany. Though now destitute of even a shrub, the abundance of fossil remains proves that many parts were for successive ages clothed with trees. The proportion of the surface that is covered with plants is about equal to that in Spitzbergen and Melville Island, yet the relative number of species to individuals falls strikingly short ; for whilst the Flora of Melville Island boasts of sixty-seven species of flowering plants, and Spitzbergen of forty-five, Kerguelen Island contains but eighteen, and of these only eight cover any considerable amount of surface. The climate of the island is such, that, though rigorous, it supports a perennial vegetation ; and scarcely any of the plants, even the grasses, can be called annuals. Of the five plants found blossoming during December by Captain Cook, four were observed in the same state in May, and three of them continued so until the 20th of July ; and in the month of June, twelve out of the eighteen species were collected in flower. The repeated snow-storms had little influence in checking the verdure, and the umbelliferous plant was the only one actually frosted by severe weather of three days' continuance. * * The famous cabbage of Kerguelen Island, hitherto unpublished, was first discovered during Captain Cook's voyage. Specimens, together with a manuscript description, under the name of *Pringlea*, were deposited, in the collection formed by Mr. Anderson, in the British Museum, where they still exist. To a crew long confined to salt provisions, or indeed to human beings under any circumstances, this is a most important vegetable, for it possesses all the essentially good qualities of its English namesake. Whilst from its containing a great abundance of essential oil, it never produces heart burn or any of those disagreeable sensations which our pot-herbs are apt to do. It abounds near the sea, and ascends the hills to their summits. The leaves form heads of the size of a good cabbage-lettuce, generally terminating an ascending or prostrate stalk, and the spike of flowers, borne on a leafy stem, rises from below the head, and is often two feet high. The root tastes like horse-radish, and the young leaves of hearts resemble in flavour coarse mustard and cress. For one hundred and thirty days our crews required no

fresh vegetable but this, which was for nine weeks regularly served out with the salt beef or pork, during which time there was no sickness on board."

At Kerguelen Island the party stayed sixty-eight days; and arriving at Hobart Town on the 16th of August, Sir James proceeded to erect his third observatory:—

"The building, which is forty-eight feet long by sixteen broad, is entirely of wood, and care was taken that not the smallest particle of metal of any kind was used in its construction, the whole of the fastenings being of wooden pegs. The instruments are placed on pillars of sand-stone, fixed in the solid rock, of the same formation, and defended from any influence the heat of the body of the observer might have upon them by the intervention of a closely-fitted deal partition; the observer reading off the instrument by means of a telescope also fixed on a smaller pillar of the same kind, through a small aperture in the wooden partition several feet distant from the instrument."

Quitting Hobart Town, Sir James resolved to avoid all interference with the supposed discoveries of Captain Dumont D'Urville, of the French Expedition, and Lieutenant Wilkes of the United States Exploring Expedition; and selected a much more easterly meridian (170 E.) on which to penetrate to the southward and reach, if possible, the Magnetic Pole:—

"My chief reason for choosing this particular meridian in preference to any other was, its being that upon which Balleeny had in the summer of 1839, attained to the latitude of sixty-nine degrees, and there found an open sea; and not, as has been asserted, that I was deterred from any apprehension of an equally unsuccessful issue to any attempt we might make where the Americans and French had so signally failed to get beyond even the sixty-seventh degree of latitude. For I was well aware how ill-adapted their ships were for a service of that nature; from not being fortified to withstand the shocks and pressure they must have been necessarily exposed to had they ventured to penetrate any extensive body of ice, they would have equally failed had they tried it upon the meridian I had now chosen, for it will be seen we met with a broad belt of ice, upwards of two hundred miles across, which would have been immediate destruction to them to have encountered; but which, in our fortified vessels, we could confidently run into, and push our way through into the open sea beyond; without such means it would be utterly impossible for any one, under such circumstances, however bold or persevering, to attain a high southern latitude."

On the 11th of January 1841, Captain Ross made his celebrated discovery of what has since been called Victoria Land;—a tract of land (country it can hardly be called) running from the 70th to the 79th degree, with several adjacent islands, and a large volcano called Mount Erebus upon it:—

"We now shaped our course directly for the Magnetic Pole, steering as nearly south by compass as the wind, which soon afterwards veered to the south-east, admitted. Our hopes and expectations of attaining that interesting point were now raised to the highest pitch,—too soon, however,—to suffer as severe a disappointment. A strong 'land-blink' made its appearance in the horizon as the ships advanced, and had attained an elevation of several degrees by midnight. All of us were disposed to doubt that which we so much apprehended, owing to its much paler colour than the land-blinks we had seen in the northern region; but soon after 2 A. M. the officer of the watch, Lieutenant Wood, reported that the land itself was distinctly seen directly ahead of the ship. It rose in lofty peaks, entirely covered with perennial snow; it could be distinctly traced from S.S.W. by S. E. to S. (by compass), and must have been more than one hundred miles distant when first seen. The highest mountain of this range I named after Lieutenant-Colonel Sabine, of the Royal Artillery, Foreign Secretary

of the Royal Society, one of the best and earliest friends of my youth, and to whom this compliment was more especially due, as having been the first proposer and one of the most active and zealous promoters of the expedition. At noon we were in the highest latitude ($71^{\circ} 15'$) attained by our great navigator in 1774, during his several attempts to penetrate to the south. We had at this time run fifteen leagues directly towards Mount Sabine, and still it appeared to be very distant; more land came in view as we advanced, mountainous ranges extending to the right and left of that we first discovered. At 6 P. M., when we had closed the land seventy miles, we were about two leagues from the shore, which was lined with heavy pack-ice. We steered close along the edge of it towards a small bay, where we hoped to effect a landing; but the wind being on the shore and a high sea beating heavily along the pack edge, we found it quite impracticable. We therefore stood to the S. E. for the purpose of rounding the eastern extreme of a close body of ice, and of getting to leeward of a projecting point of the coast, off which we observed several small islands, that we expected would afford such protection as to admit of our landing with less difficulty. The cape which formed the southern promontory of the bay was, at the request of Commander Crozier, named Cape Downshire, after his kind and lamented friend, the late estimable Marquis. Its northern point was called Cape Adare, after my friend Viscount Adare, M. P. for Glamorg.shire, who always evinced a warm interest in our undertaking. It is a remarkable projection of high, dark (probably volcanic) cliffs, and forms a strong contrast to the rest of the snow-covered coast. Some rocks, that were observed to lie several miles to the north and west of Cape Adare, showing their black summits conspicuously amongst the white foam of the breakers, were named Durnaven Rocks. We obtained soundings in one hundred and sixty-five fathoms, and several small black stones, which came up with the lead, tended to confirm my conjectures of the volcanic origin of the newly-discovered land. Cape Adare at the time bore N. 52° W., distant about five or six miles. It was a beautifully clear evening, and we had a most enchanting view of the two magnificent ranges of mountains, whose lofty peaks, perfectly covered with eternal snow, rose to elevations varying from seven to ten thousand feet above the level of the ocean. The glaciers that filled their intervening valleys, and which descended from near the mountain summits, projected in many places several miles into the sea, and terminated in lofty perpendicular cliffs. In a few places the rocks broke through their icy covering, by which alone we could be assured that land formed the nucleus of this, to appearance, enormous iceberg. The range of mountains extending to the N. W. was called Admiralty Range, of which the higher and more conspicuous were distinguished by the names of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty under whose orders I was serving."

The ceremony of taking possession of these newly-discovered lands in the name of Queen Victoria was performed on Possession Island,—one of the smallest of the group, made up of penguins and guano. The island is thus described by Sir James Ross:—

"Possession Island is situated in lat. $71^{\circ} 56'$, and long. $171^{\circ} 7' E.$, composed entirely of igneous rocks, and only accessible on its western side. We saw not the smallest appearance of vegetation, but inconceivable myriads of penguins completely and densely covered the whole surface of the island, along the ledges of the precipices, and even to the summits of the hills, attacking us vigorously as we waded through their ranks, and pecking at us with their sharp beaks, disputing possession; which, together with their loud coarse notes, and the insupportable stench from the deep bed of guano, which had been forming for ages, and which may at some period be valuable to the agriculturists of our Australasian colonies, made us glad to get away again, after having loaded our boats with geological specimens and penguins. Owing to the heavy surf on the beach, we could not tell whether the water was ebbing or flowing; but there was a strong tide running to the south, between Possession Island and the main land, and the Terror had some difficulty to avoid being carried by it against the land ice. Future navigators should therefore be on their guard in approaching the coast at this place."

The largest of the newly-discovered islands was called Coulman Is.

land, after Thomas Coulman, of Whitgift Hall; and its extreme southern point Cape Anne, after Mr. Coulman's daughter, now Lady Ross. Another island was called Franklin Island, after Sir John Franklin; and a third Beaufort Island, after Captain (now Admiral) Beaufort, the Hydrographer of the Admiralty. Other friends came in for capes, promontories, and headlands. Indeed, in the universal naming, it would be difficult to find any scientific character who escaped the honour of supplanting the "elephants" of our earlier Arrowsmiths and Wylds.

"Franklin Island is situate in latitude $72^{\circ} 8' S.$, long. $168^{\circ} 12' E.$ It is about twelve miles long and six broad, and is composed wholly of igneous rocks; the northern side presents a line of dark precipitous cliffs, between five and six hundred feet high, exposing several longitudinal broad white, probably aluminous, bands of several feet thickness; two or three of them were of a red ochre colour, and gave a most strange appearance to the cliffs. We could not perceive the smallest trace of vegetation, not even a lichen or piece of sea-weed growing on the rocks; and I have no doubt, from the total absence of it at both the places we have lauded, that the vegetable kingdom has no representative in antarctic lands. We observed that the white petrel had its nest on the ledges of the cliffs, as had also the rapacious skua gull; several seals were seen, and it is by no means improbable that the beach on which we in vain attempted to land may, at the proper season, be one of their places of resort, or 'rookeries' as they are termed by the seal fishers."

While sailing southward, an active volcano was discovered on the new Victoria Land:—

"With a favourable breeze, and very clear weather, we stood to the southward, close to some land which had been in sight since the preceding noon, and which we then called the High Island; it proved to be a mountain twelve thousand four hundred feet of elevation above the level of the sea, emitting flame and smoke in great profusion; at first the smoke appeared like snow-drift, but as we drew nearer, its true character became manifest. The discovery of an active volcano in so high a southern latitude cannot but be esteemed a circumstance of high geological importance and interest, and contribute to throw some further light on the physical construction of our globe. I named it 'Mount Erebus,' and an extinct volcano to the eastward, little inferior in height, being by measurement ten thousand nine hundred feet high, was called 'Mount Terror.'"
At 4 p. m. of the 28th January, Mount Erebus was observed to emit smoke and flame in unusual quantities, producing a most grand spectacle. A volume of dense smoke was projected at each successive jet with great force, in a vertical column, to the height of between fifteen hundred and two thousand feet above the mouth of the crater, when condensing first at its upper part, it descended in mist or snow, and gradually dispersed, to be succeeded by another splendid exhibition of the same kind in about half an hour afterwards, although the intervals between the eruptions were by no means regular. The diameter of the columns of smoke was between two and three hundred feet, as near as we could measure it; whenever the smoke cleared away, the bright red flame that filled the mouth of the crater was clearly perceptible; and some of the officers believed they could see streams of lava pouring down its sides until lost beneath the snow which descended from a few hundred feet below the crater, and projected its perpendicular icy cliff several miles into the ocean."

Sir James was anxious to winter near his newly-discovered land; but this he soon found to be impossible. The young ice was increasing in thickness; and there was every chance of his being locked in,—to be released he knew not when, or if indeed at all. His feelings on this occasion will be best understood in his own words:—

"Had it been possible to have found a place of security upon any part of this coast

Where we might have wintered, in sight of this brilliant burning mountain, and at so short a distance from the magnetic pole, both of those interesting spots might easily have been reached by travelling parties in the following spring; but all our efforts to effect that object proved quite unsuccessful; and although our hopes of complete attainment were not realized, yet it was some satisfaction to know that we had approached the pole some hundreds of miles nearer than any of our predecessors; and from the multitude of observations that were made in so many different directions from it, its position may be determined with nearly as much accuracy as if we had actually reached the spot itself. It was nevertheless painfully vexations to behold at an easily accessible distance under other circumstances the range of mountains in which the pole is placed, and to feel how nearly that chief object of our undertaking had been accomplished: and but few can understand the deep feelings of regret with which I felt myself compelled to abandon the perhaps too ambitious hope I had so long cherished of being permitted to plant the flag of my country on both the magnetic poles of our globe."

On the 28th of February 1841, the voyagers looked for the last time on Victoria Land:—concerning which, Sir James is of opinion that the recent discoveries in the Antarctic regions made by the French and American navigators, and still more recently by himself, do not prove, as some have supposed, a great southern continent, but rather a chain of islands. His concluding remarks on D'Urville and on Wilkes are much to the point:—

"I cannot refrain from observing that the practice of 'laying down the land, not only where we had actually determined it to exist, but in those places also in which every appearance denoted its existence,' is not only entirely new amongst navigators, but seems to me likely to occasion much confusion, and even to raise doubts in many minds whether the existence of some portions of land that undoubtedly were seen might not also be of an equally questionable character with those laid down from appearances only, unless some distinctive mark were given by which they could be known from each other."

We shall return to these volumes for some further examples of the valuable and interesting matter which they contain.

[Second Notice.]

In a subsequent cruise in the same frozen waters, the timbers of the Erebus and Terror were severely tried. Here is a gale in the "pack," which will give a good idea of "the dangers of the sea." The time employed, as the dramatists would say, is twenty-eight hours:—

"To prevent the ships separating during the fog, it was necessary to keep fast to the heavy piece of ice which we had between them as a fender, and with a reduced amount of sail on them, we made some way through the pack: as we advanced in this novel mode to the south-west, we found the ice became more open, and the westerly swell increasing as the wind veered to the N. W. at midnight, we found it impossible any longer to hold on by the floe piece. All our hawsers breaking in succession, we made sail on the ships, and kept company during the thick fog by firing guns, and by means of the usual signals: under the shelter of a berg of nearly a mile in diameter, we dodged about during the whole day, waiting for clear weather, that we might select the best lead through the dispersing pack; but at 9 P.M. the wind suddenly freshened to a violent gale from the north ward, compelling us to reduce our sails to a close reefed main-top-sail and storm stay-sails: the sea quickly rising to a fearful height, breaking over the loftiest bergs, we were unable any longer to hold our ground, but were driven into the heavy pack under our lee. Soon after midnight our ships were involved in an ocean of rolling fragments of ice, hard as floating rocks of granite, which were dashed against them by the waves with so much violence that their masts quivered as if they

would fall at every successive blow ; and the destruction of the ships seemed inevitable from the tremendous shocks they received. By backing and filling the sails, we endeavoured to avoid collision with the larger masses ; but this was not always possible : in the early part of the storm, the rudder of the *Erebus* was so much damaged as to be no longer of any use ; and about the same time I was informed by signal that the *Terror's* was completely destroyed, and nearly torn away from the stern-post. We had hoped that, as we drifted deeper into the pack, we should get beyond the reach of the tempest ; but in this we were mistaken. Hour passed away after hour without the least mitigation of the awful circumstances in which we were placed. Indeed, there seemed to be but little probability of our ships holding together much longer, so frequent and violent were the shocks they sustained. The loud crashing noise of the straining and working of the timbers and decks, as she was driven against some of the heavier pieces, which all the activity and exertions of our people could not prevent, was sufficient to fill the stoutest heart, that was not supported by trust in Him who controls all events, with dismay. * * At 2 p.m. the storm gained its height, when the barometer stood at 28.40 inches, and after that time began to rise. Although we had been forced many miles deeper into the pack, we could not perceive that the swell had at all subsided, our ships still rolling and groaning amidst the heavy fragments of crushing bergs, over which the ocean rolled its mountainous waves, throwing huge masses one upon another, and then again burying them deep beneath its foaming waters, dashing and grinding them together with fearful violence. The awful grandeur of such a scene can neither be imagined nor described far less can the feelings of those who witnessed it be understood. Each of us secured our hold, waiting the issue with resignation to the will of Him who alone could preserve us, and bring us safely through this extreme danger ; watching with breathless anxiety the effect of each succeeding collision, and the vibrations of the tottering masts, expecting every moment to see them give way without our having the power to make an effort to save them. Although the force of the wind had somewhat diminished by 4 p.m., yet the squalls came on with unabated violence, laying the ship over on her broadside, and threatening to blow the storm sails to pieces : fortunately they were quite new, or they never could have withstood such terrific gusts. At this time the *Terror* was so close to us, that when she rose to the top of one wave, the *Erebus* was on the top of that next to leeward of her ; the deep chasm between them filled with heavy rolling masses ; and as the ships descended into the hollow between the waves, the main-top-sail yard of each could be seen just level with the crest of the intervening wave, from the deck of the other : from this, some idea may be formed of the height of the waves, as well as of the perilous situation of our ships. The night now began to draw in, and cast its gloomy mantle over the appalling scene, rendering our condition, if possible, more hopeless and helpless than before ; but at midnight, the snow, which had been falling thickly for several hours, cleared away, as the wind suddenly shifted to the westward and the swell began to subside ; and although the shocks our ships still sustained were such that must have destroyed any ordinary vessel in less than five minutes, yet they were feeble compared with those to which we had been exposed, and our minds became more at ease for their ultimate safety. During the darkness of night and the thick weather, we had been carried through a chain of bergs which were seen in the morning considerably to windward, and which served to keep off the heavy pressure of the pack, so that we found the ice much more open, and I was enabled to make my way in one of our boats to the *Terror*, about whose condition I was most anxious, for I was aware that her damages were of a much more serious nature than those of the *Erebus*, notwithstanding the skilful and seamanlike manner in which she had been managed, and by which she maintained her appointed station throughout the gale. I found that her rudder was completely broken to pieces, and the fastenings to the stern-post so much strained and twisted, that it would be very difficult to get the spare rudder, with which we were fortunately provided, fitted so as to be useful, and could only be done, if at all, under very favourable circumstances. The other damages she had sustained were of less consequence ; and it was as great a satisfaction as it has ever since been a source of astonishment to us to find that, after so many hours of constant and violent thumping, both the vessels were nearly as tight as they were before the gale. We can only ascribe this to the admirable manner in which they had been fortified for the service, and to our having their hold so stowed as to form a solid mass throughout.

The visit to the Falkland Islands contains a graphic description of hunting the wild bull—contributed by one of the officers of the Expedition; with the cruel incidents which everywhere attend the Hunt redeemed by the necessity in which the party were of securing food:—

"After a wet and a weary pull of three hours, which carried us no more than as many miles, we approached the hunting grounds on the western shores of St. Salvador Bay. There we descried, through the drizzling sleet, a herd of some fifteen cattle on a point of land; a sight which put us all into excellent spirits. The dogs were immediately seized, and held down in the bottom of the boat; for their habit is, even on scenting the animals, to plunge into the water, and by giving tongue, frighten the game far away before the party can reach the shore. The men were all eagerness, stripping to their Guernsey frocks and trowsers, each slinging a sharp knife round his waist. My companion and I loaded our rifles, knowing that for now hands to keep up with the runners was impossible; and that our only chance of glory lay in having a long shot at some pugnacious bull or fleeing cow, which, inglorious as it may sound, is no more so in reality than if the game were a deer, and infinitely less than if a hare or bird. Before, however, detailing the incidents of this particular chase, I may give an outline of the general features of a cattle-hunt, as pursued by our seamen, which differs considerably from that of the Gauchos; and most prominently in not involving those revolting cruelties which the latter practice, sometimes heedlessly, but oftener to gratify a childish revenge for the toil incident on a hard hour's or day's work, and not seldom out of mere wanton wickedness. Horses and lasos we never used: strong dogs and nimble feet being all that are absolutely required; though a couple of rifles are generally necessary; for the bulls attain a size and ferocity of which we had previously little idea, and they sometimes gallantly defend the herd. The dogs were of no particular breed; they were powerfully built and fleet, appearing to have more of the Spanish pointer than any other blood in them: a cross of the Newfoundland, mastiff, bull-dog, and even coach-dog, was sufficiently obvious in one or other of the best. All were very courageous; and new ones introduced into a good pack take instinctively to the habits of the old. It is very seldom that they will attack a full-grown bull, which is not wonderful, for the old Falkland Islands' 'Tauro' is the largest of its race: its neck is short and of prodigious depth. The skin of one we killed was upwards of two inches in thickness, and its head half as large again as that of an ordinary bull: they are generally black, have a noble carriage, and are possessed of indomitable courage and untameable ferocity. Specimens of these dimensions are, however, rare and do not mix with the other cattle, though sometimes attending them. More frequently they are seen solitary on the hills, with erect crests and distended nostrils, looking defiance at the passing traveller, and sometimes flying at him unprovoked; when he must betake himself to a bog, a 'stream of stones,' or cliff. Should no such refuge be nigh, the last resource is (as I am told by those whom I believe to have practised the *ruse*), to drop suddenly on the ground; when the bull starts aside from the unwonted obstacle in its path and pursues its onward course. When provoked and infuriated on open ground there is no escape even thus; the brave gunner of the *Erebus* was struck down and the turf torn up in furrows on each side of his body by the ~~dismissing~~ *dismissing* horses of a wounded and maddened bull; and my friend Capt. Sullivan bears the mark of a wound on his head which he received under precisely similar circumstances: in both these instances the animals were providentially shot before returning to gore. The cows are of the size of the ordinary Ayrshire stock: they invariably flee man, and seldom offer any effectual resistance to the dogs. They herd, with the young bulls and heifers, in numbers of ten to thirty, roaming more or less, but particularly attaching themselves to tussock grounds. Those who know cattle in our parks only, or even on the hills of Scotland, can form no idea of their speed and strength; and we found that it took three powerful dogs to 'moor' (as our sailors term it) one full-grown cow. The plan of attack is very simple: the object is to take as many animals out of one herd as possible. We had only dogs enough to hold one cow at a time, which is despatched by the hunter before the same dogs are free to follow the herd and detain another. Hence speed is the first requisite for this kind of chase. Shooting forms no part of the hunter's duty; as it is evident that he must be wholly disencumbered

for running. Though stalking down and shooting the cattle (thus adding to the commissariat by powder and ball) is both exciting and advantageous, still the rifleman is comparatively an idler, except in the case of an attack from the bulls; for he can only secure one or two, according to the number of his barrels, at the opening of the hunt; whilst the runner must keep on as long as there is a possibility of the dogs overtaking even a heifer. To resume the narrative: the sagacious dogs showed, by their eager looks and panting that they understood the cause of and partook in our excitement, and were with great difficulty held down. We landed on the point, screened from the herd, and cautiously wound round a hill; till we were opened to the view of fifteen fine cows, young bulls, and heifers, which threw their tails into the air, and, with an awkward bound and fling up of their heels, set off for the interior at a pace of which I hardly thought cattle capable. The dogs, already loose, sprang after and overtook them in a quarter of a mile. The runners of the party, in light shoes, long accustomed to the exercise, flew rather than ran in their wake; whilst my companion and self, each equipped with heavy ordnance rifle, cartouch-box, ammunition and accoutrements, pea jacket, fishermen's boots and sou'-wester, took long shots (of about 300 yards), to the imminent danger of the runners, and then floundering along over balsam-bogs, tussock clumps, and 'diddle-dee' bushes arrived thoroughly blown at the top of a hill immediately overlooking the scene of action. The herd was heaving off in the distance; all but one fine cow which the hounds detained. 'Yorke,' a noble dog, held her by the throat: 'Laporte,' his scarcely less powerful comrade, had seized the middle of the tail; and 'anchored' her, in spite of kicks and struggles, which caused him to twist round and round as if on a pivot; whilst little 'Bully,' a smaller and more mastiff-like dog, had fixed his teeth into the poor brute's tongue, and all were mingling their snarls and stifled barks with her pitiful moans. It was a most cruel sight; but happily her sufferings did not last long. A runner, scarcely less fleet than the hounds, was already up with his knife, and, quick as lightning hamstringed both hind-legs: she fell with a deep agonised *low* to the ground: he sprang to her shoulder like a savage, and before she could turn her head to butt plunged the steel into her neck; when she rolled over, a dying creature. One fierce dog thrust his muzzle into the gaping wound, and the others were already lapping the blood: they were kicked off with violence, and with the men started like the wind after the herd; for so short a time did all this take, that the remainder of the cattle were still in sight. A young bull and heifer were in like manner consecutively seized by the dogs, hamstringed and despatched by these swift-of-foot men, who then gave up the chase. They next cleaned, skinned and quartered the animal last killed with marvellous celerity, and returned to the second; each bearing a quarter on his shoulder, its fibre still quivering, as it appeared, from the effects of the hard run, so abruptly brought to a close."

The first view of Cape Horn was something of a disenchantment to the expectations of our navigators:—

"The poetical descriptions that former navigators have given of this celebrated and dreaded promontory, occasioned us to feel a degree of disappointment when we first saw it; for although it stands prominently forward, a bold, almost perpendicular headland, in whose outline it requires but little imaginative power to detect the resemblance of a 'sleeping lion, facing and braving the southern tempests,' yet it is part only of a small island, and its elevation, not exceeding five or six hundred feet, conveys to the mind nothing of grandeur. But the day was beautifully fine, so that it is probable we saw this cape of terror and tempests under some disadvantage. We passed it at 3 P. M., at the distance of about a mile and a half, which was as near as we could approach it with prudence, by reason of the dangerous rocks which lie off to the east and west, and whose black points were rendered conspicuous by the white foam of the breakers, amongst which numerous seals were sporting. There was some snow on the summit of the cape, and its sides were clothed with a brownish coloured vegetation; beyond it, the shores of the islands consisted of black vertical cliffs, with a curiously cleft rock at its north western extreme. As we stood across the Bay of St. Francis, we were struck with the wildness and beauty of the scenery, its numerous islands and lofty peaks, more particularly those of Hermite island, whose southern extreme forms the bold perpendicular promontory called Cape Spencer."

—Some further remarks on the same subject are worth transcribing:—

“This sketch of the botany of a country long and undeservedly considered the most inhospitable, if not the most barren, in the world, may be concluded by the remark, that ‘however credible in themselves are the reports of voyagers, they ought in fairness to be considered in connexion with the impressions to which the previous events of their several voyages are likely to have given rise. For instance, we, who had lately explored a more boisterous ocean, and had visited incomparably bleaker coasts, could find charms in the wild woodland scenery, secluded bays, precipitous mountains, and interesting vegetation of Tierra del Fuego, which even its gales and snowstorms were insufficient to dispel; for, terrible as the war of elements here is, we were in a measure sheltered from its fury. Far different was the aspect the country must have worn in the eyes of Cook, Banks, and Solander! They had recently quitted the magnificent bay of Rio de Janeiro, its fervid sun and glowing vegetation. Anson, again, with his reduced company, pained by scurvy and other diseases, could have little dreamt of the snug harbours and abundance of antiscorbutic diet, which here offered both shelter to his shattered vessels, and the means of recruiting the health of his crew. The naturalist who first visited the Fuegian shores felt probably only disappointment when recognising the familiar general and representative species of his European home: he would naturally infer, with a corresponding diminution of interest, that analogous latitudes produce an analogous vegetation in opposite hemispheres. Experience has proved the fallacy of such a conclusion; and accordingly the Flora of Fuegia claims an additional and peculiar charm, in its being the only region south of the tropics where the botany of our temperate zone is, as it were, repeated to a very considerable extent.”

There is no improvement, however, on the former reports respecting the inhabitants of Tierra del Fuego:—

“During our stay in St. Martin’s Cove, we had frequent visits from the natives: they came in small parties, and always took up their quarters in the wigwam at the head of the Cove, which seemed to be a kind of joint property. It was a most miserable shelter from the inclement weather of this period of the year, but so inured to it are these people, that it was not unusual to see them walking knee-deep in the snow on some of the bitterest days, without any covering beyond a small otter skin over the shoulders, reaching about half way down the back. The Fuegians are truly described as the most abject and miserable race of human beings. The Esquimaux of the northern regions are as far superior to them in intelligence and civilization as are the New Zealanders of the southern hemisphere; and even the barbarous inhabitants of the interior of Australasia live in a state of comparative comfort. * * They are admirable mimics, and were fond of the company of our people, singing and dancing with them, and entering into every kind of fun, for which seamen are so famous; and it was both amusing and interesting to witness their attempts to repeat the words and tunes of their songs, which they accomplished with a wonderful degree of facility. * * The Fuegian men are of smaller stature than their northern prototypes, the Esquimaux. The average height of six of them scarcely exceeded five feet. They are an indolent race, throwing the labour of paddling the canoes and collecting shell-fish upon the women. Their conduct throughout the whole of our stay was peaceable and inoffensive, and their cheerfulness and good temper rendered their presence agreeable to us rather than otherwise; and from the number of useful presents they received, in the shape of knives, axes, saws, and all kinds of carpenter’s tools, fishing-lines, hooks and a great variety of other articles, I trust our visit will not have been without considerable benefit to them.”

With some remarks of Sir James Ross on the propriety of our having a naval force at Sydney we must bring our extracts to a close:—

“The want of a sufficient naval force for the protection of the numerous colonies that Great Britain has recently established in this quarter of the world, has been a just cause of complaint, and has occasioned pressing representations on the subject to the home government by the successive governors, but without any effect. Indeed, it is difficult, almost impossible, to keep the colonies regularly visited by ships from

the East India station, to which they at present belong, and which is too remote to admit of provision being made for the many contingencies that arise. It is therefore desirable that a distinct naval command should be formed, and consist of several ships. Sydney should be the head-quarters of the commodore of the squadron, and the vessels belonging to it might be sent to each of the other colonies in turn, and by maintaining a zealous and cordial co-operation between the naval force and the respective governments, inspire a feeling of security and confidence amongst the settlers, and prevent hostile attacks from the natives. One of the vessels should occasionally visit the Friendly Society, and Feejee Islands, for the encouragement and protection of British subjects engaged in commercial pursuits, and for the purpose of strengthening the now existing friendly disposition of their inhabitants towards Great Britain. Frequent disputes occur between the masters and crews of whaling and other merchant ships in those remote regions, where an appeal to the captain of a man-of-war would be generally more effectual, and more satisfactory to both parties, than the interference of the civil authority, for which seamen, in general, have very little respect or fear, especially in the newly-established colonies, where there is seldom sufficient power to enforce the laws, and where there is usually a great dislike to meddle in nautical matters, which are generally but little understood. In the various groups of islands of the Pacific, mutinies, piracies, and other disgraceful proceedings are but of too frequent occurrence, to the degradation of our national character, which even the expected arrival of a man-of-war would sometimes prevent, and her presence would always check or rectify such reprehensible irregularities. In the course of our voyage, I had several times occasion to put matters to rights between the master and the crew of merchant vessels, and restore harmony and good feeling, which could not have been accomplished by any other means, although be it remembered, I had no legal authority to interfere beyond giving my advice to the parties concerned, except only in extreme cases; but by pointing out the consequences that would result to them, and the penalties to which they were rendering themselves liable by their improper proceedings, I always accomplished my object."

Having tried ineffectually for soundings in quiet waters with 4,600 fathoms of line, and assigning the position of the South Magnetic Pole in $75^{\circ} 5'$ South and longitude $154^{\circ} 8'$ East, or about $2^{\circ} 30'$ south of its place as computed by M. Gauss, the voyagers returned to England on the 2nd of September, 1843. Here, then, we leave them,—and close two useful and agreeable volumes.—*Athenaeum*.

A Sketch of Assam: with some Account of the Hill Tribes. By an Officer in the H.E.I.C.'s Bengal Native Infantry, in Civil Employ. Smith, Elder and Co.

So little is known of Assam, even in Bengal, that we gladly receive this slight and imperfect sketch as a valuable addition to our stock of information. Jungle fever is so fatal to Europeans in this remote district, that few are pleased when promoted to an appointment in one of the stations. The author of this volume was one of the few; and he proceeded to his destination with an alacrity more likely to be admired than imitated. The progress of his budgerow up the river was so slow that after two months of weariness he exchanged it for a canoe, hollowed from a single tree, but forty-eight feet in length and three in breadth. His journey now was more rapid, but hardly more interesting.—

"The solitariness of my position, only enlivened by the song of eighteen merry

raddlers, pulling from morning to night, at the rate of forty or fifty miles a day, against a rapid stream, was perhaps the worst part of the story. The scenery, if not positively devoid of picturesque beauty, wearied me from its monotonous character. Sand-banks, woods and hills, unvaried by the residence of man, or the slightest token of civilization, constituted its leading features. Occasionally a boat might be encountered, but excepting from the rude salutation of the wild crow, the screaming of wild fowl, and the loud crash of falling banks, prostrating lofty trees into the bosom of the river, not a sound was heard to relieve the pervading solitude."

At length he reached Burpetah,—where he was to be stationed for eight months; and of this singular place he gives the following description:—

"The population of Burpetah is estimated at about three thousand souls; their huts are built without any regularity on high artificial mounds of earth, in the centre of gardens of betel nut and plain-tain trees, clumps of bamboos, cane and grass jungle, mango and other large trees, under the shade of which, impervious to the sun, roads or channels intersect the town in every direction. In the rainy season, these channels owing to the inundation of the country, are filled with water many feet in depth. Every house, consequently, is provided with one or more canoes, in which the inhabitants visit each other's isolated positions; and the cattle are brought upon the little eminences at night, and housed oftentimes under the same roof with the family, if not in the same room. Daily may the cattle be seen swimming across these street-streams in search of a dry spot of land on which to graze. In this manner, for four months of each year—June, July, August, and September—are the people surrounded by floods; but as if endowed with amphibious natures, they seem equally happy in or out of the water, and pass their time on board their boats in trading with other villages throughout Assam."

But Burpetah is not subject to visitations of water only:—fire is an agent of great power in this strange land.—

"In January, February, March, and April, the whole country adjoining Burpetah presents a spectacle seldom seen elsewhere: the natives set fire to the jungle to clear the land for cultivation, and to open the thoroughfares between the different villages, and the awful roar and rapidity with which the flames spread cannot be conceived. A space of many miles of grass jungle, twenty feet high, is cleared in a few hours; and the black ashes scattered over the face of the earth after such recent verdure, form one of the most gloomy and desolate landscapes that can be imagined. But so rapid is vegetation in Assam, that a few days suffice to alter the scene: the jungle speedily shoots up with greater strength than ever, and at the approach of the heavy rains in June, it again attains a height of many feet. On more occasions than one, though mounted on an elephant, I have had the greatest difficulty to outflank a fierce roaring fire, rapidly moving with the wind, in a long line over the country. The elephant, of all animals, is the most fearful of fire; and on hearing the approach of the element he instantly takes to flight; but the rapidity with which the flames spread renders escape most hazardous, especially if the wind is high and *right aft*. The best plan to adopt if a fire breaks out to windward, is to circle round the nearest flank with all expedition, gaining the space burnt by the advancing flames. On foot, escape would be almost impossible; the jungle being impenetrable except by a narrow footpath, and this being frequently overgrown with grass, if no open spot be near at hand, inevitable destruction must be the fate of any unfortunate traveller to leeward of a fire."

Hunting buffaloes and wild elephants, deer-shooting and hog-shooting are here the principal sports; and they have at least the excitement of danger. The police reports, in a very limited district and for the short period of six months, include twenty cases of men killed by wild elephants and buffaloes. Great improvement may be expected from the extension of tea-plantations; but this is resisted by several of the tribes.

Indeed, it appears to have been the cause of the insurrection of the Singphos in 1843 —

"The real origin of the insurrection was the occupation of the Koojoo tea garden and other tea tracts. The constant desertion of the Dooneah slaves and dependents, who are the people chiefly employed in cultivation under the Singphos, besides the advance of civilization consequent on the establishment of a considerable village at Jeypore with Europe in residents, was the source of much heartburning. The occupation of Muttuck, formerly under native management, must, also have proved distasteful to a savage people possessing a wild country and delighting in extensive hunting-grounds."

If our author is to be credited, the Assam Tea Company has displayed very little wisdom in the management of its affairs —

"The tea plant is indigenous in Muttuck, and the Assam Tea Company have cultivated many gardens, greatly to the benefit of Upper Assam, and if the company steadily prosecute the speculation, thousands of labourers will in the course of time, resort thither for employment, and become permanent settlers. Tea, it is believed, may be grown in sufficient quantity to supply the English market, and afford a handsome remuneration to the speculators. An inconsiderate expenditure of capital placed the Assam Tea Company in great jeopardy, and at one time it was feared the scheme would be abandoned. The number of managers and assistants appointed by the Assam Company to carry on their affairs, and superintend their tea gardens on Lucre Island, was quite unnecessary. One or two experienced European superintendents to direct the native establishment would have answered every purpose. A vast number of Coolies (or labourers) were induced to proceed to Upper Assam, on high wages, to cultivate the gardens, but bad arrangements having been made to supply them with proper wholesome food, many were seized with sickness. On their arrival at the tea plantations, in the midst of high and dense tree jungle, numbers absconded, and others met an untimely end. The rice served out to the Coolies from the Assam Tea Company's store rooms, was so bad as not to be fit to be given to elephants, much less to human beings. The loss of these labourers, who had been conveyed to Upper Assam at a great expense, deprived the company of the means of cultivating so great an extent of country as would otherwise have been ensured, for the scanty population of Upper Assam offered no means of replacing the deficiency of hands. Another importation of labourers seems desirable, to facilitate and accomplish an undertaking formed under most auspicious circumstances. Nor was the improvidence of the Company in respect to labourers the only instance of their mismanagement. Although the Company must have known that they had no real use or necessity for a steamer, a huge vessel was nevertheless purchased, and frequently sent up and down the Burrampooter river from Calcutta, carrying little else than a few thousand rupees for the payment of their establishment in Upper Assam, which might have been transmitted through native bankers, and have saved the Company a most lavish and unprofitable expenditure of capital."

Gold washing has become so unprofitable in Assam that it has been almost wholly abandoned. But there are other valuable products, which a people less indolent and less addicted to smoking than the Assamese might turn to good account.

"In many parts of the province, coal of a good quality is found, and indeed the soil of Assam generally may be considered extremely rich. It abounds in valuable products such as rice, sugar-cane, moogah silk, pepper, mustard-seed, and cotton. But the bounty of nature is marred by the indolence and apathy of man. The cultivator seldom looks beyond his immediate wants, and makes no attempt to improve his condition. In fact, in agricultural, commercial, and manufacturing industry, this country may be considered at least a century behind Bengal, and there seems little prospect of improvement, excepting by the introduction of a more active and industrious people, who might stimulate the native to increased exertions."

The marriage customs of the Assamese have many curious points of similarity to those of the patriarchs described in the Pentateuch :—

“ Jacob served Laban as a servant or bondsman many years to obtain in marriage Leah and Rachel, who were sisters ; and he was not allowed to marry the younger before the elder. So in Assam a man may marry two sisters, but he must not marry the elder before the younger. It is not uncommon, when a man is poverty stricken, to engage to live and work for several years for the father of the girl he wishes to marry. He is then called a Chapunea, a kind of bondsman, and is entitled to receive *bhat kupper*, food and clothing, but no wages ; and at the expiration of the period of servitude, if the girl does not dislike him, the marriage takes place. The man is looked on in the family as a *khanu damad* (or son-in-law), and is treated kindly. If the girl's father be very wealthy, and he has no sons, he will sometimes select, from some equally respectable family, a husband for his daughter, and bring him up in his own house. The youth so elected is likewise called a Chapunea, and inherits the whole of his father-in-law's property. If a woman's husband dies, though she may be only eighteen or twenty years of age, she can never marry again.”

So much attention has been recently paid to the growing of cotton in India, and the country of the Garrows has been so often pointed out as eligible for the purpose, that we must quote our author's view of its eligibility :—

“ An immense quantity of cotton is grown on their hills. This, until 1843, was subject to a tax paid by the purchaser to Government, at the market where the Garrows bring down their cotton for sale ; but, owing to the mal-practices of the native collectors appointed to receive the customs, little profit accrued to Government after the expenses of the establishment had been paid. For the encouragement of trade and a freer intercourse with our people, the customs have lately been entirely abolished ; but it is supposed that a plan for the assessment of the whole of the Garrow cultivation will, if possible, shortly be adopted. The climate of the Garrow hills, however, offers a serious obstacle to this measure ; for according to our present information no European constitution could endure a lengthened residence amongst them ; and without the constant presence of a British officer, armed with authority to arrange their affairs, neither the advancement of civilization, nor the realization of a revenue sufficient to defray the expense of retaining and settling the country, could be accomplished.”

The Garrows, moreover, are a wild uncivilized race. A body of British troops would be necessary to protect the cultivators from their swords, spears and poisoned arrows ; and their neighbours, the Cosseahs, are an athletic race—who but for discipline, would be more than a match for the Sepoys. Little interest attaches to the history and traditions of these wild tribes—which our author has collected with creditable diligence. We should have been more pleased with some information on the natural history of the country—but it is only noticed incidentally in the volume.—*Athenæum*.

Marmaduke Herbert ; or, the Fatal Error. A Novel, founded on Fact. By the Countess of Blessington. 3 vols. Bentley.

For the most part, Lady Blessington's novels have been devoted to the anatomy of society as it exists moulded—not to say distorted—by the influences of high civilization. She has given us sketches of hu-

morous characters not always clear of exaggeration but often vivid—gentle and wise and fine speculations upon the workings of the heart, as it beats underneath “the purple and fine linen” with which Rank and Fashion conceal, not stifle, its throbbings:—with here and there some almost impossibly tender and affectionate Juliet or chivalrous Romeo, attesting that the writer’s knowledge of “this bad world” has not damaged her kindly and enthusiastic trust in the existence of “a soul of goodness.” This time, however, Lady Blessington plays upon other strings than those to which her hand is best accustomed. ‘Marmaduke Herbert’ is a romance rather than a novel: to be classed among the tales, of striking incident recently given to the public. The hero’s character, however, is more strongly marked and consistently wrought out than most of those who figure in what may generally be called ‘The Story of a Secret.’ Trained to selfishness, suspicion and reserve by the evil counsels of a guardian, Marmaduke Herbert becomes morbidly sensitive; and begins early in life to suffer from the consequences of Mr. Trevelyan’s false and withering doctrines. He is disliked and shunned at school, and subsequently at the university; and at the latter place is beguiled into duelling by way of calling his antipathetic college-mates to account:—the inflaming medium being a Mrs. Colonel Scuddamore, who is well nigh as unsexed a woman as the never-to-be-forgotten Mrs. Nosebag, who introduces so much dismay into the last chapters of ‘Waverley.’ This gentlewoman is the relief to the long-drawn and painful interest of the story—and is touched in Lady Blessington’s best manner; which means with a great deal of fun and a little caricature. However, Herbert is “let off easy”—by escaping from a niece of Mrs. Scuddamore’s, with whom he was well disposed to fall in love. Severer trials await him. He is recalled home by the death of his mother—and by a strange accident becomes the innocent witness of the death of a young and beautiful girl. This, in the horror of the moment, he conceals; and his knowledge of the catastrophe and ill-advised share in it, like a slow corroding poison, “eat to the bone.” The Fates will have it that Herbert shall become the husband of the dead girl’s sister:—and thus, he must needs take a double part in the anguish of the calamity. His health and spirits give way beneath the pressure of the secret; and his moodiness re-acts upon his wife—who dies, worn out by a woe which is all the worse to bear, because she does not comprehend its real nature. Circumstances naturally bring Herbert’s distress of mind under the cognizance of one of those wretches (more familiar, let us hope, to novelists than to real men and women) who trade in the terrors of conscience. By lies, insinuations, and the well-used diabolical enginery, Herbert is bound hand and foot in this fiend’s power. But the fiend has his familiars, too—as ever is the case; and out of their exactions upon him come, at last, security and acquittal for the tortured victim—who is absolved from suspicion and self-reproach, almost too late—and impressively confesses his “fatal error” and records his wretchedness, by the agency of Lady Blessington. ‘Marmaduke Herbert,’ in short, is a powerfully written novel; and may pair off with its author’s own ‘Victims of Society.’—*Athenæum*.

*A Year of Consolation. By Mrs. Butler, late Fanny Kemble.
2 vols. Moxon.*

Few pilgrims—grave or gay, lively or severe—turn homeward from Italy without a blessing upon the land; some for having there found inspiration—some for having enjoyed that mere pleasure of living which is to be tasted at only rare intervals under our own gloomy northern skies. Mrs. Butler tells us that its skies, waters, “its musical noises,” its myriad associations, and its

—glorious things of old and younger Art,

yielded her consolation; and naturally writes of the South with the thankfulness of an overflowing heart, as well as with the poetry of genial sympathy. Be she right or be she wrong, fragmentary or finished—there is a sincerity in Mrs. Butler's authorship which distinguishes it from that showy book-manufacture that too largely bears the name. Here is Italy as she saw and *felt* it—not as she had been warned that she should feel it. Those, moreover, who recollect the lady's last published journals, will not read without interest the many references to America which the present volumes contain—nor remark without approval the honest desire to set herself right and atone for former impertinences indicated in more than one passage of comparison and retrospect. In short, these pages are the genuine utterances and confessions of a woman of genius.

From such a book we are sure of gathering pleasant additions to our store of pictures. We pass over the first hundred pages—describing a winter journey across France, and the short voyage from Marseilles to Civita Vecchia, with a peep at Genoa; but the drive across the Campagna is not to be resisted:—

“The day was brilliantly warm and fine, and the road, with the sparkling Mediterranean on one side, and that dry sea (as — calls the prairies) the Campagna on the other, delighted me; the myrtle and box bushes exhaled a bitter aromatic smell in the warm air, and the short, thick, tawny grass was all starred over with wide-eyed daisies; the ilex here and there spread its heavy-coloured foliage over a stone gate all hung with ivy, and the whole vegetation, together with the vast open expanse of yellow down, reminded me of the Savannahs of Georgia, to which it all bore an absolute resemblance. I cannot perceive any difference whatever between the ilex and the live oak of the southern United States, except the infinitely larger and more picturesque growth of the latter, and the wild drapery of grey moss with which it is covered, making some of the huge old trees look like hoary Druids, transformed, all but their matted grised hair and beard, into the trees they worshipped. The climate was precisely what that of Georgia is in December and January. I was agreeably surprised at the much greater amount of agriculture and cultivation in the Campagna during the first part of the route than I had expected to see; the soil was of the finest colour, and seemed to indicate the most fertile properties; troops of picturesque black-eyed, golden-skinned men, in goat-skin coats and breeches, and wild tangled coal-black locks and beards, were labouring—for the most part, however, as the slaves do, either with the spade or hoe or pickaxe. I saw not a single plough; large flocks of sheep, too, which at a distance could hardly be discriminated from the brown woolly pasture they were cropping; and large herds of beautiful iron-grey oxen, with magnificent long horns, grazed over the vast plain, and here and there a large deep stone basin full of fresh delicious looking water, sparkled like a sapphire, dropped on this dry wilderness for the blessing of man and beast. Far on the distant verge of the huge

sunny plain—some ruins rose upon a forlorn hillock, against the blue sky, and a dark ilex wood, of apparently great extent, relieved the eye with its sombre colours, and the imagination with the idea of shade; beyond this, again, we presently saw the outline of the Sabine hills, reflecting the rosy tints which the setting sun was beginning to fuse his light in; full mellow golden moonlight gradually mingled with the last flush in the sky; and as the evening closed in, the aspect of the Campagna really did become desolate, as the dreary interminable winding road led us over a grey waste of hillocks like the leaden ripples of a measureless lake. My weary spirits revived with the sight of the first vine inclosures; and as we presently began to travel between high walls, I remembered all the descriptions of travellers that I had read, and knew that we must be even at the gate of Rome; suddenly against the clear azure of the sky, a huge shadowy cupola rose up. I felt a perfect tumult of doubt, fear, and hope—such as I experienced when, through the overhanging thickets that fringe them, I first saw the yeasty waters of Lake Eric, rushing to their great plunge. The great vision rose higher and higher as we drove under its mighty mass; and as we turned within the Porta de Cavallegieri, and stopped again at the barrier, St. Peter's stood over against us, towering into the violet-coloured sky,—and it was real,—and I really saw it; I knew the whole form of the great, wonderful structure; I knew the huge pillars of the noble arcade, and the pale ghost-like shining of the moonlit fountains through the colonnade. I was in Rome, and it was the very Rome of my imagination."

Full of colour, too, is the following description of the Pincian villa where Mrs. Butler resided:—

"It is impossible to describe the soft beauty of everything that surrounded us here; the ilex trees, the graceful stone pines, the picturesque colour and outline of the house itself, the sunny far-stretching Campagna, with its purple frame of mountains; Soracte, standing isolated like the vanguard of the chain; the sullen steep of the Sabine; the smiling slopes of the Alban hills; Frascati, Tiboli, glittering in the sunshine, on their skirts; the light over all radiant and tender; the warmth and balmy softness of the atmosphere—everything was perfect enchantment. Everything was graceful, harmonious, and delightful to the eye, and soothing beyond expression to the mind. Presently came two of the beautiful mouse-coloured oxen of the Campagna, slowly, through the arched gateway of the farm-yard, and, leaning their serious-looking heads upon the stone basin, drank soberly, with their great eyes fixed on us, who sat upon the hem of the fountain; I, for the first time in my life, almost comprehending the delight of listless inactivity. As the water ran lulling by my side, and between the grey shafts of the tall pine trees, and beneath the dark arches of their boughs, the distant landscape, formed into separate and distinct pictures of incomparable beauty, arrested my delighted eyes. * * Returning home, the arches of the aqueducts were all gilt within with the sunset. How beautiful they are, those great chains, binding the mountains to the plain, with their veins of living water! The links are broken, and the graceful line interrupted, and the flowing element within withdrawn to its heart in the mountains, and now they are only the most beautiful ruins in the whole world. Sometimes, when seen from a height which commanded a long stretch of their course, they reminded me of the vertebrae of some great serpent, whose marrow was the living water, of which Rome drank for centuries."

We are not required to link the passages which we shall present to our readers. Mrs. Butler's 'Year' is strictly a journal—neither an essay, nor history, nor a guide book. It is a journal, moreover, from which all private and personal matter has been for the most part judiciously withdrawn. We do not recollect to have met with the following anecdote before, but, true or apocryphal, it is a good story:—

"Speaking of the admirable dexterity of the Jews of the Ghetto here, in repairing, in a manner absolutely invisible, the most incurable rents in clothes, to which industry the jealous tyranny of custom confines them, as they are not permitted to exercise any trade or handicraft of any kind in Rome, a lady mentioned that they were famous for the same proficiency in darning in the East. She said that a man at Constantinople

having left in the charge of a friend of his a purse without seam or join, in which he had placed a certain number of diamonds, complained, on his return from distant travel, that his number of jewels was not correct. The friend maintained the integrity of his trust, and adduced as proof the entire woof of the purse, in which neither seam nor join appeared, and the seal of the owner still remained untouched at the mouth of the purse. The owner of the jewels was forced to admit both these facts, but still persisted in asserting that the amount of diamonds was no longer what he had left. The case was brought before more than one magistrate, but nothing could be elicited upon the subject; and the unaltered condition of the purse, which the owner could not deny, was considered conclusive evidence against his claim. In despair he applied to the Sultan himself, and the strange persistency of his demand impressed the latter so much, that, though compelled upon the face of the facts to dismiss his claim as untenable, the subject remained impressed singularly on his mind, and induced him to try the following experiment. At morning prayer the next day, when the slave who usually brought the carpet upon which he knelt had withdrawn, he made a long slit in it, and left it to again be withdrawn by the slave. When the latter came to fulfil his duty of rolling up and removing the precious carpet, he remained aghast at the injury it had received, and immediately, apprehending the dreadful effects of the Sultan's displeasure, hastened with the rug to the quarter of the city where the Jews resided; and seeking out one peculiarly renowned for his skill, committed the costly carpet to his best exercise of it, and carried it back so restored, that the next morning it lay spread ready for the Sultan's use, without the trace of either damage or reparation. The Sultan no sooner perceived what had been done than he called the slave, who tremblingly confessed what he had done. He was immediately despatched in search of the pre-eminent cobbler, and the Jew no sooner appeared before the Sultan than the latter, sending for the sealed purse about which the controversy had been held, charged him with having in like manner repaired a slit in the woof of the apparently uninjured bag. The Jew instantly admitted the fact; and thus the reclamation of the poor defrauded friend and diamond owner was substantiated."

Mrs. Butler's "first love" in the Roman states,—the Campagna—seems to have retained the strongest hold upon her imagination till the last. We know the picture in Andersen's 'Improvisatore' almost by heart, and are familiar with the capital descriptions of M. Didier. The following will bear the comparison with either:—

"But to return to the Campagna, after loosing our reins, and giving our horses their heads in a swinging gallop over this flowery ocean, it gradually seems to rise and fall around us, and the level plain sinks and swells into billows and waves of undulating green, flowing and melting into each other, like the beautiful limbs of the gigantic statues of the Parthenon. Small valleys open into each other between these swellings, all golden with butter-cups, or powdered, as with the new-fallen snow, with daisies; gradually these gentle eminences rise into higher mounds, with rocky precipitous sides and cliffs, and rugged walls of warm yellow-coloured earth or rock, with black mouths opening into them, half curtained with long tangled tresses of wild briar and ivy, and crested with gold fringes of broom and gorse, and blue black tufts of feathery verdure. At a distance, where the plain opens again before us, clumps of wood, of insignificant appearance, dot the level ground; on nearer approach, they lose the dwarf, stunted look which the wide field on which they stand tends to give them, and presently we ride slowly between the talon-like roots and under the twisted gnarled boughs of cork and ilex trees, warped into fantastic growth by the sweeping of the winds, and covering with their dusky foliage a wild carpet of underbrush, all strewn with flowers—violets, purple hyacinths, with their honey-sweet smell and dark-blue blossoms, white spires of delicate heaths, the clear azure stars of the periwinkle, and the tall flower-fretted stalks of the silver rod asphodel; these, woven into one cloak of beauty, spread themselves over the ragged sides and rough gullies of these patches of forest, and every now and then we reach an eminence from which a fine dark sea of hoary woodland rolls down into the neighbouring hollows, and crests the rounded promontories all round us. Again we come to free level ground, and cantering along find ourselves on the brink of sudden rifts in the smooth surface of the land—deep rents, torn by the rain in the

crumbling volcanic soil—tattered gullies with a sparkling thread of live water running through them, and thickets of exquisite wild hedge-growth fringing them; snow-white drifts of hawthorn, and honey suckle wreaths, send up their mingled perfume towards the sun—a paradise of wild sweetness, enchanting the senses of the wonderer through this wonderful wilderness; here and there we come to perfect ruminages in the banks by wind and weather—sides of rich brown earth, over which scats in the earth's bosom Nature makes haste to draw the edges of her flowery mantle, and now our horses' hoofs spring over long strips of emerald sward, flowing like broad, winding rivers between level ranges of low hills. The close grain of the thick grass is starred with the tiny blossoms of the wild geranium, and every now and then we trample a patch of narcissus with their cream-coloured blossoms and blue stiff leaves, and think how preciously we should have gathered them from a northern garden. On each side of these long narrow valleys young wood growth stretches a light screen, fragrant with the freshness of the spring or vocal with its thousand melodies. Bounding the grassy slope of a hill-side, we come upon one of the scattered habitations of the Campagna—hardly, however, a human habitation—a low-thatched shed, scarcely large enough to permit one man or two dogs to be curled up beneath its shelter from sun or rain. Further on stands the untidy, stinking cottage with its sheep-pens of nets stretched over the neighbouring pasture, within whose bounds the brown sheep stray nibbling; their undyed wool forms the clothing of the friars, whose dress is a constant source of delight to me, from its fine rich colour, and ample folds. Without the net, and wandering on a sort of free guard, the white wolfish dogs of the Campagna prowl round the settlement, and come yelling, and barking, and bounding furiously towards us, while leaning lazily on his staff as we go by, the shepherd himself completes the picture, with his goat-skin breeches, and sheep-skin cloak, and matted black mane of his own tangled locks, out of which his eyes gleam like coals of fire. Far off we see the grey fortresses of the towers rising in masses from steep foundations, and looking over the flowerly, sunny waste for miles to their distant fraternity,—the tombs of ancient Italy, the watch-towers and castles of the middle ages, the peaceful, romantic dwellings of the peasants and herdsmen and vine-dressers of modern Rome. On some neighbouring hill-side shines, like a sapphire in a white stone setting, one of those long basins, wherein the fresh springs are treasured up—upon the hot margin of which the golden, green, and black enameled brazes run up and down, sunning themselves, and rustle away through the grass as we slowly pass along by the stone hem of the fountain. Here we look down upon a glaring road winding far up to the mountains, and betraying its course by the fine clouds of dust that tell where, lazily along the blinding way, the mouse-coloured oxen in sober society draw the lumbering carts, wherein or whereon he stretched the sleeping hinds that should lead or guide them. Long trains of rusty mules, fastened by the tail to each other's heads, walk invisible beneath a high, thorny, tottering mountain of birchwood, piled on each side and all over them like a brown mist, now tipped here and there with vivid green, the young twigs having been cut full of sap and buds and yellow golden sprouts, from beneath which curious canopy nothing is seen but the head fastened to the tail of its predecessor, and the tail tied to the head of its successor. Beside these jingle merrily along those little carts laden with small wine-casks, with their curious canopy formed out of the main branches and boughs of some tree; this is lodged somewhere in the body of the vehicle, covered with skins and leather, stuffed with straw, lined with coarse sackcloth, and so contrived as to turn round and screen from either side the driver, who, half lying half sitting under this shelter, half opens his head-like eyes and pushes the pointed hat, with its bright bunch of crimson stocks or orange coloured wall-flowers, half of his blue-black hair to scratch his head, as lazily as if he grudged the trouble, while his bronze face sparkles through all its sleepiness with the brilliant colouring and vivid expression peculiar to this singularly handsome race. Passing these at a more rapid pace comes the mounted peasant cattle-driver, his short jacket, tight breeches and leather gaiters, buckled like armour round his legs, showing admirably his straight and well-proportioned limbs; his dark green, or brown cloak is strapped to the high-peaked saddle, and in his hand he carries a long light lance headed with a goad, which adds immensely to the picturesqueness of his appearance.—By the side of some of these roads, marking wherever they remain the lines of the old Roman ways, stand the ruined tombs that have not been converted into habitations for the living,—nameless monuments of nameless existences, long since gone

out amid the perpetual extinguishment of life, whose mellow-tinted walls yet raise above the sward of the Campagna their crumbling ivy-clasped fragments. Among these ruins some are land-marks and special features in the wide waste, as all know who have directed their gallop across it by the round tower of Cecilia Metella, the arch of the Torree de'Schiavi, or the congregation of ruined walls at the Sette Bassi. The chief glory of the whole scene, however, its grandest and loveliest feature, are the broken links of those thirteen chains that once bound the mountains to Rome by streams of living water. The crown of the Campagna, the graceful and sad-looking aqueducts,—for nothing can be seen of a more melancholy beauty than these broken arches and interrupted channels, the flowers sown by many hundred springs, waving from every crevice and cranny, the ivy climbing up each pier and buttress, and the whole Campagna, with its boundary of glorious hills, seen through their arches, like a magnificent series of enchanting pictures, each more perfect than the other."

Here are some passages from Mrs. Butler's '*Holy Week.*' The grand ceremonials (not forgetting the vulgar English women) have been again and again described: but a new eye will always see in them something new:—

"The Holy week is over, the religious carnival of Rome—during which the curiosity and all manners of foreigners render every Catholic place of worship a perfect bear-garden, and would almost make it impossible to believe that the same seasons were held equally sacred by all denominations of Christians. On Palm Sunday we went to St. Peter's to see the benediction of, and the procession of palms. We made the best of our way to one of the tribunals, for which we had tickets, through a crowd of frantic women who certainly made all sorts of Amazonian legends credible; the poor Italian gentleman who stood at the entrance of the tribunal seemed in imminent peril of being crushed to death by this flood of feminine intrepidity. A woman before me who had been separated from her friends by the throng, kept loudly exhorting them to 'push on and not to mind her, that she would follow',—and follow she did undauntedly, by pushing between my sister and myself, and forcibly separating us, though for greater security we had hold of each other's hand. Upon my beseeching her not to separate me from my companion, she replied at the very top of her voice, 'I might as well say the same thing to you, ma'am; besides, the place is not so large, you'll find your party again, I dare say.' This, uttered with a face crimson with obstreperous struggles, and arms and legs working like the wings of a windmill in every direction, accompanied by a loud exhortation to her party 'to get on, that she would make out,' &c., were my sole consolation. * * The next morning early, in my daily walk of discovery, I wandered into the little church of St. Mark, attached to the Venetian palace, which is now the residence of the Austrian Embassy. The chapel, for it was hardly larger than one, was full of gorgeous colours, gilding, rich marbles, and profuse ornaments; most of the funeral tablets bore Venetian names. Mass was going on, and round a species of temporary inclosure, formed by low square scarlet-covered benches, knelt a number of young boys and girls; the white dresses and veiled heads of the latter announced that they were going through the ceremony of their first communion; round them sat and stood, in various attitudes of anxiety and sympathy, a company of mothers and female friends. Mass was said, and some beautiful chanting enlivened the pious mummeries; after which an aged priest, apparently, by his dress, of high church rank, entered the enclosure, and kneeling on a crimson-coloured hassock, began a discourse in Italian, upon the subject of the ceremony about to be performed by the young communicants. * * We seated ourselves in one of the chapels of St. Peter's, opposite to that which is used as the choir, and resigned ourselves to listen to the chanting which was being performed there, and which came across the vast dome to us in wailing melodious snatches, the effect of which was most melancholy, vague, and striking at the same time. We sat here for a long time, the light gradually dying out from the lower and further parts of the great building; group after group of worshippers or gazers passed down the nave, while priests and monks, and country men and women in picturesque dresses, came one after another, and knelt near where we sat, to say a prayer or two, sauntering off again in the twilight, which began to thicken all round us. I presently perceived that a man had placed himself on the bench by my sister, and was whispering to her. He was well dressed, and decent looking; my surprise was all the greater when

she informed me that he was a beggar, who had thought proper to address his reclamations to her in that familiar and peculiar manner. After remaining here until, what with the dim light, the distant chanting, the monotonous shuffling of feet upon the pavement, and the faint smell of incense pervading the air, I was falling into a sort of dream of St. Peter's, we rose and walked towards another chapel, where, as part of some of the peculiar ceremonies of the day, some hundreds of tapers were burning. The effect of this illuminated altar, before which knelt a large and most picturesque congregation of adorers, contrasted with a gloom which was beginning to invade the rest of the church, was very beautiful and striking. In coming hither we had passed the confessional where, on this one day of the year, a Cardinal appointed for the purpose receives in public the confession of certain great criminals, who have committed offences for which the ordinary priest's absolution is not sufficient. The time for the Cardinal's entering the confessional had not arrived when we passed it, but there was already kneeling there a poor man, in the dress of a peasant, with his head buried in his hands, in an attitude which might have been either that of intense devotion or bitter self-reproach. On our return from the illuminated altar we found the crowd speedily gathering round this part of the church in anxious expectation of the Cardinal's arrival—the penitent neither moved from his place nor altered his attitude, while group after group of eager spectators joined themselves to the numbers waiting to witness his humiliation. The confessional was raised considerably above the pavement of the church—a species of enclosure was formed all round it, within which as many privileged and intrepid people as could effect an entrance placed themselves. At length the Cardinal entered the enclosure, and seated himself; and the man who had been awaiting his arrival took his place at his feet, and kneeling so that the Cardinal by inclining his head brought his ear nearly on a level with his mouth, the confession began. I had always been very desirous of witnessing this singular scene. I once saw a picture of it at the exhibition in the National Gallery; and — had given me a description of it that had interested me deeply. For a length of time the two actors in the strange scene preserved the same attitudes, and it was difficult to tell from their deportment that anything so solemn as the confession of a deadly crime was passing between them. The crowd in the meantime remained silent and rivetted, watching with intense interest and curiosity the effect of what he was hearing upon the Cardinal's features; at length they became expressive of great disturbance. The crowd and the imperfect light combined to make it difficult to see distinctly; but as I eagerly bent forward to watch what was passing, I saw his face flushed, and his brow knit; he clutched his fur tippet repeatedly with a gesture of great nervous agitation,—wiped his forehead hastily once or twice, and then spoke so low indeed that no syllable transpired, but with an appearance of earnestness and vehement solemnity that was very striking. After addressing the penitent in this extremely emphatic manner for some time, he signed the cross repeatedly and hurriedly over him; and the impression left on my mind by his manner was that of extreme annoyance and moral disgust at the impertinence he had received. As the poor man who had thus purchased rest to his conscience traversed the crowd to depart, we saw his face quite distinctly. It was a common stolid countenance, with no peculiar indication of passion or depravity upon it; and, considering the scene in which he had just borne so conspicuous and unenviable a part, his deportment was singularly careless and unimpressed."

The reader of these extracts will see good reason why we should return to this 'Year of Consolation,'—since we have, in the present notice, dealt only with a portion of Mrs. Butler's first volume.

[Second Notice.]

FOR our readers' comfort we return to Mrs. Butler's 'Year of Consolation'—merely to take from the journal some more scattered pictures. We have a notion that the following festival looks better on paper than in reality:—

"*April 30th.*—To-day was holden the annual celebration of the artists, *fête* at

Cervara, about ten miles from Rome. Not feeling ourselves equal to the fatigue of the whole day, we determined to go out early in the morning, and see their muster at Torre de Schiavi; and then returning to Rome during the heat of the day, drive out again towards evening to their final place of assembly at Cervara. We started, therefore, at seven, and found the roads already alive with early masqueraders, proceeding to the place of rendezvous, some on foot and some on asses, and some on sorry hacks, and some on showy horses; caparisoned according to the costume of their riders, and apparently to the full as pleased with their finery. The trees were all in blossom and in fragrance, and as we drove along between the envious stone walls of the suburban villas, blooming bushes of white and crimson stocks, and delicate China roses, peeped over the terrace walls, like boarding-school beauties, at us; green pendent tresses of the golden willow drooped over the enclosures, and every now and then a noble iron gate, set in massive stone pillars, gave us glimpses into the paradise of dark evergreens and long walks, between walls of roses, which they defended; along the road-side the acacia swung a thousand silver censers in the morning air, and the whole aspect of Nature was that of a brilliant spring holiday in the garden of the world. Group after group passed us of grotesque and ludicrous figures, singing, laughing, jesting, and all hurrying forward to the meeting ground. Not one was so sober or so poor but his hat had its flower or its bunch of feathers, his waist its bright-coloured scarf, and his arm its gay ribbon badge; some were accoutred *point devise* in brilliant middle-age or eastern costume; and in a narrow lane we came upon a Sicilian noble of the sixteenth century, whose crimson velvet tunic and cap, with their border of ermine and snow-white plume, presented really a most elegant and tasteful picture especially as the wearer was handsome and young; a little further on the triumphal chariot of the great ruler of the feast (Mr. ———) passed us, slowly wending its way to the Torre de Schiavi; the gilt and garlanded wheels and sides sufficiently disguised the rather rude form of the vehicle, which was drawn by two splendid silver grey oxen, from whose vast foreheads and wide-spread horns, great bunches and wreaths of roses hung heavily, as they solemnly proceeded along the road. Arrived at the open space at the Torre de Schiavi, the spectacle was really a most singular one. Hundreds of artists, all in various eccentric and picturesque dresses, scoured about the Campagna or mustered gradually in bands, whose badges and banners belonged to their several nations. Carriages, in crowds, were drawn up round the picturesque ruin. A long line of dust, through which flashed every now and then the harness and wheels of other vehicles, or the brilliant colours of some belated masquerader, marked the way back to Rome. Donkeys brayed, horses neighed, human beings laughed loud and merrily; Cossacks, Turks, Albanians, Knights of the Middle Ages, Generals in powder and pig-tails, and gens d'armes, with paper helmets and wooden swords, pranced here and there between the carriages; the golden morning light touched the whole world with glory; the grand and melancholy Campagna spread itself all around, and the purple line of the Alban and Sabine hills framed in the splendid view and singular daylight masquerade. The concourse of artists had hardly ranged themselves, each about their national banner, and a species of disorderly order, such as is most common among volunteers, been obtained, when the great chief of the celebration and master of the revels, Mr. ———, the head of the German school of artists at Rome, appeared in full costume of Henri Quatre mounted on his triumphal car. His arrival was hailed with universal applause; and a speech which he made, and of which we were too far off to hear anything but the sound, appeared by the bursts of laughter and the acclamations which interrupted it, to give very universal satisfaction. The next move was an adjournment of a certain number of the artists to the Torre de Schiavi. Climbing the ruined wall, they congregated beneath the remaining vault of the building and here sung a very vehement and apparently satisfactory concert, in the burden of which an accompaniment *ad libitum* of sticks, and drums, and innumerable human voices, utterly incapable of a tune, joined with most exemplary zeal. Something of the freedom of the Carnival appeared to prevail during this singular celebration; for we were bowed to more than once by persons whom we did not know; and while making my way through the rather tremendous crowd of carriages and horses to the scene of the chorus singing, a German, whose horse we had been admiring very much as it stood beside our carriage, very good-naturedly made way for me, and led me to a good place for seeing and hearing. The words were composed for the occasion by Mr. ———, and were quite

as good as the occasion required ; the music was a popular theme from some modern Italian opera. I regretted this, and asked my companion why they did not sing some of the beautiful Volkslied of his own country. He said, because in these the French and Italian artists could not join, and what they wanted to obtain was unanimity rather than beauty in the performance. When it was concluded the whole motley army defiled out of the ruin and off the ground, and taking the road, escorted by most of the carriages and infinite amateurs on horseback, proceeded to Carvara, while we wended our way back to Rome."

Almost every page in these volumes is poetical ; but the following is poetry " according to the forms :"—

Hadrian's Villa.

Let us stay here : nor ever more depart
From this sweet wilderness Nature and Art
Have made, not for light wandering feet to stray
Through their fair chaos half one sunny day ;
But for th' abiding place of those whose spirit
Is worthy all this beauty to inherit.
Pervading sunlight vivifies the earth,
The fresh green thickets rock, as though in mirth,
Under its warmth, and shaken by the breeze
That springs down into them from waving trees,
Whose dark blue branches spread themselves on high,
On granite shafts that seem to prop the sky.
Around, a rocky screen the mountains spread,
Wood-mantled to their middle, but each head
Grey, bare, and bald, save where a passing veil,
Vaporous, and silv'ry soft, the low clouds trail
Over their craggy brows :—down their steep sides
The light procession of fleet shadow glides,
Garlands of melting gloom, that join and sever,
And climb, and then run down the hills for ever,
Like rapid outspread wings, flying away
Before the golden shafts of the bright day.
Turn from the rocky wall, and lo ! a sea
Of level land, like an eternity,
Spreads its vast plain beneath the hazy light,
Till far, far, on th' horizon's edge, one bright
And blinding streak betrays the distant verge,
Where earth and ocean in each other merge.
Look from this promontory made of ruin,
Thro' whose brown broken arches the soft wooing
Of the Spring air in murmurs low is heard,
Answering the voice of that triumphant bird,
Who hid 'mid fragrant wreaths of hawthorn bloom,
Sings loud and sweet, here, in this wondrous tomb
Of the earth's greatness :—look below, around,
Above,—survey this magic sky and ground :
These crumbling arches, that blue vault of heaven,
These pillars, and these friezes, fall'n or riv'n
From their stone sockets ; those fair cypress trees,
Those vine and ivy garlands, Nature's frieze ;
These graceful fragments, over which she flings
The still fresh mantle of a thousand Springs ;
Hear from it all the strange and solemn story,
Decay and Death reaping all human glory,
Ho, Adrian ! Emperor, Conqueror, Priest, and Lord !
Who the great Roman world sway'dst with a word !
Thou who didst cast off power without measure,
To dwell in joy, possessing only pleasure !
The wild bee hums in the wild wreaths of thyme
That carpet o'er thy halls and courts sublime ;
The nightingale, sweet single chorister,
Fills the void circle of thy theatre,

And northern pilgrims, with slow lingering feet,
Stray round each vestige of thy lov'd retreat,
And spend in homage half one sunny day
Before they pass upon their wandering way,
Leaving thy royal ruin of delight
Lordly and lonely, lovely, sad, and bright.

And here is an excursion on the Alban Hills :—

“Established at the Villa Taverna, one of our first expeditions was to the ancient Latin city, the birth-place of the Catos—the summer resort of Cicero. At the back of our house a noble avenue of ilex leads up for nearly a quarter of a mile of gradual ascent to the Villa Mondragone, the noblest of all the princely houses that cluster above Frascati—a huge block of building through whose long ranges of empty windows the bright sky looks like some sparkling blue eye through these sockets of a skeleton, covering, I should suppose, upwards of two acres of ground. The princely mansion commands the whole near and far country most royally—in front, a spacious terrace, all grass-grown and desolate, overlooks the splendid prospect ; a broken, tottering stone balustrade still ornaments it, but the visitor, gazing on the varied and lovely scene, had better beware of the treacherous support of its tottering pillars,—here and there great gaps are broken in its graceful line, and the irregular tufts of ivy, clematis, and wild briar have climbed from the green depths below and hung their tapestry over the ruin ; four pillars, with dragons' heads for capitals, and surmounted by iron crosses, mark the corners of this terrace—land-marks seen for miles from below ; and a dry fountain, full of weeds and nettles, stands in the midst of it, whence looking at sunset, the world cannot show a grander or more melancholy scene. To the right, the irregular buildings of Monte Porzio, perched on their vine-clad hills ; and above and beyond, the whole line of the Sabine mountains. To the left, the waving oak and chestnut woods of Tusculum, the stone pines of the Rufinella, the cypress spires of the Falconieri ;—in the middle distance, the Campagna, one sea of light ; with St. Peter's like a huge shadowy buoy, floating on the sunny vapour ;—along the horizon, the bright line of the Mediterranean ; and immediately below our feet, leading up to the palace, a broad grassy avenue, with two compact walls of noble cypress trees, whose black spires against the red glow of sunset, or the violet star-sown evening sky, produce one of the most solemn and beautiful effects I ever saw. We left this royal stand unwillingly, and passing through the gate, still guarded by the remains of the dragon and eagle, both crowned, pursued our road towards Tusculum, passing on our way the picturesque convent of the Camaldoli, a sort of Trappist institution, where the monks have entirely separate residences, and never associate with each other but on some special occasions, once or twice in the year. The late Pope, Gregory XVI., was one of these monks, and habitually wore their dress when not in his papal robes. They own a good deal of land in the neighbourhood, and must have been, at any rate, supposed to possess some property, for in the days of Gasperoni, his band carried off a number of them into the mountains, for the sake of a ransom of some hundred scudi, which, I believe, the good fathers paid. At some distance from the convent gate are two iron crosses on stone pedestals. I read on one of them, that any woman passing beyond that spot was excommunicated and anathematized in every sense of the term. We climbed, just here, a breezy knoll, covered with wild thyme, purple bell blossoms, and bushes of golden broom, whose colour looked as though one might have warmed one's hands at them ; over this splendid carpet, spread upon the hills, we looked down into the Campagna, which affects me always with the same sense of vast melancholy grandeur as the sea. After resting here, we went on through steep shady walks, all vaulted over with hazel boughs, to Tusculum. On the very top of the hill rises, or, more properly speaking, sinks, the graceful stone circle of the ancient theatre ; its proportions are small, but the whole structure is still entire in form : the stage and orchestra, and the perfectly defined stone seats, unbroken, rise one above another, with nodding scarlet poppies growing between their crevices, the brown rocky mass of the ancient citadel of Tusculum rising behind like a screen ; and above, the blue sky spreads its transparent canopy ; and all below, the land, falls in gradual various lovely slopes and breaks, to the level seat of Rome the victorious. From a ridge just beyond this gem of a ruin, we looked into the Latin valley, along the ancient Via Latina, to the blue ridges of the Algidus, and the Volscian summits ; beyond,

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whole slopes of golden broom blossom spread themselves along the valley, and waving tracts of beautiful dark green woodland rising above these amber fields led the eye upwards, to where the grey harmonious heap of buildings, formed by Rocca di Papa crowns one steep acclivity; and above, rising higher into the sky, the conevent-crested summit of Monte Cavo. It was a warm, sunny, windy, delicious spring day, when we first saw Tusculum, a day whose very atmosphere I remember. Descending from the little theatre, we passed what is shown as the site of Cicero's Villa, and came down gradually along a sort of mountain ridge, by a smooth garden walk, through plantations of chestnut, oak, and flowering acacia, through whose branches, as from a heaven-high balcony, we every now and then had deep views down the Roman Campagna, between sweeping woody promontories, all fringed with flower-shrubs, sinking splendidly to the level plain, bounded far beyond again by the blue wall of the Sabine mountains. We sat down to rest close by a knot of dark stone pine trees, with a golden carpet of broom at their feet; the effect of colouring was magical. Our path home lay through the vineyards of the Villa Rufinella, and so we concluded our first day's walk on the Alban hills."

Mrs. Butler describes by comparison more than the generality of her sister tourists; who, once in Italy, "are nothing, if not classical." A beech-tree at the top of Monte Cavo reminds her of the "magnificent old foresters" at Burnham. The lake of Albano, "whose melancholy, cheerless-looking water goes deep down from the very banks—drowning, dismal looking water—like a smooth, polished floor of solid dark green marble"—recalls to her, by contrast, "the lovely little lake between Lenox and Stock bridge, with its shallow, sunny shore, where the transparent water plays over broad slabs of slippery granite—its middle depths of darkest sapphire, and the mysterious bower of pine trees whence the springs that feed it come, under which the white fragrant water-lilies, like a company of nymphs, float and rock in the shade." Well has Crabbe said, "It is the soul that sees." We can fancy days when Albano would look bright and Lenox and Stockbridge dismal in retrospect:—but the introduction of such unfamiliar parallels attests the truth of Mrs. Butler's record of her impressions. Let us offer one more ramble along the "bye-ways of Italy"—an excursion to Mount Algidus.

"We drove along the Latian valley, between the heights of Monte Cavo and Tusculum; the way, sandy and level, was divided into parallel strips of road by lovely islands of flowering broom, hawthorn, and sweet-briar. At the distance of about eight miles from Frascati, we reached the end of our journey on wheels, arriving at one of the most beautiful scenes I ever beheld,—a wide, circular plain, surrounded by an amphitheatre of hills; in the midst, a shallow, sparkling lake—numerous herds of the noble grey oxen of the Campagna grazing about, or standing knee-deep in the bright pool—a long stone fountain, with about twenty shepherds grouped around it—and between the sunny hills, where their sloping lines intersected each other, glimpses into purple mountain distances beyond. It was a perfectly ideal landscape, such as I have only seen once before in my life, at the twin lakes of Salisbury, in Connecticut. We began our progress up the mountain under the guidance of an old herdsman, who, though between sixty and seventy years old, stumped fast and firm before us; his keen eyes glittering under white eyebrows, his ruddy cheeks glowing like winter apples, and his open shirt showing a brown brawny breast covered with curling silver hairs,—a most robust specimen of hale old age. He was armed and supported by a stout long staff, with a heavy knob at one end, such as they use to drive the cattle with, and followed by a sort of black lurcher. We presently entered a fine forest of chestnut trees; some felled trunks lay here and there, of monstrous girth; others doomed to the same fate still stood erect, all charred and black, their vitals burnt out, and yet still wearing their fresh and vigorous coronal of green. We came frequently upon

charcoal pits, the only human token in this savage place, which reminded me exceedingly of the forest scenery in America; with this difference, that there was less variety in the wood, and none of those exquisite mountain torrents, which I have always found in similar scenes among the mountains in America. The single chestnut trees, that reared themselves amid the tangled wilderness of undergrowth, were, I think, the finest I ever saw. We now began to perceive decided symptoms of fright and excessive ill-humour in our donkey guides, who seemed unwilling to adventure themselves in the savage solitudes of the Algidus. They had read, I believe, neither Horace nor Nibby; but tradition of much later date gave this mountain forest to Gasperoni and his banditti as their chief stronghold, and the intimate acquaintance our old guide professed with the former haunts, persons, and practices of these worthies did not seem at all to re-assure our valiant protectors, who, nevertheless, impelled by our rashness, were fain to follow our guide, who, with sturdy determination, plunged into the green billows of the forest, leading the way through paths utterly invisible, for the upward-springing and downward-hanging vegetation, and where the movement he made as he waded through the thickets was all the indication we had of our way. —, on his invaluable little campana pony, followed close on his heels, my sister on her donkey, with Antonio next, and I brought up the rear with my little Flibbertigibbet, whose bright eyes peering up from among the bushes, where he walked invisible, was all that I could discern of him while he led my donkey. The verdant curtains of the wood, thrust aside as we passed, closed immediately behind each of us, leaving those who followed to divine the course of those before, by the disturbed waving of the boughs, and their voices calling through the thick foliage. But for the bird-nets here and there spread between the summits of the high trees, we might have imagined that no human creature but ourselves ever traversed this labyrinth, where, more than once, our old guide himself mistook the way, to the infinite dismay and discomfort of the others. Suddenly, in the midst of most appropriate discourses touching the bandit who formerly infested this mountain, Antonio hailed, in a voice of stupendous terror, something he saw moving among the boughs. A boy's voice responded shrill and clear through the leafy screen, and our donkey hero resumed his blustering, bullying demeanour, transferred his fright to the more becoming expression of indignant astonishment at the boy's lonely presence in that solitude, where he could not possibly have any particular business or pleasure, according to his thinking. Our guide told us, that some years ago, when Lucien Buonaparte was passing the summer at the Villa Rufinella, the bandits made a descent upon the house, and carried off a French painter who was staying there supposing that they had secured the prince, who, having had the alarm, escaped through a window, while his less illustrious fellow-countryman was conveyed by the brigands to the recesses of the Algidus; here they kept him until Lucien Buonaparte relieved his very unwilling proxy by paying a ransom of three hundred scudi for him. Our way was becoming, in the mean time, more and more intricate, and we were really not sorry when we reached an open space near the top of the mountain. We here left our beasts with Augusto Flibbertigibbet, and climbed, and crept, and clung our way up by ten thousand impossible turns and scramblings, to some huge blocks of ancient wall, amid which we seated ourselves; and — and our guides left us to explore more fully the ruinous remains. While we sat there alone, two men came by, armed, the one with a gun, and the other with a hatchet; they looked at us, naturally enough, and we were rather frightened—I think naturally enough too; but either 'they were not the men we took them for,' or we did not look worth ransoming, so they went on: and presently — and our guides returned, and we descended, not without repeatedly missing our way, to the place where we had left the boy and the donkeys. Here, high-throned above a mountain of most noble forest, we looked over the deep valleys below, and the great hill shoulders with their mantles of green; and having rested and lunched, we set forth to descend the mountain on the other side. For a while we followed a path that, though really not two feet wide, and with branches and roots intersecting it every two yards, might have been called a turnpike, in comparison with that by which we had come. Presently, however, our neatherd made demonstrations of replunging into the twilight vaults of the forest, whereat the heroic Antonio fell into another agony of apprehension. We passed through a glen, where the chestnut trees were the finest I ever saw, — said it was no wonder Diana loved the Algidus; and

it seemed to me as if the silver sandals of the huntress must shine presently upon the path, and the rustling of her quiver be heard in the awful solitude. Our guide now struck fairly again into the deep wood, and Antonio broke out into open rebellion, whereupon the old bandit's companion told him, that unless he intended to spend the night in the woods, which he would leave him to do if he preferred it, he must follow the path he was taking. This suggestion silenced Parolles, and we proceeded, and finally achieved our exit from the forest, our descent from the mountain, and our return to the open plain, with its sandy roads all overarched with golden canopies of broom, the broad daylight and level land comforting more or less all our spirits."

Here we must stop. The last pages of this 'Year of Consolation' refer to one among the most interesting passages of Italian history—ancient or modern—the accession of the present noble and intrepid Pope; and the breaking forth of hopes and prospects for Italy the very dream of which had almost passed away save with the young and the visionary. But however vivid be Mrs. Butler's notes of these transactions as penned at the time and on the spot, their substance has already been communicated to eager Europe. We know no other tourist who has so lovingly and picturesquely done justice to the natural beauty round about Rome:—and therefore have expatiated perhaps disproportionately on what may be called the peculiar and principal grace and beauty of the book.—*Athenæum*.

Grantley Manor: a Tale. By Lady Georgiana Fullerton.
3 Vols. Mozton.

To those who have devoted themselves to any particular branch of Art or Belles Lettres during a series of years, there are few matters of speculation more interesting than unconscious similarities. In proportion as they are loth to raise the cry of "plagiarism," with its implied accusation of malpractices prepense, will they find instruction and amusement in tracing Imagination to its source and in analyzing the combinations of familiar objects which bear the name—and the form also—of novelties. Perhaps there are few facts proved by such a multitude of singular and varied instances as the smallness of the number of inventions.

Thus, though to a careless reader the two books may appear to be little more connected by relationship than some of dear Mrs. Nickleby's allusions, we have been haunted, while perusing 'Grantley Manor,' by thoughts of Miss Austen's inimitable 'Emma.' Though the one contain the Tragedy and the other the everyday Comedy of domestic life,—though in the first the persons are all *heroic*, not to say highflown, whereas in the latter they are so common-place that we wonder at our own care for them,—the intrigues of the two stories and the groups of characters in both bear a resemblance curious in proportion to our being convinced that it was unpremeditated. The gay, child-like heroine of Lady Georgiana's work has been watched, lessoned and cared for by a monitor older than herself—an old family friend, whom she loves and

who loves her because neither can help it rather than because either wishes it. Meanwhile, she fancies herself sought by a younger and gayer suitor ; whose pursuit is merely a piece of acting played off to conceal his secret connexion with the graver and more impassioned Ginevra—a Lady of many mysteries, all but tormented into the mad-house or the coffin by the selfishness of him to whom she has intrusted her happiness. What reader acquainted with 'Emma' will not recognize in this combination the positions of the heroine, Mr. Knightley, Frank Churchill, and Jane Fairfax ? It is true that deeper passions and more romantic circumstances are introduced by Lady Fullerton ; who seems to aim at the strength of the French novelists—or, to cite a more agreeable example, of the author of 'Two Old Men's Tales.' Ginevra is placed under misconstructions more exciting than such as Miss Austen bestowed on the ex-governess. She is the Italian sister of the English heroine—and, moreover, a stranger to her. She is also a devout Catholic ;—her religion being the reason why her lover, who belongs to a red-hot Orange family, first wishes their intercourse hidden, lest by its being known he should lose his inheritance—and then proposes to her apostacy as the condition of its continuance. Those who recollect 'Ellen Middleton' will readily conceive the power with which our authoress avails herself of such materials. Miss Burney herself in the last volume of 'Cecilia' was not more merciless to the deposed heiress than Lady Georgiana is to Ginevra. This very stringency meets the humour of the day—which is to seek for stimulants, whatever the price. We are not sure, however, that permanency of reputation may not go to make up the payment ; since it is the mirth, and sarcasm, and fine observation of character contained in 'Cecilia' which make that novel a classic, and not the scenes in the lodging-house—no, nor even the *coup de theatre* which the Johnsons and Thrales valued so highly—nor, it, the Harrels' last party to Vauxhall !

We should hardly have taken up the reader's time with the above parallels and illustrations did not Lady Georgiana Fullerton's novel disclose certain realities which, rightly turned to account, might win her a place among the Burneys and the Austens ;—in other words, among the classical female novelists of her country. She writes with great earnestness and eloquence ; but to the impulse of strong and over-mastering conviction she would do well to add the selecting taste—the restraining power—of the Artist. As was the case with 'Ellen Middleton,' 'Grantley Manor' wants relief. The tension is somewhat too remorselessly protracted—the mystery and the misery are too sparingly chequered by glimpses of hope and pleasurable relief. Like its predecessor, the new novel will hardly fail to be popular ; but we are anew convinced that the hand which framed both is capable of more complete and enduring works of Art.—*Athenæum*.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS,

SELECTED FROM SEVERAL ATHENÆUM'S.

A Whim and its consequences. 3 vols.

THIS is a clever novel of the old school in which incident not character, was the thing sought. It is the story of an Orlando—not the Passionate Pilgrim of Italian romantic poetry, not the namby pamby and second hand Child-Harold of the modern rhyme;—not the cold hardened man of the world fighting it in defence of his own sensualisms whom Mrs. Gore recently exhibited to us with all her caustic cleverness;—but an Orlando after Shakspeare's pattern; a younger brother, maltreated by a churlish senior who holds him in dependence. This our hero will not abide; but instead of betaking himself to Arden-Wood, by way of remedy, he merely takes service as a gardener with a squire who has two fair daughters. What happens to the Rosalind of the pair.

We do suppose you need not now be told. The Celia, alack! has worse luck; and almost gets married to the baronet "cruel and bold." This reputable gentleman, we are early allowed to see, keeps our friend Chandos out of his lawful inheritance; and as chicanery is apt to lead to worse crime, becomes a murderer in the attempt to conceal his unjust and unbrotherly deeds. By one of those apropos devices which Mr. James and his brother novelists arrange with such marvellous ingenuity, Chandos is "in at the death"—suspected as its perpetrator—accused as a criminal, and tried. It matters not that we know every "quip and crank" of such a scene by heart that from the moment when we met a certain gipsy woman and a certain gipsy boy, we were satisfied that the ghost of "*sceleratissima*"—that is Mrs. Margaret Merrilies,—was not laid so irrevocably as the Gilbert Glossins who fear "dark becoming light" might desire. This thousand-and-first narration of the trial of an innocent man, with all its lies like truth, and its truth like lies, is nevertheless, well done—and will create an effect on all proper novel readers, analogous to that of certain musical chords, which, be they heard ever so often, never recur without piquing the ear to suspense. What we like least is the catastrophe. The penitence of the elder brother seems to us somewhat maudlin, and his former deeds considered,—more like a Whim than a consequence. Whether by an old or a new hand—a tale teller tender or tough,—this story deserves a good word for the earnestness with which it is written.

*Kirkholme Priory; or Modern Heroism. A Tale, by the
author of 'The Ransom.'*

'KIRKHOI ME PRIORY' is prefaced by the hacknied protest against the world we live in, and the manners we wear. In the first paragraph

it is insinuated that public heroism, "went out," with morions, racks, oubliettes, and other such high-souled devices; or, as we are subsequently told, if it linger any where in this nineteenth century, it is with those who embraced the Polish cause. In the second clause of the preface, however, Heroism is recognized as still existing in private life: so that the preamble—with its "bane and antidote," thus presented together and qualified—makes its point something after the fashion of the line from the 'Rejected addresses' which asserts that

"Nought is every thing and every thing is nought."

When will novellists dispense with prefaces? After such a one as the present, a tale of the most thorough going Minerva-press romance, cuts but an odd figure. 'Kirkholme Priory' is neither poetically ancient in right of strong lines of demarkation and primitive colours applied to its characters, nor philosophically modern in its tracing of the under current of passion by those slighter and more delicate external manifestations which are sanctioned by the social code of our time.

We will not pretend to detail the story. Suffice it to mention, that it is haunted by a curse laid upon an old family in the days when Catholic monasteries were despoiled; and which remains in force "even unto the day" of the story. To avert its menace from her son and heir, we find a protestant lady turning papist. From the first outset however we perceived that there was a flaw in the terms of her bargain; and accordingly, we were neither dismayed nor surprised to discover, early in the romance, that a real heir was in petto—of whom the poor priest-ridden mother had never dreamt. He wanders through Europe in quest of adventures—adopts the Polish cause—is plunged "full fathoms five" into love troubles—and at last comes to shore after storms enough to submerge twenty Leanders less buoyant. His Hero or heroine—is a personage who leaves behind her but a transient impression: nor are the drolls and disagreeable personages introduced by way of relief and contrast marked by greater originality. The book is readable for that class only, who, like gentle Charles Lamb, are satisfied with any fiction, be its properties ever so thread-bare or its mysteries ever so transparent.

Memoirs of a Physician By Alexander Dumas, vol 1.

THERE IS NO RESISTING Mr. Dumas. His powers of incident, his variety in adventures, and his level excellence of execution render it impossible to leave a book by him after it has been once entered upon.

We do not wonder at the readers of *La Constitutionnel* being flattered and fevered by the intimation of the 'Mémoires d'un Médecin', of which only a portion has been given to the French public,—here translated to form a volume of the 'Pulchro novelist'. The introduction, it is true, is absurd enough—but as soon as the first chapters are over, we find ourselves tracing the first approach to Paris of Marie Antoinette, and the mysterious divinations of Joseph Balsamo, the projector and magician, with great eagerness, our curiosity being next thoroughly engaged.

ed by the stratagems of Madame Dubarry and her gipsy family to find a lady aristocratic enough to present her at court. Any thing better told than their stoop upon the old plaideuse, the Countess de Bearn, and her cunning stratagems, first to escape the much needed chaperonage, and next to sell her disgrace dearly is hardly to be found in the Library of encounters 'twixt Greek and Greek. There is quiet, hardened, unprincipled high comedy in every line of the story. The portrait too of poor, feeble, wavy Louis Quinze, is so well done as to make us at last pity one so little able to protect himself against the intrigues which self-interest, in a million different forms wove round him. How—to repeat ourselves—the novelist who writes fifty (or is it five hundred?) volumes a year, can contrive to draw so characteristically, group so variously, colour so richly, and finish so highly, is a constant marvel to us. We are truly glad in the present case, that an “attendio” of Parisian Justice will secure us the rest of the ‘memoirs of a Physician.’

The Macdermots of Ballycloran. By Mr. A. Trollope, 3 vols. Newby. *The Poacher's Wife: a story of the Times.* By Carlton Carew, 2 vols. Ollier. *Smiles and Tears: or the Romance of Life.* By Charles Whitehead, 3 vols., Bently. *Ranthorpe*, 1 vol., Chapman and Hall.

WE are obliged by the multitude of the novels on our tables, and the necessity for brevity which the time enjoins, to follow Farmer Seedlings custom with the annual rent charged on the land of “Haotbois” which the author of ‘Crotchet Castle’ tells us he “lumped in” with his tithes; or, speaking less figurative English, to notice a few of them collectively.

The first of the heap which comes to hand is unfortunate only in the name of the author, who comes before the public with the disadvantage of not being the popular writer for whom careless readers might have mistaken him. We are sorry for the second Mrs. Butler—for the second Mr. Browning; and for like reasons, had we been Mr. A. Trollope we would have written under some Beville or Lovel disguise, if we were able to write so clever a novel as his ‘Macdermots of Ballycloran’ clever as this tale is, however, it does not produce a pleasant impression:

‘Ah, mc! alas pain—pain—ever, for ever!’

The wail put by our poet into the mouth of Prometheus might be adopted as the motto for the ‘Library of Irish Fiction.’ Since Miss Edgeworth and Lady Morgan have ceased to write—and in their fictions to chequer the disaster and grief which the annals of Ireland unfold by interweaving some strains of the bright and blithe national humour, with the darker feelings and passions which it is the truth-teller’s part to exhibit. Banim, Griffin, Carleton, have laid before us so many tragedies of dull domestic misery, or of those sharper agonies which destroy reason and life, that

‘Memory shudders at the dreary tale;’

and an Irish Novel has become to us something like the haunted chest in the corner of Merchant Abudah's apartment, which even when closed he knew to contain a shape of terror and a voice of woe! Nor will 'The Macdormots of Ballycloran' disenchant any one from a reluctance engendered like our own. It is a tale of ruin, crime and sorrow: of a broken down family—and a maiden's shame avenged by her brother; who becomes for his sister's sake, an involuntary murderer, and forfeits his life owing to the inability of the law to clear him of the accusation. All this is told with power and pathos enough to darken the sunshine of the most cheerful reader, and to waste the spirits of those whom experiences of life's real trials deter from the consideration of "poetic" or imagined pains. We mean every word to bear its whole meaning when we declare, that the impression which the first two volumes produced on us, recalled that of 'the Collegians.' Twenty years ago 'the Macdormots' would have made a reputation for its author. Now, those who read it will join we have little doubt, in our verdict, but their number will be fewer. If we meet Mr. Trollope again, we hope that it will not be on "mount misery." He seems to possess a vein of humour—vide the description of Mary Brady's wedding—which if duly reined in (our caution is not needlessly prudish) might win him success amongst those who prefer "the quips and cranks" of Mirth's creed to the death-spasms of crime and sorrow.

We owe Mr. Carew an apology for having deferred our notice of the interesting and forcible tale which is second on the list. Its subject matter, alas! will make it keep; since it may be feared that the crime and misery arising from game-preserving, have not yet come to an end. More romantic than Miss Martineau's "Forest and Game-law tales," inasmuch as the close has a sun-shine which is more soothing to the spirits than true to the history of mortal trial.—"The Poacher's Wife" is also more interesting, because its wider canvass admits of greater development of incident and character. We hardly need indicate the principle personages and events. The young farmer who in spite of her family marries the heiress—the latter disinherited, whereby the pair fall into straits of narrow fortune—the filthy and evil crew, who tempt the generous Locksley to bear a part in their midnight deeds, and whose crimes are laid to his door;—the brutal gamekeeper who oppresses the husband and tempts the wife;—the silly and selfish Baronet;—the death charged as murder upon an innocent man;—the trial and what it leads to;—are not these things written in the title of the book? Nevertheless, Mr. Carew has combined them so well that we desire nothing better than to meet him in print again.

Those like ourselves, whom Mr. Whitehead's former imaginary productions have prepared to expect clever and vigorous writing from his hand will not be disappointed in his 'Smiles and Tears.' His touch, however to borrow a painter's word—is hard rather than sweet. He seems to catch hold by instinct and predilection, of the sharp corners and blemishes of life;—to know all its wants without comforting himself sometimes with thoughts of its riches. Such a tendency is a serious drawback on the success of a humourist. The reader becomes tired of

meanness and folly and distress : and though the sort of optimism and false pathos in which too many comic writers find relief and refuge is to ourselves little more moving and genuine than the maudlin benevolence of a gentleman "in his cups"—the very recourse to the expedient clearly shews the nature of the contrast required. The public is not so nice as the professional critic in discriminating the paste from the real diamond—the rant of the stage from the utterance of real passion. Thus much to account for the comparatively limited success of Mr. Whitehead, as compared with that of others to whom he is superior. For the rest we need but say that we apprehend the 'Smiles and Tears' to be a republication of the papers which have already appeared in the periodicals :—and that they make up a good parlour-window book after its kind.

Ranthorpe is not the happiest volume of Messrs. Chapman and Hall's Monthly Series. Its subject matter is worn out ; while previous experiments have proved that the public takes small interest therein. 'The Lion' Mrs. Trollope's 'Charles Chesterfield'—and M. Lee Balzac's forcible and painful 'Un Fraud Homme de Province a Paris' have successively shewn to the novel-reader what manner of man is the novel writer—how severe may be his struggles, how fearful his "partings on the thorns of life," how calculated, are his ambitions to exercise a strangely disturbing influence over wholesome natural affection ; but none of the pictures in question have attracted many gazers or engaged the sympathies of many beyond those who have felt something kindred within them, attesting the truth—and that "their own cases" were more or less searchingly discussed in the merely imaginary adventures of the Man of Genius. Were we to offer our own theory of the causes of an indifference on which we have often mused with great interest, we should not soon come to an end, and, 'Ranthorpe' claims no very extensive notice either as a work to be analyzed or one to be preached from as text. Its author tells us that it was written some years ago : has been much altered and a little condensed. We must therefore see some more natural and spontaneous exhibition of his invention and power to construct and to sustain a story, ere we can judge how far he is, or is not, capable of "enchanting the ear" of the general reader.

Mothers and Governesses. By the Author of "Aids to Development."

THOUGH this small volume contains little which was not more eloquently said by Mrs. Jameson in her excellent essay "On the Relative social position of Mothers and Governesses" (a "treatise" the circulation of which in a separate, and cheap form would be most desirable)—it is seasonable ; since it may address readers who being somewhat distanced by Mrs. Jameson's theories of Art, are therefore disposed to regard her views of social progress as somewhat visionary. In the pages before us, we should blot out some needless words about Papistry, and remove the doctrinal passages in which the author lays down her own form of

religious instruction as the one to be followed; and having thus enlarged the writer's philanthropy beyond the bounds of any sect, submit her arguments to the consideration of all who have children to educate or who purpose to educate children. There must be indeed a total reconsideration of our position with regard to those who can oblige us more essentially or damage us more cruelly than any other friend or enemy on Earth's surface—there must be a final quietus given to that haughty arrangement of ranks and classes which confounds the instructors of our children with our household domestic ere we shall cease to read of such "beggary, old age and pain" as is often the lot of the worn out Governess, or ere the vulgar, the flippant, and the scheming will be discouraged from undertaking an occupation to which the noblest qualities and the highest faculties are scarcely sufficient.

Meanwhile though for the reasons indicated this is a limited book—the perusal thereof must do good among a limited class. Would that every Mother and Governess who reads it, or any other appeal of the kind, might recollect that something is in her own power—and not endure the pain which the facts recorded are calculated to give without the effort to bring about a better state of affairs! It is easier we firmly believe to amend every code than that one of minute laws which regulates our daily intercourse. But this is evidently Woman's province; and to do it by quiet example and earnest, affectionate persuasion is a task not too low for the highest—not impossibly high for the lowest.

A Summer Visit to Ireland in 1846. By Mrs. Frederick West.

THE world has no time to read books like this. The detail of prevailing trifles, the praise of Lord this and censure of Mr. That, the repetitions of tiresome conversations intended to be elegant, and dull descriptions meant for drolleries have no value or interest for the general public. Mrs. West went to Ireland with two objects, to satisfy herself of its actual condition through the medium of her own sense and to exhort her English country-men to "go and do likewise." Her volume however adds nothing to our knowledge of the condition of Ireland, or of the means for improving it.

The British World in the East. By Leitch Ritchie.

THIS work professes to be a guide, historical, moral and commercial—to quote the language of an elaborate title—to India, China, Australia, South Africa, and the other possessions and connexions of Great Britain in the eastern and southern seas. It is of course a compilation; and appears to be made with care and ability. As an historical or statistical work it has no original pretensions: but as combining a sketch of the history of each country with an account of its commercial resources and general condition, it will probably be found a useful introduction to the standard writers on the East,—and useful also, as a manual for the

desk of the merchant. The style is clear and flowing—the facts are well arranged.

Recollections of Malta, Sicily, and the Continent. By Penry Williams, Jun., Esq.

BEYOND a Novel wording of the fact that children are not “ incompatible with locomotion ” put forth in the preface to encourage “ family men ” to travel with their wives and “ their little ones,” we find little in these “ Recollections ” that has not been remembered before by tourists of every form and order. British self-complacency abroad is not now—neither fancied smartness, with its real rapidity: and both are here.

Past and Present.

A COMEDY comedy in three Acts, the style of which is promising.

Tracey; or, the Apparition. By Mrs. Thomson, 3 vols. Bentley.—Twelve Years ago. By the Author of ‘ Letters to my Unknown Friends,’ 1 vol. Longman and Co.,—Jack Ariel; or life on board an Indianman. By the author of ‘ The Post Captain,’ 3 vols. Newby.—Rough Recollections of Rambles Abroad and at Home. By Calder Campbell, 3 vols. Newby.—Home and its Influences. By the Hon. Adela Sidney. 3 vols. Bentley.

THE shortness of life and the scantiness of patience are practically experienced in no world more than the Romancers. Let him be extravagant or absurd—lack-a-daisical or farcical—superfine or a little vulgar—there will nevertheless be a public for him. We cannot promise so much to the tedious novelist—be he ever so clever, humorous, pathetic or philosophical. The heaviness of hand which in some measure may be thought to warrant an historian as solid is a sad drawback on the fiction-weaver’s popularity. Thus Mrs. Thompson, though she can command humours and exhibit them in character—though she has true and right feelings with which her personages are instinct—lacks in her novels that flow and lightness of narration which compel or seduce the reader along; and however undeservedly, they will be generally we apprehend, rated as lower after their kind than her serious works. Yet *Tracey* will repay perusal; if only as containing its sketch of Our Lady of the Barracks—the gay, motherly, slatternly Mrs. Captain Topham. Mrs. Thomson has a clear understanding of the costumes and manners of the last century. She manages these only one degree less felicitously than the authoress of ‘ Mount Sorel.’ On the present occasion, her plot is too minutely entangled for the apprehension of most readers. The *dramatis personæ*—two young Elphinstones, who are deprived of their heritage (and remind us of the brothers in Night and Morning),—*Tracey*

the man of pleasure—Aylmer his familiar—Isabel his victim—and Miss Purdillion, the heiress—not to speak of Lillia, the long tried heroine, and Honora, her blind sister—are taken up and layed down it would seem, in consequence of fatigue rather than settled purpose on Mrs. Thomson's part; while the apparition which gives to her novel, its title might be removed by the gentle surgery of two clips of the scissors without any one missing it. Nay the story would be a gainer by such excision. It would have been easy to write about this novel, smooth paragraphs professing much and meaning nothing: but Mrs. Thomson is better than a manufacturer,—and her works therefore, merit the respect of analysis.

'*Twelve Years ago*' will do little, to enhance the reputation of the Author 'of Letters to my unknown Friends.' For any connection or sequence which the story contains, it might just as well be called 'Twenty years to come.' We become impatient of these namby-pamby tales given to the world under the pretext of amiable meaning and semblance of deep humility. Were the latter aught *but* semblance, we should not so often read the language of bigotry, covert contempt, and avowed infallibility in their pages;—nine-tenths of which indeed, would be kept at home in the oratories and retreats of the zealous authors.

But here is a writer in famous conceit with himself—in the professional not pious line:—the author of '*Jack Ariel*.' He dedicates his three volumes to the Right Hon. T. B. Macaulay, in gratitude for past commendations—and seeing that the Simples, the Easys, the Cringles, and the Ratlines" of Her Majesty's service have won golden opinions, and aspiring to rank with "the Marryats, Chamiers and Neals" in the management of Prospero's wand, has taken up his pen to picture the glory of the East India Company's service. The result is "*Jack Ariel*"—the heaviest Ariel that ever was doomed to drop over the edge of "Lethe's Wharf!" We presume that the book is dedicated to the "Voyage out"—since the first volume, beyond the close of which neither patience nor duty could force us, only takes the Mars past the Land's end. What chance in truth, is there of making way with an Author who when mustering the ship's company, begins thus:—"A concise statement of a few of the leading particulars of the principal persons on board I regard as entirely apposite"—With books so tedious and foolish there is but one short and easy method,—namely an introduction to the waste paper basket—the Trunkmaker's establishments being filled to overflowing.

If we forbear to intermeddle with Mr. Calder Campbell's '*Rough Recollections*'; it is from no disrespect to him or them: since few tellers of a short story figure more pleasantly in an Annual or Magazine than he; while he writes verse with ease and smoothness, if not with vigorous group of thought or high flight of fancy. But many of the sketches, tales, &c., here collected have been before published in the magazines, and being familiar to the reader, had already prepared him to welcome the miscellany as agreeable summer reading after its kind.

Without the slightest intention of that maudlin praise which is really one of the most humiliating of shame to such as desire the truth, we

can commend *Miss Sidney's three tales* entitled "*Home*" as being in spirit and manner much what tales by an English gentlewoman should be.

They may not contain aught that is very new or very profound; but they are instinct with sensible meaning and kindly feeling, and as pictures of womanhood are in their delicacy and purity, some of the most womanly that we have recently looked at. '*Beatrice*,' the first should have borne the name of Mildred;—for the country maiden not the townish butterfly, is the real heroine of the story. There is a touch of quaint character in the husband who falls to this same true and honest Mildred's lot, from which we augur good things to come. '*Dinah*' is a study of ill-temper somewhat spoiled in the finishing. We are loth to believe in the cure of a malady so severe as hers—which moreover time must have made chronic. Clarence is intended to shadow forth the artist nature and its sufficiency to make up for woman's sacrifice of every toy and treasure that is dear to her. Miss Sidney deals with this in the right generous spirit; but is somewhat afraid of the whole truth. Success is made to come too easily to the out-cast girl: Whereas with those who hold the gift of Imagination as a blessing not a curse, the moral should be that,—let success be granted or denied, there inherently exists in the sense of Beauty—in the possession of Poetry—something so ennobling and consoling and strengthening as to compensate for equivocal station and narrow fortunes. When will those who write of genius dwell on its divine essence rather than on its worldly honours? But it would be unjust to chide Miss Sidney because in this she is no more wise or faithful than veteran authors;—especially when our purpose is to commend her first effort so as to encourage her to future ones.

Men, Women, and Books: a Selection of Sketches, Essays and Critical Memoirs from his uncollected prose writings. By Leigh Hunt, 2 vols.

With such a title as the above the reader knows what pleasure he may expect from Mr. Leigh Hunt. He never writes otherwise than cheerfully. His "*Men*" are all "*wisest, virtuous—*" if not "*discreetest, —best.*" His "*Women*" make up a being so charming and multitudinous, that whenever he begins on what Harriet Byron might have called "*the tender subject*" we are reminded of the equatorial embrace imagined by another Byron, when in the good natured mood, he wished that the sex had "*but one rosy mouth.*" Mr. Hunt's "*Books*" again are dear friends; and he has an extenuating word for every fault of every friend. No one draws out the exquisite passages of a favorite author with such conscious relish—no one is happier or finer in the distinction of beauties—no one more engaging in taking the reader's sympathy for granted. He will have sunshine,—will promote gay spirits—will uphold liberal truths, blithely yet earnestly. If not sufficient as a guide, he is pleasant as a companion; and we never leave him without having found

something new to think about or differ from. Thus he is the prince of parlour-window writers ;—whether it be of the winter parlour with its “ sea-coal fire ” and its warmly cushioned seat in the oriel, to hear the wind pining outside which is so luxurious an enhancement of comfort,—or the summer parlour with its open window, mantled, curtained by woodbine draperies or veiled with jessamine flowers. We imagine too that he may be tried as a tourist's vade mecum,—without much fear of being thrown out of the carriage window as dull or unsympathetic, with Mr. Burchell's monosyllable. The reader will do best to test the justice of the above character for himself: since we may not extract from Mr. Hunt's newest miscellany because all its contents have done duty elsewhere. Some pleasant old friends are here: ‘ A visit to the Zoological Garden ’ reminding us curiously of the rapid flight of Fashion, which has now all but deserted Monkey Green—“ The World of Books,”—“ Jack Abbott's Breakfast,” from which no doubt the clever French farce-writer concocted the Omelette Fantastique for Ravel, if both he and Mr. Hunt did not draw their invention from some elder original, the four “ Criticisms on Female Beauty ” brimful of dainty points for Courts of Love and Committees of Taste to arbitrate. Papers on Sucking, Ben Johnson, Cowley, Pope,—on the British Poetesses, Madame de Sévigné, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, &c. &c. In short a pleasanter companion to listen to, smile with or protest against, is hardly likely to appear during this dry summer than this same “ Men, Women, and Books.”

The Cardinal's Daughter : a Novel. By the late Robert Mackenzie Daniel, author of “ The Scottish Heiress,” 3 vols.

THIS is the last work of one to whom we are indebted for some interesting and pathetic stories; and who sank as the preface leads us to understand, under the pressure of anxiety and literary labour, leaving behind but small provision for the support and nurture of survivors. Under such circumstances it is gratifying that the critic is able without straining after panegyric, to praise ‘ The Cardinal's Daughter ’ as one of the best recent historical novels of the exciting school to which belong ‘ Whitehall,’ ‘ Whitefriars,’ &c.—those we mean which depend upon romantic incident and adventure rather than on a Holbeinesque portraiture of well-known statesmen or rulers; and whose authors imagine what might have happened in connection with the great events of history more felicitously than they chronicle what did occur. Thus though we have the trial of Katherine of Arragon, the exaltation of Anne Boleyn, and the decease of Cardinal Wolsey successively brought before us, we linger in preference upon the wild passion of Brandon, the Secretary, for the ‘ Cardinal's Daughter;’ and are chiefly moved by the progressive events which cast him loose from his loyalty to his master, and plunge him into intrigue, conspiracy and schism. Thus too a subordinate female character, Pauline the dancing girl, has “ a charm and mystery,” which neither the queen degraded nor the queen preferred possesses;

nor even Henriette de Mayenne, the unwilling nun heroine of Brandon's love. Further recommendation, and better we cannot add than this—that few who take up 'The Cardinal's Daughter' will be able to lay it down unfinished.

Castles in the Air, 3 vols. By Mrs. Gore.

Mrs. Gore can hardly produce a book which shall not shew "some lively touches" of invention, repartee, or occasional pathos. This time the wisdom and the wit of her novel lie in its happy title—'Castles in the Air.' We expected much from the lady's treatment of one of the World's few subjects for fiction. It might shew us, we thought a railway Alnaschar, rising from Stagg's Garden to Carlton Terrace—from a stoker-ship to a seat in the cabinet. Or we might behold some wondrous dreamer of middle-age poetry, and good citizenship, whose 'Castle in the Air' would be a Rhine fortress with its folter-kammer for the recusant churl who would not bleed freely enough without a touch of the rack—and whose Church, one where the "prices current" of purgatory put salvation for self and party within reach exclusively of the rich and noble. Then there are the beauty's castles—stately pleasure domes such as Grieve or Marshall, or Tebbin build for the last scene of a ballet—Elysiums where coaches-and-six come and go all the day long, and "dances and delights" "take up the wondrous tale" every night: where lovers are counted by the thousand and rivals there are none. Or we might be led through the castles of the man of genius which every new describer heightens with a new touch:—by some one story more such as he himself may have built in his time! who will say that we were castle-building when led by Mrs. Gore's title to look out for some such fabric as one of the above? Yet the event proves us to have been visionaries. The clever, but all exhaustless, novelist might have written her tale first and then have fixed thereon its taking title. It is merely once again the autobiography of a selfish man. We would not quarrel with this—nor propound so delicate an objection as our notion that such build their castles on the earth (in the mine in the market as may be,) never in the air—were the novel new in a single feature or combination or were even the old tale well told. But since Homer has been caught nodding, why not Mrs. Gore? She can awaken when she pleases; to give us another 'Mothers and Daughters,' another 'Poeress,' another 'Cecil':—and therefore in place of vexing her and taking up public time with objections and analysis of this hundredth novel of one to whom we owe so much pleasure, let us rather await a happier moment, for presenting ourselves with the rule and compasses 'waiving' as Hood's Mrs. Pugsley considerably puts it "animosities till a more agreeable season."

*Reminiscences of Samuel Taylor Coleridge and Robert Southey.
By Joseph Cottle.*

WE are somewhat surprised at the reproduction of this painful work with large additions. When ten years ago it was issued under the title of *Recollections of S. T. Coleridge only*, it called forth an amount of castigation which we should have thought might have deterred Mr. Cottle from a renewal and exaggerated evidence of his bad taste. The share, too, which he ascribes to Mr. Southey in the transactions, adds to the offence. No man having the proper sympathy and reverence for the genius of either the late laureate or his gifted friend would have unnecessarily obtruded such a correspondence on the world. That the opinions therein expressed regarding Mr. Coleridge were not the deliberate convictions of Mr. Southey's mind there can be no doubt: they were on the face of them, hasty ebullitions of passion and chagrin—repented of as soon as uttered. Their error is equally obvious. They contemplate the character of the man from a false point of view; and make no difference for the variety of tastes and pursuits in literature. The assumption that Coleridge could lead precisely the same life and devote himself to the same channels of industry as Mr. Southey did—and that moreover he ought to have done so is both practically and psychologically absurd. Mr. Coleridge might labour as a literary man for truth, but was morally incapacitated from doing so for the market. This he himself knew; and whoever understands the character of his mind will know it too.

*A Picture Book without Pictures. By Hans Christian Andersen.
From the German Translation of De la Motte Fouque.* By
Meta Taylor.*

"A POEM without rhyme." "A concert without sound," either title would befit this delicious little book as well as the one already bestowed on it. Mrs. Taylor's is not however the first translation.—Mrs. Howitt having already done the 'Picture Book' into English for one of the periodicals. But the charm of Andersen does not wear off with continuance of our acquaintance; and Mrs. Taylor is correct, and, for a foreigner, singularly elegant in her management of English.

*English Life, Social and Domestic, in the middle of the nineteenth
Century. By the author of 'Reviews.'*

THIS little volume, ascribed we believe truly to the lady of an eminent prelate, is designed to examine and illustrate the effect of our advanced civilization on the duties of social and domestic life; to point out what perfection social morals have attained in theory, and what errors have been permitted to creep into practice. This enquiry is undertaken in a most parental spirit. In every page it is manifest that a mother is speaking—a mother who deems nothing frivolous that may involve important

consequences to her children. In such a spirit she examines that great social problem. How may the young mix with the world and avoid the contamination of the evil principles with which it abounds? To this the ascetic curtly replies, "Come out and be separate:" the mother refutes such solution of the doubt, and exposes the error on which it is based by a discussion of particulars.

Jottings from my Sabretasch. By a Chelsea Pensioner.

NOR one jot more we are disposed to exclaim on closing this ten thousand collection of military reminiscences.—It is not so good as some of its predecessors—not worse than others; but the grace and attraction of freshness are wanting to it. Its subjects, adventures, pleasantries, and pathetics are all as familiar to the general reader as "Sanconiathian Manetho, and Berosus" were to Doctor Finrose. For those who meditate exchanging the sword for the pen, we are tempted to exclaim—Give us Peterloo of Nottingham, or Bristol, if you cannot stretch so far as Clusium or Khyber Pass. Tell us of parades at Windsor and sojourns at Weedon (nearly as monotonous as quarantine;)—but not "one jot more" we beseech you of the "Peninsula" or of the great Duke.

Charlotte Corday. An Historical Tale, by Rosse Ellen Hendricks, author of 'Joan of Arc,' The Astrologer's Daughter.

MISS Hendricks, we apprehend, will prefer some ten lines of quotation to twenty of comment; and the following passage from the catastrophe will happily exempt us from the necessity of pronouncing judgment on the work of one who is sure that her youth and inexperience will make friends for her:—

"Then Charlotte's face was suddenly flushed; 'I must die,' whispered a secret voice, 'and like the Roman of old I will meet not avoid death.' She heaved one deeply drawn sigh from her sad breast, and then as if determined and sadly resolute, she addressed the multitude;—'Murmur not' she cried 'cease your exclamations, your vengeance shall be appeased, I shall die the murderer's death—long, long, have I bid farewell to the earth—long has the desire of life flickered and died in my bosom. The agony of sorrow is past, I hail death. I would only that the last moment were past. And have ye the heart, cruel, cruel men, to gaze on the end of a young creature, not twenty years old; I almost feared to receive the boon of life from your hands, but Marat's influence has made you strangely cruel.' 'My earthly doom is in your hands, but have I no hope;—None, none, from men, but from on high, from the beautiful throne of forgiveness, there seraphs are singing their hail, and they have yet a humble seat reserved for the repentant sinner. Eternal fount of mercy, from those springs shall I henceforth draw! no more earthly trials, no more earthly woe. Are there mothers in this assembly? If so shed a few tears over the memory of the young daughter disappointing maternal hope. 'I must see my daughter, my own my young, my hopeless Charlotte,' cried a thrilling voice, and Madame Corday throw her arms round her poor child's neck. What cared she then that she clasped a guilty one? Did she ever remember that Charlotte had given her cause for complaint? No, no,—the warm heart of a mother's love was outpouring its griefs, and she wept long and convulsively. Then she threw herself on her knees before the judges. 'Are ye men?' she cried, 'are ye men?' Spare her, spare the poor stray lamb, restore

her to the fold of a mother's penitential roof, let her die repentant on my bosom. Can- not her youth soften you? Must the guillotine sever that beautiful throat? Look, look, it is over full with the richness of youth; look up Charlotte, fall on your knees,— great God, have pity on my child!"

Perhaps should this extract meet the writer's eye, she too may become alive to the consciousness of its containing its own distinct criticism. But authors are as blind as lovers!

Fortescue; a Novel. By James Sheridan Knowles, 3 vols.

We had so recently an occasion of describing the general characteristics of Mr. Sheridan Knowles as a writer of prose [ante, p. 229] are so convinced of the inferiority of 'Fortescue' to 'George Lovel,' that we are glad to be spared entering on such a "twice-told tale" in every sense of the word as the republication before us. 'Fortescue' has already appeared, week by week, in a contemporary's columns; and possibly the bit-by-bit manner of working could operate more advantageously on no one than on Mr. Sheridan Knowles. But his forte, after all, is not novel-writing.

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II.—BIOGRAPHY.

An Autobiographical Memoir of Sir John Barrow, Bart., late of the Admiralty; including Reflections, Observations, and Reminiscences at Home and Abroad, from Early Life to Advanced Age. Murray.

Forty years of public service commencing within the current century, preceded by forty years of adventure, which successively introduced an observant and active man to the curiosities of Greenland, China, and the Cape of Good Hope—forty years of participation in some of the best official and literary society of this Babylon of ours—and (to say nothing of literary labours in *quarto*, &c.) forty years of Quarterly reviewing, the fruit whereof was upwards of two hundred critical essays—such credentials justify their possessor in what Colley Cibber calls "the delightful pleasure of writing about one's self day long,"—if, indeed, Autobiographer ever needed justification. Sir John Barrow undertakes his task in a manner which must set every reader at ease. Possessing—not idly boasting—a *mens sana in corpore sano*,—bearing testimony, throughout his narrative, to the honourable and healthy influences of work, and to the certainty with which energy and self-improvement will advance the fortunes of one lowly-born—we have rarely looked into a record of eighty years which chronicles so much of prosperity and happiness. Nor can we forget that Sir John Barrow's public career lay in the most interesting and varied hemisphere of the official world. That department which is first reached with news of a sea-victory, and in which the projects for some great voyage of discovery are matured, must give play to feelings of more frequent excitement and thoughts of larger enterprise than find

place or occupation in other branches of national service at the desk.—In short, here is another pleasant English book, to be added to the Englishman's library.

Sir John Barrow adds one more fair name to our *Biographia Borealis*. He was born—an only child—at Dragleybeck, near Ulverstone, in North Lancashire, in 1754. His father was a farmer and gardener; and the boy was early made responsible for the flower-garden. But he tells, with a pleasant pride, how he was responsible also for the culture of something more precious than pinks and southernwood:—

“Just after leaving school, in a conversation with a young friend, we lamented that there was no such thing as a Sunday-school, for the benefit of poor children, and I suggested that we should propose one—but how? There was no newspaper—not even a printing-press. We, however, drew up a plan, and I undertook to stick it up on the market-cross, the night before market-day. We saw that it excited great attention; it was talked of; a person offered himself to undertake it; and it succeeded so well, that to the Ulverstone Sunday-school I and some of my family are at this time annual subscribers.”

At the Town Bank Grammar School young Barrow picked up his education; and so early distinguished himself in arithmetic, mensuration, &c., that on leaving school he was appointed to take part in the survey of the great Conishead Estate. Like all youths who *will* rise, he turned this to account by familiarizing himself with the practical use of the mathematical instruments employed:—

“In fact, during our sojourn at the Priory, I so far availed myself of the several applications of these instruments, that, on arriving in London, some years afterwards, I extended my knowledge of them, so as to draw up and publish a small treatise, to explain the practical use of a case of mathematical instruments, being my first introduction to the press, for which I obtained twenty pounds; and was not a little delighted to send my first-fruits to my mother.”

We must take another paragraph from this portion of the Memoir:—

“For the twelve month, or thereabouts, that I remained at home, the employment of my time was directed towards something that was useful or curious. Of the latter, I had fallen in with an account of Benjamin Franklin's electrical kite; and a kite being a very common object with schoolboys, and a string steeped in salt-water, with a glass handle to it, not difficult to be had, I speedily flew my kite, and obtained abundance of sparks. An old woman curious to see what I was about, it was too tempting an opportunity not to give her a *shock*, which so frightened her, that she spread abroad a report in the village that I was no better than I should be; for that I was drawing down fire from heaven. The alarm ran through the village, and my poor mother entreated me to lay aside my kite.”

The parents of young Barrow were naturally anxious to see him established in some calling or profession; and would fain have bent his views towards the Church. The youth knew himself and his vocation better. Instead of preparing for a career utterly unsuited to him, he undertook in his fourteenth year the superintendence and book-keeping of an iron-foundry in St. Thomas's Buildings, Liverpool. So successfully were his duties performed, that at the expiration of two years he was offered a partnership. But the death of Mr. Walker, the proprietor, and the disposal of the property put an end to this scheme. Nothing seems to have escaped young Barrow's inquisitive spirit. He

assisted Lunardi, the aeronaut, in the inflation of his balloon—then a strange novelty. He records, too, an experiment of quite another order, which, though not scientific, seems at this distance of time little less strange :—

“During my residence in Liverpool, I had an opportunity of seeing, what very few have witnessed, Mrs. Siddons acting a romping character in a farce (*Charlotte*, I think, the name is), the ‘*Apprentice*.’ The company had just arrived under her husband, Mr. Siddons, and the bill of fare had been distributed. The lady intended for the character failed to make her appearance, and Mrs. Siddons volunteered to take it, after having performed her part in a tragedy.”

When questioned in later years as to the authenticity of this fact, the ‘Tragic Muse’ declined positively owning to the *Romp*,—though she would not deny that such a thing *might* have been !

The next step in knowledge taken by Sir John Barrow was nothing less spirited than a voyage to Greenland,—which he was invited to perform with an invalid captain for whom the bracing north air had been prescribed. Here was an opportunity not to be neglected for studying seamanship. The Captain—

“appointed a smart young man to instruct me how to steer, to assist him in reefing a sail, to take azimuths and altitudes which I knew pretty well how to work—in short, in all the tactical parts of navigation ; and the more I learnt of it the more I liked it.”

While on board the *Peggy*, young Barrow “spoke” a well-known personage who chanced to be taking a voyage in the *Betsy* of Liverpool, also for the benefit of his health. Of him we have an anecdote or two ; and shall add to these a notice of the close of the voyage.—

“Sir Isaac Coffin was one of those singular characters, who are sometimes called oddities, because their actions are not governed by the ordinary rules of mankind. Whenever he was in a ship passing the tropics, and a fresh breeze blowing, it is said that he was sure to be seen on the fore-castle, on the anchor-stock, or on the spritsail-yard, with his lance ready poised to dash into the dolphins, when seen flashing like lightning across the bow of the ship ; and he is said to have rarely missed his aim, except on one occasion when he threw himself, spear in hand, on a passing porpoise, and kept afloat astride of his prize, like another *Arion*, till ferched off by a boat. Towards the latter period of his life, Sir Isaac went over to an island in the St. Lawrence, peopled mostly by the descendants of his family. In a letter I received from him he said, ‘I have been among three hundred Coffins, and have built a school to hold about a hundred of their young ones ; and in returning, the small vessel having caught fire, I jumped overboard and, to avoid being burnt, was very nearly being drowned ; and thus, having escaped these two perils, I suppose I may consider myself reserved for the remaining one—to be hanged.’ On our advance to the northward, our little Welsh doctor became very sidgetty about witnessing, for the first time, the sun just skimming the northern part of the horizon about midnight, having, he said, lost several nights’ sleep, by his vigilance in watching the first emersion of its whole body above the horizon. He frequently expressed his great delight that the sun, during our stay, was never to set, but permanently to shed his benign rays upon us. His messmates, however, used to check his ardour, and endeavoured to convince him of his mistake, in fancying the glaring light of the sun, reflected from the ice and snow, agreeable, it being not only unpleasant, but injurious to the eyes ; that a few clouds and a fog, which would be of frequent occurrence, are a great relief, and that the permanence he so much wished for not only would interfere with his hours of rest, but that he would be puzzled to know when it was time to go to bed, and when to rise—nay, that occasions might happen, when a day or two would either be lost or gained upon the voyage. All this, however true, was incomprehensible to the Welshman

but he had proof of the latter part on returning home. The long labours of the people in chasing, capturing, towing the ship, and cutting up the several whales caught, together with stowing the blubber away in the casks and hold, each fish employing all hands forty-eight or fifty hours, made all of us indeed so little careful of keeping time, that we actually did lose a day; and it was not discovered until we entered the Mersey, when, on approaching St. Nicholas's Church, we heard the bells ringing and saw a number of people proceeding towards that place of worship. We concluded, therefore, that it was Sunday, which was confirmed by the pilot, whereas by our watches and the ship's log it was Saturday. It appears that Captain Sir E. Parry, on one occasion, got into this perplexity, and to prevent its happening on a future voyage, he had the dial plates of several watches marked with twenty-four hours instead of twelve; the first at the top of the dial representing midnight, the twelfth at the bottom mid-day, by which such a mistake could not easily happen."

This is probably the only occasion during his long and active life in which Sir John Barrow lost a day!

This Greenland voyage—which had been taken against the inclination of our author's parents—was little calculated to settle his mind to home keeping; still less to acquiescence in the tame penury of a sizarship. His ambition began to fix on London: that arena for struggle which tempts every enterprising spirit—and, let us add, retains and rewards those who add courage and conduct to talent and purpose. Disregarding the offer to superintend a West India estate, young Barrow accepted a mathematical tutorship in an academy at Greenwich kept by Dr. James. This opened the way to the formation of influential connexions. Some of his pupils were destined for the Navy—among them a son of Lord Anson and another of Lord Leveson Gower. He had a lady pupil too,—Lady Beaumont, of Coleorton; and soon contracted a friendship with the son of Sir George Staunton. By the influence of the Stauntons, he was included in the suite of Lord Macartney on his memorable embassy to China. The leading events of this expedition have become matter of history. But here is a passage narrated so pleasantly that were it a "twenty-times told tale" we must have it once again.—

"On the 14th of September, three days before the Emperor's birth-day, Padre Anselmo came to tell me that he thought all was not right at Gehol; that the Tartar legate had been degraded from his rank for deceiving the Emperor, and for not having paid his personal respects to the Ambassador on board ship, when in Tiensing roads; that his peacock's feather had been exchanged for a crow's tail; and that regard for his age and his family alone had saved him from banishment. The Emperor, it seems, having heard that the Ambassador's portrait was suspended in the cabin of the Lion, asked the legate if it was like him, when it came out that he had never been near the Lion, as his order directed him, but had reported that it had been obeyed. Two days after this, on going to the hall of audience, I found the doors shut, and the old eunuch walking about in so sullen a mood that he would not speak to me. Groups of officers were assembled in the court-yard, all looking as if something very dreadful either had happened or was about to happen. Nobody would speak to me, nor could I get any explanation of this extraordinary conduct; though I concluded it could be no other than the result of a temporary anger of the old Emperor, for the deception that had been practised on him. At length my friend Deodato made his appearance, with a countenance not less woeful than those of the government officers. I asked him what had occurred? His answer was, 'We are all lost, ruined, and undone. Lord Macartney has refused to comply with the ceremony of prostrating nine times before the Emperor, unless a Chinese officer, of equal rank with himself, shall go through the same ceremony before the portrait of his Britannic Majesty; or, that his Lordship's proposal, which he had now to offer, should be accepted—namely, that he himself would perform the same ceremony of respect to

his Imperial Majesty, which he is required to do to his own sovereign.' And Deodato observed that whatever might be thought of this at Gehol, the great officers of state, in the tribunal of rites and ceremonies in Peking, were, he knew, outrageous, perplexed, and alarmed; in short, that it could not be conceived what might be the consequences of allowing an ancient custom to be broken through, and a new one, of a barbarous nation, to be adopted in lieu of it. But Deodato was, moreover, fearful that the ill effects of it might extend to his own class. The only visible result upon us at Yuen-min-Yuen was the abridgment of our table in the number and quality of the dishes—the usual mode among the Chinese of manifesting their displeasure. Something of the same kind, it appeared, had taken place at Gehol: from the time that the Ambassador began to demur to the ceremony, and to offer conditions, attempts were made to starve him into compliance by an abridgment of his table; finding that to fail, they had recourse to an opposite plan, and became full of liberality, kindness, and complaisance. On the 21st of September, the Ambassador returned to Peking, and notice was issued that, on the 30th, the Emperor would inspect the presents at Yuen-min-Yuen. They were all perfectly ready, and I was not a little delighted at the idea of turning them over to the Chinese. This was the day fixed for his intended return, and it was notified to the Ambassador that it was a usual compliment for all public officers to meet him on the road ten or twelve miles from the capital, and that it would be so considered, if his Excellency and suite would join in the ceremony. There was nothing unreasonable in this, and accordingly the whole suite were mounted and arrived on the ground about six in the morning. This road was newly made for the occasion, beautifully rolled smooth and level, well watered, and on each side were, at intervals of about fifty yards, triangles of poles erected, from which were suspended painted lanterns. On the margins of the road, as far as the eye could reach, were thousands of state-officers in habits of ceremony—Tartar troops in their holiday-dresses—standard-bearers without number—military music and household officers lining the two sides of the road. The approach of the Emperor was announced by a blast of trumpets, followed by softer music; and the description, in an ancient and hallowed record, is so strikingly similar to the one in question as to be here appropriately applied; 'And at that time, when all the people heard the sound of the cornet, flutes, harps, sackbut, psaltery, and all kinds of music, then the princes, the governors, and captains, the judges, the treasurers, the counsellors, the sheriffs, and all the rulers of the provinces that were gathered together, fell down and worshipped'—save and except, it may be added, certain strangers who were present and obstinately resolved to do no greater homage to any sovereign, than that which is required by their own, and who contented themselves by voluntarily bending one knee to the ground, as the Emperor of China passed by. Seated in a clumsy state-chariot, his Majesty bowed very graciously to the Ambassador as he passed, and sent a message to say that, understanding he was not well, he advised him to return immediately to Peking, and not to stop at Yuen-min-Yuen, as had been intended and arranged on leaving Gehol. The following day, the 1st of October, the Emperor, attended by a Tartar officer, inspected the presents in the hall of audience, and examined many of them more attentively than I could have imagined. He desired the Tartar prince to tell us, through Deodato, that the accounts he had received of our good conduct at Yuen-min-Yuen had given him great pleasure; and that he had ordered a present to be made to each of us, as a proof of his entire satisfaction. The present consisted of rolls of silk, and pieces of silver cast in the form of a Tartar shoe, each being about an ounce in weight. They were delivered by the old eunuch, who wished to exact from us the usual prostrations, even after the Emperor had departed; but I only laughed at him, and asked him where the bamboos were kept; he understood me, gave a grin and a growl, and walked away. I thought it right, however, to desire Deodato to explain to the Tartar prince, who remained, that we had no objection to do as the Ambassador had done at Gehol, and which had been repeated by us on meeting the Emperor; and he immediately said that nothing more was required; accordingly, on receiving the presents, we each placed one knee on the lowest step leading to the throne. I told Lord Macartney what we had done, and he said it was perfectly correct."

Barrow's prudence and inquiring spirit could hardly fail to recommend him to those having good things to give away. On his return to England, we find him contributing to, and assisting in, the confection of

Sir George Staunton's official narrative of the Expedition—and shortly afterwards bearing Lord Macartney company to the cape of Good Hope. Arrived there, he was nominated to go up the country to Graaff Reynet—where the boors were at that juncture “in a state little short of rebellion.” Such a perpetual change of scene, occupation and duty allotted to a man of our author's temperament seems a notable illustration of the luck of “the silver spoon”:—and the following description of his start up the country reads like a bit of Defoe.—

“In concert with Mr. Bresler, the landrost (the parson having positively refused to go), I purchased two horses, ten oxen, and a boulder-waggon, well covered with a rounded canvas roof, and fitted my cot inside. I took with me a small pocket sextant of Ramsden, of five-inch radius, an artificial horizon, a case of mathematical instruments, a pocket compass, a small telescope, and a double-barrelled rifle-gun that had belonged to poor Anguish. The only books I carried with me were Aiton's ‘*Hortus Kewensis*,’ and the ‘*Systema Nature*,’ which were of great importance, affording me both comfort and assistance; some small quantity of wine and spirits; but I left the cooking apparatus, the kitchen utensils and the table appendages, to the landrost, who had his own two waggons, and a third for his baggage and for the people, his servant and the Hottentot leaders of the oxen. A black boy and a smart Hottentot took charge of my horses, and some half-dozen Hottentots were engaged to take care of the oxen.”

Here, again, we must make a long skip,—having touched matters of history. Nor can we draw upon Sir John's lively reminiscences of his mission to the Namaaquas. The summing up is as pleasant as the timely arrival of the fortune and the chaise and pair at the end of a three-volume novel or a Defoe *reality*.—

“Thus between the 1st of July, 1796, and the 18th of January, I had traversed every part of the colony of the Cape of Good Hope, and visited the several countries of the Kaffirs, the Hottentots, and the Bosjesmen; performing a journey exceeding three thousand miles, on horseback, on foot, and very rarely in a covered waggon; and full one-half of the distance as a pedestrian. During the whole time (with the exception of a few nights passed at the Drosdy House of Graaff Reynet) I never slept under a roof, but always in my waggon, and in the cot that I brought with me in the good ship *Trusty* from England. My first visit on my return was, of course, to the Governor, who gave me a most cordial and welcome reception; he now hoped that my travels were at an end, and that the recollection of my intercourse and negotiations with the rebel boors, the Kaffirs, and the Hottentots, would contribute to the relish of a more civilized society; ‘but,’ he added, ‘have you seen your friend Maxwell?’ ‘I have seen nobody, my Lord; I considered it my first duty to wait on your Lordship, to report my arrival and proceedings.’ ‘Then you will not be sorry to hear,’ he said, ‘that your colleague is no longer my secretary. Authorized by my instructions, I have appointed him to the situation of *Comptroller of the Customs*, which gives him an advance of five hundred pounds a-year: that is to say, a salary of one thousand pounds; and be assured you were not forgotten in your absence, and that it affords me real pleasure to be able to do the same thing by you, in conferring on you the appointment of *Auditor-General of Public Accounts Civil and Military*, and here (handing me a paper) is your commission.”

In the year 1799 our author married—and became a Cape Proprietor, with a paddock, garden and vineyard—a grey Spanish pony and an Indian groom and helper. At this point the record of a man's life is apt to become monotonous. But the interest of Sir John Barrow's was now to begin. New men and new measures brought on the delivery of the Cape to the officers of the Batavian Republic, and the return of the English to their own country. Our author arrived at home in the year 1803. We

shall stop here for a week: to resume hereafter at the Admiralty;—Mr. Barrow being appointed to the second secretaryship there, under Lord Melville, in the month of May, 1801.

[Second Notice.]

WE promised to meet Mr. Barrow at his desk in the Admiralty, under Lord Melville. He took his seat there in troublous times. The Board, he tells us, was a stormy one; the Navy in “a deplorable state,”—as sea-disasters illustrated, if, indeed, they did not prove. Lord Melville, too, laboured under the disadvantage of being a North Briton. Of these matters Sir John writes in a somewhat partisan tone: as, also, of the subsequent attack on the First Lord made by Mr. Whitbread. Here is an anecdote, however, given at second hand, with which “Whig inveteracy,” or “Tory mischief” (a Scott Lockhart called it) have nothing to do.—

“The proceedings in Westminster Hall were looked upon very generally as a party persecution, and Lord Melville met with the greatest kindness and sympathy from high quarters where he had no reason to expect it. But he also received it with increased satisfaction from persons of inferior rank. There is mentioned in the ‘Lives of the Lindsays’ an instance of the generous conduct of a young man, which affected Lord Melville very much. It is told by Lady Anne Barnard. ‘Amidst the many cruel emotions that arose to Dundas on all occasion when men are proved, I saw a pleasurable one flow from his eyes in a flood of tears, which seemed to do him good. A young man (the younger brother of my sister-in-law, Mrs. A. Lindsay) was sent, when quite a boy, to the East Indies by Lord Melville, as a writer; his industry and abilities gave him a little early prosperity; he heard of this attack on Dundas; he venerated him; he knew he was not a man of fortune—he had made five thousand or more—and in words the most affectionate and respectful, manly and kind, he remitted to him an order for the money, should he have occasion for it, to assist in defraying the heavy expenses he must be put to.’ ‘He read it to me,’ says Lady Anne, ‘with an exultation of satisfaction, and then observed, “I have never beheld a countenance but one that did not feel this letter as it ought when I read it, and that one was my daughter-in-law’s, before she knew that I had refused it.” “I hope,” said she, “that while my purse is full, you will never receive aid from a stranger.” “I knew she spoke as she felt; to find two such people at such a moment, is it not worth a score of desertions?”’ This young man was Mr. Dick, afterwards Sir Robert Keith Dick.”

Lord Melville was succeeded by Lord Barham; a tranquil old gentleman, Mr. Barrow says, “who was satisfied to let things go on in their usual course, to remain quiet in his own room, to make few inquiries, and to let the Board consider and settle the current affairs of the Navy among themselves.” It was during his nine months’ administration that England won Trafalgar and lost Nelson. We looked for more details, with respect to the arrival of the tidings in England, &c., than we find;—but here is a paragraph of naval antiquarianism which is interesting:—

“One result of this glorious victory was viewed in different lights, not contemplated at the time—the abandonment of the right of the flag; a right persisted in with extreme jealousy by us, and looked upon with great hatred and ill-will by foreigners. The right of the flag had invariably been demanded from all nations in the British seas, from a very early period of our naval history. Among the many a remarkable one may be mentioned. Philip II. of Spain was shot at by the Lord Admiral of England, for wearing his flag in the narrow seas, when he came over with his fleet to marry *Queen Mary*. At a later period King Charles II., in his declaration of war against the Dutch,

in 1671, observes,—‘the right of the flag is so ancient that it was one of the first prerogatives of our royal predecessors, and ought to be the last from which this kingdom should ever depart; and he goes on—‘Ungrateful insolence! That *they* should contend with us about the dominion of those seas, who, even in the reign of our royal father, thought it an obligation to be permitted to fish in them.’ The right was maintained by order in Council of 1734, and printed in the Naval Instructions, and continued down to 1806, when the right of the flag was abandoned, in consequence, it may be inferred, of the glorious victory of Trafalgar having swept every hostile fleet from the ocean. The article in the printed instructions, issued after that victory, respecting the flag, was dropped altogether. In the new and the last printed instructions of 1844, a very negative article on this subject runs thus :—‘Her Majesty’s ships or vessels shall not, on any account, lower their top-gallant-sails nor their flags to any foreign ships or vessels whatsoever, unless the foreign ships or vessels shall first, or at the same time, lower their top-gallant-sails or their flags to them.’ The prohibitory order to *our* ships and vessels appears to be wholly unnecessary, and the *simultaneous* striking of sails or flags next to impossible. The full admirals *red* flag, which had been abandoned for centuries—no one seems to know why—was re-assumed in the General List of 1806, on the same occasion that the right of the flag was abandoned.”

After Lord Barham came the Right Honourable Charles Grey : whose entrance into office was accompanied by Mr. Barrow’s temporary retreat. This, however, lasted only eight months : and that which is so often a cruel and costly mortification was converted into a gain to our autobiographer,—since he was compensated for his brief displacement by a pension of 1,000*l.* a-year. In April, 1807, he was reinstated.—

“And from this day,” continues he, “the 8th of April, to the 28th of January, 1845, I continued, without intermission, as Second Secretary of the Admiralty, when I retired, having completed altogether, from my first appointment in that capacity, forty years, under twelve or thirteen several Naval Administrations, Whig and Tory, including that of Lord High Admiral, His Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence ; having reason to believe that I have given satisfaction to all and every one of these Naval Administrations ; and I am happy in the reflection, that I have experienced kindness and attention from all.”

From this point, having brought Mr. Barrow to an anchor, we shall content ourselves with drawing on his pages for scattered anecdotes and traits of character. And first, one or two concerning “the Yorkes.”—

“Sir Joseph Yorke had nothing of gloominess, or despondency, or ill-humour, in his character ; he was for the most part cheerful and full of pleasantry. We were in fact a merry Board-room group : Sir George Warrender and Sir Joseph Yorke were of themselves a host of fun, and Croker and I did our best to keep it up. Yorke abounded in odd expressions, borrowed or spoken at random. To Warrender he would say, ‘Because thy name is George I’ll call thee Peter.’ When he gave up his seat at the Board he told the House of Commons he had turned his stern to the Admiralty : and he once gravely commenced a speech with, ‘Mr. Speaker, it has long been a disputed point among philosophers which is the greatest of two evils, ‘a smoky chimney or a scolding wife.’ But one of the best off-hand things he said was at the expense of poor Sir Robert Seppings : this officer had been on the water on a very cold day, and was seized with so violent a tooth-ache as to cause him to land on Tower Hill, and run into the first tooth-drawer’s shop that he met with ; but the clumsy operator not only eased him of his tooth but carried with it a slice of the jaw. The poor fellow, having wrapped up his head, was walking in a deplorable state over Tower Hill, when he met Sir Joseph Yorke, who hailed him with ‘Well, Bob, what’s the matter with you ?’ On hearing his pitiful story, Yorke said, ‘Why, Bob, knowing that your jaw was but a weak stick of timber, why didn’t you take the precaution of clapping on one of your diagonal braces to strengthen it ?’ Seppings could not forbear laughing in the midst of his torment at the oddity of the association. Mr. Yorke was an excellent

classic. I frequently on a Sunday visit found him with a copy of Homer on the table, and sometimes with a Greek Testament open and an English Testament by it. The first time I noticed this he said to me, 'You must not suppose I am refreshing my Greek, or learning it. I have often suspected that certain passages in our English translation are improperly rendered, and when these occur I always compare them with the original, and generally find them, to say the least, loosely translated.' He was fond of studying ancient and modern history, and read most of the publications of the day. He was well versed in the historical parts of the Old Testament; and told me he once made an attempt to study the Hebrew language, with a view of reading the Bible in the original, but found it was too late in life to master it, and therefore gave it up."

It was Mr. Yorke, Sir John tells us, who in good faith and sincerity set Mr. Barrow upon Sir Edward Seaward's narrative; the result of which was the elaborate dissection in the *Quarterly* in which the tale was proved to be a mystification superintended, if not contrived, by Miss Jane Porter. We cannot forbear remarking as a noticeable literary fact that the *corps* of writers who have been always the most unmerciful with regard to literary masquerading, were marshalled by one the life-breath of whose literary career was mystery; and whose love thereof his biographer points out, cost him his fortune and his life! ..

Sir John Barrow contributes a "pencilling" of our late jovial, upright, and warm-hearted monarch, during the period when he held office as Lord High Admiral:—

"Mr. George Fitz-Clarence (afterwards Lord Munster) called on me with a message from his father, to say that he desired to see me at his temporary residence, in Charles-Street, the following morning. His Royal Highness received me most graciously; said he was very well acquainted with the late Lord Macartney, who had frequently mentioned my name to him; and that his son George had spoken highly of the valuable assistance and advice I had given him, in the preparation of his volume regarding India; spoke strongly of his desire to serve me, and assured me that I should possess his whole confidence. * * He was punctual to the time he had appointed to take his seat on the following day, a seat that had been properly prepared for the present occasion of receiving a royal personage; he delivered an extempore address to his Council, and a separate one to each of the Secretaries; stating, in general terms and in very courteous language, how little professional knowledge could be expected from *him*, and how much he had to look to from *them*. When he had left the Board-room, he sent for me and desired me to look over the dwelling-house with him; and on entering the dining-room, he asked me how many could sit down at table. I said about thirty I thought, but had never seen more than eighteen or twenty. 'Did all or any of the First Lords you have known,' he asked, 'give many dinners, and entertain frequently naval officers resident in and about town, or who occasionally might call upon him from the country?' 'Not very often, I believed: Lord Mulgrave, I thought had company most frequently.' 'Did not Lord Spencer entertain largely?' 'I was not here under Lord Spencer's administration; but I have heard Lady Spencer say, that a week scarcely passed in which they had not two or three large dinner-parties; that if an officer came up from one of the ports, or some distance from town, Lord Spencer always asked him to dine, and then there was some bustle to find proper persons to meet him, or to make up a party from the Board.' 'That's quite right,' quoth he; 'I delight in hospitality, and mean to practise it here.' And so in fact he did; for his man of business informed me, that he came to the Admiralty entirely free from debt: and that in the fifteen months he held the office he had incurred a debt of twenty-three thousand pounds, His Royal Highness, indeed, carried with him to the throne the virtue of hospitality to an extravagant degree. His master of the household, Sir Frederick Watson, told me that he found himself compelled to remonstrate with his Majesty on this subject, and to announce to him frankly, that the finances for the supply of the table were actually exhausted and that he could not go on without con-

siderable retrenchment. 'Well then,' said his Majesty, let us sell some of the stud; for you know, Watson, that my delight is in hospitality.' I understood, however, that he saved enough, in a short time, to liquidate the debt created while at the Admiralty; a part of which had been incurred by the necessity of purchasing furniture and plate. He complained that while an immense quantity of the latter was uselessly piled up at Windsor, he was obliged to borrow on the two visitations he made to the Dock-yards; which was the case. The first of these visitations commenced on the 7th July, 1827, when the Lord High Admiral embarked in the Royal Sovereign yacht, commanded by Sir William Hoste, attended by the *Procris* brig for the purpose of answering signals that might be made to or from the Royal Sovereign; the comet steamer also attended to tow the *Procris*, which was not able to keep up with the yacht. His Royal Highness had ordered me to see that everything that was necessary should be put on board the yacht; plate, wines of different kinds, and various other articles. He had asked the King to lend him plate; which he refused."

This may be followed by an anecdote of Mr. Canning:—

"There was something in the look and the general appearance of Mr. Canning so peculiarly his own, that a stranger, on meeting him and catching a glance of his finely-formed face and penetrating eye, would be apt to turn round and view his person, which was of the mean height and gracefully turned. In the company of friends he was always cheerful, lively, and brilliant; with strangers generally reserved. He was admitted to be one of the most accomplished scholars of his time; and, like a true Eton classic, a false quantity was not to be tolerated or passed; yet it once fell to my lot, unlearned as I felt myself to be, to express, perhaps incautiously, yet with all humility, a doubt whether he had not himself been guilty of a grave error of this kind. Sitting opposite to him at table, he was giving an account of his embassy to Lisbon, in H. M. S. the *Granicus*. Looking at him and smiling, I repeated doubtfully, in a tone of interrogation, '*Granicus*?' I beg pardon, *Graniens*,' he said; 'I was classically wrong, but nautically right—I was talking sailor's Latin, Mr. Barrow.' 'I know,' he continued 'you are great critics at the Admiralty; though I think I might venture a wager, that you christened that frigate *Graniens*, when she was launched, and that she has kept the name ever since.' I felt that unintentionally, I had touched a tender point, but thought no more about it. However, sometime after this, perhaps a twelve month, inquiring of me how his son was getting on with his new Captain, Dawkins (under whom I had placed him), I said, 'Remarkably well; Dawkins gives an excellent account of him.' 'Better, I suppose,' he rejoined, in a jocular but pointed manner, 'than if he had gone with me in the *Granicus*?' It really gave me concern to have been so indiscreet as to notice his error—if error it were—for, never having seen the word in Latin verse, I knew not, certainly, whether the middle syllable might be long or short: this doubt led me now to inquire, and I soon found a line that satisfied me of its being long:—

Fertur Alexihirboi, Granico, nata bicorni.

OVIN. *Met.*, xi. 763."

We will return to the royal Lord High Admiral for the sake of a few paragraphs to complete the character offered of him by Sir John: and which are, besides, interesting as sketching "in little" a "Past and Present" of life on board a king's ship.

"I am aware that many stories were at one time afloat about the rude and uncourteous demeanour of the Duke of the Clarence. It may have been so in the early part of his life, considering the vicious education that a youth, at that time, was likely to receive in common with his companions of the cock-pit, which was not always much improved by a step to the quarter-deck. It is possible that his Royal Highness may have brought with him on shore some portion of such rude qualifications. But, be that as it may, it is well understood, that from the date of his marriage with the amiable Princess Adelaide (now the Queen Dowager), the meekness of her disposition, and the suavity of her manners, produced the best possible effects on her husband. And I may add, that no one was more conscious than was his Royal Highness of the

very defective system of education in a ship of war ; and he often spoke to me concerning the method to be adopted for its improvement, which I know he would have followed up, had he remained longer in the Admiralty. This improvement was in fact shortly after instituted, when the general taste for education began to spread through all classes of society. The introduction of suitable books into the navy, to form what is called the Seamen's Library, was the first step ; this was followed by the appointment of well-qualified instructors to all ships of the line and frigates, mostly chaplains or young men from college : so that officers now, while in pursuit of their professional studies, may at the same time acquire or keep up a knowledge of the classics and mathematics ; and seamen's schoolmasters were appointed to all ships, for the instruction of the crews. The result has been, not only that the improvement of the officers of the British navy is most conspicuous in point of knowledge, but the seamen also in propriety of conduct, and decency of manners, within the last twenty or thirty years, so as to keep pace with that progress among the civil classes of society, which the general system of education has had the effect of producing. How very different was the condition of the officers of the navy when Prince William Henry was sent on board the Prince George at the age of thirteen !—for sent he was ; the good old King declaring that his son Henry should work his way to promotion from a midshipman, in the same routine as the most friendless youngster in the fleet. He served under Lord Keith, Lord Hood, and Lord Nelson, and was engaged in several actions. When Don Juan de Langara was brought a prisoner on board the Prince George, and was told that a smart young midshipman, whom he had observed very active on his duty at the gangway, was a prince of the blood, a son of King George III.—‘ Well,’ he said, ‘ may England be mistress of the sea, when the son of her King is thus engaged in her navy.’ The extraordinary difference—I may venture to call it improvement—that has taken place in the condition of naval cadets, midshipmen, mates, or by whatever names these young non-commissioned officers may have been designated, is very remarkable, compared with that in the days of his Royal Highness. The numbers of youngsters—many of them sons of the first families—who were in H.M.S. Lion, on her voyage to China with Lord Macartney, had no comforts, much less luxuries at their mess-table. Of this I had personal experience, as Lord Mark Kerr, Lord William Stuart, and two or three others of that ship were not satisfied if I did not sometimes descend to the bottom of the ship, on Saturday evenings, to drink to ‘ sweethearts and wives.’ A bit of cold salt beef and biscuit, with a can of grog, was frequently their repast ; the only light a tallow candle, stuck in the neck of a black-bottle, and a parcel of chests serving for seats ; the scantiness of their meal was owing to our having no communication with any land on the homeward voyage, except St. Helena, which had nothing to spare ; yet these young gentlemen made no complaint, but all were as cheerful and happy as mortals could be. Two thumbed and torn books constituted their library : ‘ Robinson Crusoe’ and ‘ Roderick Random ;’ and they had not the benefit of either chaplain or naval instructor ; two of these youngsters mentioned, when in command, were not inferior to the best officers in the service. From forty to fifty years after this, I visited the midshipman's berths in several ships of war. I found them comfortably and neatly fitted up, a display of good earthen-ware and table utensils, and also a small service of plate ; and library of books for information or amusement ; generally a chaplain and always a naval instructor, and sometimes both. These, were however, ships in harbour : but the foundation was here laid for a comfortable mess at sea. I have mentioned the kind and friendly disposition of the Lord High Admiral—indeed, I am not aware of his ever having given offence to any one—and he was particularly attentive to naval officers. Once, however, after he came to the throne, I was not a little mortified to witness a severe reproof-giving, in a full levee-room, to a distinguished flag-officer and most amiable and sensitive nobleman—Admiral Lord de Saumarez. Sir Richard Keats was a particular and early friend and favourite of King William, who, on his death, decided on distinguishing his funeral by inviting a great number of naval officers, and six flag-officers to bear the pall, one of whom was Lord de Saumarez. From some cause or other he failed to attend. On the first levee day that his Lordship made his appearance at court, the King upbraided him before the whole assembly ; and connected the name of Keats with that of De Saumarez in such a way, as to wound his sensitive mind far more deeply than the reproof for his absence. I was waiting in the lobby when his Lordship came down, and approaching me in tears, told me how he had been treated, and said he should never recover it :

that the King would not listen to his excuse, which was a valid one. I observed to him that the Duke of Clarence, when at the Admiralty, was occasionally thrown off his guard and hasty, but was soon pacified; and my advice to him would be, to ask, the following morning for an audience, and to request him to accept your apology, and permit you to explain. He did so, and was quite delighted with the manner in which he was received."

There are other entertaining and instructive passages which we might have selected; but here we must pause,—before Lord Melville returned to the Admiralty to be teased by proprietors and scientific schemers, of whom our Octogenarian speaks with a natural petulance,—before Sir James Graham took the rudder,—and before our pleasant narrator was decorated with a Baronetcy and finally allowed to retire.—The 'Memoir' is, as we said last week, a welcome contribution to the Englishman's library.—*Athenæum*.

III.—SCIENCE.

WE have modified our Prospectus under this head—and have published matter of more immediate importance and interest;—and we trust that we shall be favoured with papers from Members of the *Scientific Corps* of Bengal and Madras and also from amateurs; since there is no other channel excepting this, (and the local press,) through which mutually to interchange the experience which they have so laboriously acquired, we trust the advantage may be taken of our columns, which we now hold out to scientific men, more especially as it has been found that a scientific Professional work alone has not answered, and has consequently been discontinued; we cannot here do better than quote from the preface to the Madras Engineer Prof. Papers.

"The object—is that of providing a record for the benefit of all, of
 " the experience of its several members and thus preventing the fruits
 " of costly experience and anxious study, being lost with the individuals
 " by whose exertions they have been obtained."

However, we beg to notify, that as this department of our Periodical will be of interest to a comparatively few (so our modesty whispers) of our readers, we shall only be able to devote a *proportional* share to original articles of a Scientific nature, which however, when spread over our twelve numbers will form as full a volume, as the professional papers before published.

We trust that the subjects extracted in the present number will be found to contain much information and amusement, even to the general reader.—We have the promise of an article on "blasting in Rock," for our next No. from practical experiments.

We shall be glad if the press will copy this address and our leading one. — Ed. P. N. M.

Investigation of the Rival Claims of Adams and Le Verrier to the Discovery of the new Planet.

It has been ascertained that the perturbations in the motions of Uranus, which, up to a late period, had been inexplicable, are produced by the action of another planet exterior to Uranus.

The discovery of this very distant planetary body has excited great interest in the scientific world, and been the subject of some controversy in several literary and philosophic journals.

The Astronomer Royal, who had been officially made acquainted with much information on the subject, at the meeting of the Astronomical Society, on the 13th of November last, gave an historical detail of many circumstances connected with the discovery of the new planet. This historical account has been lately published in a supplemental number of the *Philosophical Magazine*. The English reader, who takes an interest in the scientific credit of his country, must feel indebted to the celebrated writer for his condensed and explicit relation of the matter; some of his views and opinions, however, will be commented upon hereafter. The document certainly settles some points most satisfactorily, and affords sufficient evidence for a discussion on some others.

An Englishman's rights are involved in the fair settlement of the question of discovery; it is therefore supposed that some remarks upon the evidentiary topics, having reference to that settlement, may be interesting to the general reader, and that they may tend to set in motion a thoroughly searching investigation, which a subject so nationally interesting seems eagerly to demand.

The discovery of the new planet, no doubt, has been made in a most extraordinary manner. It has been effected by solving a kind of inverse problem of perturbations. That is, certain perturbations in the motions of Uranus were unexplained: by assuming that a body of a certain mass, and moving in a certain orbit, at a specified rate and distance from the sun, all these perturbations were explained. Thus by the mere application of analytical investigation and calculation, the mathematician has been enabled to say to the astronomer, "Look at a defined part of the immensity of space at a named period, and you will see an undiscovered planet that acts upon Uranus, and is the cause of that planet's erratic movements." Well may the Astronomer Royal assert, "that in the whole history of science there is nothing like this."

To whom, then, belongs the immortal honour of having thus discovered a planet exterior to what has hitherto been considered the planetary world? What nation is hereafter to be handed down to posterity in the history of science, claiming the imperishable achievement as the performance of one of her citizens?

The brilliant discovery was undoubtedly made either by Mr. J. C. Adams, Fellow and assistant tutor of St. John's College, Cambridge; or by M. Le Verrier, a French astronomer. There is no other competitor for the honour in the field. Their claims alone are to be considered; and it is the facts which have been adduced on the part of the English mathematician and French astronomer, with the view of substantiating

the rights of each, that will now be examined. Fortunately, the subject is not a very involved one; but it is of that importance and description which demands the utmost impartiality and the closest circumspection.

It appears, from the Astronomer Royal's historical account, that the irreconcilability of the motions of Uranus with the law of gravitation gained general credence from the publication of M. Alexis Bouvard's *Tables of Uranus* in 1821: that the discordance was prominently exhibited in the *Cambridge Observations* published in 1828, under the superintendence of Professor Airy,

Dr. Hussey, in a letter to Professor Airy, dated the 17th of November, 1834, discussing those discrepancies, said, "that the possibility of a disturbing body beyond Uranus had suggested itself to him. That his first idea was to ascertain some approximate place of the unknown body empirically, and set to work with the reflector to examine all the minute stars thereabouts." But, says Dr. Hussey, "*I found myself totally inadequate to the task.*" He therefore relinquished the matter altogether; but in mentioning it to Bouvard, that astronomer said it had occurred to him: and that Hansen conjectured there were *two* planets beyond Uranus, as one disturbing body *would not satisfy the phenomena*. Dr. Hussey requested Professor Airy's opinion upon the subject. The Professor concludes his reply by stating:

"But if it were certain that there were any extraneous action, *I doubt much the possibility of determining the place of the planet that produces it. I AM SURE it could not be done till the nature of the irregularity was well determined from several successive revolutions.*" In a letter to M. Eugène Bouvard, dated October 12th, 1837, the Astronomer Royal said, "I cannot conjecture what is the cause of those errors, but I am inclined, in the first instance, to ascribe them to some error in the perturbations. There is no error in the pure elliptic theory (as I found by examination some time ago.) *If it be the effect of any unseen body, it will be nearly impossible ever to find its place.*"

Unquestionably, then, the Astronomer Royal sets up no claims to the discovery:—on the contrary, these citations from his letters clearly prove that he believed the determination of such a disturbing body to be an impossibility.

In the *Civil Engineers' and Architects' Journal* for November, a writer, who is evidently well acquainted with Mr. Adams's scientific labours, and who emphatically declares that his statements are founded on facts, asserts, that it is well known to Mr. Adams's friends that he commenced his speculations with regard to Uranus being disturbed by another planet in 1841: that, in consequence of the extent and difficulty of carrying out the necessary calculations, he deferred, until he had taken his degree, the investigations which were to determine approximately the place of the disturbing planet, and thus assist astronomers in discovering it by actual observation—that in 1843, (three years ago,) the first approximation to the place was arrived at by Mr. Adams—that the calculations, though rough, were sufficiently exact to satisfy him that his hypothetical explanation of the anomalies in the motion of Uranus was correct—that in February, 1844, having obtained from the Astronomer Royal the observation made at Greenwich, he renewed his investigations of the problem, and this time made them more complete than before—that *several*

solutions were obtained, differing very slightly from each other, taking into account more and more terms of the series expressing the perturbations ; first, in April, 1845, again in May, and finally, in September in that year, when the accurate solution of this wonderful problem was at last obtained, and immediately communicated to Professor Challis, and in the following month to the *Astronomer Royal* : and that it was therefore in their possession a year ago.

The preceding statement appears to be entirely deserving of credit : its chief points are quite substantiated by the *Astronomer Royal's* published account. For instance, in Professor Challis's letter to the *Astronomer Royal*, dated *February* 13, 1844, he states that Mr. Adams is working at the theory of Uranus, and is desirous of obtaining the errors of the tabular geocentric longitudes of that planet, when near opposition. In the years 1818—1826, in acknowledging the receipt of the tabular errors which Professor Challis had requested as above, he tells the *Astronomer Royal* that they will afford Mr. Adams the means of carrying on, in the most efficient manner, the inquiry in which he is engaged. Again, in Professor Challis's letter to the *Astronomer Royal*, dated September 22d, 1845, he acquaints him that Mr. Adams had completed his calculations respecting the perturbations of Uranus *by supposing an ulterior planet* : that his calculations are founded on the observations which the *Astronomer Royal* had furnished him with, some time ago.

Mr. Adams, it seems, called on the *Astronomer Royal* when the latter was on his way from France in September, 1845. Towards the end of October, 1845, Mr. Adams again called at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, in the *Astronomer Royal's* absence, and left the following important papers, containing the computation of the elements, of the new planet's orbit, &c.

"According to my calculations," said Mr. Adams to the *Astronomer Royal*, "the observed irregularities in the motion of Uranus may be accounted for by supposing the existence of an exterior planet, the mass and orbit of which are as follows :

Mean distance, (assumed nearly in accordance with Bode's law.)	... 38.4
Mean sidereal motion in 365.25 days...	... 1°30'9"
Mean longitude, 1st October, 1845...	... 323°34'
Longitude of perihelium...	... 315°55'
Eccentricity...	... 0.1610
Mass, (that of the sun being unity,)...	... 0.0001656."

Mr. Adams explained to the *Astronomer Royal* the methods that he had adopted to arrive at the above results.

Hence, I think, we may now fairly ask, "How stood the question of discovery at this juncture, namely, *October* 1845?" Why, the facts that have been just named, and which the *Astronomer Royal's* statement incontestably establishes, prove most clearly and satisfactorily, that Mr. Adams had been engaged for a considerable period in the investigation which finally led to the above results : that his having been so engaged was well known to his scientific friends and to Professor Challis amongst the number ; and that in Oct., 1845, when he communicated the astonishing results of

his labours to the Astronomer Royal, there is not a particle of evidence to prove that any human being had ever even attempted to fix the position of an exterior disturbing planet. Mr. Adams had determined the elements of the unseen planet's orbit *months before any other mathematician or astronomer had made even a rough guess upon the subject.* The Astronomer Royal's historical account indisputably settles this point beyond the reach of cavil; no one, indeed, will venture to assert the contrary.

True it is, that Dr. Hussey, twelve years before, sagaciously suggested to Professor Airy that the unaccountable eccentricities of Uranus might be produced by an unseen planet; but the doctor found himself totally inadequate to the task of ascertaining even approximately, empirically, the position of such disturbing body; nor does it appear that the gifted and laborious professor was ever induced to attempt the task himself.

It is also true that M. Eugène Bouvard, in October 1837, said to the Astronomer Royal, "En consultant les comparaisons que vous avez fait des observations de cette planète, avec les calculs des tables, on voit que les différences en latitude sont très grandes, et qu'elles vont toujours en augmentant. Cela tient-il à perturbation inconnue apportée dans les mouvements de cet astre par un corps situé au-delà? Je ne sais, mais c'est du moins l'idée de mon oncle." The Astronomer Royal's concluding remark in his reply to this has been quoted before, but it is worth repeating: "If it be the effect of an unseen body, it will be nearly impossible ever to find out its place."

The Astronomer Royal, in his historical account, evidently dwells upon the communications of Dr. Hussey and M. E. Bouvard, with the view of proving that the notion of there being a planet exterior to Uranus is of some standing: that the idea upon which the discovery rests was broached years ago. This would lead to the inference that Mr. Adams's labours depend upon a hypothesis which was not originally his own—that he is indebted to the fertility of other men's invention for starting him in the proper direction. The Astronomer Royal's remarks and quotations may not have been intended to go so far; still I think they will bear that construction, and, should they have produced such impression, it may justly be remarked, that Dr. Hussey's letter was to Professor Airy *alone*, and that Mr. Adams could have known nothing about its contents: the same remark applies to M. E. Bouvard's doubtful hints upon the same subject. Those letters only prove that suggestions of the kind named were made, *in private communications*, to the Astronomer Royal; they also prove his candour in acknowledging that he made no use of them: but, on the contrary, deemed it impossible *ever* to find out the supposed disturbing body. Whether, therefore, the idea of an exterior disturbing planet be originally Mr. Adams's or not, those letters do not, in the smallest degree, prove that he is indebted to any one for the slightest hint upon the subject. I take it, then to be clearly established that Mr. Adams in October, 1845, had by his own unassisted labours completed his investigations, fixing the position of the unknown body, and that he had then communicated the results to two public observatories.

At this period what had his French competitor done? If he had done

anything whatever, by way even of commencement towards the discovery, nobody, I believe, knows it. The Astronomer Royal has not, to my knowledge, offered an iota of evidence to prove that at the time when he first received the elements of the exterior planet's orbit from Mr. Adams, Mr. Le Verrier had taken the first step to show that such body was really in existence.

The Astronomer Royal states that whilst he was expecting more complete information from Mr. Adams respecting his theory, he received a memoir by M. Le Verrier on the perturbations of Uranus produced by Jupiter and Saturn, and on the errors in the elliptic elements of Uranus, consequent on the use of erroneous observations of the perturbations. This memoir was published in the *Comptes Rendus* on the 10th of November, 1845. The Astronomer Royal, in his historical details, said it was impossible for him then to enter into the details as to the conclusions of M. Le Verrier's valuable memoir; his reasons for that impossibility he has not stated, and, consequently, I cannot discuss them. The whole memoir does not fill four pages of the *Comptes Rendus*—instead of the conclusions, therefore, I think he might easily have given the whole memoir. The Astronomer Royal having omitted to enter into the contents of this memoir, it is only fair towards the author, but particularly towards Mr. Adams, to quote the memoir somewhat at length—to let the writer speak for himself—so that any one who takes an interest in the discussion may form his own opinion. The article, be it remembered, made its appearance at least a month after Mr. Adams's investigations had been made known as above stated.

M. Le Verrier commences his memoir (page 1050, vol. xxi., *Comptes Rendus*.) by stating, that,

“ Il existe aux confins de notre système planétaire, un astre dont on n'a pu, jusqu'à ce jour, calculer le mouvement avec exactitude. Uranus, dès l'époque de sa découverte, embarrassa les astronomes par la lenteur de son mouvement propre; et ce ne fut pas sans peine qu'on parvint à s'assurer que l'astre, reconnu par Herschel, était une nouvelle planète. Cette première difficulté ayant été surmontée, on arriva, en peu d'années, à connaître les éléments du mouvement elliptique d'Uranus d'une manière passable; d'autant plus, qu'on put s'aider d'observations faites longtemps avant la découverte. Plus tard, lorsqu'une série d'observations exactes, embrassant trente à quarante années, eut été faite, lorsque les perturbations dues aux actions de Jupiter et de Saturne eurent été calculées, on reprit la théorie d'Uranus, et l'on dut croire qu'avec ces secours on attendrait à la perfection désirable. Mais les résultats de ces recherches ont été loin de répondre aux espérances qu'on avait conçues; et chaque jour Uranus s'écarte de plus en plus de la route qui lui est tracée dans les Ephémérides.

“ Cette discordance préoccupe vivement les astronomes, qui ne sont pas habitués à des pareils mécomptes. Déjà elle a donné lieu à un grand nombre d'hypothèses. On est même allé jusqu'à mettre en doute que le mouvement d'Uranus fût rigoureusement soumis au grand principe de la gravitation universelle.”

“ Dans le courant de l'été dernier, M. Arago voulut bien me représenter que l'importance de cette question imposait à chaque astronome le devoir de concourir, autant qu'il était en lui, à en éclaircir quelque point. J'abandonnai donc, momentanément, pour m'occuper d'Uranus les recherches que j'avais entreprises sur les comètes, et dont plusieurs ont déjà été communiquées. * * *

“ Pour établir avec précision la théorie d'une planète, dont le mouvement est déjà approximativement connu, il faut, premièrement, entreprendre une série d'observations exactes et nombreuses, réparties sur un intervalle de temps considérable. Il faut,

en second lieu, en se basant sur les lois de la gravitation universelle, et en tenant compte de l'influence de toutes les masses, rechercher avec soin la forme des expressions analytiques, propres à représenter à une époque quelconque les coordonnées de l'astre. Ces deux premières parties de la question sont indépendantes l'une de l'autre. Il reste, ensuite, à les rapprocher, à conclure des observations les valeurs précises des constantes qui sont restées indéterminées dans les formules, et qu'on a dû réduire au plus petit nombre possible.

"Le Mémoire actuel a pour but d'établir la forme et la grandeur des termes que les actions perturbatrices de Jupiter et de Saturne introduisent dans les expressions des coordonnées héliocentriques d'Uranus. Les formules, ainsi obtenues, seront comparées aux observations de Paris et de Greenwich, dans une seconde communication."

Saturne est la planète qui a la plus grande influence sur la marche d'Uranus."

"Je n'ai pas cru devoir, dans ces recherches, me borner à vérifier simplement les nombres antérieurement donnés. Il m'a paru nécessaire de reprendre le travail en son entier, sur de nouvelles bases, et de manière à ne plus laisser planer la plus légère incertitude sur aucune des parties de cette importante théorie."

"Et d'abord, j'ai poussé les approximations aussi loin qu'il était nécessaire, pour qu'il fût parfaitement démontré que je n'avais omis aucune inégalité supérieure à un vingtième de second. Nulle perturbation n'a été négligée, parce qu'on la presumerait insensible. Toutes ont été déterminées avec la même rigueur; et ce n'est qu'après leur calcul complet qu'on a jugé si l'on devait les conserver, ou si leur excessive petitesse devait les faire omettre."

"En m'écartant de la route suivie par la Mécanique Céleste, j'ai dû chercher ailleurs des moyens de vérification. Or, non seulement je les ai multipliés sur tous les points de mon travail, mais encore je me suis décidé à traiter complètement la question par deux méthodes distinctes, qui n'ont de commune que les résultats définitifs,—la concordance de ces résultats devait exclure toute chance d'erreur."

"J'ai, donc, préféré commencer par l'emploi d'une méthode qui fournit simultanément toutes inégalités. Cette dépendance mutuelle fait que si le travail n'est pas complètement exact, il est nécessairement faux de tout point. Or, on conçoit parfaitement qu'il est plus facile d'échapper à cette seconde alternative, qu'aux chances multiples d'une erreur isolée."

"Reprenons, en effet, après avoir traité toutes les perturbations simultanément, reprenons le calcul d'une seule d'entre elles par une méthode directe; sa vérification entraînera celle du travail entier. Mais, si au lieu de se borner à contrôler ainsi une seule des inégalités, on détermine successivement chacune d'entre elles par un calcul direct, et s'il arrive que les nouveaux résultats coïncident avec les premiers, tout espèce d'erreur deviendra impossible."

"Enfin, le travail actuel m'a conduit à une nouvelle détermination des inégalités séculaires de l'orbite d'Uranus. Cette détermination s'accorde, jusque dans les dernières décimales, avec les résultats que j'avais trouvés par une autre voie, dans un mémoire présenté à l'Académie en 1841."

"Les perturbations, dues à l'action de Jupiter, ont été calculées également avec le soin convenable."

"Le mouvement de Saturne éprouve, de la part de Jupiter, des grandes perturbations qu'il est impossible de négliger, dans le calcul des inégalités d'Uranus. J'en ai tenu compte avec toute la rigueur possible, et de manière à n'omettre aucun terme dépendant du carré de la force perturbatrice, qu'après m'être assuré en le calculant qu'il était négligeable."

"J'ai dû commencer par déterminer les inégalités sensibles de l'orbite de Saturne; savoir, celles du grand axe, du moyen mouvement et de la longitude de l'époque, celles de l'excentricité et du périhélie. En sorte que cette théorie d'Uranus m'a entraîné à traiter en grande partie, la théorie de Saturne."

"La valeur définitive que j'adopte pour la grande inégalité, due au carré de la force perturbatrice, et dont la période est d'environ 1600 ans, ne s'accorde pas avec celle qui avait été donnée dans d'autres ouvrages. J'en indique la cause: on avait omis des termes tout à fait comparables à ceux qu'on avait conservés. Si ces nouveaux termes ne dépendent pas d'un aussi petit diviseur, et semblent par là moins sensibles; d'un autre côté ils sont d'ordres moins élevés par rapport aux excentricités, ce qui établit la compensation."

"Enfin, j'ai trouvé un certain nombre de petits termes qui n'avaient pas été donnés, et qui, ajoutés à d'autres du même ordre de grandeur, ne sauraient être négligés." *

"Il resterait à comparer la théorie précédente avec les observations. Mais je ne pourrais pas le faire actuellement d'une manière complète. Il me faudra, auparavant examiner l'influence de plusieurs causes qui ont pu introduire des erreurs notables dans les éléments de la théorie d'Uranus. Ces causes sont, au reste, tout à fait étrangères aux actions de Saturne et de Jupiter, que je m'étais proposé d'examiner ici. Les remarques suivantes présenteront cependant, dès à présent, quelque intérêt."

"Laissons de côté l'inégalité, dont la période est de 1600 ans, et qui, par la lenteur de son mouvement, ne saurait avoir une grande influence sur l'exactitude présente des Tables. Si nous ne nous arrêtons qu'aux perturbations dont la valeur a complètement changée dans l'intervalle des observations que nous pouvons comparer entre elles, nous trouverons, que la somme de tous les écarts individuels qui proviennent de la comparaison des perturbations que je donne, avec celles qui sont comprises dans les Tables, s'élève à 29" sexagésimales. Mais, comme tous ces écarts n'atteignent pas ensemble leur maximum, l'erreur définitive qui en peut résulter sur la longitude n'est environ que les deux tiers du nombre précédent."

"On se tromperait, toutefois, si l'on bornait là l'influence que le fait de précision de la théorie a dû avoir fait l'exactitude des Tables. Nous apprécierons mieux cette influence par ce qui suit."

"Lorsque, dans le but de déterminer les éléments de mouvement elliptique d'Uranus, on a recours aux observations, on doit commencer par retrancher des positions observées la valeur calculée des perturbations; le reste de soustraction représente le lieu elliptique de l'astre. Si donc les perturbations sont inexactement calculées, les positions elliptiques se trouveront empreintes de mêmes erreurs changées des signes; erreurs qui passeront, en s'aggravant peut-être, dans les éléments de l'orbite. La multiplicité des positions employées ne remédiera en rien à cet inconvénient, puisqu'elles seront toutes empreintes des mêmes erreurs systématiques."

"Appliquons ces considérations au cas où l'on voudrait baser des tables d'Uranus sur des observations comprises entre 1790 et 1820. Si l'on s'en tient à l'ancienne théorie des perturbations, il en résultera nécessairement sur le moyen mouvement annuel, κ , sur la longitude de l'époque, ϵ , sur l'excentricité, e , et sur la longitude, π , du périhélie, les erreurs suivantes :—

$$\delta\kappa = + 0''.87$$

$$\delta\epsilon = - 4''.8$$

$$2\delta e = - 20''.4$$

$$\delta\pi = - 24''.5$$

"Or, on peut s'assurer que par ce fait de l'inexactitude des éléments elliptiques, la longitude des éphémérides devra être trop forte de plus de quarante seconds sexagésimales au moment de l'opposition de 1845. Tel est effectivement le sens de l'erreur des Tables actuelles. Seulement, l'écart est plus considérable, et le surplus peut tenir à d'autres causes dont j'apprécierai l'influence dans un second mémoire."

The above quotation is very nearly the whole of M. Le Verrier's Memoir. By placing the substance of the article before the English student, I think I remedy a great defect in the Astronomer Royal's historical relation.

M. Le Verrier refers more than once to the *Mécanique Céleste*, particularly to the tables in the sixth chapter of the sixth book of that celebrated work. Errors have been detected in those tables of perturbations by Hansen, Pontecoulant, and particularly by the Astronomer Royal himself—especially in those of Jupiter. It is generally supposed the tables in Pontecoulant's third volume are more correct than those referred to. Laplace, however, corrected some of his errors, in chap. 8, book 10 (9037.) It is strange that M. Le Verrier only referred to the

tables in the 6th book without adverting to the corrections; this, however, has little to do with the question under consideration.

It must be borne in mind that M. Le Verrier's memoir was published *some weeks after* Mr. Adams's investigations had been put into the hands of the Astronomer Royal. Does Le Verrier's memoir (on the *perturbations of Uranus*, be it remembered,) contain a single hint that an exterior planet had any influence in producing those disturbances? If it do, I cannot find it. But further, if such exterior planetary influence had made the least impression on M. Le Verrier's mind, would he not have mentioned it when writing some of the parts printed in italics? (are not some of his conclusions untenable, as they stand without the supposition of an exterior influence?) And, on the contrary, does not the memoir expressly inform us that M. Le Verrier had, up to a late period, been arduously engaged on cometary astronomy; that it was only the preceding summer that M. Arago had urged him to turn his attention to the anomalies in the motion of Uranus? Do not, moreover, these admissions prove that the memoir had only recently been drawn up? It may then fairly be concluded that Mr. Adams had determined the place of the unknown planet before M. Le Verrier had given the subject any consideration whatever. The memoir not only affords the most cogent evidence that M. Le Verrier, when he wrote it, which must have been only a short time before its appearance in the *Comptes Rendus*, had not contemplated such a disturbing body; but it as clearly proves that he would have adverted to the possibility of the influence of such a body in that memoir, if, when writing it, he had only roughly guessed that such a planet had existence.

The Astronomer Royal concludes his eulogy on the memoir by observing, "Perhaps it may be truly said that the theory of Uranus was now, for the first time, placed on a satisfactory foundation."

* I have lately been led to suppose that the theory of Uranus cannot be put on a satisfactory foundation without taking into account the action of an exterior planet on its movements; and as there is not an iota of evidence in M. Le Verrier's memoir to show that at the time of writing it, he had the most distant conception that such a body was in existence, I am unable to discover how the Astronomer Royal arrived at his conclusion. I am aware that, in reference to M. E. Bouvard's correspondence, the Astronomer Royal says, "Although no allusion is made in the last letter to the possible disturbing planet, it would be wrong to suppose that there was no thought of it. In fact, during the whole of those efforts for reforming the tables of Uranus the dominant thought was, "Is it possible to explain the motions of Uranus without admitting either a departure from the received law of attraction, or the existence of a disturbing planet?" Perhaps Astronomers Royal may have a more penetrating ~~pen~~ ^{men} in such matters than other men possess; and this may account for the preceding dictum. But I am one of the common sort of mortals, not in the smallest degree endued with any kind of clairvoyance, so that I can see what others' dominant thoughts are: and, therefore, because M. E. Bouvard, and particularly M. Le Verrier, say nothing about a disturbing planet, when they are treating on a subject

which cannot be fully explained without taking the action of such planet into account, I come to the old-fashioned conclusion that *at that time* they knew nothing about it; in fact, that they were in a state of the purest innocence, as to their having the least knowledge of such a disturbing planet.

In spite of all manifest partiality for everything *not* English, the following facts appear to me to be indisputably established: that Mr. Adams, after working at the subject for years, determined and made known the elements of the disturbing planet's orbit in the autumn of 1845; that his French competitor, up to a short time before that period, had been sedulously engaged in a totally different matter; and that at that time he had not given an atom of proof that he had any knowledge of such an exterior planet, or that he had made even the most random guess upon the subject. It is idle and ridiculous then to raise any question respecting the priority of the discovery; no scientific penny-a-liner, in the face of the evidence above adduced, would venture to foist such an absurdity upon his employers;—he would never get another job if he did. At this period Mr. Adams had no competitor; and had his astonishing achievements been duly followed up by the English astronomers to whom he made them known, there can be no doubt that the exterior planet would have been seen, and every point connected with its discovery properly settled, long before its existence had entered into M. Le Verrier's imagination.

Let us examine the next step in this singular matter:—

In the *Comptes Rendus* for June 1st, 1846, *eight months after* Mr. Adams deposited the elements of the new planet's orbit with the English astronomers, M. Le Verrier gave a second memoir on the theory of Uranus, in which he adopted the hypothesis of an exterior planet, and investigated *one* of the elements of its orbit. The Astronomer Royal states that this memoir reached *him* about the 24th of June last; he gives his letter to M. Le Verrier on the receipt of the memoir, and the French astronomer's reply: he says, that he cannot sufficiently express the feelings of delight and satisfaction which he received from the memoir; and, in reference to M. Le Verrier's letter, the Astronomer Royal says: "It is impossible, I think, to read this letter without being struck with its clearness of explanation, with the writer's extraordinary command, not only of the physical theories of perturbation, but also of the geometrical theories of the deduction of orbits from observation, and with his perception that his theory *ought* to explain all the phenomena, and his firm belief that it *had* done so. I had now no longer any doubt upon the reality and general exactness of the prediction of the planet's place."

It may be worth while to stop at the end of this wafery and, eloquent, laudation of the French astronomer's labours, to blow off the mist which it is so well adapted to raise, and just to see how the naked facts stand:—

In October, 1845, Mr. Adams deposited with the Astronomer Royal his investigations and their results, namely, the elements of the new planet's orbit; he had calculated its *mass, longitude of perihelium, eccentricity, mean sidereal motion, and mean longitude*. In June, 1846, *eight months*

after, M. Le Verrier gives *one* element only of the planet, perhaps the least recondite of the whole, namely, the heliocentric longitude, and this surprisingly agreeing with Mr. Adams's results. There are other facts which must not be overlooked. Mr. Adams had adapted Bode's law of the distances: M. Le Verrier takes the same course: that is, Mr. Adams supposed the mean distance of the new planet to be *double* that of Uranus: M. Le Verrier *makes exactly the same supposition*, and, of course, obtains a corresponding result. Let it not be forgotten, that the Astronomer Royal himself had no confidence in Bode's law of the distances until lately.

Nothing can be more hearty and energetic than the Astronomer Royal's encomiums on the contents of M. Le Verrier's memoirs and letters; but there is one topic upon which he is profoundly silent: namely, what became of Mr. Adams's investigations and results during the eight months from Oct. 1845, to June, 1846? The Astronomer Royal having thrown no light upon this point, which is so susceptible of affording grounds for conjecture, we may, at all events, ask some questions which naturally suggest themselves: Did the Astronomer Royal, or any one having access to the Royal Observatory at Greenwich, communicate Mr. Adams's investigations, or the result arising from them, to M. Le Verrier in the interval mentioned? Or, did the French astronomer, or any one on his part, examine them and copy their contents at the Royal Observatory? In a word, did Mr. Adams's investigations in any manner become known to M. Le Verrier between the time that Mr. Adams communicated them to the Astronomer Royal (*when M. Le Verrier had no conception of the subject to which they relate*.) and the period when the French astronomer published *one* of the elements in the *Comptes Rendus*? In other respects, it appears the French and English astronomers are upon terms of constant intercourse, both by correspondence and personal visits. Can it then be imagined that the Astronomer Royal received such results from Mr. Adams, supported as they were by Professor Challis's valuable testimony as to their probable accuracy, and did not bring the French astronomer acquainted with them, especially as he was aware that his friend was engaged in matters bearing directly upon these results? A writer in the highly useful journal already named, asserts that Sir John Herschel was perfectly aware of Mr. Adams's investigations, though the *information reached him through the Greenwich Observatory*. Seeing, then, that M. Le Verrier was a perfect stranger, even to the supposition of an exterior planet, when Mr. Adams's results were sent to Greenwich, and taking all the circumstances and probabilities of the case into consideration, though the Astronomer Royal has not vouchsafed to give any information upon the point, are we not justified in coming to the conclusion that the French astronomer, (as well as Sir John Herschel,) was made acquainted with Mr. Adams's investigation through the Greenwich Observatory?

It was Samson, I believe, who, on a party's surreptitiously getting a solution to a puzzling question, said, "If ye had not ploughed with my heifer, ye would not have found out my riddle." Mr. Adams may also very reasonably conclude, that if he had not sent the elements of the ex-

terior planet's orbit to the Greenwich Observatory in October, 1845, M. Le Verrier would not have been burthened with eulogy for publishing one of them eight months after, in 1846. If there were ever the smallest chance of his making such discovery alone, there is not a tittle of evidence to support it: on the contrary, there is the strongest testimony against such an hypothesis; namely, *his own memoir*, published at least a month subsequently to Mr. Adams sending his results to Greenwich, and demonstrably showing that M. Le Verrier, at the time of composing that memoir, had not entered upon the inquiry.

On September 2nd, 1846, Mr. Adams again transmitted to the Astronomer Royal other results of his labours. He gave the elements of the new planet's orbit by two hypotheses, (the *first* he had sent the year before,) as follows: viz.

Hyp. 1.		Hyp. 2.
$\left(\frac{a}{a'}\right) = 0.5$		$\left(\frac{a}{a'}\right) = 0.515$
Mean longitude of the planet, 1st Oct., 1846	325° 8'	323° 2'
Longitude of perihelium	315° 57'	299° 11'
Eccentricity	0.16103	0.12062
Mass, that of the Sun being 1	0.00016563 ...	0.00015003

Mr. Adams entered into many explanations, which may be omitted in this article.

On the 31st of August, 1846, M. Le Verrier's third memoir on the motion of Uranus appeared in the *Comptes Rendus*. In this paper, nearly a year after Mr. Adams had sent the elements of the new planet's orbit to the Astronomer Royal, M. Le Verrier gave the following as the elements of the orbit of the same planet:

Semi-axis major.	36.154 or $\frac{a}{a'} = 0.531$
Periodic time	217.387
Eccentricity	0.10761
Longitude of perihelium	284° 45'
Mean longitude for Jan. 1, 1847	318° 47'
Mass = $\frac{1}{9300}$ =	0.0001075
The heliocentric long. 1st Jan. 1847. 326° 32'	
Distance from the sun	33.06

Thus, M. Le Verrier produced the elements of the new planet's orbit, agreeing in the main with Mr. Adams's, which he had determined the year before. It is freely admitted that, about a year after Mr. Adams had sent his investigations, or their results, to the Astronomer Royal, that M. Le Verrier, the Astronomer Royal's friend and correspondent, had also manufactured the elements of the same planet's orbit with considerable skill. Where he procured the materials for his production is quite another question, which is not easily answered.

Is it possible, let me ask, that there can be a strange partiality to encourage and extol the labours of foreigners in the field of discovery, and an equally strange disposition to repulse and dishearten the English labourer in the same field? or is it mere delusion on my part? Does the Astronomer Royal speak and act alike towards Englishmen and

Frenchmen, as far as astronomical science is concerned? Let us see. Mr. Adams sent the Astronomer Royal the astonishing results of his investigations in October 1845: the latter, having politely acknowledged the receipt, proceeds to give Mr. Adams a poser, or, as the Astronomer Royal calls it, an *experimentum crucis*, respecting the error of the Radius Vector. Instead of setting the able corps under his guidance to work out the required error, Mr. Adams's labours were put aside. Bode's law of the distances, which Mr. Adams had adopted, had then gained no confidence with the Astronomer Royal: the results of algebraical and numerical computations—so long and complicated as those of Mr. Adams—were then thought to be liable to many risks of error. Although the subject was of surpassing interest, and although Mr. Adams had communicated the astonishing results of his toils to the first astronomer in the world, who had all the appliances of the most celebrated observatory in existence at command, yet not a step was taken to test those investigations—not a move was made to ascertain whether the planet really did revolve in the orbit determined by Mr. Adams, or not. The investigations were received, thought doubtful and complicated, and, as far as the English astronomer's use of them is concerned, put by. So much for the reception and encouragement of an *Englishman's* discoveries in astronomy, at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich. Eight months after, one only of the elements—differing but one degree from the same element determined by Mr. Adams—comes back from France in a French dress to the Astronomer Royal, and it excites feelings of delight and satisfaction. What was doubtful in English, was accurate in French. Mr. Adams's determination of the elements of the planet's orbit had been allowed to lie by unnoticed, at least as far as we know; but as soon as the Astronomer Royal obtains one of those elements from the French astronomer, he loses no time in urging Professor Challis to set about finding the new planet. Why did he not make the same application eight months before? Why did he not set to work at Greenwich, on the receipt of Mr. Adams's investigations in 1845, the same efficient assistant that he intended to send to Cambridge in July 1846? Had this been done, and other proper steps taken, I repeat, with confidence, there is strong reason to believe that the new planet would have been finally determined, and found in its orbit, long before even the idea of such a body had entered into the French astronomer's head. But then the discovery must have been indisputably an *Englishman's*, and that Englishman not the Astronomer Royal.

If I mistake not, the following remarks of the Astronomer Royal support the above view with regard to partiality and something like prejudice. He says—

"I cannot attempt to convey to you the impression which was made on me by the author's *undoubting confidence* in the general truth of his theory; by the calmness and clearness with which he limited the field of observation, and by the firmness with which he proclaimed to observing astronomers, 'Look in the place which I have indicated, and you will see the planet well.' It is here, if I mistake not, that we see a character far superior to that of the able, or enterprising, or industrious mathematician; it is here we see the philosopher. The mathematical investigations will doubtless be published in detail; and they will, as mathematical studies, be highly in-

structive : but no details published after the planet's discovery can ever have for me the charm which I have found in this abstract, which preceded the discovery."

I much doubt whether, in the whole history of science, the undoubted author of an astonishing discovery, and a countryman too, has been thus coolly sneered at; and the clever "philosopher" who, by some unexplained juggle or other, has contrived to make another's labours his own, has been so extolled *ad nauseam*. Thrice happy M. Le Verrier in being a Frenchman, and having an English Astronomer Royal for your panegyrist! If you were favoured with the use of Mr. Adams's calculations, let it raise no qualms, for you are bepraised just as though they had been your own.

One of Mr. Adams's chief characteristics is retiring modesty: he deposited the results of his industry and talents with the Astronomer Royal, and they were allowed to remain, with regard to England, as a complicated curiosity; having, however, been re-touched in France and sent over the year after, the Astronomer Royal's indifference is changed into ecstasy: he is charmed with the French astronomer's "undoubting confidence." It hence appears, that a pretty good stock of assurance is a necessary ingredient for obtaining attention in astronomical discovery: there is nothing like a little swagger to pass off a second-hand article successfully.

In an historical relation of the discovery, it is exceedingly painful and annoying to see Mr. Adams, the undoubted pioneer and discoverer, slurred over, and his claims almost indistinctly alluded to: whilst M. Le Verrier, who came into the field months after it was fully occupied by Mr. Adams, gets the warmest laudation. But this is not all—some of the journals have had the daring effrontery to assert that Le Verrier first determined the elements of the new planet. English journalists, as a body, if left to follow their own bias, are lovers and supporters of fair play. This fact leads directly to the conclusion, that the writers adverted to are hired to write a falsehood, and that they had the baseness to propagate it, well knowing it to be a groundless fabrication."

Mr. Adams is a very young man, but when all circumstances are considered, there is nothing extraordinary in his having been engaged in so recondite a subject. The imagining an exterior planet, and by the powers of analysis and calculation to determine its orbit and to fix its place, at once proves original genius of a very high order, and vast intellectual acquirements. Mr. Adams is known to possess them in a remarkable degree. His father is an industrious farmer residing at Lancad, about six miles from Launceston, Cornwall, in a rough district, the least likely in appearance to produce a profound mathematician; yet here in this moory tract, surrounded by every disadvantage, by the efforts of his own powerful intellect, Mr. Adams made himself a mathematician of the first order. In course of time, he became a member of St. John's College, Cambridge, the great nursery of senior wranglers; and at the end of his undergraduateship, as might be expected, he became senior wrangler, and first Smith's prizeman, which is very like becoming senior wrangler twice, particularly when the senior wrangler is not a Trinity man. Mr. Adams has therefore gained the proud position that he holds at the university

by his brilliant talents, and by the efforts of the same mental powers, has he alone determined the orbit of an undiscovered planet, and fixed its position in the immensity of space. Mr. Adams has had no influential connections to back him up; but he is an honour not only to the university of which he is a member, but to the country to which he belongs. Will the British public then quietly suffer one of its gifted citizens to be deprived of his rights, and cajoled out of the results of his surprising labours? I trust not.

A writer in the *Literary Gazette*, November 21st, says, "I trust that there will be no delay in bringing before the public sufficient to enable astronomers to decide the question as to the fact whether Mr. Adams succeeded in fixing the approximate place of the planet at any given time; and if he did so, how near was the approximate place of the planet as found by Mr. Challis, on the 4th and 12th of August last, and by M. Galle on the 23rd of September?" Slur the facts of the case over who may, the points mentioned have been pretty satisfactorily determined. Still, the inquiry should extend further, and ascertain, if possible, the time when M. Le Verrier first began to contemplate the existence of an exterior planet, and when and how he caught his first glimpses of the subject. The inquiry, to be complete and satisfactory, ought to comprise a rigid examination of all M. Le Verrier's investigations, as well as Mr. Adams's. Having got the hints about a new disturbing planet, where or how M. Le Verrier may, Mr. Adams's claims to priority of discovery admit of no rational dispute. Then will, I ask again, the British public tamely suffer him to be deprived of the honour which he has so signally won? Will not Herschel, Cowie, Hymers, Earnshaw, Miller, and others, his fellow collegians, bestir themselves, and see that their talented colleague is not furtively deprived of his rights? Will the university, which has the honour to have Mr. Adams for one of its members, indifferently permit him to be plundered of the credit of his splendid achievement? Will not the whole body of literary and scientific journalists press forward his claims for justice, and rally round him, at least until it be clearly shown that he has been fairly treated? Lastly, will not that powerful redresser of wrongs of all descriptions, that fearless and uncompromising asserter of social rights, and the overwhelming champion against oppression, wherever found—will not the *Times* lend its gigantic assistance to get impartial justice done in a matter so nationally interesting? Whatever may be said respecting its course on certain political topics, to its immortal honour be it spoken, it very seldom, if ever, supports the great and powerful in their attempts to oppress the weak: oppression and wrong, of whatever clime or country, find in the *Times* an unflinching antagonist. It is this consistent advocacy of social justice which gives that journal the immense influence which it possesses and exercises. Perhaps there is no power in existence so vast as that which the *Times* wields; it grapples with all subjects in the most masterly manner; there is nothing too sublime for its talent—nothing too high for its reach, or too immense for its grasp. I do sincerely hope then that the *Times* will step in, take Mr. Adams, and all the circumstances into account; sift every slurred and doubtful incident, in its usual manner, completely to the bottom,

and then proclaim to the world how the matter really stands. The subject is of high importance, and it richly deserves all the attention that the *Times* can give it; a meritorious Englishman's rights are in jeopardy, and it behoves the *Times*, in its splendid character of champion of the weak, to see that that Englishman's well-earned honours, should it prove so, are not filched from him, and handed over to another.

The *Literary Gazette* has recently announced that the council of the Royal Society have awarded their Copley medal this year to M. Le Verrier, for his Memoirs on the Motions of Uranus. Has not that learned body come to rather a premature determination in this award? How stands the whole affair? Whatever be the merits of M. Le Verrier's Memoirs, their completeness depends on taking the action of the exterior planet into account. Without this, they might be ingenious speculations; but they would not explain satisfactorily the anomalies in the motions of Uranus. If the intrinsic value of M. Le Verrier's Memoirs depends upon his elements of the new planet's orbit, the question again occurs, *where* and *when* did he get the materials for making those elements? When did even the idea of such a body first come into his head? Mr. Adams had determined and made known those elements months before M. Le Verrier had said a word about them. Is it not, then, comical justice for the council of the Royal Society to pass over Mr. Adams, and to confer their honours on the French astronomer, who, with "undoubting confidence," has contrived, by some means or other, to make Mr. Adams's labours his own. The council of the Royal Society appear to act sometimes under generous impulses in bestowing their medals: once now and then, however, their members assert that they do not exercise the soundest discretion in conferring their rewards. The Astronomer Royal's partiality for the French astronomer is obvious from his published account. If he have great influence in the council of the Royal Society, as he deservedly ought to have, and undoubtedly does possess, the award of the Society's medal (tacitly deciding against Mr. Adams's claim to discovery) is fully accounted for. There was a letter in the *National*, a short time ago, speaking in no very flattering terms of our most celebrated astronomers, for the part they had taken with regard to the discovery. A correspondent of the *Literary Gazette* attributed the letter to M. Arago, who, however, has denied the authorship; still, having learned that "undoubting confidence" has charms, it may be asked, has *bullying* any influence in the bestowal of medals?

The Astronomer Royal, in the concluding part of his historical account, says—

"I trust I am amply supported by documentary evidence, that the discovery of the new planet is the effect of a movement of the age. It is shown not merely by the circumstance that different mathematicians have simultaneously but independently been carrying on the same investigations; and that different astronomers, acting without concert, have at the same time been looking for the planet in the same part of the heavens."

I do not know to what *documentary* evidence the Astronomer Royal alludes; but I cannot find an iota of evidence of any kind in his historical

account, or in the *Comptes Rendus*, which proves that any mathematician whatever had entered upon any investigation with regard to the new planet until *after* Mr. Adams had determined the elements of its orbit, and made them known. If the discovery be the effect of a movement, Mr. Adams was the sole pioneer who made the road for the movement to make progress. I cannot, however, discover that the movement of the age had begun its travels until *after* Mr. Adams had not only worked out the tract for its course, but had actually achieved the object of the imagined movement. Taking the Astronomer Royal's account, and every other document within my reach, for my guidance, I am totally unable to agree with the conclusions to which he has arrived—that the minds of philosophers, and others about them, had long been influenced by what had been done by others. I cannot express the fact half as distinctly and emphatically as the impression is on my mind, that there is not the smallest grain of evidence to prove that any mathematician, philosopher, or astronomer, had ever so roughly, or in any manner, attempted to find, by analytical investigation and calculation, the orbit or place of the new planet until *after* Mr. Adams had determined them, and sent them to the Astronomer Royal himself.

The Astronomer Royal says, "The history of his discovery shows, that in certain cases it is advantageous for the progress of science that the publication of theories, when so far matured as to leave no doubt of their general accuracy, should not be delayed till they are worked to the highest imaginable perfection. It appears to be quite within probability that a publication of the elements obtained in October, 1845, might have led to the discovery of the planet in November, 1845." There can be no doubt about it. And how was it that Mr. Adams's communication of those elements to the Astronomer Royal did not lead to such discovery? This is a question of high scientific importance which remains to be answered. But whatever solution may be given to it, I trust no British mathematician will again run the risk of sending such matters to the Royal Observatory, Greenwich. If with Mr. Adams's treatment before him, he should be simple enough to commit such an act of folly, his achievements, however splendid, ought to be put by, and unnoticed, until another French astronomer, with "undoubting confidence," shall make the labour his own, and then get bedecked with the brightest medals for the performance of so splendid a trick.

I fear, Mr. Editor, the subject of this article may not be exactly suitable to your valuable publication; and that its length may greatly exceed your limits. I trust, however, that the importance and interest of the topic discussed will form some apology for its appearance.

It is generally admitted that your talented correspondent, who writes under the modest title of "PEN AND INK," stands at the head of our Geometers. I see also among your correspondents, the names of De Morgan, Young, Cockle, Bashforth, Woolhouse, and others of the same class. Now these are exactly the kind of readers that I wish to peruse this paper. Each of them is far more capable than I am of forming a proper judgment upon the subject. I heartily trust that they will

set about it, and see that ample justice is done. I believe the rights of a most meritorious Englishman are infringed upon. I have endeavoured fairly, but fearlessly, to support this view by adducing evidence which I consider difficult to refute; and whatever may be thought of my feeble attempts, I sincerely hope they will be so far successful as to induce other writers, with more fitting qualifications to discuss the matter, to take the subject up.

EXONIENSIS.

December 12, 1846.—*Mechanic's Magazine.*

The New Trans Uranian Planet—Neptune.

WHILE M. Arago insists on giving to this New Planet the name of his countryman Le Verrier, its pseudo-discoverer, nearly all the rest of the astronomical world seem agreed in thinking *Neptune* a more appropriate name. M. Struve, on the part of the Petersburg Academy of Sciences, assigns the following reasons for the preference, (we quote from the *Athenæum's* translation of M. Struve's letter):

"1. The name of *Neptune* was first suggested by the *Bureau des Longitudes*,—and has been adopted since by various astronomers. We join with the majority of eminent geometricians and astronomers in France, assembled in the body in question, in attaching greater importance to such a selection than to the different and individual opinion of a *savant*, however justly celebrated.

"2. We do not deny to the discoverer of a planet either his right of proposition or his just pretensions to have his proposition accepted. Nevertheless, history teaches us that the name proposed by the author of a discovery does not always maintain its ground. Herschel, as a mark of gratitude to his royal patron, named his planet *Georgium Sidus* or *Georgian*. This denomination gave way to that of *Uranus* proposed by Bode. If the name *Georgian* be yet found in the '*Nautical Almanac*,' on the other hand Sir John Herschel, the son, adopts in his writings the name of *Uranus*.

"3. It has already happened, before now, that an astronomer having discovered a planet, has ceded his right of denomination to another. When Olbers found his second planet, he called upon that *savant* who had contributed most largely to the rapid progress of the theory of the movement of the new planet to give him a name for it. M. Gauss chose the name of *Vesta*; which has since been adopted. Let us observe, however, that any proposition for a name coming from a substitute is less obligatory than if it came directly from the discoverer himself.

"4. The name chosen by M. Arago is liable to two objections—

"a. All the planets hitherto known are called after the divinities of the Greco-Roman mythology. To the names of the gods in use since ancient times have been added, since 1781, the names Uranus, Ceres, Pallas, Juno, Vesta and Astræa. Neptune ranges perfectly in this series: while the other name proposed contrasts with it—being against analogy and against the custom as adopted in the naming of six successive planets. The idea of transferring the name of the discoverer to the planet is not a new one. The attempt has been made—but unsuccessfully. Consequently history has determined in favour of the names of the gods. Why, then, resist, the decision of history?—and why, above all, in the present instance of a discovery made under circumstances entirely peculiar?

"b. Far be it from us to have any attention of withholding our entire admiration from the eminent merit of M. Le Verrier. But impartial history will, in the future, make honourable mention also of the name of Mr. Adams,—and recognise two individuals as having, independently of one another, discovered the planet beyond *Uranus*.

In the same way, it attributes the discovery of the infinitesimal calculus at once to Newton and to Leibnitz. Mr. Airy, the Astronomer Royal at Greenwich, has published a complete and authentic report on the labours of Mr. Adams relative to the existence of the Trans-Uranian planet. In that report, we see that in September 1845, Mr. Adams arrived at a result, and that in October he transmitted to Mr. Airy a paper containing elements of the present planet so nearly approximative that it might have been found in the heavens ten months before it actually was. But Mr. Adams's labours were unsuccessful because the two astronomers (Mr. Challis of Cambridge and Mr. Airy of Greenwich) to whom they were known hesitated to admit them without further examination. Their doubts are explained by the importance and novelty of the object, and by the extraordinary difficulty of the research itself which might well have been deemed beyond the powers of a young *savant* till then unknown. These doubts were, accordingly, not dissipated until the moment when M. Le Verrier published the results of his admirable investigations, which led to the most brilliant discovery in the astronomy of the solar system, while the other astronomers of Europe had no suspicion of the existence of Mr. Adams's labours. M. Galle, of Berlin, was the first to find the planet indicated by M. Le Verrier. While we consider all these circumstances attendant on the discovery of the new planet,—we at the same time conceive that we find the adhesion of M. Le Verrier to the name of *Neptune* not only in his announcement to us of the 1st of October, but also in his later letters addressed to the Academy of Sciences and to two astronomers of the central Observatory—letters which make no objection whatever to the name of *Neptune* chosen by the *Bureau des Longitudes*. Consequently, we will retain the name of *Neptune*; and will make no change, unless hereafter the general voice shall determine in favour of another name.”

Professor Airy has announced his adhesion to the conclusion of the Petersburg Academy, and states that Gauss and Encke have also decided on retaining the name of *Neptune*.

Mr. Airy objects, however, to one important part of the translation given by the *Athenæum* of M. Struve's letter. He says, (*Athenæum*, Feb. 27th,)—

“The sentence in which M. Struve introduces the name of Mr. Adams in the original, runs as follows—‘Mais l'histoire impartiale, dans l'avenir, citera honorablement et à côté de M. Le Verrier aussi le nom de M. Adams, et reconnaitra deux individus qui ont découvert, l'un indépendamment de l'autre, la planète au-delà d'*Uranus*.’ Your translation omits the words ‘et à côté de M. Le Verrier.’ This expression—literally rendered ‘and by the side of M. Le Verrier’—will, I apprehend, be correctly translated by the figurative expression more commonly used in English ‘and in the same rank with M. Le Verrier’;—not necessarily implying, as I conceive, either that the writer judges the merit of the two discoverers to be exactly equal, or that he has any distinct opinion as to which is the superior. The whole sentence, therefore, will be translated nearly as follows :—‘But impartial history will, in the future, mention honourably and in the same rank with M. Le Verrier the name of Mr. Adams also; and will recognise two individuals as having, independently of one another, discovered the planet beyond *Uranus*.’”

It is true the words “et à côté de M. Le Verrier” have been overlooked in the translation of the *Athenæum*, but as little have they their counterpart in Mr. Airy's “in the same rank with M. Le Verrier.” It is not a translation, but a rank falsification, only to be accounted for by the repugnance which the Astronomer Royal has shown all through to render full justice to Mr. Adams. The phrase “à côté de,” as used by M. Struve, has manifestly a special reference to the position in which the two parties stand with respect to the discovery of the new planet, without any reference whatever to their “rank” as astronomers. Literally

translated, it means "by the side of," but would not perhaps be less truly rendered by our more common and pithy phrase of "side by side." Mr. Airy's objection is the more pettishly absurd, that he had himself, in a previous letter (18th Feb.) to the *Athenæum*, used the words, "I agree with M. Struve, that future history will place the name of Mr. Adams by the side of that of M. Le Verrier."*—*Mechanic's Magazine*.

Account of the Measurement of Two Sections of the Meridional Arc of India, conducted under the Orders of the Honourable East India Company. By Lieut.-Colonel Everest, F. R. S. 2 vols. Allen.

It has long been considered by all civilized governments that a survey of their territories is indispensable to wholesome legislation; and it is gratifying to find the Directors of the East India Company taking the proper steps to obtain correct data for the Atlas of the British Possessions in India. On this subject, Colonel Everest says:—

"It will naturally be concluded that each portion of the territory will be taken up in the order of its importance, as regards the revenue which it yields to the State,—whereby, generally speaking, worthless, hilly, stony and barren tracts will be reserved for the last; but that the whole of India will be eventually covered with triangles, may be looked for as a result almost as certain as any future event can be; for it was only after long deliberation that the Court of Directors of the East India Company came to the resolution of making their Atlas depend on trigonometrical operations; and the unity of design and firmness of purpose of that body are too well known to need that I should dilate on them."

The volumes before us contain an account of the operations of measuring two sections of the meridional arc, bounded by the parallels of $18^{\circ} 3' 15''$, $24^{\circ} 7' 11''$, and $29^{\circ} 30' 48''$. One volume contains the text,—the other a series of engravings illustrative of the instruments, &c. The time occupied by the operations extended from 1830 to 1843,—when Colonel Everest resigned his appointment of Surveyor-General of India. The operations are independent of all others, excepting that the height and longitude of the southern limit are derived from the labours of Colonel Lambton, who was Colonel Everest's successor:—

"The first thing," says Colonel Everest, "was to carry a longitudinal series emanating from my principal stations near the Seronj base, across the peninsula in an easterly direction as far as Calcutta, where a base of verification was measured in 1831-2. In the second place, a certain number of principal stations of this series, separated from each other by an average distance of 60 miles, were made the origins of so many meridional series, which were carried northward, as far as circumstances admitted. In the third place, the northern limits on which these meridional sines abutted are in process of being

* We may take this opportunity of noticing an error of the press which somewhat disfigured the unanswered and unanswerable letter of our correspondent "Exoniensis," on the subject of the rival claims of Adams and Le Verrier. *Mech. Mag.* Dec. 26, 1846. The article was headed as referring to the new planet "Astræa." No mistake of "Exoniensis" this, (as may readily be supposed,) whose manuscript was without any heading at all; but the mistake of a friend to whom the superintendence of the article through the press was intrusted.—E. v. M. M.

united by a series of principal triangles running as nearly in an easterly direction as the case allows. By these means an ellipsoidal quadrilateral space will be formed, bounded on the west by the great arc series, and on the east by the Calcutta meridional series, which will be intersected by sines running up intermediate meridians at every 60 miles asunder, the spaces between which can obviously be filled up either by minor triangulation, or by some other analogous process, less rigorous, perhaps, but still sufficiently accurate to suit the circumstances of the case, and to prevent the intrusions of error of any magnitude."

Considerable difficulty was found in measuring a base line; in consequence of the number of lofty trees and dwelling-houses in the vicinity of Calcutta, which restricted the view to a very limited distance. To overcome this difficulty two towers, seventy-five feet high, were built at each extremity of the base line. The same difficulties of extended vision existed in the tracts including the other stations:—

"In common with other parts of India, the inhabitants are congregated in villages and towns which vary in extent and character according to the wealth and traffic of the owners—from the veriest hovel composed of straw to the costly four-storied edifice of masonry; but instances of isolated dwellings are rare, and hardly ever met with except in the case of indigo planters, or now and then a temple or mosque, the bare walls of which offer no temptation to the plunderer. The villages, however, lie so thickly scattered over the surface, that it is difficult to trace a line in any direction so as to pass free of all habitations and quite impossible to calculate on seeing between the breaks which occasionally appear in the dense belt of foliage;—for, in the very few instances where such do exist, they stand altogether at random, and without any regard to the ray between one mound and another. In fact, generally speaking, the trees form to all appearance a continuous dense belt of foliage at the distance of 4 or 5 miles from the eye of the observer; and if an interstitial place is anywhere found, it as often as not leads to low, marshy, or other land totally ineligible as a principal station. The smoke from the daily and nightly fires which, particularly in the cold season, envelopes the villages and clings to the groves surrounding them—that arising from brick and lime kilns and conflagration of weeds—the clouds of dust raised by herdsmen and their cattle in going out to graze in the morning and returning in the evening—by travellers and processions of men, carriages and cattle, proceeding along the divers roads for business or pleasure,—and by the force of the wind, the slightest action of which suffices in this arid, parched-up soil to obscure the view,—form an assemblage of obstacles which it is only possible in very favourable contingencies to surmount."

The foregoing extract will give the reader some idea of the difficulties attendant on surveying in India; without including those arising from the climate and sickness—which, in the form of jungle fever, we are told, "sometimes swept like a destroying angel over the party, and prostrated the whole camp in one night.

It is to the credit of Colonel Everest and his assistants to have surmounted these formidable obstacles. That he did so, fully appears in the interesting narrative of his operations which forms the introduction to the first volume. It is due to Messrs. Troughton & Simms to state that, with few exceptions, they furnished the necessary instruments. The standard measures used were the iron standard bar of 10 feet and brass standard scale of 6 inches belonging to the East India Company. These measures were conveyed to Southampton in 1844, for the purpose of being compared with the other standards in the Ordnance Survey Office in that town.

In order that the operations in India may be reducible to a common standard with those carried on in other parts of the world, comparisons

of the standards used by Colonel Everest with those at the office of the Ordnance Survey in Southampton are appended to the work. We may add, that as the costliness of these volumes precludes the chance of their being purchased by the majority of scientific readers, copies have been presented to the leading scientific societies by the Directors of the East India Company.—*Athenæum*.

The Central Sun.

At the close of the last meeting, (on the 14th December) of the Royal Irish Academy, Sir William Hamilton announced that he had just received from Professor Madler of Dorpat, the extraordinary and exciting intelligence of the presumed discovery of a Central Sun. Professor Madler's essay on the subject (*Die Central Sonne*, Dorpat 1846) was also exhibited by Sir William Hamilton on the same evening to several members of the Academy. By an extensive and laborious comparison of the quantities and directions of the proper motions of the stars in the various parts of the heavens, combined with indications afforded by the parallaxes hitherto determined, and with the theory of universal gravitation, Professor Madler has arrived at the conclusion that the Pleiades form the central group of our whole Astreal or Sidereal system; including the Milky Way and all the brighter stars, but exclusive of the more distant nebulae, and of the stars of which the nebulae may be composed. And within the central group itself he has been led to fix on the star Alcyone, otherwise known by the name of Eter Taura as occupying or nearly the position of the centre of gravity and as entitled to be called the central Sun. Assuming Bessel's parallax of the star 61 Cygni long since remarkable for its large proper motion, to be correctly determined, Madler proceeds to form a first approximate estimate of the distance of this central body from the planetary or solar system, and arrives at the (provisional) conclusion, that Alcyone is about 34,000,000 times as far removed from us, or from our own sun as the latter luminary is from us. It would therefore according to this estimation be at least a million times as distant as the new planet of which the theoretical or deductive discovery has been so great and beautiful a triumph of modern Astronomy and so striking a confirmation of the law of Newton.

The same approximate determination of distance conducts to the result that the light of the central sun occupies more than five centuries in travelling thence to us. The enormous orbit which our own sun with the earth and the other planets, is thus inferred to be describing about the distant centre,—not indeed under its influence alone, but by the combined attraction of all the stars, which are nearer to it than we are, and which are estimated to amount to more than 117,000,000 of masses each equal to the total mass of our whole solar system—is supposed to require upwards of 18,000,000 of years for its complete description, at the rate of about eight geographical miles in every second

of time. The plane of this vast orbit of the sun is judged to have an inclination of about 81 degrees to the elliptic, or to the place of the annual orbit of the earth; and to the longitude of the ascending node of the former orbit on the latter is concluded to be nearly 237 degrees.

The general conclusions of Madler respecting the constitution of the whole system of the fixed stars, exclusive of the distant nebulae are the following:—He believes that the middle is indicated by a very rich group (the pleiades), containing many considerable individual bodies, though at immense distances from us. Round this he supposes to be a zone, proportionably poor in stars; and then a broad rich ring-formed layer, followed by an interval comparatively devoid of stars; and afterwards by another annular and starry space, perhaps with several alternations of the same kind, the two outward rings composing the two parts of the Milky Way, which are confounded with each other by perspective in the portions most distant from ourselves.

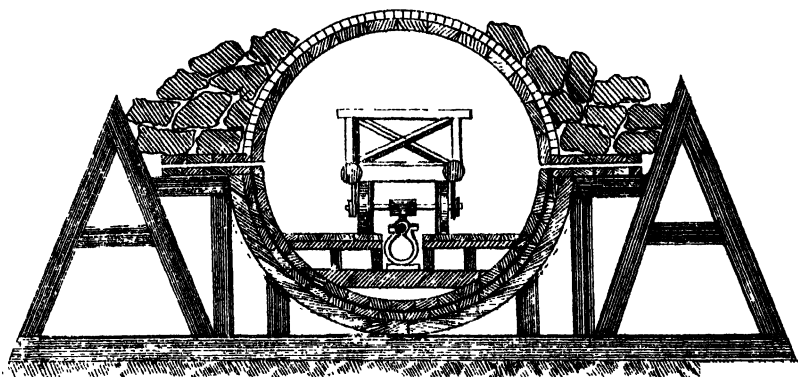
Professor Madler has acknowledged in his work his obligations, which are those of all enquirers in sideral Astronomy, to the researches of the two Herschels, Sir William and Sir John. The views of Sir William Herschel with respect to the relation of our solar system to the Milky Way, will naturally recur to the recollection of our readers; and while Astronomers are anxiously awaiting the shortly expected appearance of the complete account of Sir John Herschel's observations on the southern Nebulae,* the following passage of a letter which was written in 1835 by that illustrious son of an illustrious sire, from the Cape of Good Hope, to Sir William Hamilton, may be read with peculiar interest, from the agreement between the views it expresses and some of those to which Professor Madler has been led. In the letter just referred to (from which an extract was published at the time) Sir John Herschel expressed himself as follows:—

“The general aspect of the southern circumpolar region, including in that expression 60° or 70° of S. P. D., is in a high degree rich and magnificent, owing to the superior brilliancy and larger development of the Milky Way; which from the constellation of Orion to that of Antinous, is one blaze of light, strangely interrupted however, with vacant and almost starless patches, especially in Scorpio, near α Centauri and the Cross; while to the north it fades away pale and dim, and is in comparison hardly traceable. I think it is impossible to view this splendid zone, with the astonishingly rich and evenly distributed fringe of stars of the third and fourth magnitudes, which form a broad skirt to its southern border, like a vast curtain, without an impression amounting to a conviction, that the Milky Way is not a mere stratum, but an annulus; or, at least, that our system is placed within one of the poorer and almost vacant parts of the general mass, and that eccentrically, so as to be much nearer to the parts about the cross than to that diametrically opposed to it.”—*“Dublin Evening Post,”* in the *“Year Book of Facts 1847.”*

* A Review of this work will appear in our next number.—E.D.

MR. DE LA HAYE'S SUBMARINE RAILWAY BETWEEN ENGLAND AND FRANCE.

FURTHER DETAILS



RESPECTED FRIEND,—It is now about eighteen months since a description of my plan for constructing submarine railways appeared in the pages of the *Mechanics' Magazine*, and I then stated that I was aware the invention was susceptible of numerous modifications. Since then I have been occupied in perfecting the plan; and perhaps the following details will convince those, who may have viewed the subject in a formidable light, that the engineering difficulties are almost entirely obviated.

My first idea was to construct an iron tube sufficiently strong and rigid to bear the weight of the trains, and the pressure of the water outside, whatever might have been its shape; but subsequent examination has led me to find that this plan would be very expensive, while no material advantage would be gained. But before entering farther into the details, I will state, that the present plan is based on the now well known fact, that the soil in the English Channel is perfectly level,—that is, presenting a gradient of only one foot in 300. So that a more favourable site for a railway cannot be found; while the depth of water between Dover and Calais is only 200 feet, or about the length of an ordinary steam-vessel. It is, in fact, less than four times the width of the *Great Britain* steamer; so that far from the channel being a dark unfathomable depth, it is a vast plain, so level, that there is not, perhaps, a spot on land, of an equal extent, so favourable for laying rails. I had been long since informed by an eminent geologist, that the bed of the water in the Channel was level, as the nature of the soil prevented its being otherwise; and subsequent statements from engineers have verified this assertion. I beg to submit the following plan, as a modification of the original:

Instead of constructing the tube of the form of an ordinary railway tunnel, with iron one inch in thickness, and of a sufficient width for a double line of railway—I would propose to construct a perfectly cylindrical tube, 14 feet in diameter, with iron only one-quarter of an inch thick, and furnished with a flange 3 feet wide, exactly in the centre: so that the tube would be formed of two semi-cylindrical parts.

bolted together on each side at the flanges. This tube would be strong and easy of construction, while it would be cheaper than if constructed on the original plan, and being formed of thin metal plates, would have very little rigidity, and consequently would not be liable to strain, on being floated, as vessels are liable to be; then the cylindrical form would enable it to sustain the weight of the water at any depth; but 100 lbs. per square inch is the utmost it would have to sustain in the centre of the Channel.

The tube being constructed as above described, I would cover it with a thin sheet of flexible waterproof substance, such as felt, or kamptulicon; and over this I would fasten oak planks of 3 inches in thickness. These planks would be laid longitudinally, and would entirely cover the tube, and thus protect it from injury or the action of salt water; they might be bolted to iron ribs, and connected together with marine glue. Then, to prevent the wood from wearing, I would cover the whole with small blocks of blue granite, similar to paving stones, and fastened together with hydraulic cement, so that the iron would be completely isolated from the water; it would not be essential to place stones on the under part of the tube, but only on the top, from one flange to the other.

This part of the work being in progression, I would construct a cradle sufficiently deep to admit the under part of the tube, and sufficiently wide to allow of the flanges resting on the sides. This cradle might be made of oak, and covered with a sheet of iron, one quarter of an inch thick, and similar in shape to one half the tube. Being placed on the bed of the water in divisions of 1000 feet in length, and left during some time to settle itself on the soil, it would form a firm foundation for the railway; so that the tube would be required merely to exclude the water, and to place the platform for laying down the rails—the weight of the trains being sustained by the cradle, and not by the cylindrical tube.

To connect the divisions, all that is required is, to construct one end of the upper part of each division, so as to project 6 feet over the other the inside of which would be lined with a sheet of India-rubber. On lowering the division on the cradle, the end would fall on the end of the upper part of the other division, covered also with a water-proof substance then by bolting the whole together from the inside, near the blockading; frame no water could pass between. The blockading frames could then be removed, and the divisions permanently connected with iron plates.

To protect the tube from the violence of the waves near the shore, I would propose to build two stone walls, or breakwaters, parallel to each other, leaving sufficient space between to enclose the cylindrical tube; then to place other stones from the top of the breakwaters, so as to cover the tube entirely. These breakwaters would not be much higher than the tube; so that only a small part would be exposed to the action of the waves at the same time; the sides should not be perpendicular, but constructed somewhat similar to the base of the Eddystone lighthouse. In order to protect that part of the tube placed in deep water, I would propose to throw large quantities of loose stones and rubbish over it, which would completely surround the building, and render the cradle

in the lapse of time almost unnecessary to support it. The tube would thus become in effect a tunnel, completely isolated from the water, and as safe from injury as in any other situation.

In the details of the original plan, I had estimated the cost of constructing a railway from Dover to Calais at eight millions sterling; but by the above plan, the cost is considerably diminished, as only 25,000 tons of iron are required for the tube itself: and as the work would be similar to ordinary boiler work, the cost may be estimated as follows:

25,000 tons of boiler work at £20.....	£500,000
Cradle	500,000
Four Breakwaters	400,000
Woodwork Stones, &c.	400,000
Miscellaneous Expenses	700,000
	<hr/>
	£2,500,000

Thus, for the sum of two millions and a half sterling, a communication may be *opened, on terra firma*, between Great Britain and France; so that this road would, as it were, change the geographical position of this country with the continent, without expending more than at the rate of 125,000*l.* per mile, and possibly a less sum would be sufficient; but it will be at least evident, that the sum expended on the works would be soon repaid by the immense traffic. I have not alluded to the cost of building the stations at each end of the tube, as it is probable the two Governments would take on themselves to furnish the amount required for constructing buildings on a sufficiently extensive scale to make each appear, what they would be in reality, the door of the neighbouring kingdom.

It will be admitted that this plan has nothing complicated in its details; the main part of the work is completed on land; and thus no danger whatever is incurred; consequently the practicability of carrying it out will not, I presume, be questioned by those men of science who have taken the trouble of investigating the subject. At the meeting of the Liverpool Polytechnic Society after a lengthened discussion, nearly all the members spoke in favour of the practicability of carrying out the plan; and the chairman, in giving his opinion, said that it might be considered in a commercial point of view, that is, whether the sum expended on the works would be repaid by the traffic; to which all the members present assented. The above modified plan may satisfy the world on that head; as it will be evident to every one that the traffic would be greater than on any road. Yet I am aware that the novelty and magnitude of the plan may prevent many persons from pronouncing in favour of its being immediately carried out, however free from obstacles it may be proved to be; for the history of all inventions tells us that positive proofs of the advantages of adopting anything new is not sufficient for its success. Time has been always required to enable mortals to familiarize themselves with the new idea. Such was the fate of railways; during more than thirty years the world refused to accept this present which science offered, under pretence that it was "too good to be true." And when the submarine telegraph to India was first pro-

posed, many years since, the project was considered chimerical; a host of objections were brought against the scheme, all of which seem to have died a natural death, but not so those who denounced the proposition; they have probably some wind left in them to attack some other new project. I have only to request them, that should they wish to make my invention a target to shoot at, they may do so as publicly as possible, and on scientific grounds.

I remain respectfully,

JOHN DE LA HAYE

5th mo. 12th. 1847. London-road, Liverpool.—*Mechanics' Magazine*.

The Britannia Tunnel Bridge over the Menai Straits.—General Pasley's Letter and Mr. Stephenson's Reply.

GENERAL PASLEY addressed lately a letter to the *Times* in which he made the following statements in reference to this structure; we give them in a somewhat abridged form:—

"As it is well known, that when examined before a select committee of the House of Commons on the sixth of May, 1845, on the means of passing the Chester and Holyhead Railway over the Menai Straits, I approved of the tubular bridge then proposed by Mr. Robert Stephenson, engineer of that company, I think it is a duty to myself, if not to the public, to offer some observations on the various projects for effecting the same object successively brought forward by him, of which that alluded to was the second.

In his first plan, February, 1845, Mr. Stephenson proposed to throw a massive substantial bridge, with two segmental cast-iron arches, each of 350 ft. span, over the Menai Straits, having a clear height above the water of 116ft. in the centre, and of 50 ft. at the springing of each of those arches, which were to be supported by an intermediate pier of masonry 120 feet wide, on a shoal called Britannia Rock, and on two abutments, also of masonry. His plan of operation for putting the pieces of iron for his arches together successively, so as to balance each other, by working outwards from the upper part of the pier and of the abutments, until his semi-arches should meet at the centre of each opening, seemed to me to be crude and ill-digested at the time, and either impracticable, or nearly so. I gave Mr. Stephenson my opinion, that, in consequence of the impossibility of obtaining any support from below, a suspension bridge, such as that previously erected by Mr. Telford over the same straits, which being everywhere 100 ft. high, offers no impediment to the navigation, and having in its present state strength enough to bear the weight of the heaviest railway train, but not with safety, owing to the flexibility and extraordinary undulations of the roadway in a gale of wind, might be rendered efficient for all railway purposes by four vertical trusses, one on each side of the two lines of rails, which, if of sufficient depth, would produce that rigid inflexibility of roadway, without which no railway bridge can be considered safe; a principle first adopted by Mr. Tierney Clark in the construction of the suspension bridge at Hammersmith, and more recently by Mr. Rendell, with no less success, in his repairs of the suspension bridge at Montrose, after one-third of the roadway had been carried away by a storm, on the 11th of October, 1838. I further suggested to Mr. Stephenson, that a suspension bridge for passing a railway over the Menai Straits might be trussed to advantage by wrought-iron lattice work, such as Sir John MacNeill had adopted for passing the Dublin and Drogheda Railway over the Royal Canal near Dublin by a bridge of 140 ft. span. Afterwards the Lords of the Admiralty employed Sir John Rennie and Mr. Rendell, civil engineers, and Captain Vidal, R.N., to examine that part of the Menai Straits where the railway bridge was proposed, and to consider what conditions they thought necessary to prevent the navigation from being injured. On receiving their report, the Admiralty required that the Chester and Holyhead Railway Company, in making their bridge

over the Menai Straits, should not construct the central pier on Britannia Rock wider or longer than 50 feet, and that there should be two openings between it and the abutments, each 450 ft. in clear width, and everywhere to be of 105 feet in clear height above high water level.

Mr. R. Stephenson's second plan, when thus obliged to withdraw the former, was to erect a suspension bridge of the usual construction, in order to obtain a platform for his further operations as I had before suggested. But the sort of bridge which he now proposed to put together by this means was of a novel and very ingenious construction, consisting of two large tubes of boiler iron, elliptical in section, and each measuring 30 feet by 15, in clear height and width; and he proposed that these tubes, though resting on a central pier of masonry, were to pass entirely across the Straits from one side to the other. Observing the conditions prescribed by the Admiralty, it is evident that they could not be much less than 1,000 feet in length, when finished.

On the 5th of April, and afterwards on the 6th of May, 1845, Mr. R. Stephenson admitted, in examination before the Select Committee of the House of Commons, that the above was the only possible mode of throwing a bridge of such large openings over the Menai Straits, but he had so much confidence in the strength and rigidity of his proposed tubes, that, after they should be placed he thought the suspension apparatus might be removed with safety. When I was examined by the same Committee, on the last-named day, I gave my opinion that the tubular bridge proposed by him would be strong and safe; and that when properly fixed, it would not be injured by gales of wind, though I was not convinced that such tubes would be better than vertical trusses but I differed entirely from the suggestion Mr. Stephenson had thrown out, as to the expediency of removing the suspension apparatus—a measure which I thought would not only be unnecessary, but that it might endanger the security of the bridge.

From this, his second project, Mr. Stephenson has since departed, having been induced to give up elliptical and adopt rect-angular tubes, in consequence of experiments tried, at his request, in 1816, by Mr. W. Fairbairn and Mr. E. Hodgkinson, both very experienced and skilful in the uses of iron, as applied to practical architecture and engineering. Not so, the decision afterwards adopted by Mr. Stephenson, of abandoning the suspension principle altogether; instead of which he now proposes to put together in succession each of his tubes, which, according to this new arrangement, will be four in number, on a bridge of boats, which will first be formed parallel to the shore, and will then be swung into the proper transverse position by the quarter-circle movement, common in the practice of military bridges, after which the tube is to be suspended by chains; and though either of the sides will expose to the wind a surface of at least 1,400 square feet, considerably exceeding the area of all the sails of a 28 gun ship, and will weigh, as I am told, about 1,200 tons, each of these unwieldy masses is to be raised up nearly 100 feet by hydrostatic pressure, and thus deposited and fixed on the lofty pier and abutment of masonry. I feel it my duty to express my entire dissent from this rash, if not impracticable, plan of operation, which cannot even be attempted without the risk of some very serious disaster, except at the high water slack of a neap tide, and in a perfect calm.

He has now, to my knowledge, proposed three projects, which have just been described, all widely differing from each other, for passing the Chester and Holyhead Railway over the Menai Strait; and I think that his second plan, the only one which I approve, would have been sufficiently arduous in itself without adding to the difficulty, and diminishing the safety, of the attempt by the abandonment of the suspension principle; if he persists in this, his third plan of operation, the chances, are that the first tube which he attempts to raise will find its way to the bottom of the straits."

Since the publication of General Pasley's letter, there has been a meeting of the Chester and Holyhead Railway Company, at which Mr. Stephenson replied to the General in the following terms. We quote the *Railway Record's* report:—

"General Pasley makes only a statement, or rather gives a detail of conversations which took place between us relative to the principle of the use of iron-tube bridges. General Pasley states that at first he approved of the principle adopted by me, and there is not in his letter one paragraph to condemn that principle—nay, he distinctly repeats that he approves of the principle. What he complains of is the mode of erect-

ing the tube. Now, Gentlemen, there are only two or three persons who know the fact connected with the mode proposed, and General Pasley cannot possibly be in possession of any information which can at all justify his prediction. (Hear, hear, hear.) The original plan was to use chains to raise the tube to a level with the platform of the railway, which chains could be removed, when the tube was fixed. Afterwards, we altered the mode of raising the tube; and it is only to this mode about which General Pasley cannot know anything—for, as I have said, it has been confided only to two or three persons—that objection is taken. I believe any apprehensions that may be entertained are of a very vague character, and that it is mainly the novelty of the plan which gives rise to such apprehensions. I believe the objections have nothing in them; the plan is only an application on a gigantic scale of an old principle.

I beg to say, Gentlemen, that they have created no apprehension whatever in my mind; they have not altered my convictions in the slightest degree: and though, as in all great works, difficulties doubtless will arise in the course of their execution, these difficulties, I am satisfied, will only be such as will suggest the remedy as they occur. (Hear.) I believe nothing will occur which we shall not be able to correct. I shall myself be on the spot; and I repeat, that though I never knew any great work of any kind in which difficulties have not arisen, I entertain no doubt that in this case they will be readily surmounted. (Hear, hear.) I beg, therefore, that the proprietors will dismiss all apprehensions on this point from their minds. The scheme involved long and experimental investigations, exceeding anything that had ever taken place before; but I felt that a large expense was fully justified to test and settle the details of the bridge. (Hear, hear.) I believe we have so settled the matter; and I have reason to know that the most eminent engineers and mathematicians approve of the principle. (Hear, hear.)

Mr. HENMAN had understood General Pasley's objection to be, that Mr. Stephenson now intended to abandon the suspension principle which he had originally fixed upon. Now, he would be glad to know if Mr. Stephenson was of opinion that the tube, being of so large a span as 450 feet, would be able to bear the trains, and withstand the vibration, without support from chains at intermediate points.

Mr. STEPHENSON.—I wish it to be distinctly understood that I never designed the chains should form an essential part of the permanent structure; they were originally proposed, not for supporting the tube, but for raising it. As we proceeded, I found that, by increasing the weight and size—or rather, I should say, the weight only, for the size has never been altered—we could dispense with the chains altogether. I believe that it may be looked upon as fully settled, that, as respects the strength of the bridge, the chains would rather be a deterioration than otherwise. As regards vibration, there are certainly various opinions: but, for my own part, I think that no vibration at all will be felt. (Hear, hear, hear.) My reason is, the relative ratio of the weights of the tube and the trains. Take, for instance, a train of 100 tons, then, as the tube is to be 1,200 tons weight, I ask whether, with such relative weights, the tube is likely to be thrown into vibration? I say it is impossible. If the ratio of weights were reversed—if, for instance, the train should be 1,200 and the tube 100, such vibration, would, undoubtedly, arise. I believe that the tube will be as firm as a rock—that it will suffer no vibration at all; at least, not more than everything does over which a train passes. (Hear, hear.)

We quote the following description of this stupendous work, in its present state of progress, from the letter of a correspondent of the *Manchester Examiner*:—

"If we suppose ourselves stationed in a boat in the middle of the Mennai Straits, a few hundred yards distant from the new bridge on the south side, and suppose it finished, we shall see a wonder of the world of this kind. First, there is the middle pier rising out of the water, founded on the Britannia Rock, after which the bridge is named. This rock can be seen at low water. The breadth of this pier is 62 feet by 53 feet and a quarter of an inch. The blocks of stone are 7 and 8 feet long by 3 and 4 feet in breadth and deepness, and they rise stone, upon stone, until the pier is 230 feet high. At the distance of 460 feet on each side of this centre pier there rise, near the water's edge, two other piers of the same gigantic breadth and height; while on each side of these two piers, at the distance of 250 feet, there rise two walls. Con-

tinuing outwards, the wall on our right hand, on the Carnarvon shore, does not extend its ponderous bulk far back, for the land is high and bold, and the railway comes along its elevated brow, and at once lays hold of the bridge. But on our left hand, which is the Anglesea shore, the wall is the forehead and end of a mighty embankment, on which the railway is raised to the level of the bridge. There, then, are the four spaces before us, across which, in the iron tubes, the railway is laid, namely, two spaces on each side of the centre pier, of 460 feet each (let the reader measure 460 feet on a street or on a road, and he will wonder at the vastness of this structure); and two more spaces, of 250 feet respectively, at each end. The tubes are eight in number, each of them 30 feet on the exterior side, and 27 feet high in the interior. Each is 14 feet wide, and they are laid in couples parallel to each other. In the whole, with the breadth of the piers and the landward buildings, the length of the bridge is one-third of a mile. In height the three piers are, as already said, 230 feet. Measuring from low-water mark to the bottom of the tubes, the height is 130 feet the tubes being 30 feet on the side, and the pier 70 feet above their upper surface. As ornaments to the two walls which rise upon each shore, are four lions, two at each end of the bridge. The lions contain about 8,000 cubic feet of stone. They lie couched, and yet the height of each is 12 feet; the greatest breadth across the body is nine feet, the length 25 feet, the breadth of each paw two feet four inches. The tubes are made of plates of iron of various thickness, riveted together. The iron increases in thickness as we proceed towards the centre. The roofs of the tubes are formed of cells, and also the floors. These cells are formed of iron plates set on edge, the cells of the roof being within a fraction of one foot nine inches square, and those of the floor being one foot nine inches wide, and two feet three inches deep. The rails on which the trains run are laid on the cells of the floor. The flat bottom, the two upright sides, and the flat roof of each tube are formed of plates, the thinnest of which is a quarter of an inch, and the thickest three quarters of an inch. The weight of each of the four long tubes will be about 1,300 tons; the weight of each of the four short ones, about 600 tons. In the whole, there will be at least 7,600 tons of iron used. The masonry was contracted for by B. J. Nowell and Co., at 130,000*l.*; but, from alterations in the plans, it will cost 200,000*l.* They expect to finish the masonry by August, 1848. It will contain 1,500,000 cubic feet of stone." —*Mechanics' Magazine*.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES AND NOTICES.

Portable Cannon.

THE American papers make mention of a new sort of cannon, invented by a Mr. Fitzgerald, which is so constructed, that it may be carried by hand or on horseback over mountains, forests, or marshes where an ordinary cannon would be altogether useless. It consists of a series of circular perforated plates of the best wrought iron 1-4 to 1-2 inch thick, with well planished faces, which are arranged in contact, and are connected together with wrought iron; rods or bolts, passing through holes near the periphery; the bolts having strong heads at one end, and a screw nut at the other, whereby the plates are firmly held together. Several of the plates at the breach are of course, solid, and without the hole in the centre.—The series being thus connected, they are bored and polished inside, and turned off to the proper shape outside. While this cannon is stronger than those of common cast iron; it can easily be dissected, and each section may be shouldered by either pedestrian or equestrian artillerists, and when required, the parts may be put together and secured ready for action in ten minutes.—*Mechanics' Magazine*.

WE fear that Iron Steamers will not be of use in actual warfare, though as adjuncts to fleets and for carrying stores, they will still be of the greatest service.—*Editor P. N. M.*

Effect of Cannon Balls on Iron Steamers.

At Portsmouth some remarkable results have been produced by the experimental shot practice from "The Excellent" on the Iron Steamer Ruby. The shots which hit the Ruby not only penetrated the side first struck, but in some instances passed through the other side, carrying with it whole plates of iron—In action this would risk the total loss of the vessel: for on heeling over to leeward, such a body of water must rush in, that nothing would prevent her sinking, with all on board.—*Ibid*

WE trust that the following or similar suggestions for establishing Electric Telegraphs have occupied the attention of our new Governor-General, and that he will speedily adopt them in this country, if only for the sake of the vast power which the rapidity of intelligence will be the means of placing in his hands.—*Editor. P. N. M.*

Copy of a letter submitted to Government, July 1845, printed by Brett's Electric Telegraph.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE SIR ROBERT PEELE, BART.

London, July 1845.

WE beg the honour to submit a plan for general communication by means of oceanic and subterranean inland electric telegraphs. For which patents have been secured by the undersigned, and for their construction on cheap and efficient plans.

By means of this telegraph any communication may be instantly transmitted from London, or any other place, and delivered in a printed form, almost at the same instant of time, at the most distant parts of the united kingdom, or of the colonies.

The advantage and power offered to the government by this invention, render it of the greatest importance, that they should have it under their own control, and arrange and conduct this plan of general telegraphic communication.

The following are a few of the advantages offered by this patent.

1. The immediate communication of government orders and despatches to all parts of the empire, and the immediate return of answers to the same, from the seats of local government, etc, all delivered in an unerring and printed form.

2. A general telegraphic Post Office system, uniting the chief and branch offices in London, in connection with all the offices throughout the kingdom, for transmitting messages of business, etc, from merchants, brokers, tradesmen, and private persons; at a fixed rate of charge. These communications would be printed on paper, and all enclosed in sealed envelopes, and addressed by confidential clerks, and issued by special messengers, or the usual post office delivery.

3. The advantages of this plan applied to police arrangements throughout the united kingdom and to the army and navy departments must be at once obvious to the government. By it, instructions might be conveyed instantaneously, and the movements of the forces so regulated, that any available number of them may be brought together at any given point in the shortest possible time necessary for their conveyance.

These are some of the advantages, others readily suggest themselves, viz.—general communication between stations on the coast, such as light houses, channel islands, etc—so that a general supervision of the coast, might be obtained for the use of the navy, Lloyds, and for the prevention of smuggling, &c.

—*Ibid.*

(Signed) I AND J. W. BRETT.

A wire Suspension Bridge is now erecting over the Ohio, which will be the largest structure of the kind in the world, having a span of upwards 1,000 feet, whereas that of Fribourg is but of 800 feet.—*Ibid.*

Natural Compass.—In the vast prairies of Texas a little plant is always to be found, which under every circumstance of climate, or change of weather invariably turns its leaves and flowers to the North.—*Ibid.*

The highest Fountain in the World is in the grounds of the Duke of Devonshire, where a single jet is thrown up to a height of 267 feet—more than 100 higher than the Niagara falls.—*Ibid.*

No proof of the present Existence of a Single Star or Planet.

Sir John Herschel in an "Essay on the power of the Telescope to penetrate into space," a quality distinct from the magnifying power, informs us, that there are stars so infinitely remote as to be situated at the distance of twelve millions, of millions, of millions, of miles from our earth; so that light that travels with a velocity of twelve millions of miles in a minute, would require two millions of years, for its transit from those distant orbs to our own; while the astronomer who should record the aspect, or mutations of such stars would be relating not its history at the present day, but that which took place two millions of years gone by.

On Ventilation.

Mr. Toynebee then shewed, that, up to the present time, the subject of Ventilation had been entirely neglected, in the construction of rooms, houses, towns, and cities, that the greatest injury had been inflicted on mankind, by this neglect, and, as the population increased, and towns became larger, the evils must become greater, unless remedies were at once carried into effect. Under these circumstances, until society should be sufficiently informed voluntarily to secure its well being, it was the bounden duty of a government—the enlightened guide of its

people—to suggest measures and see them carried, to prevent the large amount of misery, that the absence of Ventilation was producing. The important question then was, how far could government interfere with advantage in enforcing plans of ventilation by legislative enactments? Mr. Toynbee then submitted the following proposition for the adoption of government, to the consideration of the Institute: That no living, sleeping, or work room, shall contain less than 144 superficial feet, or shall be less than 8 feet high. 2. That such room shall have one window at least opening at the top. 3. Also an open fire place. That in every living, sleeping, or work room, erected in future, some method shall be adopted, of ~~allowing~~ **allowing** foul air to escape from the upper part of the room.

He then pointed out the practicability of carrying out this provision, either by the introduction of Arnott's valve in the chimney, thousands of which were at this time in operation, and which might also be adapted to existing chimneys without fear of smoke by the addition of a simple contrivance which he described; or a distinct channel might be made for the purpose. As a proof that ventilation must largely conduce to the prevention of disease, he stated that during the year, there was a diminution of nearly 800 in the number of sick applying for admission to the St. George and St. James's Dispensary; and it was believed that this, in part at least, was due to the improvement made by the Samaritan Fund, attached to the dispensary, in ventilating the abodes of the poor in the district. 5th. That every such room erected in future shall have some means of continually admitting fresh air. 6th. In every public building in which gas is used, to insist upon the use of plans to carry off the products of combustion, and not to allow them to escape in a room. Various plans having this object are in operation in hundreds of shops, and may be seen in many shops in Regent street. By their use, not only are goods in the shop saved from injury, but the health of the people is improved. He was happy to hear that in Covent Garden Theatre not a particle of the products of combustion from the gas was allowed to enter the Theatre. 7th. That all churches, schools, the theatres, work shops, workhouses, and other public buildings shall adopt such methods of ventilation as are approved by the medical officer of health. Mr. Toynbee pointed out how these desirable objects were to be carried out, and shewed that every house and room must be so arranged, that it can be supplied with fresh air to replace the vitiated air that has been removed. Professor Hosking had carried out these plans in every part of his house; and until they were general, the diseases dependant upon want of ventilation must be a scourge to society. He observed that in all stables now erecting admirable plans of ventilation were adopted.—*Athenaeum.*

On the preparation of Indian Rubber by Vulcanization and Conversion.

Mr. Brockedon's object in this communication was to describe, 1st A mode of treating India-rubber by which new properties are imparted

to this substance. 2d. The new uses in the arts to which these acquired properties now render Indian-rubber applicable. *Vulcanization and Conversion* denote that combination of Indian-rubber with sulphur from which the new properties about to be described, result. The process of conversion consists in submitting India-rubber to the action of bisulphuret of carbon mixed with chloride of sulphur.

The caoutchouc cannot, however, be penetrated by this process to any depth; and therefore it is inapplicable when the mass to be acted on is thick. The process of vulcanization, which seems to be more applicable, is the result of many experiments made by Mr. Hancock; who found that caoutchouc, when immersed in a bath of fused sulphur heated to various temperatures, by absorbing the sulphur, assumed a carbonized appearance and lastly acquired the consistency of horn. It was in the course of these changes, that it attained the state of vulcanization which Mr. Brockedon afterwards described. The same vulcanized condition, can, however be produced either by kneading the India-rubber with sulphur and then exposing it to a temperature of 190° or by dissolving the Indian-rubber in any known solvent, as turpentine, previously charged with sulphur.—Having thus explained the processes, Mr. Brockedon described the effect which they produced on the caoutchouc. 1st. The Indian-rubber thus treated remains elastic at all temperatures. In its ordinary state it is quite rigid at a temperature of 10°. 2nd. Vulcanized caoutchouc is not affected by any known solvents, as bisulphuret of carbon, naphtha, or turpentine. 3rd. It is not affected by heat short of the vulcanizing point. 4th. It acquires extraordinary powers of resisting compression. Thus, a cannon ball was broken to pieces by being driven through a mass of vulcanized caoutchouc.—The caoutchouc itself exhibiting no other trace of its passage than a scarcely perceptible rent. The applications of this substance appear to be almost infinite. Our readers are familiar with the usefulness of the elastic bands—but they may not be aware that the same fabric, adjusted in size and strength to the purpose required, furnishes springs for locks, and for the racks of window-blinds. It is also capable of being moulded into the most intricate ornaments; its characteristic elasticity removing all embarrassment in relieving the undercoat parts. It furnishes impervious bottles for volatile substances, like ether; as well as an excellent inkstand. It is adapted to protect from corrosion wires subjected to the action of the sea, as in the case of the wires required for the projected electric communication between France and England—For the same reason, air tubes of vulcanized rubber are better suited for life boats, than those formerly made of canvas, which are liable to be destroyed by the action of the water. A similar tube has been used with success, as a substitute for an iron band as the tire of a carriage wheel: and it is stated that a vehicle so arranged runs much easier than on the present plan. But perhaps the most important application is in its use in railroads and rail-road carriages. In the former, it is laid between the rail and the sleeper, and thus prevents the rails from indicating any traces of pressure; and the springs connected with the buffers of the latter, when formed of vulcanized caoutchouc, can neither be broken, nor can their elasticity be surmounted by any degree of concussive violence.

In conclusion Mr. Brockedon exhibited objects illustrative of the great physical change induced on caoutchouc, by vulcanization. He shewed a screw with its recipient, both made of this substance, as well as a form of letter-press (like a stereotype page) for printing. He also noticed its usefulness in making cythons for surgical purposes, gloves and boots for gouty persons, &c.—*Ibid.*

On the Defects in Principle and Construction of Fire-proof Buildings.

Sir J. Rennie president, in the chair.—The paper read, was by Mr. Fairburn of Manchester—It commenced by insisting strongly on the dangerous consequences of making use of cast-iron beams of large span without intermediate supports, unless the dimensions of the beams were very large; and pointing out the treacherous nature of a crystalline metallic body such as cast iron when applied to support heavy weights in the construction of buildings. After some further remarks on the importance of a thorough knowledge of the laws which govern the use and application of cast-iron as a material for building, under the various strains to which it may be subjected, the author proceeded to investigate the circumstances connected with the fall of Messrs. Gray's cotton-mill at Manchester. This building was stated to be about 40 ft long, and 31 ft 8 in. wide; and to consist of two stories in height, containing the boilers below, and the machinery above—over which instead of a roof was a water cistern covering the whole extent of the building. The first floor was composed of large iron beams of 31 ft 8 inch in span without intermediate support, and on these beams brick arches were turned sustaining the whole weight of the upper part of the building.

The author demonstrated that these large beams were totally inadequate to support the weight of the superincumbent mass; especially as the whole pressure was upon the centre of the beams—which were of a form ill-calculated to bear the pressure.

Added to this the wrought-iron trussing was so badly applied, that the breaking strain was arrived at before the truss-rods were brought into a state of tension. The consequence of this was that one of the lower beams broke in the centre under a less weight than it had previously supported.

In the discussion which ensued, it was argued that if proper proportions of material had been observed the accident ought not to have occurred. It appeared that the wrought iron truss rods, had been so put on, that they allowed more than the breaking strain of the cast-iron to be arrived at before they came into operation.—The instance of the trussed beam bridges so extensively used by Mr. Stephenson and other engineers on rail roads were quoted to shew that by a judicious employment of wrought iron trusses upon cast iron beams, large spans might be crossed with safety and even in some cases where from unseen defects in the metal a beam had factured, the truss rods had sufficed to support the structure and enabled the traffic to be carried across the bridge until the repairs could

be effected. In all cases a strength of not less than four to one, should be employed, and for such uses as the iron beams of pumping engines which were exposed to great vibration, and sudden shocks from the sudden influx of steam below the piston, or the accidental breaking of a pump rod the proportions of seven or eight to one should be observed.—*Ibid.*

The Manchester Guardian mentions in the language of congratulation that Lord John Russell has granted the sum of £200 from the Royal Bounty Fund to Mr. *William Sturgeon* of that town. Mr. Sturgeon was formerly lecturer on experimental philosophy at The Hon'ble East India Company's Military Academy *Addiscombe*. Since his residence in Manchester, now extending over a number of years, he has been superintendent of the Victoria Gallery, and has delivered various courses of lectures there; and subsequently he filled the office of lecturer to the Manchester Institute of Natural and Experimental science. For a long series of years Mr. Sturgeon has honourably distinguished himself by his investigations and discoveries in the various branches of electrical science, especially in electro-magnetism, and thermo-electricity and on the continent his name ranks high amongst the small band of investigators and discoverers in the various branches of science.

Another authority states that Mr. Sturgeon is, without doubt, the originator of the electro-magnet as well as the author of the magnetic electrical machine. The electro-magnet described by Mr. Sturgeon in the transactions of the society of arts for 1825, is the first piece of apparatus to which the name could with propriety be applied.—Arago and Ampère, and also Davy, had already it is true magnetized steel needles, by passing currents of electricity along spirals surrounding them; but it does not appear that they observed the phenomenon with iron needles, nor that they had any knowledge of the suddenness with which the polarity of soft iron might be reversed by a change in the direction of the current." Mr. Sturgeon is now in the decline of life, with failing health, and declining fortunes: and a hope is expressed that this seasonable relief may be the precursor of a permanent pension for his remaining years.

High Mathematics.

The following is Sir W. R. Hamilton's theorem of hodographic isochronism. 'If two circular hodographs, having a common chord, which passes through or tends towards a common centre of force, be cut perpendicularly by a third circle, the times of hodographically describing the intercepted arcs will be equal.

Remington's Aerial Bridge.

Among the wonders which have attracted thousands to the Surrey Zoological Gardens during the season, another has been added, which bids fair to become an object of interest to the practical machinist and engineer. The patentee of this new wonder, which has been appropriately enough termed "The Magic Aerial Bridge," is Mr. Remington, of Alabama, in the United States, who has for many years devoted himself to the perfecting of various useful and curious mechanical inventions, and one of his bridges, which we are about to describe, is we understand, already in practical operation at Washington. Across a sheet of water which runs in the gardens, Mr. Lowe, the master carpenter has constructed, under the superintendence of Mr. Remington, a bridge, perfectly unique in its structure, and as light and fragile as the flying bridges thrown by the Peruvian Indians across the chasms of the Cordilleras. On either side of the water way a stout buttress of timber, about eight feet in height, is erected, and on these buttresses, stretching across the water way, a distance of 84 feet, are laid four laths or stringers of common deal, tapering from about double that thickness to *one inch square*, in the centre of the water way where the greatest strain and pressure might reasonably be expected. This constitutes the bridge previously to the footway being laid on, and the public will naturally be as incredulous as we are ourselves when they are told that these four slight-looking laths, of ordinary brittle deal, glued together in several places to obtain the required length, and which seem likely to snap with their own weight, will support a very considerable burden. The foot-tread is formed of slips of deal, glued across the longitudinal stringers—there is no central support, or intervening braces, either from above or below, and yet over this slight and aerial structure we saw 14 or 15 stout men march together. A stranger witnessing the experiment for the first time will naturally feel nervous at seeing the frail support bend and sink like a half-tightened rope, as the weight vibrated along the bridge. Mr. Remington assures us that three or four times this number of persons may venture upon it at once with the most perfect safety, and that there is no practical limit to the length of the bridge. The "magic" of the structure and the novelty of the principle consist in the application of the longitudinal fibre of the wood, so that every portion is brought at once into play, and supports an equal share of the strain. Although the strength of the longitudinal fibre of timber is a principle well understood by practical men, this is, we believe, the first instance of its application to such purposes. The rapidity with which such a bridge can be constructed, and the comparative insignificance of the cost, are among the obvious advantages of the invention, and we have no doubt it will attract the attention, and consideration of the scientific World.—*Mechanics' Magazine.*

IV.—TALES.

Love-Passages in the life of M. Perron the Breton.

"My wife, the Countess de Croan," said he, "was heiress of one of the most noble and ancient houses in Bass Bretagne. This, however, mattered little to me; so that honour keep pace with the blood within ones veins, I hold it to be sufficient. I have seen too much of musty monuments whose heraldic emblazonry, no one now cares to decipher—half starved nobles, whom nobody cares to know, and denuded barons, tottering about in revolutionary rags—to convince me that grandeur is conventional, that there are two nobilities, that of the soul, and that of the peerage, the blending of the two being perfection; and which is the most to be prized. Nor is this a revolutionary, but a moral maxim with me. However, madame was none the worse, even in my estimation, for being a countess. Our first meeting was remarkable; we were mutually struck with each other, but our feelings were totally different. She revolted at my ugliness; and I was fascinated with her beauty. I had been of service to her family, by assisting them with such legal information, as would enable them to recover a small remnant of their estates, which upon that occasion was the object of my visit. This being the first time of my seeing their chateau, I paused to admire the lofty terrace with massive stone balustrades, which you may have frequently observed surround the gardens of the chateaus in Brittany, commanding a varied and noble prospect, when my attention was attracted by a sweet melodious voice, singing wildly a verse of some old legend of the country; and at the same moment a figure burst from a clump of evergreens at the opposite end of the gardens, light as a fairy, and followed by an Italian greyhound, whose playful evolutions and buoyant grace it fully equalled, nay surpassed. Clear peals of laughter, the echoes of youthful spirits, untouched by the world's troubles gave way to a second stanza; and this to the gathering of flowers from the parterre, with which she filled her lap.

"This was the heiress of the house, a young girl of seventeen years, a pure creature of unvarying delight; and then how beautiful. Her form was slight, but soft with the sweet proportions of early womanhood; a sparkling complexion; forehead high, and white as marble; face oval, so suited to sweetness of expression, with delicately pencilled brow; and eyes black, large, and liquid as the stag's; her lovely countenance shaded by hair as fine as silk and black as night, which streamed in the wind, dancing when she danced, or falling in flaky curls upon her shoulders. Altogether her beauty was of that cast which may be said to be characteristic of no country, but moulded in the perfection of nature and nurtured by a 'fresh heart.' This fair creature ascended the terrace, and occupied with her flowers, advanced within a few yards of the spot where I stood without perceiving me; then suddenly looking up, and dismayed, either from the fixedness of my gaze, or my uncouth appearance, so re-

pugnant to her own charming associations, or both, she dropped her eyes, turned hastily round, and instead of passing me, as appeared to be her first intention, she retreated with timid precipitation. I gazed after her; and involuntarily ejaculated, 'you have met your fate!'

"On my part I was overwhelmed with admiration of so high a character, that it truly deserved the appellation of love at first sight. This was the more extraordinary, as I was accustomed to act in all grave matters with reason and reflection, and had only that very day, made my determination to live a bachelor, in despair of ever finding a sympathy in so peculiar a person as I desired. I said to myself again and again, 'You have met your fate!' I had but one anxiety, that, in the first flush of my heart, she should have formed a previous attachment. Had it been so, I would have renounced my passion. A man of spirit animated with a strong affection, can always inspire a reciprocal feeling, or at least something beyond indifference, save where there has been a prior passion, in which case his task is humiliating indeed. Happily the result did not place me in so painful a predicament, for her youthful affections were untouched. The countess's family were, as I have said, poor, the Revolution had swallowed their vast estates, my property and rising fame were advantages too great to be rejected by her parents, but the repugnance of the young lady seemed to be insurmountable. I had become so fascinated and entangled that I at once formed my plan and determined that my first step should be to gain a power over her, for I dreaded lest some more fortunate rival should interpose and snatch her from me. Hitherto I had piqued myself on my rough exterior and was proud of a power of intellect that raised me, notwithstanding these personal disqualifications, to a level with the first of my fellowmen; yet I had no vanity. But now that I felt the disadvantage I had to contend against, I cursed the bitterness of my fate, and rude as you see me, I watered my pillow with my tears. Though I had no difficulty in gaining the consent of her parents, it required all their influence to induce her to receive my visits; and when she found that she had nothing to hope for from them, and that in fact, she was in a state of siege, she requested a private interview with me. Never shall I forget her as she stood before me, her beauty bursting into womanhood, grace in every action, timidity contending with resolution in her manner, and maiden delicacy and apprehension her sole protector! In vain I admitted the selfishness of my passion, the unmanly use I was making of circumstances, the almost unnatural contrast between us. She advanced toward me, and threw herself upon her knees, and bursting into a passionate flood of tears, she implored, in terms of childish eloquence, that I would have compassion on her. I was deeply moved, my tears exceeded hers; I made every effort to master my passion, but it increased upon me with every struggle. Her appeal was in vain.

"It was now my turn to sue, and I pleaded my suit with all the eloquence that affection could suggest: yet her repugnance remained unconquered; and at length, rising from her knees, with an effort she collected all her energies, and coldly said,—'You have the power, my parents' power over me: your will take me as a sacrifice, but you will repent it!'

So saying she left the apartment without waiting my reply.

"Throughout this interview she had not once looked upon me, her very soul was full of aversion towards me. My state of mind may be imagined: I could not but pity the victim, so young, so fair! She pleaded for more than life, but I have an iron will. My fate was irrevocably bound up in hers; to renounce her, to hear she had become another's would have been despair; the very apprehension shook my frame with horror, and brought down drops of agony upon my brow. I felt it impossible to live without her: death appeared a trilling thing in comparison. My mind being made up, I sat down to take a calm view of my position in all its relations. It was a fair garden full of pitfalls. I at length fixed upon a line of conduct, from the spirit of which I never afterwards deviated, and which, in the end conducted me to success; for what can resist passion and reason combined?"

"Having resolved upon my course I hastened our marriage forward. The ceremony took place, and at that part of it where the lady's consent is expressed, she looked at me, for the first time since I had declared my intentions, with an expression so imploring, so appealing to my compassion, that it required the utmost fortitude to maintain my firmness. After a short space, seeing I appeared unmoved, she turned from me, and seemed to have taken a sudden resolution, as though having made a last effort, she had decided upon her fate.

"After the ceremony she attempted to take a tranquil, nay cold leave of her parents; but nature, and youth, were too strong for her; she burst into tears, and, folding them in her arms, said, 'I forgive you, but, oh, how you will be wrung with remorse for this!'

"We took our seats in the carriage alone; the feeling of loathing which betrayed itself in her beautiful features, after a while subsided into icy coldness. Her manner coupled with her conduct to her parents and before the altar, filled me with inexpressible dread, and I felt myself a prey to an undefined apprehension beyond the confessed difficulties of my situation. I believed to her en route with distant but kind politeness; and no one who had seen us would have imagined our relative positions. I had no hope of success in this painful struggle but in going beyond her. After a journey full of embarrassment, which we performed without a pause, my object being to reach my residence in Paris as early as possible, we arrived at our destination, I welcomed her with ceremonial kindness as an honoured guest. I took an opportunity in her presence to order my own private chamber, to be prepared for the night; and handing her the key of hers, said aloud to her *femme de chambre*,

"You will find two beds in Madame's boudoir, I desire that with her permission, you occupy one, and never neglect to do so, without her especial order."

"I cannot describe the expression of the Countess at that moment. A frightful vision appeared to have been dispelled; she looked as one unexpectedly reprieved from death. Her features which had been rigid with the fixed resolution that seemed hitherto to have influenced her, relaxed into an expression of the sincerest

gratitude ; and after a moment's reflection, she drew from her bosom a small phial, and placing it hurriedly into my hands, she rushed from the room. It was poison ! I was horror struck ! Oh, how humiliating was my situation ! In what extremity had I plunged the being most dear to me on earth ! her for whose happiness I would have sacrificed all that I valued in this world, *save herself* ! And she, what would she not have done to rid herself of me ? Forlorn and hopeless what had I done that nature should put her hateful mark on me thus ? An angel was shutting the door of Paradise against me. A burst of anguish succeeded, but after a time my feelings became tranquil, and I turned for comfort to the recollection, that I was at any rate in the same home with her ; that I should daily breathe the same air, and occupy myself in the same pursuit, agreeably to my scheme. I felt a gush of thankfulness that absorbed my being. This was true love.

" It was late on the following day before the Countess appeared in the saloon ; her colour had somewhat returned and a smile of grateful calmness gleamed in her sweet face. Already it was evident that a sympathy was awakened in her, though as yet of no warmer a nature than gratitude. I was cheered. One point was gained. She no longer avoided me as a hateful thing ; and though she sometimes trembled as a consciousness of her situation came over her, my conduct at once frank and respectful, restored her to confidence.

" My first object was to find a congenial current for her thoughts, and to divert them by useful and agreeable occupation. She had received her education at a Breton convent, which affords instruction both economical and sound. I surrounded her with associations of taste and beauty—books, sculptures, pictures ; and contrived for her, during a temporary absence of one day, a surprise that must delight her taste : in place of a wall of tapestry that divided her chamber from a conservatory of the rarest flowers, I had one of glass erected with a speed equaling magic. Masters of celebrity in the various accomplishments which her talents qualified her to attain, gave their assistance to her indefatigable assiduity, for of these intellectual pursuits she seemed never weary ; and ere a twelvemonth had flown past, my lovely companion was fitted to shine in the most elite circles of Paris ?

" I had now gained two points : she had now become even happy in her new position, and the foundation of a lasting sympathy was laid by my knowledge of her favorite authors and composers, together with all those arts which she so ardently admired ; at the same time, whilst blending my own with her pure taste, I was scrupulously careful to confine our sympathy to the mental elements which surrounded us. Sometimes I was paralyzed with the tormenting question—for whom was I rearing so much perfection into life ? I had my own experience to warn me that one glance, one single instant, might rob me of her heart ! But for this torturing uncertainty—which notwithstanding my vigorous efforts to check its intrusion, would too frequently disturb my happy calm—I was now in a state of bliss, too content to have purchased, by any sacrifice, the continuance of my felicity, and scarcely caring to wish for an addition to it, considering the fearful risk of losing all.

"But the time arrived when my wife must mingle in the society befitting her station. Instinctively she took its highest tone. I was not prepared for the universal admiration she attracted; and you may imagine the contrast between her charms and my appearance, when I tell you we were designated among the gay as '*La Belle et la Bête*!' Now began my tribulations—my combat with the world.

"Whoever is acquainted with Parisian society and the broad limits it prescribes itself, will comprehend the position in which Madame was placed. On one hand was the temptation of all that was graceful and seductive in man, while there was nothing to oppose it but the mere abstract love of virtue unsupported by affection, even if not weakened by a sense of shame at being linked with a being who formed a butt for every shaft of ridicule. She was hourly followed by a crowd of admirers by whom I was detested and regarded as an object of pity and compassion. Appearing to see nothing, I saw and felt all, for I had all at stake. Not a glance, not a word, escaped my observation. I calculated the character and pretensions of every man who from passion or fascination fell into Madame's train; but this was a miserable existence, upon the very threshold of dishonour—not for those who are used to it, and see it only in a conventional form of society; but for me who judged by what the dignity of human nature ought to be—it wrung up my heart with bitterness and shame. I had now no resource but patience. I had entered for a desperate stake, and was determined to play it out. It would have been an easy thing to act the tyrant to my wife; but alas! of all the evils that threatened me, the most imminent was her disgust—that heaviest ill without a remedy; as it was I had gained at least her esteem, and must not forfeit it. Possibly I may be blamed for thus placing her in the way of temptation, instead of withdrawing her into obscurity and retirement; but then my position rendered this impossible: besides I detest half measures which rarely secure even a half success. As I apprehended, she became intoxicated with the adulation showered upon her; and though virtuous at heart, her youth and inexperience exposed her to danger. I took all possible measures to prevent her being taken by surprise; and having confidential servants who were devoted to us, I was certain nothing could transpire without my instant knowledge: but I was impatient to seize some opportunity for putting an end to this degrading situation.

"Among the constant visitors at our re-unions was the Viscount de V——, who was openly the most sedulous attendant on Madame. He was a young man of great personal attractions, high birth and great wealth, witty and accomplished: so much so, that he had obtained the sobriquet of '*Cœsus Chrichton*.' The Viscount's attentions to Madame were offered with great empressément, and augmented the envy and jealousy with which the fashionable of her own sex regarded her. Scandal began to be busy. I could have sent the Viscount a cartel, but this would have been his death, and I did not desire to become his murderer. He was an accomplished shot, but I was far his superior; for though I had never been known to fire a pistol and to their seeming, exactly the man to be trifled with, they were mistaken. I could strike the poupée at

forty paces a dozen times in succession. Besides his fire was slow, mine with the signal. I could not bring myself to injure this young man. He was frank, generous and high spirited, and there was nothing in his conduct but what the detestable habits of society permitted. He was moreover unconscious of the thorn that rankled in my heart, and how sorely he was pressing upon it. I did not hate his beauty because I was ugly, and I bore him no resentment; however I dreaded lest Madame's feelings should be entrammelled. I had never found it difficult to penetrate Madame's exact sentiments. Hitherto she was free, but I should be culpable to let her be longer exposed to temptation. At this juncture a circumstance happened which I perceived, if skilfully handled, might serve greatly to my advantage. A note fell into my hands directed to Madame, and sealed with the Viscount's arms. I did not hesitate to peruse it. It contained a pressing invitation to be allowed to attend her to the Duke of ———'s, to hear the divine Pasta—then in the zenith of her glory, and who was to execute the *chefs-d'œuvre* in Nina, before a re-union of the elite of Paris. The Viscount and Madame had executed much of this music together; and the note concluded by adding such heavenly sounds require your 'angelic company alone to realize all that is perfect on earth.' My resolution was taken. I determined to give Madame the opportunity to accept this invitation. After carefully re-sealing the note, I caused it to be delivered to Madame. An hour afterwards I presented myself before her. I found her silent, thoughtful and uneasy. It appeared to me that duty and a sense of decorum were strong—that virtue was not alarmed—and her simplicity blinded her to her danger. But when I stated the necessity for my absence at the chambers, in affairs of government till late at night, I became aware that the demon temptation was at work, from the urgency and anxiety with which she entreated me to remain. I however pleaded the necessity of my engagement, and retired to prepare for a result, which I saw by her want of fortitude, was inevitable. I need not say the Viscount conducted the Countess to his own hôtel, which I entered as soon as her, and followed them to his chamber. As I approached the door, I heard Madame's voice loud in reproach, and on entering, found her standing in the middle of the room, scarlet with indignation, the Viscount on his knees before her. I closed the door after me and turned the key. My wife sunk upon the sofa overwhelmed by her feelings. The Viscount rose from his knees, full of mortification, but maintaining the perfect self-possession of a man of the world. I drew a pair of pistols from my cloak, and placing them on the table, took my seat opposite to him.

" 'Will it not be more in keeping,' said he, pointing to the weapons, 'to await the lady's absence?'

" 'From your manner, Monsieur le Viscount,' I replied coolly, 'one would imagine I had come for *your* wife, instead of my own.'

" 'At the sound of my voice Madame recovered herself. She seemed astonished at my composure, and rising in embarrassment, would have placed herself beside me, but I repulsed her saying—

'When you can bring your heart with you will be time enough.'

‘ She cast a reproachful look upon me, and sunk again into her seat covering her face with her hands. There was a pause which the Viscount at length broke by saying

“ This triumph, Monsieur, is somewhat lengthy, will you take satisfaction on the spot, or what do you propose ?”

‘ “ I did not seek your blood,” replied I

‘ “ Why then these pistols ?” he inquired

‘ “ Because, I said, ‘ I would have you know what I say arises from principle not from fear. Monsieur le Viscount, I come not here to upbraid you. I come to convince Madame of the viciousness of that circle of folly with which she suffers herself to be surrounded, to prove to her the danger which attends it. Whether I believe the galaxy of satellites that float around her, she herself shall be the judge. You love my wife, Monsieur le Viscount, you have told her so a thousand times. You have pitied her for being sacrificed to a monster like myself, you set off your own perfections against my deformity. I love her too. Now let her be judge of the difference in the quality of your love and mine. Monsieur, I come to make you happy. I give this lady to you. You are a bachelor, I can be divorced, you shall marry her, and that which on earth you most desire will be yours.”

‘ The Viscount was thrown completely off his guard. I knew full well he was in a position in the Luxembourg in a certain exalted quarter, that it rendered matrimony the sure path to disgrace and banishment from the gay world.

‘ I let her, I continued, ‘ share your love, your high station, your affluence—she will well become it all. On the honour of a man consumed with wretchedness and misery she is as pure as when first she quitted her father’s home. Ah Monsieur you are unweaved ! You dream not what wretches such as I, whose bones are covered in an unbecoming case are doomed to suffer. Monsieur you praise. Do you hesitate to take it, now it is offered which you have sought so long with such eager passion and open perseverance, in the sight of all the world ? Is your boastful affection more words—the folly of the hour, the herald of shame and repentance ? Be prompt, Monsieur, make your decision, and end this hateful scene ?”

‘ I was not prepared for this, said the Viscount in vain endeavouring to overcome his embarrassment. ‘ I cannot submit to this result—I must have recourse to the arguments on the table.

‘ “ Observe, madame,” I said, addressing myself to my wife, ‘ you are rejected. Nay, rather than receive you honourably, this gentleman who professes to love you, would seek to escape you even in the arms of death. Is this enough ? Is this humiliation—degradation, or will you help me to a name befitting it ?”

‘ Whilst I spoke she rose from the sofa and placed herself behind my chair. She leaned upon my shoulder. I felt her tremble. Her tears fell fast—they were drops of precious balm upon my heart. I addressed myself anew to the Viscount.”

‘ You sit there, Monsieur, with all the blandishments that nature can lavish upon a man, the idol of the opposite sex, the envy of your own.

sated with success. You see before you one of the unfortunates of her caprice—one who has but a single pretension to humanity and that is invisible—it is his heart! It is thought among you, that because I have a rough exterior, to aspire to the beautiful is in me a crime—that I have no title to affections! Oh, Monsieur, could you but look on the rich mine of love within this poor exterior, treasured for none in this vast crowd save her—this fairest creature, you would hold me in contempt no more! Listen, Monsieur le Viscount. I will conceal nothing from you. I loved this lady from the first hour that she blessed my sight, with a passion that consumed my being, and left no choice between its gratification and utter misery. She married me in hate—her heart was turned against me, and she would only consent to live on conditions of friendship so cold that my soul was frozen in its element. Yet day by day I offered up an untired patience—a watchful affection on this shine. Hope was almost dead within me, yet still I hoped!—Love was ashamed to feel so abject, yet still I loved! Behold the quality of my affections—contrast it with that of the libertine! Oh, Monsieur, judge my feelings at seeing that which is mine, but to which I dare not aspire, freely played for by you and others. And for what? To throw away! The very terms by which I hold existence—‘for oh, Madame,’ I continued, turning towards her, ‘nothing can quench my love but death!—thrown by as a cast off garment. You, Monsieur, are a man of fashion and of the world, yet, unlike your peers, you have a fresh and noble heart. Plead for me—in charity give me the influence of that seductive voice which you renounce on your own account! You owe me somewhat for my patience—teach her that there is a charm in the innate soul greater than the man corporal! Teach her to believe that in me, unsightly and contemned, she rejects all that man can offer, forbear or suffer for her sake!

“I had not miscalculated the Viscount; he rose from his seat with emotion and approached me.

“‘How little do we know the misery we inflict on others!’ said he.

“Noble De Perron, forgive me; and you, Madame, I ask your pardon. Cherish I implore you an affection so devoted: shew but an equal constancy, and the world which is now permitted to look on you with compassion, will stand aloof with admiration. I will make what amends I can, he added, wringing my hand as he left the room.

“I conducted my wife to our home, made no alteration in my conduct towards her, except that if possible I was more humble, kind, and attentive, than heretofore; while her self-abasement was so great, that it was many days before I could restore her cheerful confidence.

“The Viscount conducted himself as a man of honour, at a cost that the mere man of ton would shrink from. He stopped the mouth of scandal by the sacrifice of his own vanity. The night following madame was surprised—though I was not—to see him enter our saloon, and with perfect ease and assurance, pay his court to her as before, and even in a more marked and public manner. After what had occurred this insult stung her to the quick—as was his intention—a freezing coldness not unmingled with scorn was returned by Madame, which was

soon perceived by the assembly. For the next two nights he pursued the same course, and submitted to the same ordeal, making it to be understood that he had accomplished a failure. He then retired with well feigned mortification and confusion, thereby establishing the reputation of Madame, and saving her from the attempts of others as few could hope to please where the most accomplished courtier of the day had failed. Madame had bought experience, and became retiring and circumspect, but was not adequate to the difficult task of drawing lustre from a licentious circle by despising it, an art which she afterwards acquired to perfection, as the following circumstance will shew.

"There was at that time in great vogue, at Paris, the Chevalier de Roseville, a fellow notorious for every vice under the sun. His real name was Boisle Dreux, from the Lyonnais; like myself, sprung from humble origin. This man could boast neither refinement nor accomplishments, but he had a quick capacity, that would adapt itself to all persons and occasions. His figure was symmetrical, his countenance handsome, but faded with the palor of dissipation. He was a successful and unscrupulous gambler, cruel and vicious in intrigue, a professed duellist, and well known master of his weapons. He revelled in a princely fortune, accumulated by cards and dice, and every imaginable species of villany. By means of his wealth he formed a way into the highest ranks of society, and by his remorseless reputation he held his sway unattacked. If it could be said I entertained a feeling of hate to any human being, that was the man. De Roseville uninvited mingled with the visitors at my house. The retiring of the one, was the signal for the other's entree; for the Viscount was a sort of game he did not care to come in contact with. He was introduced by a party who did not dare refuse him, for it was but a week previous, that he shot a youth named De l' Orme, of good family and inoffensive character merely to keep up his reputation and create intimidation.

From the moment he entered my house, this man established himself at the side of Madame: he became a complete persecution. But I was not sorry for this, as I desired nothing so much, as to give her an entire disgust to these impertinences. Already my courage had been canvassed—a challenge and consequently my death was daily looked for by the gaping crowd. In truth my patience was well nigh exhausted, when the Viscount, who from the time we had come to an understanding, of each others character, had been entirely in my confidence, gave me reasons to fear that De Roseville had set his will that he would not be baffled by Madame, and it was probable that he would resort to the base and desperate means which he was well known to have taken more than once before, and which was neither more nor less than an enlèvement. It was clear the villain must be dealt with at once; but how was a matter of no small deliberation, for from the first, I had resolved madame's name should not be sullied in the matter. I entered into a project with the Viscount; and we together that evening attended the club which he frequented. We made for the table where he sat and commenced play. Our intrusion struck De Roseville with evident

surprise, he whispered to his companion, with an expression between a smile and a sneer. De Roseville was as expert as a juggler; let him shuffle, cut, nay but touch the cards when out of your hands, it was fatal. I was not long in finding legitimate cause for attacking him.

" 'Monsieur de Roseville,' I said addressing him in a tone that drew all eyes upon us, and made the attack unflinchingly personal, 'I do not approve the manner in which you have cut those cards. You have placed an honour, it is the ace of spades!'

"I turned over the cards and shewed the one named. It was but a guess, however; yet, as the stakes were large, and this was the card he wanted, the cheat might be considered a certainty. He was confounded.

"I continued my attack

"Your habit of cheating, and your impostures of all sorts, are so notorious, that if the company are of my mind, every honest man amongst them will lend a finger to lodge you in the street.

"Play was suspended; all eyes were concentrated on the stranger, who had dared to beard the lion in his den. De Roseville was livid with ire.

" 'You are tired of your life, Monsieur, it would seem,' he said in a voice hoarse with rage.

" 'If I were,' was my reply, 'you are precisely the man to whom I would come to rob me of it. But while I have yet to live, I will make the most of my breath, and by telling you what you are—the hated and detested of all Paris! You are a remorseless and unscrupulous murderer! De l'Orme, who never fired a shot still he faced you, and whom you murdered to keep up your reputation for blood, is hardly cold in his grave! The flesh is still firm upon poor Arnund's bones, whom you put out of the way to leave his sister unprotected. Young Le Grange you killed to stop his mouth, after robbing him of his fortune! And more—how many more are known to have been sacrificed to glut your evil passions! Messieurs, you know these things to be true! you know this villian who crawls into the very bosom of our families, leaving his track of venom wherever he glides, to be a scoundrel for whom the bogues were too merciful! Is there no shame that you permit such a monster to breathe amongst you? Is it that you fear him? or are you willingly his fellows.'

"I believed De Roseville to be a coward at bottom, but who found courage in the impunity of success and skill. I was determined to strike terror into his very heart, and deprive him of his dangerous power.

" 'Villain!' I continued, 'how many families have you ruined to acquire your wealth? How many of your victims are at this moment pining in poverty and anguish, or have been driven to madness and solitary death? Your daily occupation is to betray innocence, and your nights are given to plunder. You have shed blood enough to swim in; and are feared and hated of all men,—a curse to your species.'

"The table was between us, and he had risen pale as death, and stupified with the audacity and violence of my attack. He glared round upon the spectators, but there was a dead silence.

“ ‘Will any one gainsay what I have said? Henceforth, my friends, never fear a villain; for my part when I meet a wretch, who is not only out of the pale which protects all gentlemen but beyond that of humanity also, I serve him thus;—and seizing him suddenly by the throat with one hand, while the other grasped his collar, spite of a feeble resistance, and a few random blows, I dragged him over the table into the middle of the room. As a *lutteur*, or Breton wrestler, I was too great an adept to let him keep his equilibrium; and his dissipated frame was like a child’s in my grasp. There was a breathless silence amounting to awe, for it was felt I was to pay my life for this. At length I threw him violently to the ground, and bestowing on him a slight kick, as a mark of contempt, I left the place accompanied by the Viscount.

“ To mark the point of what next followed, it is necessary I should explain to you that at the time when what I am relating occurred, it was a common habit to fight duels by proxy: that is to say, men of similar description to Venetian bravos were to be hired, at a hundred or two francs; they were to be met with at every café of a certain description, and would undertake your quarrel against any individual you might wish to remove, by insulting him, compelling him to come out, and shooting him, an event which as they were invariably good shots, was sure to happen. It was their livelihood; and those who knew the depravities which hung about Paris, will bear me out that those miscreants augmented their price according to the nature of the wound to be inflicted, or the death of the party. Having thus far explained that you may understand what follows, I shall further observe with respect to duelling, that there is no crime my soul equally abhors, nor is there one more worthy of moral condemnation. At the time to which I am referring, blood was shed like water, and many ghastly bodies might be seen daily stretched out at the *Morue*, robbed prematurely of life. I used to feel in passing this public receptacle, that no picture within the range of humanity could be more distressing; and was weighed down with the reflection of the domestic distress, broken hearts, and desolate hearths, caused by this legalised but dreadful crime. The day following my attack on De Roseville, I was publicly insulted by one of these brigands, and a cartel was immediately delivered, to which I returned no answer. That night I was posted as a coward at the most frequented club-rooms, and other public places in Paris. I immediately caused the following note to be placed beside the placard wherever it was found.

“ ‘Monsieur Perron knows not his challenger; but until he has settled an affair with a *pollisson*, who passes by the name of ‘The Chevalier De Roseville,’ but whose real name is ‘Bois le Dreu,’ an impostor from the Lyonnais, and who is under his personal chastisement, M. Perron does not consider himself at liberty. After that event, he pledges himself to answer all comers, from a hundred to a thousand francs.’

“ This ruse therefore failed, and the tables were completely turned on Roseville, who had now no means of escaping from contempt and obloquy but the field. I received his challenge accordingly. In this case I was resolved to leave as little as possible to chance. The choice

of the weapons was with me. I should have chosen to fight an American duel, with the all-fatal rifle, but this was not then in use, and I feared De Roseville, not knowing my expertness at the pistol, would raise an objection. I therefore went to the Salle d'Armes which he frequented and found him there in the act of practising, surrounded by a party of his colleagues, looking pale and disfigured from our late scuffle. I bowed slightly and passed on. This was an opportunity of making him know what he had to expect, and I resolved not to miss it. I took twenty shots at the paupér—a doll as big as my thumb, made of Indian rubber painted white which dipped when struck and recovered itself by means of a spring. I displaced it with ease every time, but I was somewhat embarrassed, as I did not wish him to become aware of the secret of my quick fire, and I dwelt upon my aim in a manner quite different from my usual style. I heard from the Viscount that Roseville was aghast: His practice was bad, and altogether he was quite out of himself. The duel was on the following morning. Roseville had agreed to my proposition to use rifles; you see that one hanging against the wall, small in bore and nearly six feet in length, a real Kentuckian? It is the one I fought with. I doubt not you will be surprised to hear that I insisted on Madame's presence at the duel; possibly you will condemn such a measure; it certainly was an outrage against all prescribed rules of society. But though I will not confess to eccentricity, of which I am often accused, and for this reason, that my motives of action are strong and consistent, whereas eccentricity is more or less extravagant, and borders on absurdity; yet I will admit, that in extraordinary positions I do not hesitate to avail myself of extraordinary means to produce a result. In fact the air of my native mountains still influences my nature, though full half my life has been spent in Paris. I am a sort of mongrel, so to speak, between barbarism and refinement. I will, however, state the reasons that actuated me in this particular. I meant it as an effectual preventive to her being in future a prey to these hunters after intrigue, these pests of society; intending she should suppose our quarrel arose on her account as in truth it did. I had also a latent hope, that her seeing my life placed in jeopardy for her, after my long patience and inexhaustible kindness, would touch the right chord! You shall see how far I was correct in this conjecture.

She never did nor ever would have questioned my will. I requested her to envelope herself in my large travelling cloak, and to remain in the carriage a silent spectator to whatever might occur. We took up the Viscount, and without exchanging a word reached the ground before my antagonist had arrived.

"He was not long behind, and the preliminaries were quickly arranged. We were to be placed at a hundred paces distance, and advance upon each other step by step, with the option of firing at discretion. But woe to him who should fire first and miss! His opponent had only to approach and put the muzzle to his breast. Such was the arrangement.

"I never once thought of failure, so entire was my self-confidence;

and I had throughout no intention of killing my man—this would have been contrary to my fixed principles. My object was to strike him on the right shoulder so as to disable the limb, and for the future put it out of his power, to gamble, intrigue, or murder, as he had been in the habit of doing for so long a time. But now the moment was come, and I had the opportunity of doing what the laws should have done for me—nerved also with the conviction that I was making common cause with humanity—my repugnance to shed blood rose powerful within me; but I summoned all my firmness to go through with the part I had assigned myself. As the shoulder would be somewhat covered with the stock of the rifle, my aim must be to the greatest nicety. I examined his piece; it was ill chosen for *his* and well for *my* purpose, being very thin at the stock, and badly balanced. His only chance was in a near approach before he fired.

“ We were placed.

“ I looked upon Madame; she was pale, but motionless as a statue. I nodded cheerfully to her. The signal was given at that instant, and we advanced towards each other at a funeral pace, our rifles raised, and fingers on the trigger—watchful as a lynx is at every motion. This slow process—while death hangs in the air over one’s head—is apt to try the nerves. Mine was as cool as if I had been waiting for a hart in the thicket. I have said the secret of my success depended on the quickness of my aim, for I got an instantaneous sight. If he approached within sixty yards, I could execute any manoeuvre I pleased. He came within thirty yards—a murderous distance—he then stopped rather suddenly, and brought his rifle to his shoulder; it was somewhat covered, but I fired, and the ball went straight as an ace to its aim: yet keeping as closely as possible to the wood of his stock, which was carved, it glanced against an angle and shot upwards. De Roseville whirled round two or three times and fell upon his face, his piece going off in the air.

“ When turned over, he presented a spectacle too dreadful to describe. His jaw was shattered, and the right eye forced from its socket,—a fitting spectacle for a duellist! I felt sick at heart, and Madame was horror-struck. We drove rapidly home without giving vent to our feelings in words. Sobs, however, broke from her; and the movement of the cloak, in which she remained enveloped, shewed how powerful was her emotion.

“ When we entered our room she rushed into my arms, and threw herself upon my bosom, imploring forgiveness for the past. I felt her heart throb upon my own—her tears wet my cheek—She was mine!!! Here then was at last an end to all my sufferings!! To describe my feelings would be impossible—rapture too great almost for nature to support!

“ From that hour to the present no cloud has passed over our unvarying sympathies, not a cold word has broken the harmony of our communication.”

The narrative of M. Perron told with all the earnestness that the recapitulation would awaken in one who could revel in the remembrance

of past woe, as compared with present bliss, affected me with deep emotion. Nothing could surpass the interest it excited in me, now that I had become acquainted with my extraordinary host and hostess.

M. Perron, also, subsequently concluded the fate of De Roseville.

"For many years after the above happy termination of all my sufferings, a man was led through the streets of Paris in poverty and darkness, begging his bread. That man was De Roseville! The injuries of the duel in the sequel, deprived him of both his eyes. The plunderer, in his helpless condition, was in his turn plundered of his ill-gotten wealth. He had neither friend nor conscience to console him. The last few years of his degraded existence were supported by a pittance which I caused to be delivered to him by an unknown hand.

"The Viscount redeemed himself even beyond my hopes, much as I reckoned on his good, natural disposition. We continue to live on terms of the sincerest friendship and mutual esteem."

Here my narrative, must end; and I hope my readers will acknowledge that an acquaintance with these particulars of their early career added no little zest to the enjoyment I experienced whilst domiciled with M. and Madame Perron. I trust also they will share the regret with which I took leave of personages of such intrinsic worth.—*Frazer's Magazine*.

Perilous Conflict with a wounded Buffalo.

The most interesting hunter's story I have ever heard, was told me by our host, Mr. Percival, who has followed the forest chase from his youth. In 1807, he was on a trapping expedition with two companions, on the Washita, when they left him to kill buffalo, bear, and the larger game; and he remained to trap the streams for beaver. He had not met with very good success, and had been without meat about twenty-four hours, when, turning a small bend of the river, he espied a noble looking old male buffalo, lying down on the beach. Having secured his canoe, he crept softly through a corn break, which lay between the animal and himself, and fired. The shot was an indifferent one, and only wounded the animal in the side, but it roused him, and having crossed the river, he soon laid down again. This was about noon, when the animal having grazed, was resting himself in a cool place. Percival now crossed the river also, in his canoe, and got into the woods which were there very open, and somewhat broken by little patches of prairie land, a very frequent occurrence in those parts of Arkansas, where forest and prairie often seem to be contending for the mastery. But the bull being suspicious, rose before the hunter came near enough to him, and took to the open woods. Percival was an experienced hunter; he had killed several hundred buffaloes, and knew their temper in every sort of situation. He knew that the animal when in very large herds, was easily mastered, and was well aware that when alone he was sometimes dogged and even dangerous; he therefore followed his prey cautiously for about a mile, knowing that he would be down again ere

long. The buffalo now stopped and Percival got within fifty yards of him, watching his opportunity to strike him mortally; but the beast, seeing his enemy so near, wheeled completely round, put his shaggy head close to the ground before his fore-feet, as is their custom when they attack each other, and rapidly advanced upon the hunter, who instantly fired, and put his ball through the bull's nose; but seeing the temper the animal was, and knowing what a serious antagonist he was when on the offensive he also immediately turned and fled.

In running down a short hill, some briars threw him down, and he dropped his gun. There was a tree not far from him of about eighteen inches diameter, and every thing seemed to depend on his reaching it; but as he rose to make a push for it, the buffalo struck on the fleshy part of the hip with his horn and slightly wounded him. Before the beast, however, could wheel round upon him again, he gained the tree, upon which all the chance he had of preserving his life rested. A very few feet from this tree grew a sapling about four or five inches in diameter, a most fortunate circumstance for the hunter, as it contributed materially to save his life. The buffalo now doggedly followed up his purpose of destroying his adversary, and a system of attack and defence commenced that perhaps is without a parallel.*

The buffalo went round the tree, pursuing the man, jumping at him in the peculiar manner of that animal, every time he thought there was a chance of hitting him; while Percival, grasping the tree with his arms, swung himself round it with greater rapidity than the animal could follow him. In this manner the buffalo harassed him more than four hours, until his hands became so sore with rubbing against the rough bark of the oak-tree; his limbs so fatigued, that he began to be disheartened.

In going round the tree, the buffalo would sometimes pass between it and the sapling: but the distance between then was so narrow, that it inconvenienced him,* especially when he wanted to make his jumps: he therefore frequently went round the sapling, instead of going inside of it. The time thus consumed was precious to Percival; it enabled him to breathe, and to consider how he should defend himself.

After so many hours fruitless labour the bull seemed to have lost his pristine vigour, and became slower in his motions: he would now make a short start, preparatory to his jump, only at intervals and even then, he jumped doubtingly, as if he saw that Percival would avoid his blow by swinging to the other side. It was evident that he was baffled, and was considering what he should do. Still continuing his course round the tree, but in a slow manner, he at length made an extraordinary feint that does honour to the reasoning powers of the buffalo family. He made his little start as usual, and when Percival swung himself round the bull instead of aiming his blow in the direction he

* There is a parallel to the above encounter in the pages of the *India Sporting Review*, told much better by that thorough Sportsman, "Jungle," who had to dodge round a tree to escape from a wounded "Gour," though fortunately he was able to obtain several loaded guns, and thus escaped the shock to the nerves, which the above unlucky adventurer suffered.—EDITOR.

had been accustomed to do, suddenly turned to that side of the tree where Percival would be brought when he had swung himself round, and struck with all his might. The feint had almost succeeded: Percival only just saved his head, and received a severe contusion on his arm, which was paralysed for an instant. He now began to despair of saving his life; his limbs trembled under him, he thought the buffalo would wear him out, and it was so inexpressibly painful to him to carry on this singular defence, that one time he entertained the idea of leaving the tree, and permitting the animal to destroy him, as a mode of saving himself from pain and anxiety that were intolerable.

But the buffalo just at that time giving decided symptoms of being as tired as himself, now stopped for a few minutes, and Percival took courage. Remembering that he had his butcher's knife in his breast, he took it out, and began to contrive plans of offence; and when the bull having rested awhile commenced his old rounds, Percival took advantage of the slowness of his motions, and using a great deal of address and management, contrived in the course of half an hour to stab and cut him in a dozen different places. The animal now became weak from loss of blood, and, although he continued to walk round the tree, made no more jumps, contenting himself with keeping his head and neck close to the tree. This closed the conflict, for it enabled Percival to extend his right arm, and give him two deadly stabs in the eyes. Nothing could exceed the frantic rage of the unweildy animal when he had lost his sight; he bellowed, he groaned, he pawed the ground, and gave out every sign of conscious ruin and unmitigable fury: he leaned against the sapling for support, and twice knocked himself down by rushing with his head at the large tree. The second fall terminated this strange combat which had now lasted nearly six hours. The buffalo had not strength to rise, and the conqueror stepping up to him, and lifting up his high shoulder, cut all the flesh and ligaments loose, and turned it over his back. He then after resting himself for a few minutes, skinned the beast, took a part of the meat to his canoe, made a fire, broiled and ate it.

Of the intense anxiety of mind produced in the hunter by this conflict, an idea may be formed from the fact that when he joined his companions, after a separation of forty days, they asked him why he looked so pale and emaciated, and enquired "if he had been down with the fever." He then related to them his adventure with the buffalo, adding, that from that very evening when he prevailed over the animal, he had never got any quiet rest; and so severely had his nervous system been shaken, that as soon as the occupations of the day were over, and he had lain down to rest, the image of the resolute and powerful animal always came before him, putting his life in jeopardy in a thousand ways and creating in him such a desperate agitation of mind, that he was constantly jumping from the ground to defend himself; such was his state that he who had formerly been proverbial for his daring and resolution, now trembled with apprehension even when a covey of quails unexpectedly flushed before him. Mr. Percival told me that three months had elapsed after this adventure, before his

sleep became tranquil, and that although twenty-seven years had now passed away, every sudden noise would disconcert him, even if it were the crowing of a cock.

Ten years ago he had the curiosity to visit the place where so memorable a passage in his life occurred, and he found, the bark of the tree sufficiently torn and abraded to have identified it, even if the bones of his ancient adversary had not been there.—*Featherstonehaugh's Canoe Voyage.*

V.—THE FINE ARTS.

The Bottle. By George Cruikshank.

WE have spoken of Cruikshank as the Hogarth of our day, and this publication more than ever establishes the resemblance. The inculcation of some high moral, by a series of picture illustrations, is, perhaps, one of the most effective that can be applied. The eye receives impressions more readily than any other organ and conveys them to the mind even more vividly than any other medium. When we read, the progress seems circuitous; what we hear is more evanescent, to youth and childhood in particular. The visible representation of objects, is a sure and a deep and a lasting source of intelligence, and the skillful artist can thus employ one of the best plans of education. In the series of eight prints before us, George Cruikshank has told the sad and tragic story of gin drinking, an old Hogarthian subject, and one the evil of which can never be too often enforced. In the upper classes of society, an immense improvement has taken place within the last half century and drunkenness has almost disappeared from respectable life. But among the lower orders there is still too much to lament; and when we consider the horrid stuff which they consume, shortening life through years of disease and pain, we must hail with approbation every attempt to warn them against the abomination so fraudulently prepared to tempt them from the paths of sobriety. From the first kindly drop which the husband persuades his young and reluctant wife to taste to the final catastrophes of death, murder, and madness, we travel there through the melancholy record, and see vice gradually, though rapidly supersede virtue, sottishness supplant industry, and atrocious guilt erase every trace of human nature, respect for self, and love of kind. The horrors of the close are almost too much for susceptible nerves; but lessons of truth must be strongly enforced, and our graphic instructor has not failed to put all his pith into these exhibitions of the progress of crime from apparently a very innocent beginning. That his "Bottle" will be very popular there can be no doubt; and we trust it will have a wide effect in making all bottles less so.—*Literary Gazette.*

"The Bottle" is a kind of "Drunkard's Progress," told after the

manner of Hogarth, by George Cruikshank, in eight rather large-sized plates, and sold at the low price of six shillings on six separate sheets of paper, or at the still lower cost of one shilling upon one sheet of paper. Here is its history, as far as words can convey the varied excellencies of a well-weighed and well-considered story, told by forms and the universal language of art:—In plate 1, the bottle is brought in for the first time, and the husband induces his wife “just to take a drop.” It is early in the day, for the clock is at ten minutes to one; the children are at play, dividing an apple on a stool, and the kitten by the fireside is playing with its mother. In plate 2, the husband is represented dismissed from his employment for drunkenness—having pawned his clothes to supply the bottle. The eldest daughter comes in at the door with another bottle, and the children are looking aghast at their father, who is sitting by the fire in a state of abject drunkenness.—The fender, too, is upset, and a lean cat smells at an empty dish upon the table. The clock is now at a quarter past seven. In plate 3, while an execution is sweeping off the greater part of his furniture, the bottle is still doing its work with the wretched man. The disappearance of the portraits of the Queen and Prince Albert, and the headless ornaments on the chimney piece, are accessories admirably managed, so as to aid the upshot of the story. In plate 4, we have the miserable husband, unable to obtain employment, driven by poverty into the streets, his children begging before the walls of a neighbouring churchyard, his wife standing on the vaulting of a cellar, and the husband himself reeling from a stately gin palace. As the terrible catastrophe approaches, the interest increases, and in plate 5, we have the empty room, the eldest daughter standing by the coffin of her youngest sister, the woman refusing the drink proffered by her husband—the broken hearth—and, in place of the neat chimney ornaments we had formerly seen, we have the tallow candle burning in the neck of a beer-bottle. Plate 6, portrays the quarrels and brutal violence produced by drink; and here we see the infuriated husband striking his wife with his clenched fist, while his children in vain interfere to save their mother. In plate 7, the husband in a state of frenzied drunkenness, having killed his wife with the instrument of all their misery, the bottle, is arrested by the police, and the neighbours, attracted by the noise, crowd upon the fearful scene. In the eighth and final plate we see the drunkard a maniac in Bedlam, moping by a fire, unconscious of the misery he has produced—the ruin of his home, of his children, and the murder of his wife. Such is “the pictured moral;” and it is now time to speak of it as a work of art. The story, though carefully told, is a common every-day tale, of every “Gin-lane.” Mr. Cruikshank found it ready made for him, but has exemplified and explained it by several circumstances of touching interest and beauty. Some of the higher points which he has succeeded in reaching—such as the figure of the husband, while the neighbours are attending to his murdered wife, and the boy by the empty grate, who stands with his fingers in his mouth, as if he held his lips from uttering what he felt about such a father,—no living artist could have surpassed. The plates, we may add, are printed from the surface press and from glyphotographic blocks.—*Art Union.*

VI.—POETRY.

Robin Hood: a Fragment. By the late Robert Southey and Caroline Southey. With other Fragments and Poems by R. S. and C. S. Blackwood.

WHATEVER of interest belongs to this volume must be sought in the circumstances to which it owes its birth. The merit of its contents is extrinsic; and will depend on the sympathies which may be commanded more or less by the story there told of defeated projects and graceful commemoration. The spirit of the design is better expressed in its formal than in its natural record. That design is most suitably introduced to the reader, as Mrs. Southey has introduced it, by a letter addressed by the Laureate to herself in November 1823—upwards of three-and-twenty years ago:—

“ We left home yesterday, and are now at Kirkby Lonsdale waiting for weather which may allow us to see the cave; for, from the time of our departure till this moment, it has not ceased raining. The same ill fortune which persecuted you at Ambleside seems fated to attend us. The females, however, are company for each other; they have taken out their work, and the opportunity is favourable for performing a part of mine, which is to ask you, whether one of those day-dreams to which you have given birth (a very delightful one it is) shall come to pass? I have put up among my papers the memoranda which were made many years ago, for a poem upon Robin Hood. They are easily shrooped into a regular plan, and, in my judgment, a promising one. Will you form an intellectual union with me that it may be executed? We will keep our secret as well as Sir Walter Scott has done. Murray shall publish it, and not know the whole of the mystery, that he may make the more of it. The result will be means in abundance for a summer's residence at Keswick, and an additional motive for it, that we may form other schemes of the same nature. Am I dreaming, when I think that we may derive from this much high enjoyment, and that you may see in the prospect something that is worth living for? The secret itself would be delightful while we thought proper to keep it; still more the spiritual union which death cannot part. Now, on your side, there must be no hesitation from diffidence. You can write as easily and as well as I can plan. You are as well acquainted with forest scenery, and with whatever is required for the landscape part, as I am with the manners of the time. You will comprehend the characters as distinctly as I have conceived them, and when we meet, we will sort the parts, so as each to take the most suitable, and I will add to yours, and you shall add to mine, whatever may improve it. Beaumont and Fletcher composed plays together with such harmony of style, thought, and feeling, that no critic has ever been able to determine what part was written by one, or what by the other. Why should not Robert and Caroline succeed as well in the joint execution of a poem? As there can be no just cause or impediment why these two persons should not thus be joined together, tell me that you consent to the union, and I will send you the rude outline of the story and of the characters.”

The project here suggested is explained and enforced in a series of after-communications, which reveal the depth and character of a friendship that a closer union afterwards consecrated and the grave has yet dissolved on one side only. Mr. Southey had scruples to overcome on the part of Miss Bowles to her share in the undertaking arising out of the prominence of his own reputation; and others, which we find very reasonable, on the score of the metre selected—that of *Thalaba*—as the vehicle of the proposed joint inspiration. As Miss Bowles had in the

first instance declared her preference for this stanza, the objections on her part were limited to doubts of her own skill in the use of an approved instrument; but *ours* would go further on the strength of such testimony as Mr. Southey has himself furnished to this volume. The lady's first essay with her unaccustomed weapon did not give her confidence:—

"You must not be disheartened," writes Mr. Southey, "because you have failed to satisfy yourself in this your first lesson in a new school of art. It is what would happen to you in music or painting. That it is difficult to fall into this mode of versification I believe, because you find it so, and because one other person, who, though not, like yourself, a poet in heart and soul, rhymes with sufficient ease and dexterity, made an attempt and failed in it. But that it is of all modes the easiest, when once acquired, I am perfectly certain, and so you will find it. But rather than break the alliance we would change it into rhyme. This will not be required."

How the project lingered in its execution and finally missed its fulfilment is best told in the touching language of Mrs. Southey herself:—

"The promised contribution arrived; and, at our next meeting, I produced a recast of my first attempt (with some additional verses), which found favour beyond its deserts; and that poor fragment it is which will be found appended to the longer one by my husband; not, assuredly, in a spirit of self-complacency, but because it is a mournful gratification to me to carry out, even thus imperfectly, his dearly-cherished scheme. Some few persons there are, who will take a kindly interest in the double fragment and its little story; and, at any rate, that story will serve to 'point a moral,' illustrative of the vanity of human wishes and the futility of mortal projects. Mr. Southey's accumulating engagements, and other hindrances (nay-fever inclusive), now interrupted the progress of 'Robin Hood,' but he kept it ever in mind, and enjoined me to do likewise. 'You have a great deal to do; and I have a great deal to do,' he wrote, 'which will not be done without you. If I have done nothing of late, it is because I have not risen early enough since I commenced invalid.' 'When shall I send you more news from old Sherwood forest?' was one of his latest allusions to the fated scheme;—when the mornings are lengthened enough to allow me light for an hour's work before breakfast. Alas! the days are all too short for my occupations now. The 'news from old Sherwood' came not, but it was still to come. Again and again we met, and the pledge was required of me to keep in mind that the scheme was only in abeyance, 'assuredly to be completed *some day*.' But, the evil days drew near when he, whose hopeful elasticity of mind was, as I have observed, in some degree contagious, so far succumbed beneath the weight of affliction which it pleased God to lay upon him, as to confess, in writing to me, that 'sufficient unto the day was the labour thereof.' This acknowledgment was much from one whose self-appropriated device was 'In labore quies.' The dark hour passed away.—At eventime there was light; and with returning cheerfulness, and reviving hope, old pleasurable projects were remembered and resumed, under our altered relative circumstances, with a more confident expectation on *both sides*. 'Robin Hood' was shortly to be taken in hand in good earnest; and in the meantime it was our design to publish, in one volume, my still uncollected poems, with some of my husband's, to be finished for that purpose from the sketches and beginnings in his note-books and among his papers. The fragment of 'The Three Spaniards,' which will be found in this volume, was one of those so appropriated; and the shorter one of 'March' was to have formed one of a series entitled 'The Calendar,' of which we were to have written the months alternately. It was a pleasant dream, but a short one. Clouds were gathering the while; and before the time came that our matured purpose should bear fruit, the first had gone forth, and 'all was in the dust.'"

All that remains, then, to testify intrinsically of this long cherished scheme are two short fragments by the several parties to the literary intention. A specimen of each may enable our readers to estimate what value these have apart from the narrative which introduces them—but not fairly to appreciate the loss which the public may have sustain-

ed by the non-execution of the entire design. Mr Southey opens the poem as follows —

Happy, the adage saith, that Bride
Upon whose nuptial day
The sun shines fairly forth ;—
That Corpse upon whose bier
The rains of heaven descend.
O ! Emma ! fairest, loveliest of thy sex,
O ! Lady !—heavenly-minded as high born,
That faith was shaken by thy fate
In Loxley's pleasant bowels,
And throughout Sherwood's groves and greenwood glades,
And all along the winding banks of Trent.

For sure, if ever on a marriage day
Approving angels smile !
Upon their happy charge,
'Twas when her willing hand
Was to Lord William given
The noble to the noble—blossoming youth
To manhood in its comeliness and prime
Beauty to manliness and worth to worth,
The gentle to the brave —
The generous to the good.

Yet not a sunbeam that May morning pierced
The dense and heavy canopy of clouds
Which poured their diemling stores continuous down
Amid the thickest shade
The deer sought shelter—not a vernal song
Rose from the cheerless groves.
Loxley's loud bells, which should have sent
Their sweet and merry music far and wide
Throughout all Sherwood on that joyful day,
Flung with vain effort then their jubilant peal
To the deaf storm that scattered it.
The wind alone was heard,
And in its intervals, the heavy rain
Incessant pattering on the leafy woods

Alas ! the Lady Emma's passing bell
Was heard when May returned !
And when through Loxley's gate
She on her bier was borne,
The deer were sporting in the sunny glades,
Birds warbled—streams were sparkling—new-born flowers
Diffused their fragrance on the breath of Spring
There was joy in the air,
There was joy in the woods,
There was joy in the waters,
Joy everywhere but in the heart of man.

Doubly was that vain adage thus disproved .
Doubly to all who knew
The gentle lady, happy in her lord
Even to the height of wedded blessedness
And then so holy in her life,
So meek of heart—so bountiful of hand,
That oft it had been said,
With sad presageful feeling all too true,
Heaven would not leave that angel long
In this unworthy world.

A mournful day for Sherwood,—ne'er till then
 Had that old forest seen
 A grief so general, since the oaks
 From immemorial time had shadowed it ;
 A mournful day for Loxley's pleasant bowers
 Now to be left forlorn !
 A mournful day for Lindsey and for Kyme,
 For Huntingdon ; for all Fitzhood's domains
 A day of evil and abiding woe.

The cradle had been dressed ;
 Alas ! the mother's bier hath been required.
 The gossips who had there
 For happiest office met
 • With busy pride convened in joyful hour.—
 The guests who had been bidden there
 To glad festivity.
 Repass in funeral train,
 (True mourners they) the melancholy gate ;
 And for the pancakes which officious joy
 Made ready, never doubting such event,
 The arval bread is doled.

Earl William sought a solace for his grief in the slaughter of the Saracen—or “ the defence of the Holy Sepulchre,” as men described it to their own consciences when they could, and always to others, in those days: and the orphan heir who should have been the hero is thus introduced by Miss Bowley in his castle among the woods of England.—

Majestically slow
 The sun goes down in glory—
 The full-orbed autumn sun ;
 From battlement to basement,
 From flanking tower to flanking tower,
 The long-ranged windows of a noble hall
 Fling back the flamy splendour.
 Wave above wave below,
 Orange, and green, and gold,
 Russet and crimson,
 Like an embroidered zone, ancestral woods,
 Close round on all sides :
 Those again begirt
 In wavy undulations of all hues
 To the horizon's verge by the deep forest.
 The holy stillness of the hour,
 The hush of human life,
 Lets the low voice be heard—
 The low, sweet, solemn voice
 Of the deep woods—
 Its mystical murmuring
 Now swelling into choral harmony—
 Rich, full, exultant ;
 In tremulous whispers next,
 Sinking away.
 A spiritual undertone,
 Till the cooing of the woodpigeon
 Is heard alone ;
 And the going in the tree-tops,
 Like the sound of the sea
 And the tinkling of many streamlets.
 * * * * *

What a strange stillness reigns !
Grass grows in the vast courts,
Where, if a loosened stone fall,
Hollow reverberations ring around,
Like the voices of Desolation.
No hurrying to and fro of gay retainers,
No jostling claimants at the Buttery-hatch :
Hushed the great stable-yard ;
No hoof-stamp in the stall,
No steel led forth,
No hawk in training,
Not a hound in leash ;
No jingling bridles and sharp sound of spur,
And gibe and jest—loud laugh and snatch of song,
And call and quick command,
'Mongst grooms and gallants there,
No sight nor sound
Of life or living thing ;
Only at intervals, a deep-mouthed bay,
And the clanking of chains,
When, from his separate watch,
One mastiff answers another :
Or a cat steals along in the shadow—
Or a handmaiden crosses—just seen, and gone ;
Or a grey-headed Servitor.
See ! to their lofty cyries
The Martens are coming home :
With a strange boldness, methinks,
As in right of sole possession.
How they sweep round the silent walls !
And over the terrace now
Are wheeling in mad gyrations.
And hark ! to that stir within—
" 'Tis the ringing laugh of a Baby,
That sweetest of human sounds.
" Wouldst thou follow the Martens, my sweet one ?
My bird ! wouldst thou fly away,
And leave thine old Nurse all alone ?" cries a voice ;
And the sound of a kiss is heard,
And the murmur of infant fondness,
Like the crooning of a dove.
And see, where the terrace abuts
That northern flanking tower,
From a side entrance—
Window and portal both—
With musical laugh and scream,
And gibberings unintelligibly sweet,
And pretty passion, scuffling the small feet,
A child comes tottering out,
Eagerly straining on its leading-strings,
From her upholding hand who follows close—
That old devoted woman.
And side by side, and step for step, sedate,
Serious as with that woman joined in trust,
Paces a noble wolf-dog,—
His grave eye
Incessant glancing at the infant Heir.
The infant Heir !—E'en so.
In those blue veins, with delicate tracery
Marbling the pearly fairness
Of that large open brow,

The blood of Beauchamp and Fitzhood
 Flows mingled.
 And this is Loxley—
 His father's hall ancestral,
 His mother's bridal bower.
 And as he stretches out his little hands
 Towards that butterfly,
 Its airy flight,
 As if in mockery of the vain pursuit,
 Leads on his eager eye
 (All reckless he,)
 To where she slumbers yonder,
 In that grey pile, from whence the vesper bell
 Resounded late,
 Sleeping the dreamless sleep.

Of the remaining poems in this volume little need be said. 'The three Spaniards'—a mere fragment, in hexameters, by Mr. Southey—can have derived its claim to publication only from that affectionate interest with which surviving love looks on all the relics of the departed. If it were our business to be critical, we could find graver objections to some of Mrs. Southey's own contributions—though they contain powerful picturing. But we prefer quoting a lyric of much simple beauty; coloured, but not painfully, by the shadow which hangs over all the volume—and is deepest where it is least natural and expressive. The verses are not new; and their sweetness may have left its memory in the reader's ear.

Once upon a Time.

I mind me of a pleasant time,
 A season long ago;
 The pleasantest I've ever known,
 Or ever now shall know.
 Bees, birds and little tinkling rills,
 So merrily did chime;
 The year was in its sweet spring-tide,
 And I was in my prime.

I've never heard such music since,
 From every bending spray;
 I've never plucked such primroses
 Set thick on bank and brae.
 I've never smelt such violets
 As all that pleasant time
 I found by every hawthorn-root—
 When I was in my prime.

Yon moory down, so black and bare,
 Was gorgeous then and gay
 With golden gorse—bright blossoming—
 And none blooms now-a-day.
 The blackbird sings but seldom now
 Up there in the old lime,
 Where hours and hours he used to sing—
 When I was in my prime.

Such cutting winds came never then
 To pierce one thro' and thro';
 More softly fell the silent shower,
 More balmily the dew.

The morning mist and evening haze
 (Unlike this cold grey rime)
 Seemed woven warm of golden air—
 When I was in my prime.

And blackberries—so mawkish now—
 Were finely flavoured then ;
 And nuts—such reddoning clusters ripe
 I ne'er shall pull again
 Nor strawberries blushing bright—as rich
 As fruits of sunniest clime ;
 How all is altered for the worse
 Since I was in my prime !

With this extract we take leave of a favourite writer—to whom we owe many delightful recollections ; but whose Muse, as she appears in this volume—like our own sense of appreciation, perhaps—is no longer “in her prime.”—*Athenæum*.

STANZAS.

(For the *Calcutta Picnic Magazine*.)

1.

Oh ! weep not for the silent dead,
 But rather weep for those,
 Who still on Earth Life's burden bear,
 And share its joys and woes.

2.

A broken heart is healed by death,
 A sorrow put to end,
 Despair, ne'er comes in after life,
 Nor kindling rage attend.

3.

But joy, and endless joy is theirs,
 Who now have past away,
 And from their free born souls have cast,
 This worthless mortal clay.

4.

Then weep not for the silent dead,
 But rather weep for those,
 Who still on Earth Life's burden bear,
 And share its joys and woes.

MAY.

To * * * *

The earth is one great temple, made
 For worship, everywhere ;
 And its flowers are the bells, in glen and glade,
 That ring the heart to prayer.

A solemn preacher is the breeze,
 At noon or twilight dim,—
 The ancient trees give homilies,—
 The river hath a hymn.
 For the city-bell takes seven days
 To reach the townsman's ear,
 But he who kneels in Nature's ways
 Hath sabbath all the year;
 A worship with the cowslip born,
 For MARCH is Nature's sabbath-morn—
 And hawthorn-blossoms, with higher day,
 Call up the votaries of MAY!
 Out, then, into her holy ways!—
 The lark is far on high;
 Oh! let no other song than thine
 Be sooner in the sky!
 If beauty to the beautiful
 Itself be gladness, given,
 No happier thing should move than thou
 Beneath the cope of heaven
 With thee 'tis Spring, as with the world,—
 When hopes make sport of fears,
 And clouds that gather round the heart
 Fall off at once in tears,—
 And in thy spout, one by one,
 The flowers are coming to the sun
 Away unto the woodland paths!
 And yield that heart of thine
 To hear the low, sweet oracles
 At every living shume!
 The very lowliest of them all
 Doth act an angel's part,
 And bear a message home from God
 Unto the listening heart
 And thou may'st hear—as Adam heard
 In Eden's flowery shades,
 When angels talked, at falling eve,
 Amid its silent glades—
 The hallowing rush of spirit-wings
 And murmur of immortal strings:—
 Truths such as guide the comet-cars
 On fiery mission driven,
 Or in their beauty light the stars
 Along the floor of heaven;
 One choral theme, below, above,
 One anthem, near and far—
 The daisy singing in the grass,
 As through the cloud the star—
 And to the wind that sweeps the sky
 The roses making low reply.
 For the meanest wild-bud breathes, to swell,
 Upon immortal ears—
 So hear it *thou*, in grove or dell!—
 The music of the spheres!

T. K. HERVEY.

"OLD SCHOOL-BOY DAYS."

To the tune of the four-leav'd Shamrock.

1.

Old school-boy days ! we love ye well,
When all your hours are past
'Tis mem'ry's fond delight to tell
Your hist'ry to the last.
And when our waud'ring footsteps tread
Each well remember'd scene,
We think not of the time that's fled
The years gone by between.

2.

Old school-boy days ! how oft we sigh
When thrall'd by study's chain,
That ye would swiftly hasten by,
And freedom we might gain !
When manhood comes—alas ! how sad
To find its fancied joys,
Are naught to those that once we had
When we were merry boys !

3.

In after life, whene'er we meet
An early school-day friend
Oh ! who can tell what mem'ries sweet
Unto our hearts 'twill send !
And still as track we unto death,
Life's ever changing ways,
We ne'er forget while we have breath
Our happy school-boy days.

From the "Confessions of a Pencil Case."

THE LAUREATE.

By A. _____ T. _____

Who would not be
The Laureate bold,
With his butt of sherry
And nothing to do but to pocket his gold ?

'Tis I would be the Laureate bold !
When the days are hot, and the sun is strong,
I'd lounge in the gateway all the day long,
With her Majesty's footmen in crimson and gold.
I'd care not a pin for the waiting-lord ;
But I'd lie on my back on the smooth green sward,
With a straw in my mouth, and an open vest,
And the cool wind blowing upon my breast,
And I'd vacantly stare at the clear blue sky,
And watch the clouds as listless as I,
Lazily, lazily !

And I'd pick the moss and the daisies white
 And chew their stalks with a nibbling bite
 And I'd let my fancies roam abroad
 In search of a hint for a birth-day ode

Crazily, crazily.

—Oh, that would be the life for me,
 With plenty to get and nothing to do
 But to deck a pet poodle with ribbons of blue
 And whistle all day to the Queen's cockatoo,

Dreamingly, dreamingly

Then the chamber-maids that clean the rooms,
 Would come to the windows and rest on their brooms,
 With their saucy caps and their crisped hair
 And they'd toss their heads in the fragrant air,
 And say to each other "just look down there,
 At the nice young man, so tidy and small,
 Who is paid for writing on nothing at all,
 Handsomely, handsomely!"

They would pelt me with matches and sweet pastils,
 And crumpled up balls of the royal bills,
 Giggling and laughing, and screaming with fun,
 As they'd see me start, with a leap and a run
 From the broad of my back to the points of my toes,
 When a pellet of paper hit my nose,

Sneezingly, sneezingly.

Then I'd fling them bunches of garden flowers
 And hyacinths plucked from the Castle bowers;
 And I'd challenge them all to come down to me,
 And I'd kiss them all till they kiss'd me,

Laughingly, laughingly.

Oh, would not that be a merry life,
 Apart from care, and apart from strife,
 With the Laureate's wine and the Laureate's pay,
 And no deductions at quarter day?

Oh, that would be the post for me
 With plenty to get, and nothing to do
 But to deck a pet poodle with ribbons of blue
 And whistle a tune to the Queen's cockatoo,
 And scribble off verses remarkably few
 And at evening empty a bottle or two

Quaffingly, quaffingly:

'Tis I would be
 The Laureate bold,
 With his butt of sherry,
 To keep me merry,
 And nothing to do but to pocket my gold!

From Bon Gualtier's "Book of Ballads."

VII.—CHESS.

UNDER this head we propose publishing problems appearing in other prints and any others which may be sent us. We shall also be glad to publish the Games of the Calcutta Club, if forwarded through the Secretary, (as a guarantee that the Games are worth publishing.) As also from Up-country players.

The following decisions have lately been given on various points of importance :—

1. " Unless otherwise agreed upon, castling is not fairly admissible in problems."

2. " The King cannot castle if any of the squares over which he has to pass are attacked by an adverse piece." But the Rook in castling may pass with impunity the range of one of the enemy's men.

3. A player can have two or more Queen's on the Board at once.

4. There is no law to prevent a person fingering the squares while calculating his move, but it is a very bad habit, and one which should be got rid of as soon as possible. While your opponent retains hold of his piece he is at liberty to play it to any square he pleases.

5. The match between Mr. Harwith and Mr. Medley has terminated in favour of the former, who won eleven games and his adversary seven.

6. There are now no less than three publications on chess periodically issued in England, viz. "The Handbook" "The Chessplayer's Chronicle," besides an American Chronicle.

7. When in a problem it is stipulated that white wins in so many moves, instead of mates, it may generally be inferred that white is to obtain an indisputably winning position in that number on moves, without absolutely affecting Check-mate.

THE ECONOMIC CHESS-BOARD.

We have received an Economic Chess-board or pocket companion. It is a very compact and useful article; and, when shut up, is placed into a map-like case; the pieces are drawn on a kind on button, and are pegged into their positions.

The following Problems are from the Illustrated News.

No. 189, By HERR KLING.

White to play, and mate in five moves.

<i>Black.</i>	<i>White.</i>
K. on Q. Square.	K. on Q. Kt. 6.
Q. on K. Kt. 7.	Q. on Q. Kt. 4.
R. on K. 2, & Q. 4.	R. on K. B. 4.
B. on Q. B. 1.	B. on K. R. 2.
P. on Q. Kt. 2 & K. 3.	Kt. on K. 5.

No. 191, BY HERR PREUSS.

White to play, and mate in four moves.

<i>Black.</i>	<i>White.</i>
K. on Q. 4.	K. on Q. 2.
Q. on Qs. R. 2.	R. on K. 4.
R. on K. B. 3.	B. on K. B. 5.
B. on Q. B. 3.	Kt. on K. 1, and Q. 6.
P. on Q. Kt. 3, Q. R. 7, and K. 7.	P. on Q. B. 2: and Q. 3: and Q. Kt. 4: and K. Kt. 4.

No. 105, CHESS ENIGMA'S.

<i>White.</i>	<i>Black.</i>
K. at Q. B. Sqr.	K. at Q. R. 7.
Q. at K. B. 7.	R. at Q. Kt. 7.
R. at K. R. Sqr.	B. at Q. Kt. 6.
	P. at Q. Kt. 3;

White to play and draw the Game.

ENIGMA 100.

<i>White.</i>	<i>Black.</i>
K. at Q. B. 4.	K. at Q. R. 5.
Q. at K. R. 3.	Q. at Q. Kt. 3.
R. at K. Kt. 5.	R. at K. B. 7.
B. at Q. 2.	B. at K. 5.
Kt. at Q. B. 7.	B. at Q. B. 4.
P. at Q. Kt. 2.	Kt. at Q. B. 1.
	P. at Q. 3.

The party playing first can mate his opponent in three moves.

ENIGMA 103.

<i>White.</i>	<i>Black.</i>
K. at Q. 2.	K. at Q. R. 6.
B. at Q. B. 5.	P. at Q. B. 3, and Q. Kt. 5,
P. at Q. B. 2.	and Q. R. 4.
B. at Q. Kt. 3.	

*White to play and mate in five moves.**The Solutions to the Problems in our next.*

We have the pleasure to notify that we have ordered out the Chess player's Chronicle, for the benefit of our subscribers.

The two following games came out by the November Mail.

GAME 1.

Mr. Howitz gives Queen's Rook to Mr. K— . Amateur, Member of London Chess Club.

(Remove White's Q. R.)

White (Mr. H.)	Black (Amateur.)
1. K. P. two.	K. P. two.
2. K. Kt. to B. 3d.	K. B. P. one (a.)
3. Kt. takes P.	Q. to K. 2d.
4. Kt. to Q. B. 4th.	Q. takes P. (ch.)
5. Kt. to K. 3d.	K. B. to Q. B. 4th.
6. Q. Kt. to B. 3d.	Q. to Q. B. 3d.
7. K. B. to Kt. 5th.	Q. to Q. Kt. 3d.
8. Castles.	B. takes Kt.
9. B. P. takes B.	K. Kt. to R. 3d.
10. Q. Kt. to Q. 5th.	Q. to Q. B. 4th.
11. Q. to R. 5th (ch.)	K. to Q. sq. (b.)
12. Kt. takes K. B. P.	Q. takes Q.
13. Kt. takes Q.	R. to Kt. sq.
14. K. B. to Q. B. 4th.	R. to K. sq.
15. Q. P. two.	Q. B. P. one.
16. K. P. one.	R. takes K. P.
17. Kt. takes P.	R. takes Q. P.
18. Q. B. to Kt. 5th (ch.)	K. to B. 2d.
19. B. to K. 2d (c.)	Kt. to Kt. sq.
20. Kt. to K. 8th (ch.)	K. to Kt. 3d.
21. B. to Q. 8th (ch.) (d.)	K. to B. 4th.
22. Q. B. P. one.	R. to Q. R. 5th.
23. R. to Q. sq.	Q. Kt. P. two.
24. Q. R. P. one.	Q. Kt. to R. 3d.
25. Q. Kt. P. two (ch.)	Kt. takes P.
26. R. P. takes Kt. (ch.)	R. takes P.
27. P. takes R. (ch.)	K. takes P.
28. R. to Kt. sq. (ch.)	K. to R. 5th.
29. B. to Q. sq. (ch.)	K. to R. 6th.
30. Kt. to Q. 6th.	B. to R. 3d.
31. Kt. to K. 4th.	R. takes B.
32. Kt. to B. 3d.	Kt. P. one.
33. Rook.	

Mates.

(a) This move leads to what is called "Damiano's Gambit," and may be played advantageously where such large odds as a Rook are received.

(b) By interposing either Kt. or P. he would clearly have lost his Queen.

(c) Well played to restrict the march of the Kt.

(d) Better play than Q. 1. B. to K. 3d.

2ND GAME.

Mr. Buckle gives the King's Kt. to Mr. Medley.—(Remove Black K.'s Kt. from the board).

Black (Mr. B.)

1. K. P. two.
2. Q. P. two.
3. K. B. to Q. B. 4th.
4. Castles.
5. Q. B. P. one.
6. K. B. P. two.
7. B. takes B.
8. Q. to Q. Kt. 3d.
9. Kt. to Q. 2d.
10. P. takes P.
11. Kt. to Q. B. 4th.
12. Q. takes Kt.
13. Q. B. to K. Kt. 5th.
14. Q. R. to K. sq.
15. B. takes Kt.
16. Q. to her Kt. 5th (*check.*)
17. Q. to K. R. 5th (*ch.*)
18. Q. R. to Q. sq.
19. Q. to K. B. 5th (*ch.*)
20. Q. R. takes P.
21. Q. to Q. R. 5th (*ch.*)
22. Q. to Q. R. 4th.
23. Q. K. P. two.
24. Q. to Q. B. 2d.
25. Q. R. to Q. 2d.
26. K. R. to B. 2d.
27. K. R. P. one.
28. Q. to her R. 4th.
29. Q. Kt. P. one (*a*).
30. Q. takes P.
31. Q. to Q. 5th (*ch.*)
32. Q. to K. 6th.
33. K. P. 1. (*b*).
34. K. R. to K. B. 7th.
35. Q. R. to K. B. 2d.
36. Q. to K. B. 5th.

White (Mr. M.)

- K. P. two.
- P. takes P.
- Q. Kt. to B. 3d.
- Q. P. one.
- P. to Q. 6th.
- Q. B. to K. 3d.
- P. takes B.
- Q. to Q. B. sq.
- K. P. one.
- Kt. takes P.
- Kt. takes Kt.
- K. Kt. to B. 3d.
- K. B. to K. 2d.
- K. R. P. one.
- Kt. P. takes B.
- Q. B. P. one.
- K. to Q. 2d.
- Q. to K. sq.
- K. to Q. B. 2nd.
- K. R. to Kt. sq.
- Q. Kt. P. one.
- K. R. to Kt. 1th.
- Q. to K. Kt. 3d.
- Q. R. to K. Kt. sq.
- K. R. P. one.
- K. R. P. one.
- K. R. to Kt. 6th.
- K. to Q. Kt. 2nd.
- P. takes P.
- Q. to K. sq.
- Q. to Q. B. 3rd.
- Q. to Q. B. 2nd.
- K. B. P. takes P.
- Q. R. to K. Kt. 2nd.
- K. R. to K. Kt. 3rd.
- Q. P. one (*c*).

(a) Black makes a truly gallant fight, but the odds are too much for him to give such a player as Mr. Medley.

(b) All this shews the master hand.

(c) Well intended.

- | | |
|--------------------------------|--|
| 37. Q. B. P. 1. | R. takes P. (<i>ch.</i>) (<i>b</i>). |
| 38. K. to R. sq. (<i>a</i>). | K. R. to Kt. 8th (<i>ch.</i>) |
| 39. K. to R. 2d. | K. P. one (<i>dis. ch.</i>) |
| 40. Q. to K. B. 4th. | Q. takes Q. (<i>ch.</i>) |
| 41. K. R. takes Q. | K. B. to Q. 3rd. |

And Wins.

CHIESS ENIGMA.

This position occurred, in the course of a game between M. St. Amant, and Mr. Schulten, M. St. A. having the white men.

White.	Black.
K. at Q. B. Sq.	K. at K. R. 3rd
R. at K. Kt. 5th.	R. at K. R. Sq.
R. at Q. 6th.	R. at K. B. Sq.
Kt. at K. 3rd.	Kt. at K. 3rd.
Ps. at K. R. 4th, Q. Kt. 2nd, and Q. R. 2nd.	Kt. at Q. B. 2nd.
	Ps. at K. Kt. 5th, K. B. 2nd, Q. B. 3rd, Q. Kt. 2nd, and Q. R. 2nd.

White having to play, gave mate in four moves.

From the Monthly Times.

VIII.—MISCELLANEA.

THE relationship between Mary Queen of Scots and Queen Elizabeth stands thus;—Mary was the great niece of Henry VIII. being the grand daughter of his sister Margaret, while Elizabeth was Henry's own daughter.

Aeronauts, pronounced a-ur-o-nauts is from "acr" the air and "nau-tes" a sailor.

Jenny Lind's name is pronounced Leend.

The highest reading of the Thermometer in England in the year 1846 was $93\frac{1}{4}^{\circ}$; up to July 17, the highest was $87\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$; the highest average daily temperature for 1846, was $74\frac{1}{4}^{\circ}$, and the highest for this year was the same.

The popular error regarding the influence of the Moon on our atmosphere especially at the changes.—This popular belief is not founded on fact,—at the Royal Observatory at Greenwich an uninterrupted series of meteorological observations have been taken with the best

(a) Had he taken R. with Q. R., white would have taken K. R., threatening afterwards the check with his Bishop.

(b) It was with this object he advanced the Q. P. last move.

instruments, at every two hours night and day since 1840. These observations have been reduced and fully discussed at a very great expence of labour ; and no connection has been found to have existed between the variable phases of the moon, and the varieties of the weather.

Another popular error is that the circumstance of a funeral passing along a private pathway establishes a public right of way.

"*The death-watch*" is merely a small boring beetle "*Anodium*" the ticking of which is its call to its mate ; but has been vulgarly regarded as a Death Omen.

To detect adulterated flour, mix lemon juice or vinegar ; when, if it has a mixture of chalk or whitening, a fermentation will take place.

If cotton or woollen clothing, after washing, be rinsed in a moderate solution of Saltpetre and water, it will prevent their readily catching fire, and improve their appearance.

An Act limiting the period of enlistment to ten years has been passed.

The difference between a Rector and a Vicar is this. The Rector has charge of a parish and has the tithes, a Vicar is only the incumbent of a benefice.

"*Cousins once removed*" implies the relationship existing between the member of a family and his or her cousin of the next generation.

Matrimony patronized in Italy, by Buonaparte.

Buonaparte endeavoured to bring matrimony into fashion in his Italian dominions, and he succeeded. In the circle held after his coronation at Milan, he turned to a lady of high rank and asked her with his usual abruptness, "Where was her husband?" She replied, "At home, sire."—"What is he doing." She replied, duly, "nothing."—"Nothing!" Buonaparte contemptuously reiterated—"Nothing! Always this cursed thing, nothing." He insisted that all cards of invitation should be written to include the name of husband and wife—a thing formerly unknown in Italy.

Napoleon and the Female Shop-keeper.

THE Emperor Napoleon was fond of walking about Paris "*incognito*," frequently attended by an Aide-de-camp only. One morning he went into a shop to ask the price of a little antique figure of porcelain ; the mistress was not up at the time (just eight o'clock,) and Napoleon waited half an hour until she arose ; he then asked the price, but the emperor said it was too much. "Indeed," said the woman, "that may be ; but what with taxes and distresses of the war, we must get as much as we can, for the emperor by and by will leave us nothing." Napoleon quitted the shop, and the following morning sent his aide-de-camp to call the woman with her little figure. The poor woman, terrified, made her

appearance before the emperor, who stepped up to her, and said, "I shall give you your price for this; but I would recommend you to get up earlier, and not to mind politics."

Napoleon's narrow escape at a Bour-hunt.

ON one occasion while hunting the wild-boar at Marly, all his suite were put to flight; it was like the flight of an army. The emperor with Soult and Berthier maintained their ground against three enormous boars.

"We killed all three; but I received a hurt from my adversary, and nearly lost this finger," said the emperor, pointing to the third finger of his left hand which indeed bore the mark of a severe wound. "But the most laughable circumstance of all was to see the multitude of men, surrounded by their dogs screen themselves behind us, and calling out lustily, "Save the emperor!" "Save the emperor!" while not one advanced to my assistance.

Le petit Corporal.

A SINGULAR custom was established in the army of Italy, in consequence of the youth of the commander or from some other cause, after each battle the oldest soldiers used to hold a council, and confer a new rank on their young general, who when he made his appearance in the camp was received by the veterans, and saluted with his new title. They made him a corporal at Lodi, and a sergeant at Castiglione; and hence the surname of "Petit Corporal," which was for a long time applied to Napoleon by the soldiers. How subtle is the chain which unites the most trivial circumstances to the most important events, perhaps this very nickname contributed to his miraculous success on his return in 1815.

While he was haranguing the first battalion which he found it necessary to address, a voice from the ranks exclaimed, "Vive notre Petit Corporal!" we will never fight against him.—*Napoleon Anecdotes.*

"There is a good deal in that," or the balderdash of a Modern Novel.

"SHALL it ever be said that I am of the same nation as Hamood Abuneked!" said Butros.

"Ah! it is very dreadful," said Rafael, "a man who has burned convents!"

"And who has five hundred Maronite horns in his castle," said Butros.

"But suppose he restores them?" said Francis El Kazin.

"That would make a difference," said Rafael Farah.

"There can be no difference while he lives," said Butros.

"I fear it is an affair of blood," said Francis El Kazin.

"What should be an affair of blood," said Butros, "if———"

"But nothing else but taking horns can be proved," said Francis El Kazin.

"There is a good deal in that!" said Rafael Farah.

"Tancred."

Another Specimen.

"AND the most curious thing," said Freeman to Trueman, as they established themselves under a pine tree, with an ample portion of roast meat and armed with their travelling knives and forks, "and the most curious thing is, that they say these people are christians! Whoever heard of Christians wearing turbans?"

"Or eating without knives and forks?" added Trueman.

"It would astonish their weak minds in the Steward's room, at Bellamont, if they could see all this, John," said Mr. Freeman, pensively. "A man who travels has very great advantages."

"And very great hardships, too," said Trueman. "I don't care for work, but I do like to have my meals regular."

"This is not bad picking, though," said Mr. Freeman, "they call it gazelle, which I suppose is the foreign for venison."

"If you called this venison at Bellamont," said Trueman, "they would look very queer in the Steward's room."

"Bellamont is Bellamont, and this place is this place, John," said Mr. Freeman. "The Hameer is a noble gentleman, every inch of him, and I am very glad my lord has got a companion of his own kidney. It is much better than monks and hermits, and low people of that sort, who are not by no means fit company for somebody I could mention, and might turn him into a papist into the bargain."

"That would be a sad business," said Trueman, "my lady could never abide that. It would be better that he should turn Turk."

"I am not sure it would not," said Mr. Freeman. "It would be in a manner more constitutional. The Sultan of Turkey may send an Ambassador to our Queen, but the Pope of Rome may not."

"I should not like to turn Turk," said Trueman, very thoughtfully.

"I know what you are thinking of, John," said Mr. Freeman, in a serious tone. "You are thinking if any thing were to happen to either of us in this heathen land, where we should get christian burial."

"Lord love you, Mr. Freeman, no I wasn't, I was thinking of a glass of ale."

"Ah!" sighed Freeman, "it softens the heart to think of such things away from home as we are. Do you know, John, there are times when I feel very queer—there are indeed, I caught myself a singing 'Sweet Home,' one night among those savages in the wilderness. One wants consolation, John, sometimes—one does indeed; and for my part, I do miss the family prayers and the home-brewed."—*Ibid.*

The Modern High-flown style. A Letter of Credit. To Adam Besso at Jerusalem.

MY GOOD ADAM,—If the youth who bears this requires advances, let him have as much gold as would make the right-hand lion on the first step of the throne of Solomon the king; and if he want more, let him have as much as would form the lion that is on the left; and so on, through every stair of the royal seat. For all which will be responsible the child of Israel, who among the Gentiles is called "SIDONIA."

From D'Israeli's "Tuncred."

Chinese and Tea in India.

WHILE riding on horseback through the streets of Dhacca, I passed an elderly Chinese, then another, and so on until nearly a dozen had passed. I addressed them in their native language, much to their astonishment; on which they stopped, and each of them laughed wildly with joy, and roared out, "Cheen! Cheen! Cheen!" till the whole place re-echoed "Cheen!" They were tea-manufacturers, proceeding to Assam for the purpose of instructing the natives of the country in the art of preparing tea, for the benefit of the Assam Tea Company.

I wish this Company every success most heartily, and feel persuaded, and venture to predict, that fifty years hence it will be proved that its labours have not only lowered the prices, but have also improved the qualities of teas drunk in Europe; and most probably some new and delicious preparation of the leaf will be discovered, and a vast outlet opened for English produce, in countries which do not now consume our manufactures to the amount of £1,000 a year.

In conversation I ascertained a very curious fact. It seems that the natives of Tepperah, which is a civil station within fifty or sixty miles of Chittagong and Dhacca, have from time immemorial been in the habit of drinking an infusion of the green undried leaves of the tea plants, which grows there most abundantly in a wild state, prepared in a curious manner, which seems to be at all events worth a trial. After plucking and separating the leaves from the small branches, they are cram-

med into the hollow of a bamboo, the end of which is stopped up. They are allowed to remain there for eight or ten days, and then infused in boiling water.

And yet the existence of the tea plant in India is but a recent discovery. Any other nation, the French, for instance would have established a tea manufactory at Tepperah, immediately after their first settlement; and the Yankees would have "progressed" railroads and steam boats, for its more speedy success. No nation in the world has ever shewn such extreme listlessness and inattention to the produce of this country as our own. India, at this moment, is a mine of wealth in unexplored capabilities.—*Col. Davidson's Travels in India.*

A Tiger Fight.

A MAN entered the arena (of the Rajah of Coorg), armed only with a Coorg knife, and clothed in short trowsers, which barely covered his hips, and extended half way down his thighs. The instrument, which he wielded in his right hand, was a heavy blade, something like the coulter of a plough, about two feet long, and full three inches wide, gradually diminishing towards the handle, with which it formed a right angle. This knife is used with great dexterity by the Coorgs, being swung round in the hand before the blow is inflicted, and then brought into contact with the object intended to be struck, with a force and effect truly astounding. The champion who now presented himself before the Rajah was about to be opposed to a tiger, which he volunteered to encounter almost naked, and armed only with the weapon I have just described. He was rather tall, with a slight figure; but his chest was deep, his arms long and muscular. His legs were thin; yet the action of the muscles was perceptible with every movement, whilst the freedom of his gait, and the few contortions he performed preparatory to the hazardous enterprise in which he was about to engage, shewed that he possessed uncommon activity, combined with no ordinary degree of strength. The expression of his countenance was absolutely sublime when he gave the signal for the tiger to be let loose: it was the very concentration of moral energy, the index of a high and settled resolution. His body glistened with the oil which had been rubbed over it in order to promote the elasticity of his limbs. He raised his arm for several moments above his head when he made the motion to admit his enemy into the arena. The bars of a large cage were instantly lifted from above; a huge royal tiger sprang forward and stood before the Coorg, waving its tail slowly backward and forward, erecting the hair upon it, and uttering a suppressed howl. The animal first looked at the man, then at the gallery where the Rajah and his court were seated to see the sports, but did not appear at all easy in its present state of freedom: it was evidently confounded at the novelty of its position. After a short survey, it turned suddenly round, and bounded into its cage, from which the keepers, who stood

above, beyond the reach of mischief, tried to force it, but in vain. The bars were then dropped, and several crackers fastened to its tail, which projected through one of the intervals. A lighted match was put into the hand of the Coorg; the bars were again raised, and the crackers ignited. The tiger now darted into the arena with a terrific yell, and while the crackers were exploding, it leaped, turned, and writhed as if in a state of frantic excitement. It at length crouched in a corner, gnarling as a cat does when alarmed. Meanwhile its retreat had been cut off by securing the cage. During the explosion of the crackers the Coorg stood watching the enemy, and at length advanced towards it with a slow but firm step. The tiger roused itself and retreated, the fur on its back being erect, and its tail apparently dilated to twice the usual size. It was not at all disposed to commence hostilities; but its resolute foe was not to be evaded. Fixing his eyes intently upon the deadly creature, he advanced with the same measured step, the tiger retreating as before, but still presenting its front to its enemy. The Coorg now stopped suddenly; then moving slowly backward, the tiger raised itself to its full height, curved its back to the necessary segment for a spring, and lashed its tail, evidently meditating mischief. The man continued to retire; and as soon as he was at so great a distance that the fixed expression of his eye was no longer distinguishable, the ferocious brute made a sudden bound forward, crouched, and sprang with a short, sharp growl. Its adversary, fully prepared for this, leaped actively on one side, and as the tiger reached the ground, swung round his heavy knife, and brought it with irresistible force upon the animal's hind leg, just above the joint. The bone was instantly severed, and the tiger effectually prevented from making a second spring. The wounded beast roared; but turning suddenly on the Coorg, who had by this time retired several yards, advanced fiercely upon him, its wounded leg hanging loose in the skin, shewing that it was broken. The tiger now excited to a pitch of reckless rage, rushed forward upon its three legs towards its adversary, who stood with his heavy knife upraised, calmly awaiting the encounter. As soon as the savage creature was within his reach, he brought down the ponderous weapon upon its head with a force which nothing could resist, laid open the skull from ear to ear, and the vanquished foe fell dead at his feet. He then coolly wiped the knife on the animal's hide, made a dignified salaam to the Rajah, and retired amid the loud acclamations of the spectators. His Highness informed us that the man had killed several tigers in a similar manner; and that, although upon one or two occasions he had been severely scratched, he had never been seriously wounded. The Coorgs, moreover, are known often to attack this terrible animal in the jungles with their heavy, sharp knives, and with almost unfailing success. Upon the present occasion, nothing could exceed the cool, cautious, and calculating precision with which the resolute Hindoo went through this dangerous performance.—*Oriental Annual.*

to arise naturally out of the text ; and that I should like to take my own way, with a freer range of English scenes and people, and was afraid I should ultimately do so in any case, whatever course I might prescribe to myself at starting. My views being deferred to, I thought of Mr. Pickwick, and wrote the first number ; from the proof sheets of which Mr. Seymour made his drawing of the club, ~~and~~ that happy portrait of its founder, by which he is always recognised, and which may be said to have made him a reality. I connected Mr. Pickwick with a club, because of the original suggestion, and I put in Mr. Winkle expressly for the use of Mr. Seymour. We started with a number of twenty-four pages instead of thirty-two, and four illustrations in lieu of a couple. Mr. Seymour's sudden and lamented death before the second number was published brought about a quick decision upon a point already in agitation ; the number became one of thirty-two pages with two illustrations, and remained so to the end. My friends told me it was a low, cheap form of publication, by which I should ruin all my rising hopes ; and how right my friends turned out to be, every body now knows. " Boz," my signature in the *Morning Chronicle*, appended to the monthly cover of this book, and retained long afterwards, was the nickname of my pet child, a younger brother, whom I had dubbed Moses, in honour of the Vicar of Wakefield ; which being facetiously pronounced through the nose, became Boses, and being shortened became Boz. " Boz" was a very familiar household word to me long before I was an author, and so I came to adopt it.—*Eng. Paper.* *

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[No. 2.

I.—SELECTED REVIEWS AND NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

REVIEWS.

Letters from the East Indies—[*Briefe aus Indien, &c.*].—By Dr. W. Hoffmeister, Physician in the Suite of his Royal Highness the Prince Waldemar of Prussia. Edited, with Extracts from his Journals, by Dr. A. Hoffmeister. Brunswick, Westermann.

THAT Prince Waldemar of Prussia was lately a traveller in the East is already known to the British public from Lord Hardinge's despatches describing the battles on the Sutlej; in which honourable mention is made of the gallant appearance of his Royal Highness in the field, as a volunteer, throughout the brief and bloody contest in which the military power of the Sikhs was fatally humbled. In the second of those actions, at Ferozeshah, when Lord Hardinge advanced in front of the line to encourage the British troops, beginning to waver under the deadly fire to which they were exposed, the Prince insisted on sharing this honourable danger, and rode forward by the side of the Governor-General attended by his whole suite. In this exposed situation one of these attendants, Dr. Hoffmeister, was killed on the spot; and thus, a career begun under the happiest auspices, in the more peaceful fields of science, was unexpectedly brought to a tragical and premature close. To travel in the East had been the earliest wish of this young student. Recommended by merit alone to be the Prince's companion, he had attained the gratification of this desire in a manner exceeding his most sanguine hopes. After a long and interesting journey, he was about to return to his native country, enriched by the stores of knowledge which his diligence had enabled him to collect,—with a view, no doubt, to their arrangement and record in a literary work. The bullet which struck him down on the field of Ferozeshah suddenly ended this prosperous course,—under circumstances that add another impressive instance to the mournful list of evidences of the vanity of human wishes. These circumstances give an increased interest to the work now before us—containing all that is left of an existence rich in youthful energy, adventure, and scientific promise.

Without the advantage of any such special recommendation, however, these letters would be read with pleasure. They were merely intended to give some account, to friends at home, of the various impressions of the journey as they arose,—were written always in haste, and frequently in the spare minutes of fatiguing expeditions—and thus, of course, are chiefly occupied with personal occurrences, and contain in other respects the mere fragments of what the traveller might have told us had he lived to arrange his notes and recollections at leisure. Of the latter part of his wanderings, especially amidst the rugged peaks and snows of the Himalaya, the narrative which he had time to set down is little more than a record of the difficulties overcome in each day's advance. But this very circumstance, perhaps, increases the vivacity of the narrative: which records the immediate impressions of the moment on a mind of great quickness and power of observation,—conveyed in a style easy, rapid, and expressive,—bespeaking throughout, the heartiness of one engaged in a pursuit thoroughly congenial, and gifted with an open sense for the new aspects with which men and natural objects present themselves to the wayfarer in foreign lands. The course of the Prince's journey brought within view some of the most characteristic features of the Levant and of the further East. From Trieste and Ancona, it first led to the Ionian Isles, Patras, Corinth, and Athens; thence, by Alexandria and Cairo, down the Red Sea; from Aden to Ceylon; afterwards by Madras to Calcutta. The party then crossed by the northern provinces of Bengal into the Nepalese territory; and, after visiting Lucknow, again pierced into the Himalaya district, and even penetrated through it, for the space of some days' journey, into Chinese Tartary. After a painful traverse of this mountain range, exposed to extreme fatigue and hardships, not without danger, the Prince descended to Simla. From this resting place the party was roused by incursions of the Sikhs; and in a few weeks more the notes of our amiable traveller close,—a day or two before he fell in the manner which we have already described. From this outline, it will appear that the journey must have presented many of the most striking varieties of Eastern scenery and climate:—ranging from the bare Arabian desert to the rich bowers of Ceylon,—including the scorched plains of Bengal and the eternal snows of the giant Himalayas, with all the various races of men and the monuments or ruins of their present or past existence which they so abundantly contain. How these presented themselves at the first glance to the eyes of a traveller of no common order the following extracts may partly show.—The party had reached Cairo at midnight. The dawn of the next day displayed its features with all the charms of a surprise, after the lifeless banks of the Nile and the arid sands of Alexandria.—

It was now daylight. The blinds were thrown open. What a heavenly view! To the left, a long range of oriental houses, with wooden cages richly carved, instead of windows; and amidst them palm trees and mimosas rising in grand picturesque groups above the garden walls. The long row of houses and palaces is closed at the end by a splendid but slender minaret; and many others are visible in the foreground, handsomely painted with varied red and white. The central part of the background is filled by a wood of palms, stretching into blue distance; near to this, on the right hand, rise the giant structures of the pyramids of Gizeh. They fill the place of mountains,—which are otherwise wanting to complete the beauty of the picture. On

the horizon, to the right also, the desert may be distinctly perceived, by the yellowish grey vapour of the atmosphere which hangs over it. The foreground in that direction looks all the lovelier for this : it consists of a thick wood of acacias, in the freshest green of spring. In the interspace lie blooming maize fields ; and directly in the midst of the plain is a small lake, closely embowered with rows of the Labek-acacia. Directly past this pool, there runs one of the most frequented highways leading to the city :—it leads across the wide square of Es-bekieh, into which the windows of our hotel look. A crowd of asses, tottering under burdens of fruit, with brown colts trotting after them, come towards the town ;—then a file of slowly-pacing dromedaries, the head of one fastened by a rope to the rear of its leader ;—women in blue shifts and trousers, carrying a huge vase on their heads, a smaller one in the flat of the hand, which is held above the shoulder, and having often, besides these, a naked infant astride on the unoccupied shoulder ;—white Copts, with the black turbans ;—black Nubians, in their long white gowns ;—lean, wizened, filthy-looking Arabs, and clean, well-fed corpulent Turks and Armenians. All here are pressing onwards towards the city. Opposite to our window, the eye has the refreshing sight of leafy sycamores and acacias. No one can imagine what a blessing it is to enjoy the view of green trees, which have been wanting ever since we left Vienna. Here, at last, there is shade ;—here there is water ;—here we have clean beds and an extremely comfortable breakfast. No sooner was this over, than our curiosity could be no longer controlled. We leaped on the asses which were standing for hire under the window ;—and forth we sped into the heart of the city of the Khalifa.

After the confinement and other discomforts of the voyage from Suez, the aspect of Ceylon was still more welcome. Here, indeed, the whole abundance of tropical nature seems to be poured out with greater profusion and fewer drawbacks than were found in any other spot visited by the travellers. The party were rowed on shore—

in a crazy kind of raft, by spare copper-coloured fellows, with lively black eyes, finely cut features, and hair of a raven black, wound into a knot at the back of the head.—Their only clothing was a petticoat of the barest dimensions. Amongst them were boys with the loveliest faces imaginable, and black hair falling in plentiful locks down their backs. * * * The sun shone in full glow, and the aromatic breath of the island of spices was wafted towards us in thick clouds of fragrance. In the sudden change from the elastic sea-air to this heavy greenhouse atmosphere laden with the perfume of flowers, I had exactly the feelings of the convalescent from a long illness when he is taken for the first time into a blooming garden on a warm spring day. It is surprising how far out at sea this fragrant air may be perceived before approaching land.

Their quarters, when reached through a crowd of natives in various showy costumes, were found to have been happily chosen.—

We arrived at the old Dutch gate, which now is quite green with moss : and opposite to it was the place destined to receive us—an open old-fashioned looking building of a single story, surrounded with an airy verandah. Over the entrance there is a vine,—with the date 1687. It was the “Queen’s House,” or government building. The interior consisted of large rooms with stone floors :—three of these were allotted to us. They were provided with doors to the galleries on each side, which supplied the place of windows, and contained nothing but immense bedsteads, eight feet square, with muslin curtains. A glimpse into the court soon tempted us from our cool open lodgings into the open air. What a glory of red and yellow hibiscus ! What lovely, thickly grown violet turf, such as I had never seen since I was in England ! Here grew the splendid plumiwia, with its deliciously fragrant scent ; there bananas of giant size ; papay, and bread-fruit trees, reared their lofty heads over the wall. We descended a flight of steps, green with the continued warm moisture of the climate, into the shrubbery, a kind of wilderness, peopled with countless species of living creatures. * * * It can hardly be described what a strange impres-

sion the abundance of tropical nature—the warm moist air, heavy with the fragrance of spices and cocoa-nut oil—the fairy-like glimpses of light piercing with broken but vivid rays through the bushy crowns of the palm-trees—makes on the traveller. Thickets of rich, blooming, yellow, blue, and red, and bell-shaped flowers embower the cleanly dwelling-houses which, built in the antique Dutch fashion, with a small verandah at one side, border the road all the way at Colombo. Old Dutch inscriptions are met with everywhere, on aged brick walls, half decayed by time and weather, and overgrown with the greenest moss,—as if the region had long since been forsaken by living men. Every thing produces on the mind an impression of dreamy quiet. * * * Myriads of slender green snakes glide under the leafy bushes; crabs of the brightest colours run to and fro amongst the stones, and, when pursued, take refuge with hasty sidelong bounds beneath the closely matted creepers of the beautiful red-flowering *astragalus*. The ananas and the pandang flourish here, as wild plants, on the drier rocks, with no other nutriment, it would seem, than what they draw from the continual moisture of the air.

This condition of the atmosphere, favourable as it is to the beauty of vegetation, is not, however, wholly without its disadvantages. It stimulates the growth of insects and reptiles, as well as of fruits and flowers; and some of the former are sadly in the way of a traveller's excursion, especially if he be one apt to "peep and botanize."—"In the close and shady places," we are told, "under cover of the immense masses of foliage, there prevails a steaming atmosphere *highly desirable for scorpions and serpents*;" but somewhat formidable to man, for various reasons. The land-leeches—the swarms of which seem to be as countless as their dexterity in piercing human legs through every safeguard of stocking or spatterdash is notable—sorely perplex our naturalist, whom a steep ascent compels to dismount and pursue his way on foot. On one occasion of this kind, we read, in an excursion into the interior:—"We had to let the horses be led forward, and toil up the slippery path on foot; a process which here was particularly unwelcome to us, since their bleeding fetlocks gave signs of unusual numbers of land-leeches—that terrible plague of Ceylon. Besides the natural dampness of the spot, it had also been raining there the day before, which had brought these little creatures out by millions. They very soon were swarming all over us, and infallibly spied out every opening in our dress, were it even the smallest crevice possible,—by which they were enabled to torment us in a frightful way. The most vigilant precautions to defend our legs and feet were quite useless. As many of these little brutes are no thicker than a common pin, they work their way through any clothes, or even creep up them as high as to the neck; where their presence is still more annoying. Our Singhalese had less to suffer from them than we had, in spite of their going barefoot; as they have a way of stripping them off very dexterously."

Still more inconvenient is such *gratis* blood-letting to the man of science when society demands his presence, and the climate enjoins white Russia smalls.—"Towards evening"—on one occasion—just as the dinner bell was about to ring, when our excellent naturalist was already dressed—the infinite number of fire-flies which were fluttering to and fro over the grass tempted his unwary feet to chase them "and collect some dozens in a phial." Now, just as it was time to go to table, I observed in the brilliantly lighted apartment streaks of blood all over my white trousers from waist to toe. I was not long in doubt as to the cause: this was my first experience of

the leeches whose subsequent performances have left so painful an impression on my memory. On my legs I found some hundreds of these reptiles, which had made their way through my pantaloons; and had to rid myself of these uninvited guests with lemon juice, according to the prescribed method.

We are sorry to find that the Singhalese, with many amiable qualities, have the defect of being much addicted, like most of the inferior castes of Hindoos, to thieving;—nor can we account it a merit in them that they execute this with surprising neatness and dexterity. On the whole, however, the description of the island, of its present condition, and its future capacities, is in the highest degree inviting. We would fain join the party in their difficult ascent of Adam's Peak,—and take a share with the Prince in the elephant hunt at Badulla, under the direction of the famous Major Rogers: but must not dwell too long on a single point of the journey.

Neither Madras nor Calcutta seems to have much pleased the travellers. In the "City of Palaces" there was more pomfip and etiquette in the social arrangements than was quite agreeable. The heat, also, was excessive; and multitudes of servants, like flies, continually hovering about the steps of the naturalist, in the dwelling assigned to the party by the Governor-General, sadly impairs the enjoyment of a few days of rest. Nor could the arid plains of Bengal satisfy eyes that had lately been filled with the voluptuous verdure of Ceylon. In Nepaul, whither the party next proceeded, the approach to the mountain region and the glimpse of the mighty Himalaya chain excited a livelier interest: and on returning from thence, a new scene recalling ideas of the time when—

the wealth of Ormus and of Ind
Heaped on their kings barbaric pearl and gold—

was presented to the traveller on a visit to the Nabob of Oude, at Lucknow. Entering that city, in the dusty costume of wayfarers, they fell in with an impromptu display of magnificence.—

At the turning of a street, a troop of horsemen in armour, came galloping towards us, driving the crowd of foot passengers out of their way with loud shouts: a division of the body guard of infantry, with red uniforms and halberts covered with silver, followed these, making the clearance complete. In consequence of this sudden movement, we were thrust so far back into the midst of the confused mob of people, that it became necessary to ply our sticks and elbows lustily. A frightful din, set up by an orchestra of pipers, drummers, and cymbaleers, tricked out in the strangest finery, increased the oriental peculiarity of the scene, and announced the approach of some personage of exalted rank. After this advanced guard, there came three huge elephants with brocade hangings on their heads and silver howdahs on their backs. Being now somewhat used to such processions, we did not expect anything quite extraordinary,—least of all, the immediate presence of the Regent, King, or Nabob of Oude, at this early hour. A stout personage, with uncommonly bloated cheeks and an air of the utmost impassiveness, who rode, completely enveloped in cloth of gold, on a lofty Cabul charger, in the midst of a troop of tall lancers in yellow uniforms, blue caps, and portentous boots, was no other, we were told, than the King himself. In the press we had no time to examine his appearance more minutely.

The various splendid mosques, imperial tombs and gardens of Lucknow, and its mere pageant of a court, are vividly described in the Letters. These we must pass over, to give an account of a fiercer exhibition to which the

Nabob invited his foreign guests. From a gorgeous repast at the palace, they adjourned to the place destined to the combat of wild beasts, which had been prepared for their entertainment.—

We were conducted to a gallery which commanded a view of a narrow court or area beneath, inclosed by walls and palisades. This was the arena in which the spectacle was to take place. Unfortunately, the space allotted to spectators was so narrowed by the great number of European ladies who were present, that we could only find indifferent standing room, where, in addition to this inconvenience, the glare of the sun was very oppressively felt, but the drama which began to be acted in our sight in the deep space below was such that every discomfort was forgotten in beholding it. We there beheld six mighty buffalos, not of the tame species, but the sturdy off-spring of the Arni buffalo of the hill country, at least four feet and a half high from the ground to the withers, with enormous widely-spread horns several feet long. There they stood, on their short clumsy hoofs, and snorting violently, blew out their angry breath from their protruded muzzles as if they were already aware of the nearly approaching danger. What terribly powerful brutes! what vast strength in their broad and brawny necks! It would have been a noble sight, had not their eyes the while expressed such entire stupidity. A rattling of sticks, and the cries of several kinds of bestial voices, were heard—to which the buffalos replied with a deep bellowing. On a sudden, from an opened side door, there darted forth a huge tiger,—certainly from ten to eleven feet in length, and four in height. Without much hesitation, he sprang with a single long bound right amidst the buffalos, one of which, winding his body out of the reach of the formidable horns, he seized by the neck with both claws and teeth at once. The weight of the tiger almost overthrew the buffalo. A hideous combat now took place. Groaning and bellowing, the buffalo dragged his powerful assailant up and down the arena, while the others, with their heavy, pointed horns, dealt the tiger fearful gashes, to liberate their fellow beast. A deep stillness reigned amongst the public, all the spectators awaited with eager suspense the issue of this contest between the tiger and the buffalos, as well as the fate of some unfortunate asses—which latter, to increase the sport, being made *perforce* witnesses of the sanguinary action, at first looked down upon it from their poles with inexpressible horror, and afterwards, when their supports were shaken by the butting of the buffalos, fell to the ground as if dead, and, with out-stretched limbs lay expecting their fate with the greatest resignation—without making a single effort to save themselves. Two other tigers, of somewhat less stature, were now, with great difficulty, driven in, while the main struggle was still going forward. But no efforts could induce them to attempt an attack of any kind;—they shrank down like cats, crouching as closely as possible to the walls of the inclosure, whenever the buffalos, who still continued, however, to butt at their enemy with the utmost desperation, approached them. The great tiger had at last received a push in the ribs which lifted him from his seat. He came tumbling down, and crawled like a craven into a corner, whither he was pursued by the buffalo, maddened by the pain of his lacerated neck—and thence had to endure many thrusts with the horns, at each of which he only drew up his mouth with a grimace of pain, without making the smallest motion to ward off the attack.

The spectacle was by no means ended here:—other combatants were driven in, and fought with more or less energy. At the close of the exhibition, Dr. Hoffmeister adds—

It was a terrible drama,—but for this very reason all the more entertaining to the ladies and gentlemen.—After all, there was but one of the buffalos that died from the wounds it had received. All the tigers were still alive—one of them, only, had a rib broken. The king has in his menagerie sixteen strong tigers, which are kept for combats of this kind.

These lively descriptions, we may repeat, are first impressions, thrown off in haste for the eyes of private friends, and never submitted to revision.

or completion afterwards. To this we have already added that most of the journal had to be written at the close of fatiguing days, employed not merely in the ordinary cares of the traveller for his own comfort, but also with the preparations of the collector and naturalist,—and, as we collect from glimpses and hints here and there, in serviceable offices for the whole party. When these circumstances are taken into account, and the work before us is compared with many deliberately completed performances of other travellers, a conclusion favourable to the energy, readiness, and previous training of Dr. Hoffmeister may readily be drawn : and it is natural, on seeing how full of meaning and matter are these off-handed performances, scarcely designed to pass beyond a private circle, to conjecture what the nature of his more finished work would have been had he been preserved to write an account of these travels in the security of his native land.

Russell: a Tale of the Reign of Charles II. By G. P. R. James, Esq., author of 'Darnley,' 'The Gipsy,' &c. 3 vols. Smith, Elder and Co.

FOREMOST among the historical personages of this story are Lord William and Lady Rachael Russell;—the less exalted characters are those who figure in the somewhat apocryphal roll of the Rye-House Conspirators. For romantic *dramatis personæ*, we have a group of rakish cavaliers. Their leader is one wicked Lord Alcester, who has wronged a noble lady :—he is watched and kept in order by a relative in disguise, not precisely of the good Mr. Burchell's homely pattern, but masquerading as a juggler aided by some black men, and performing feats of most wondrous glamour. Would that Mr. James could unearth his sorcerer's mirror for the benefit of the Doblers, Andersens, and smaller fry of Sprats and others who come in to make mirth and marvels for our small people at Christmas time !—Further, on "Virtue's side" stands "the blue-eyed maid of the cottage ;" who is really a blue-eyed young Lady of good family, turned out in the first page for as serious a chace as awaited the Epping stag of merry memory,—and with regard to whose ultimate destination we were no more uneasy than about the safety of the established City make-sport. She has a venerable father, who has got into political scrapes—and a gallant lover, who is perpetually riding about to achieve brave things. There is also a dashing Dick Myrtle, who has been kept ready made and ready accounted in our fertile novelist's closet of necromancy ever since we first knew him to be a conjuror. With all these figures and their evolutions every English reader who has enjoyed the advantages of an average circulating-library education has been made acquainted some forty volumes since :—he is less ready, we apprehend, to expect from Mr. James "a Joe" like the following. This, however old it may be to the Million, is new to the *Athenæum* ; and therefore it shall close the Critic's catalogue of familiar faces and "properties" :—

"The cloudy morning, gradually becoming bright and beautiful, has served as a figure of a thousand things. It has often consoled the baffled expectations of youth ; it has often given hope to the wrung heart of parental disappointment. It is recorded that, happily turned by a criminal in a very simple little distich, it saved his neck

from the halter, at a period of our legislative history when that same halter was almost as frequently found round a human as an equine neck. The circumstances, as they are told, are these:—a youth of the name of Lowry—which means in the north, cloudy—happened to take a fancy for some small article which was not his and appropriated it in a manner which rendered his crime capital. He was *one of the unfortunate*, which, in the scape-grace interpretation of the word, means a man that is caught in his peccadilloes; and he was brought to trial. Not only was the offence proved, but it was also proved that the youth was very much given to various improper habits; in short, that he was a bad character. It seemed to be the opinion of the lawyers employed to prosecute, that his youth was rather an unfavourable feature in his case, and that, with one who had begun life so badly, the sooner he was out of the world the better. The judge summed up in the same sense; but just when the jury were about to deliberate, the culprit turned the lawyers' point of aggravation into a defence, and exclaimed—

Although my name be Lowry, oh, cast me not away!
For many a low'ry morning turns out a fine day.

The jury resolved to give him a chance of such being the result in his own case; and with the liberal construction of their oath, which we see every day in cases of duelling, acquitted the prisoner."

Norman's Bridge; or the Modern Midas. By the author of '*Emilia Wyndham*,' '*Two old Men's Tales*,' &c. 3 vols. Bentley.

THAT the '*Two Old Men*' never tell tales save in earnest, the *Athenæum* has; again and again, had pleasure in pointing out. They have rarely, if ever, laboured more heartily than over their present task. To speak more plainly, this is one of the most powerful novels of a very powerful writer. Perhaps among all our passions and appetites, none has been more successfully treated in fiction than the desire of heaping up riches. In the remarkable library of modern French fiction (and very remarkable it is, with all its acknowledged defects, extravagances, and vices) Balzac's '*Eugenie Grandet*' stands in the foremost rank. Our authoress does not equal her contemporary in the conduct of a story. She is apt to lay her plans so widely, and to bestow so much care and pains on the commencement of her novels, that not only space, but patience too, seem to fail her ere she reaches their close. '*Norman's Bridge*,' for instance, is a family history embracing three generations:—delightfully minute and precise in its earlier chapters, but becoming breathlessly rapid, not to say fragmentary, as the catastrophe is approached. Yet, though the lady, who writes as '*Two Old Men*,' wants the artistic continuity of the French novelist, Balzac himself has executed nothing more striking or more delicate than some of her traits and shadings of character. Though she indulges in episode and digression, she rarely forgets her main design;—nor, like ninety-nine out of the hundred of those fancying themselves moral novelists, does she give us, in place of men and women, monsters comprehending the most incongruous attributes—who pass from the blackest vice to the most brilliant virtue when a stage effect is wanted—and who are leavened and rewarded on the principle which ranting preachers love to enforce, or that which Leadenhall-street Scheherazades delight to illustrate. She is alike clear of "poetical justice" taking the form of direct and visible retribution and of *faciery* prodigality indiscriminately *plastering*

with peace and plenty "all sorts and conditions" of men—merely to spare her good-natured readers one retrospective heart-ache. The winding-up of 'Norman's Bridge' will be severely canvassed, especially by old-fashioned novel readers :—and, indeed, we cannot but suspect, that it may have been a surprise to the writer herself, who suddenly saw a conclusion for which, however inevitable it was, she was not wholly prepared, and for which, therefore, she had not sufficiently prepared her readers.—We are not going to destroy their pleasure by pointing out what many besides ourselves will have expected. Hers is the right solution ; but it would have gained in impressiveness had we seen it afar off, in place of its bursting upon us unawares.

'Norman's Bridge' is the history of an enormous fortune amassed by a Scottish shepherd's son, whose ambition brings him to England. He sets forth on his pilgrimage with one of the most admirable and sweetest wives ever created in the novelist's heaven of pure and beautiful inventions, to minister to a selfish man. Something of her nature, perhaps, may be divined from the following description of their departure : though we give it for its general truth, feeling, and simplicity, and not merely because it contains the "study of an angel."—

"It is now one fortnight after the wedding, and it is time they should set out. It is a sweet morning in July. The sun has just risen upon the hills, and is gleaming brightly over-head. The whole village is up ; the sound of rural preparation for labour is heard upon all sides. Every thing looks as cheerful as it is possible to conceive. There is quite a little party assembled at Duncan Bell's. All Mary's family is there. But as for Michael, he had neither kith nor kin ; not one person in the world did he call cousin with. Mary's married sisters and their husbands, and all their little ones, are taking the last meal which, under the old man's roof, they are to share together. It is a melancholy repast, as you will easily believe. The poor old woman sits upon the settle by the fire ; her hand supports her head. She is moaning softly but endeavouring not to moan aloud. In vain ; Mary has hold of her hand ; she does not think of breakfast. 'But, mother, you shall hear of us from Glasgow, make sure, before we go to sea ; and from Bristol as soon as we arrive. Michael is an excellent peepman ; and thanks to our good Minister, you know, I can write tidily enough ; and I'll tell you all about this bra' England we're going to ; and think ye how ye'll like my letters !' * * 'The sun is getting high,' said Michael, at last rising from the table. 'Mary, my dear, it's time to be thinking of setting forwards.' There was a general movement and bustling about, and getting Mary's things together, and putting on Mary's bonnet ; for she was not to travel bareheaded, like a mere Scotch lassie, but like the future head clerk's and presumptive partner's lady, and her sisters had insisted upon a bonnet. And then Mary retired to pull off her shoes and stockings, and fold them neatly and put them in her pocket ; and she came in again in her neat, compact dress, her plaid fastened with a large silver brooch, her bonnet upon her head, and her feet bare, with the tears standing in her eyes—but not falling, for Mary was never known to sob and cry. And now, with a most gentle composure, but with a manner so feeling and sweet that it was impossible to mistake this composure for indifference, she began to kiss and take leave. The old woman cried like a child as she pressed her to her heart, kissed, and blessed, and prayed for her aloud. The old father's expression of feeling was more grave and solemn. He laid his hand upon her head, and uttered a fervent prayer—according to the patriarchal custom of those days—while all stood unbonneted around him ; then there was kissing and blessing of sisters and brothers ; last of all it was the Minister's turn. He had been standing some little way apart. * * Michael came up and took Mary away. He had a sort of knapsack strapped over his shoulders, in which was their little provision of wearing apparel. According to the simple custom of that time and that rank, the husband walked out first, and the

wife followed after. There was no arm-and-arm walking to go on between them. Self-sustained he left the land of his fathers to fight his way through the world ; and self-sustained she followed. The whole company crowded to the outside of the door to watch their departing steps. They went down the road that led southwards. Neither of them turned back to look. Michael's heart and thoughts were already speeding forwards upon the way which opened before him ; but his partner !—She had gone through the parting with the composure so habitual to her ; but at this actual severance, she felt as if her heart was breaking. It seemed to sink and die within her. She had just strength to follow. But for worlds she would not have looked back. Now they are receding. That little hillock covered with gorse bushes and a ragged thorn or two, hides them. Now they emerge again by the side of the twinkling burn. He is still walking first, and she following. They neither of them look back. She has nothing of that sort of irresolution about her : her part is taken, she will not look back : much less will he."

Nothing can be more to our liking than the entire history of the settlement of the young Scot and his wife in the English town. Our authoress commands, beyond most writers, a knowledge of English provincial life at the beginning of the century ; while she possesses that skill of hand and that true eye for the picturesque which can make even the interior of an ironmonger's shop attractive, by its quaint character, its struggling lights and deep shades. Ere, however, we are introduced into such a scene with Michael for its master, Mary has suffered much. Not merely has her husband's avarice subjected them to frightful domestic trials,—but the gradually acquired knowledge of it has shut up her confidence in him, and planted in her heart a reserve and a sorrow past the power of wealth to gild over. She has before her, in their son, a living witness to the father's parsimony. By nature ungracious and sullen—denied the correction of a general education—driven by tyranny into marrying a silly wife as a measure of self-assertion,—John Grant's grumbling and moody unhappiness is one of those slow daily trials to the sight which eat away the heart's life. But (in this truer to nature than M. Balzac, who allowed the avarice-ridden household of *Père Grandet* no compensation) Mary has one blessing in the midst of all this dreariness—John Grant's daughter, little Joan ; on whom, of course, the future interest of the tale centres. We will not say that she is preternaturally noble and great and wise,—having seen how wonderfully Truth and Honour may assert themselves even in childhood when but a crevice of inlet is afforded to them ; but her character is pitched from the very first at a celestial height, and maintained at the same till the last page of the book. We cannot refrain from another picture, full of contrast and colour : and which, moreover, with every experienced novel reader, will save us the labour of sketching the course pursued by the heart-fortunes of the ironmonger's heiress.—

"She was just nine years old ;—an age when the intellect of a child of this description is much more advanced than those unaccustomed to observe children are probably aware of,—when the new inhabitants of Widdrington House left Scotland, and came down to this remote county to take possession of their inheritance. It was upon one of the few bright days of that strange summer, and a hot, fervid sun was now beating down into the street, filled as usual with villanous smells and villanous sounds ; the carts were rolling, as usual, heavily along ; the dustman's bell, as usual, tinkling ; the old crier uttering his discordant and unintelligible annunciations ; people were bustling about, and coming in and out of the shop ; and the child was standing leaning against a heap of rope, looking out at the sun and long-

ing for fresh air upon that sultry day—when there was a sudden stop, and sort of bustle more than ordinary amid the drays, and a hurried standing up out of the way of the passer-by. Something unusual was certainly approaching. Presently a splendid carriage, a landau and four, was seen advancing up the street, with its gay postilions in scarlet and silver, mounted upon noble prancing horses, whose coats shone like satin, in the sunbeams, as they proudly curvetted in a grand, disdainful manner, among the horrible dirt-carts, the ponderous waggons and heavy drays with which the thoroughfare was thronged. The child ran to the door to look at the beautiful and novel spectacle, and gazed upon the gay display, with feelings of the most exquisite delight and admiration, which suddenly changed to something almost approaching to awe and terror, when the splendid equipage was seen to draw up before the shop-door. Joan retreated from her post as suddenly as she had advanced, and hid herself in the corner of the angle formed by the open door, the upper part of which being glazed, she could look at and watch this glorious apparition unperceived. Did anything ever appear so beautiful to her childish eyes as that elegant carriage lined with white cloth, and with scarlet, and white lace to match the liveries! The hood was thrown back, and the panels were covered with a splendid coat of arms, emblazoned, as the mode then was, upon an elaborate scarlet and ermine mantle adorned with gold cordings and tassels; the carriage was also much ornamented with silver mountings; so was the harness and all the other equipments, and large rosettes of scarlet ribbon ornamented the horses' heads; even the very whips which the handsome young postilions flourished, as they disciplined the high-spirited bright bays they rode, seemed bright and beautiful objects in the eyes of the young girl. Altogether the equipage contrasted most charmingly with every other object around; and appeared to her infinitely more beautiful than anything she had ever, in her life, seen before. Screened from observation by the door behind which she had hidden herself—her great black eyes fixed in steady observation—little Joan watched in mute attention every thing that went on. In that carriage—and not the car of Juno herself, heaven-descending, ever appeared more beautiful in the dream of the painter or poet, than did this carriage from Houlditch or Leader's to the eye of the little being before us—in this magic car there sat a lady and two young children. The lady was dressed in a hat of white chip, ornamented with delicate feathers and ribbons tipped with pink, and had on a pelisse of fine, clear sprigged muslin, lined with some delicate rose colour, and trimmed with a profusion of very fine lace.—By her side sat a little boy, dressed in a short jacket and trousers, who looked very pale and sickly, though his cheeks were fat, puffed, and large—Joan thought him as ugly as she was herself; and upon her lap was another child, about two years younger. A large black hat, with an immense full black feather, half shaded the infant face; under it was a large, and as she thought most beautiful, rosette of blue ribbon. His dress was a white frock with a broad blue sash, beneath which his lovely little naked legs, in their short socks and charming tiny shoes with little silver clasps, were seen. He had a little blue scarf tied round his neck; his round infant arms from under his short sleeves were bare, except that a pair of little gloves, richly embroidered in blue reached half way to the elbow. Such was the picture which appeared to our observant and enchanted little girl. Never in her life had she seen anything in the least to be compared to the exquisite beauty, as she thought it, of all these things. The sweet face of the lady—who had blue eyes, light brown hair, and a delicate colour in her cheeks; the beauty of that beautiful, beautiful baby boy, with his large grey eyes, his little pouting, rosy mouth, and his infant cheeks covered with the finest bloom—his beautiful curls falling down in profusion about his neck of alabaster, all this united to the soft colours and folds of their dress, filled her with a pleasure approaching to rapture. Was there ever upon earth anything so charming? No; this must be the way the angels looked! It is impossible to describe the delight this vision gave to the child. Few look back or recollect much of the sensations of their early childhood, or they may remember the intense delight which the sense of the beautiful at that time afforded."

At this opening of Faëry land to her, Joan's grandfather was but on the threshold of his *El dorado*. The ironmonger shortly after became a speculator in corn,—and (those being days of famine and riot) the object

of popular odium. His house was attacked—and his life saved by the husband of the beautiful lady; who, also, during this time of terror, became acquainted with the rare and simple bravery of little Joan. This is described with a force akin to that which, in 'Father Darcy,' pictured the walk of Grace Vaux with the ~~my~~ ^{lives} to the stake. We will not forestal the reader's interest by extracting any part of the great scenes: but here is an episodal picture,—which its entire difference from the two already given, will make welcome. The narrator is speaking in her own person of the corn riots at the beginning of the century.—

"Shall I ever forget that night at Sheffield, in the latter end of October 1800? What a dark, lowering evening it was! How low, heavy, and black hung the leaden clouds, suspended over all that country of iron! We dined at a place called Black Barnsley, upon such iron food as the best inn of the place afforded, in a little, black, gloomy, dirty room, looking upon a grim, narrow, dismal street. After dinner we went on to see Lord Fitzwilliam's fine place, and as we entered the park met Lord Fitzwilliam, in the uniform of the corps of Fencibles he commanded, galloping out of his park, followed by his ordinary. We saw the house, and the beautiful park; the groups of deer, the groves of trees—the magnificence—the repose of the scene, undisturbed by what was going on so near it. We then took our way to Sheffield, ignorant of what was before us. I was a child small enough to stand up in front of the carriage then. As we proceeded, mysterious questions were put by the post-boy to the people he met on the road at the turnpikes. 'Are they out?' 'Which way are they coming?' All agreed 'they were out,' but which way they were coming, no one seemed to know. The way lay pleasantly enough at first, through broad highways, between tall hedge-row trees and fruitful fields; but soon we began to enter what seemed to me a pandemonium. Tall, dark, terrible-looking buildings, whose huge chimneys vomited forth torrents of smoke; steam-engines roaring and hissing; blackened walls, blackened houses, blackened people; the dark, lurid, heavy sky; the mysterious terror of—I knew not what—which seemed to fill every one; my little heart was trembling with vague apprehensions. Suddenly, in a large, open court, before one of these awful, lofty, black buildings, looming high against the sky, stood a gibbet—a black, inky-black gibbet, and upon it was hanging the body of a man—of the murderer,—black as the beam from which he hung. We were so near I could distinguish his hat, his dress. It is forty-seven years ago; but I see it as plainly now as I did then. So do I still see those streets of Sheffield which we soon afterwards entered, filled with a dark, thickening sea of faces, heads of ruffian-like men, shocking-looking women, boys and children, all squeezed together in a dense confined mass, shouting, screeching, howling, threatening, as our post-boy, with much precaution, endeavoured to make his way through the swaying, heaving multitude. We turned into the principal street;—there sat a detachment of Lord Fitzwilliam's Fencibles, in their scarlet jackets and small compact helmets, immovable as statues in the midst of the agitated and threatening throng. Further on, the Oxford Blues, I believe they were, mounted on heavy black horses, were seen drawn up, wearing large three-cornered hats, with immense cockades of black ribbon, long blue coats turned up with yellow, huge heavy boots and yellow leathers;—they sat with an aspect still more imposing, in the same motionless attitude of military discipline;—the people surging in thick masses around them, and completely filling the street. The inn-yard into which we drove was filled with these black heavy horses and their awful looking-riders. I have never since seen any regiment which appeared to me to carry so imposing an appearance. I remember now the terror these enormous black horses filled me with, as they pushed up and down close against the carriage. It was getting late, and there was no moon. But I see now the landlady, a pretty, gentle-looking young woman, pressing behind the horses' heels, opening the door of the carriage, and saying that she did not think it safe for ladies and children to stay in the town that night, and recommending us to go on to Chesterfield. Horses were immediately put to the carriage, and without alighting, we once more drove through the crowd, saluted with oaths and curses, shrieks and howlings, as the carriage made its way along."

To return:—between the families of the Scotch lord and the Scotch speculator (who from a corn-dealer becomes a banker) intercourse grows up and money transactions, are undertaken. The reader has been shown enough to assure him that the heart of Joan is staked, among other possessions:—but we are not going to reveal the issue of either the love or the lucre risked. The latter part of the record is more fragmentary, as we have said, than its opening: the fatal limitation of three volumes co-operating unfavourably with the impatient genius of our authoress. For ourselves—were the times twice as busy—we could sit to hear her tell a family story, such as the one we leave reluctantly, if it ran to the length of ‘Sir Charles Grandison.’ We are less sure, however, that she could sit to tell it.

Wayfaring Sketches among the Greeks and Turks, and on the Shores of the Danube. By a Seven Years’ Resident in Greece. Chapman and Hall.

THIS volume is principally devoted to the records of a voyage;—and is written, throughout, in an objectionably florid style. It is time to reckon with our picturesque writers; whose present fancy for trope and transubstantiation in language bids fair to give Posterity serious trouble and matter for wrangling. Let none of them pretend that it is an old fashion revived. Accuracy and neatness were once on a time thought indispensable to metaphor—precision to poetical diction. The very Euphuists when most far-fetched and fantastic were the most tiresomely exact. Under their dispensation, *Minerva* did not go forth with “the simplicity of *Venus’* doves”—nor *Justice* rule the world with *Mercury’s caduceus*. *Condescension* was not allowed to stiffen her back,—nor *Humility* to speak with the brazen throat of *Valour*. We are less precise in our forms of language and figures of speech now-a-days;—and were the above example solitary, we had not remonstrated. But let the ladies, in particular, look to it—or the School-master will be among them!

We have second matter of complaint against our authoress: the somewhat pharisaical tone of profession and condemnation in which she indulges,—unaware, it would appear, not merely of the presumption but also of the inconsistency which it involves. For instance, when arrived at Constantinople, she “had not forgotten that it was Sunday, *a day which it is, perhaps, more important to keep rigidly abroad than at home*, that there may not seem to be any inconsistency in our conduct to those who have witnessed the strictness of its observance in England.” A good sentiment, this, of its rigid kind:—yet what do we find in the very next paragraph?—“We set out to go to church:—*but as we had an hour to spend before the service began, we employed it in walking about the town.*” This is not “rigid” Sabbath-keeping, as the Agnews and Plumtres understand it. The strictness of English usage, then, was relaxed, that Curiosity might turn a spare hour to account. Nothing can be more natural or defensible, according to our poor judgment. But wherefore lay down the law so severely? Was it English Protestant rigidity, again, which made the Lady run when she heard the bell of the Chapel at

Schönbrunn call the court to Mass,—and take such worldly note of her fellow-worshippers that she can describe the Empress of Austria as “intently occupied in making every finger of her white kid gloves fit precisely on her hand?” Then, we must protest against the Wayfarer’s violent denunciation of Mahomedanism “as originally a deeply-laid scheme, carried out with an almost fiend-like knowledge of the human heart, for enthralling the people by working solely on their evil passions” —seeing that her charitable conclusion was grounded on the experience of a few days’ residence and sight-seeing at Constantinople! Why will cheerful, kindly-natured, English gentlewomen behave as if others must imagine their virtue doubtful and their religion latitudinarianism unless they play the part of Pope Joan on every possible occasion? The sectarian zeal which takes as many indulgences as suit itself, and anathematizes all which suit every one else, is about as mischievous a travelling companion as we know of; and its frequent appearance in English company has done much to lower the character of our countrymen on the continent.

But zeal, it may be pleaded, belongs inseparably to the eager, enthusiastic, female temperament. Let us admit the plea; and having spoken plainly of the offence given by it, let us recognize the pleasure afforded by our lady’s observant eye and ready hand. Her first two chapters give the quintessence of her seven years’ experience of Greece. To that country she looks back lovingly, and describes it in attractive colours—here and there interweaving bits of romantic history. We are stopped early in her pages by the details of the dispersion and execution of Bournaba’s band of robbers. It seems next to impossible in Greece to find any one willing to put the “last sentence of the law” into effect. “On one occasion, when two unhappy men were to suffer, a great, ferocious-looking negro was the only person who could be found to perform the terrible office” (the engine being the guillotine); “and this he would only consent to do if he was guarded day and night by a body of soldiers.” For it had become the Greek fashion to assassinate the headsman the day before his work was to be done. On the present occasion, the ropes of the guillotine were found “so inextricably entangled” that it was impossible for the negro to complete his task. The culprit was obliged to be remanded: and another minister of punishment to be found, and brought to the spot from a distance.—

“He was a Frenchman of the name of Carripèze, and had been reduced by misfortunes, the details of which I do not now recollect, from a respectable station in society, to the greatest poverty, which he had the anguish of sharing with his beautiful wife and his two young daughters. * * He consented to have himself instructed in the horrible art, and to place himself at the service of the Greek government, on condition that not only his true employment was to be kept secret from those who would wreak their vengeance on him, but that also it was to be strictly concealed from his own family. * * It was agreed that he should take up his abode at Egina, and work regularly as a mechanic, in order to avoid all suspicion of his real trade. * * Egina was formerly a favourite summer residence of the inhabitants of Athens, till, an hospital for lepers being established there, they were constrained to avoid it. There is still, however a certain society among the islanders themselves, into which the headsman and his family were received with the most flattering consideration. Strangers are always welcome in Greece, and in this instance the wife was too beautiful, and the

daughters too young and gay, not to be the greatest possible acquisition. Soon they became well known and greatly beloved in the island, and one of the young girls was married to the son of the principal proprietor in the place. * * For a considerable period his services were not required; but his inexorable destiny overtook him at last. A crime was committed, too revolting to pass unpunished. A man was poisoned by his wife; she was tried and condemned, and a ship of war despatched with the officers of justice to Egina, to convey Carripèze to the island of Santarin, where the sentence was to be executed. When they arrived at Egina, the whole population hurried down to the beach, to ascertain the cause of so unusual a visit as that of a government vessel. The officers having landed, asked to be directed to the house of the public executioner. The islanders answered by laughing them to scorn, and declaring that they harboured no such character amongst them. The commanding officer, with a smile, inquired if they did not know a certain Carripèze, and with considerable difficulty succeeded in convincing them that the man they loved and respected was, indeed, the common 'bourreau.' As the conviction forced itself upon them, one long loud shout of fierce anathemas rose with the name of Carripèze through the air; their horror at having lived on such friendly terms with him, is not to be told. 'I shook his hand, his blood-stained hand, this very morning, as if he had been my brother!' exclaimed one. 'He lifted my poor child in his arms and kissed it!' shrieked a woman. 'But I,' exclaimed a young man, positively tearing his hair, 'I have taken his daughter to be the wife of my bosom, and the blood of the headsman is flowing in the veins of my children!' Thus lamenting and cursing, the natives followed the officers to the house of the executioner. He was not there at the moment; and when they asked for him by that title, his wife, with horror in her look, so passionately denied that her beloved husband could have any claim to it, that the people of Egina began to doubt once more. Just then Carripèze himself appeared; he saw at a glance what was going forward; he knew his doom, and without a murmur signified to the officers his readiness to accompany them. They surrounded him with a strong guard, otherwise the populace would have torn him to pieces. * * They took him away—that miserable servant of public justice. His task was soon performed; it was, perhaps, all the easier for the extraordinary conduct of the criminal herself. * * His task performed, Carripèze returned to Egina, to his home. The same powerful guard was in requisition to conduct him to his house, and for greater security they landed at night, for they knew that henceforward the life of Carripèze must hang upon a thread, unless he could shield himself from the certain vengeance of the people of Egina. When he arrived at the door of his house—his only refuge—the miserable man found it closed against him. Within, there was a sound of weeping and praying; but the wife he had deceived so long, whose love seems to have turned to loathing, persisted in shutting him out from her house, as utterly as she had driven him from her heart! It was in vain he expostulated; but the fact of his arrival had become known, and already the infuriated population might be seen rushing towards him in resistless numbers. He called out to his wife, that his life's blood was about to stain her very threshold, and then her heart melted to the father of her children! She opened the door, and he darted in, whilst the multitude raged round his stronghold, which they were only prevented from burning to the ground by the wish to spare his innocent family. * * One moonless night, when it was very dark, he stole out of his once dear home, where his presence was a curse, and went to breathe the fresh air on the beach. He had not advanced a hundred yards, when he fell prostrate to the ground, shot right through the heart, with so sure an aim, that he was dead before the shout of exultation, which followed his sudden fall, had burst from the lips of his avengers. The people had taken it in turns to lie in wait for him behind a certain lofty cypress tree, close to his house; and the two young men beneath whose bullets he fell, considered themselves most fortunate in having been the chosen of destiny for the execution of their purpose. Such was the fate of the last headsman of Greece, for I am not aware that any such functionary now exists there."

Our authoress describes the *villeggiatura* in the hamlets near Athens as full of enjoyment and beauty. Ere leaving Greece, she made a short

farewell excursion to the village where she had resided ;—and found it as lovely as most familiar haunts look when visited for the last time.—

"The men were at work in the fields, and the women occupied in their cottages, with their household matters, principally in spinning the rough material which forms their winter garments, and preparing the provisions which would be required at the same period ; laying out the ripe figs on mattings in the sun, hanging up the golden bunches of Indian corn, and clearing the olives before they underwent the process by which their oil is extracted. In one spot only some little stir and animation prevailed and most pleasing, was the picture it presented. Beneath the wide-spreading branches of an olive-tree, so large as to afford a shade, impervious to the rays even of that burning sun, sat the good old village priest in his dark and simple robes, with a great copy, evidently very ancient, of the Greek Testament on his knees. Gathered on the ground at his feet, their quick, intelligent eyes fixed on him, and beaming with that desire for knowledge which is so natural to the Greeks, were some fifteen or twenty children, whom he was instructing with much zeal and patience. Our appearance was of course fatal to the attention which the pupils in this primitive school thought proper to bestow on their masters ; but the old man was anxious to show us that he was not always so unsuccessful, and he desired a little boy who sat close to his knee, to read aloud a passage from Scripture. I could not help thinking of St. Paul, brought up at the feet of Gamaliel, which his position seemed to illustrate as the child rose. His flowing hair, carefully preserved at its full length, proclaimed him a neophyte, or future candidate for priest's orders ; and his countenance had much quiet seriousness, which seemed scarce suited to his age. He read with the most perfect fluency a few verses from one of the gospels in ancient Greek. As we left this very rural university, we met an individual in the street whom we were not surprised to see thus stalking about listlessly in the dangerous heat and glare of noon, for we knew that he was one of those men for whom the flaming sunshine or the cool moonlight were alike, since wherever he went the shadow of an awful crime was cast before him on his path by the light of his own sleepless conscience. It is strange that the fearful curse of Cain would seem to be self-imposed by most of those who have committed the same crime ; and this man is assuredly a fugitive and a vagabond on the face of the earth, solely, as it were, by the retribution of his own will. The details of his history are well-known, and very striking."

We spare the reader a romantic tale of crime and murder, told with ostentatious solemnity and splendour of diction.—

"He saluted us silently as he passed us, for we had never been able to conquer our repugnance sufficiently to speak to him. We stood for a short time before the open khan, or public house, where, on the feast days, an incredible number of cups of coffee are imbibed, while the villagers crowded round us to take leave : even the old woman who is the wonder of the country round for her great age—for it is known that she has passed 110 years—hobbled down to see us for the last time. We were much amused at the look of profound disgust with which she assured us, that if ever we came back, we should be certain to find her still alive, for that she had given up all hopes of dying. She has a curious idea on the subject : she thinks it a judgment on her, for some sin she has committed, that she is thus condemned to live ; and grumbles much at the severity of the punishment. * * The ride home to Athens, through the still cool evening, was very pleasant. Our road lay the whole way along the vast plain which spreads itself out at the feet of Hymettus, and directly before us lay the town with the sea beyond it, and the Acropolis standing out in strong relief against an horizon flaming like burnished gold."

Ere our authoress parts from Greece, she gives one of the most minute accounts of the Easter ceremonies of the Church that we recollect to have met with. She bears emphatic testimony, too, to the intolerable noises made by the Greeks under the idea that they are singing :—doing the

fullest justice to their unmusical propensities. Recollecting the reports of other travellers and residents, she seems to us disposed to make the best of Athenian society. We were never before disposed to credit it with the tone and influence given to it (says our authoress) by the presence of antique beauty. Domestic education in Greece must be an odd thing if the following scene afford a specimen. Our authoress was on board the steamer bound for Syra.—

"Madame T——, one of the passengers, and an intimate friend of our own, lay on the floor frantically twisting her hands in her long dishevelled hair, weeping and lamenting very audibly. As soon as she saw me, she exclaimed, in the most piteous tones, that if the machine could not be stopped, and the steamer returned to Athens instantly, it was all over with her. Asked what was the matter, and she told me that her little daughter had been seized with a sudden desire to return home, and on being told it was impossible, in laudable persistence at the age of seven years of the invariable custom of the Greeks when their fate is too strong for them, had screamed incessantly for an hour, and was still screaming with a violence which made her mother fear she would go into fits. The child had certainly cried herself into a fever; but with the help of cakes and bon-bons, I succeeded in pacifying her, and quieted Madame T——, who was giving herself up to the most exaggerated grief, by reminding her that she might disembark the next day at Syra, if she chose, instead of going on to Jassy, which was her destination. * * The Greeks [continues our journalist] imagine fortitude would seem unfeeling, and think it quite necessary on all occasions of affliction to go through a regular scene of a tragedy, with the most noisy and theatrical demonstration of despair. When a death occurs, for instance, it is instantly known to the whole neighbourhood from the shrieks and cries which are raised by the family, and continued without intermission till the body is removed for burial."

Really the followers of Mohammed, enthralled in evil by "fiend-like knowledge of the human heart," could not comport themselves in a more Pagan fashion! But our lady passes over the Greek shrieking leniently, as a relic of ancient times. On the water betwixt Syra and Scio, we are shown something more attractive.—

"The little cabin in which I was to pass the night was apart from the rest; but I found I was not to have it to myself, for as I went in, the curtain of one of the larger berths was gently drawn back, and displayed one of the very prettiest living pictures I had ever beheld. Two young girls, evidently Sciots from their costume, were reclining together wrapt in one large Turkish pelisse, and from amongst this mass of furs nothing was to be seen but two beautiful heads and a profusion of marvellously long fair hair twisted round their little red caps. They looked timidly at me with their almond-shaped blue eyes, and then, probably thinking I could not understand them, resumed their conversation. There is a degree of unsophisticated simplicity peculiar to those islanders, which is very pleasing. These young Sciots displayed much of it as they talked together, and counted the hours which must yet elapse before they could see Scio, which seemed to be for them the fairest of spots. Presently the cabin door opened a little way, and a pleasing, venerable face, surmounted by a great turban, looked wistfully in. The intruder evidently knew he had no business there; but as I was sitting reading, his fine old head was gradually followed by the rest of his person, clothed in flowing Turkish robes, which are still worn in many of the islands. This was evidently the father, and his question, 'Are you asleep, my children?' received a vehement negative from the two lively girls, who poured forth a number of questions, and seemed most unwilling to allow him to leave them again. * * When I found that they were in a great fright at the notion of the steamer going on through the night, when the sailors could not possibly see their way, I overcame the reserve which makes the English, when abroad, neglect many acts of kindness we would otherwise perform, and began to speak to them. Their father then left them quite relieved; and we became fast friends with that degree

of rapidity with which friendships are made in those countries, and, strange to say, are often very true and lasting. They told me their whole history, and talked merrily half the night—they had passed their lives in Scio, and never left till their mother died a few months before, when their father took them to Syra for change of scene; now they were returning home to leave it no more, and fervently did they long for the first sight of their own dear island. When they found I had not yet seen it, they gave me a most poetic description of Scio, and of the life they led there. It was without question the most beautiful spot in the world, they said; to be sure they had never seen any other place, excepting Syra, yet still nothing could be so charming as Scio; there were such vineyards and gardens, so full of orange-trees and abundant streams of water; then it was delightful in the cool evening to go down and dance the romaica on the sea-beach, and watch the fishermen at work by torchlight. They pitied me very much for not being a Sciot. I asked them if they had ever heard of Homer, and they said they had not; then one recollected that there was a Monsiour Homero, who had died there last year, and they did not doubt this was my friend; and so they rambled on, till the rocking of their rough cradle lulled them to rest, and then rolling themselves up in their great pelisse, they went snugly to sleep.

“ May 2nd.

“ ‘ Scio, Scio ! wake up and look up at Scio ! ’ These words, uttered by two clear, ringing voices, woke me out of a sound sleep, at five o'clock this morning; and when I looked up, my two little friends of the night before were bending over me, their pretty faces glowing with delight. We had anchored only for half an hour, and I was therefore on deck as soon as possible. Their enthusiastic description did not really seem to have been exaggerated, for it is certainly a most lovely island. The luxuriance of the verdure, so rich and fresh, is quite striking; and the beautiful gardens sloped down to the very edge of the water, where they are bathed by the foam of every wave; the sunny brightness of the whole scene is very remarkable.”

When we have further weeded out some passages from the Lady's chronicle of a few hours on shore at Smyrna, we must take leave of her pleasant book.—

“ As soon as the sun began to sink, we set out, passing through the streets, rapidly flying with the population, just rising from their mid-day repose; even yet the air, heavy with the strong perfume, seemed as though it blew from a furnace. * * It certainly was this aromatic scent pervading the whole atmosphere, which brought so vividly before us that we were in the East in good earnest now. It proceeded principally from the various spices, which form so universal a commodity of merchandise there, and also from the penetrating odour of flowers, altogether strange to us, rising from the numberless gardens around. The doors of all the houses were now thrown wide open, fully displaying to view a sort of vestibule or outer hall paved with white marble, and amply furnished with sofas and cushions, where each separate family assembled to amuse themselves by watching the passers-by, and have the full benefit of the evening air, in this sedentary manner. We on our part found considerable amusement in examining the successive groups, whose ‘ intérieur ’ was thus laid open to our view. The party was almost always much the same. Two or three young girls extremely pretty, for Smyrna is famous for its beauties, talking and laughing together in their dainty little velvet jackets and embroidered slippers. A grave old papa lazily smoking his pipe, and winking owl-like at intervals; * * and an old lady seated on a great cushion, and dressed in a long fur pelisse, conversing with a kindred spirit very like herself, in a low mysterious voice, as old ladies are wont to do all the world over, according to their unalterable propensities, whether they carry on the conversation in Greek or in English. * * We enjoyed the shifting scenes of this panorama of domestic life, all through the town; and then we proceeded on by narrow quiet lanes, dark with the thick shade of the mulberry-trees meeting overhead, and green with the massive foliage of the prickly pear, and long clustering vines spreading themselves in wild luxuriance far beyond the limits of the low garden walls. Here we had to employ ourselves, continually darting from side to side to avoid the large Turks mounted on small

asses, who, jogging stoically along, looked neither to the right nor to the left, and threatened to run us down every moment. * * The Bridge of the Caravans is long and narrow, built over a rapid, winding stream, and connecting the town with a much-frequented road leading into the interior of the country. * * It is surrounded by a vast number of lofty and luxuriant trees, which renders the moving picture hourly to be seen on it still more striking. First, distinctly heard in the intense stillness of the air, comes the low tinkle of the camel bells, and then, appearing and vanishing again among the waving branches, the long undulating procession is seen to wind along the road. As they ascend the bridge, the varied objects of striking interest, which form as a whole so picturesque a scene, are gradually displayed in slow succession; then descending on the other side, the train is lost among the green woods and projecting rocks, till, long after, it may be seen, like a dark serpent, winding over the brow of the hill. At the head of the line, walks the demure and modest little donkey, leading, without bit or bridle, the whole procession, and under whose guidance alone, his magnificent companions will consent to move a step; and, meekly following him, a string of some eighteen or twenty camels move along with slow majestic step, wreathing their long necks with their own peculiar and graceful movement, and looking with their half-shut eyes as gentle and mild, as in reality they are vicious and dangerous. The drivers, who guide them by the voice alone, are mounted on their backs; the flowing draperies of their oriental dresses gathered round them, as they sit with folded arms musing thoughtfully. * * On one side of the stream, in an open space lying at the foot of a green and vine-clad hill, the whole of the gay world of Smyrna was assembled, reposing on seats placed beneath the shade of the numerous trees, or eating ices at the doors of the little fantastic cafés erected for their accommodation; and on the other side, directly opposite, lay the beautiful Turkish cemetery, with its mournful cypresses, its gloomy shades, its silence, its sadness, and its dead. * * All the Orientals were seated and silent, all the Europeans were walking about, talking and laughing and looking exactly as Europeans do everywhere else, except that they were so thoroughly out of keeping with the landscape. The polished boots and yellow gloves, the bonnets and feathers, the cigars and fans, were quite insupportable under that gorgeous Eastern sky, and surrounded by all the striking attributes of Asiatic scenery. * * The hill rising above us is crowned by an old ruined castle, which, while it adds to the picturesque appearance of the town, is not in itself interesting, either from antiquity or historical tradition. Some of the party clambered up to it; but I preferred staying to watch the dispersion of the strange fantastic crowd around me. As soon as it grew dark, or rather (for it seems never to grow dark here) as soon as the flashing blue of the sky had deepened into an intense purple, and the painfully vivid glare been replaced by the soft faint starlight, the whole of the varied assembly prepared to return to their homes. The negro slaves gathered up the innumerable carpets and cushions, which they had brought for the accommodation of their Mahomedan masters, whose desire at all times to make themselves comfortable is so strong, that they regularly bivouac wherever they go, even for an hour or two. The gentlemen themselves, taking out their pretty little paper lanterns, proceed to pick their way through the lanes aided by their light, which is just sufficient to guide their own steps, and render the darkness more intense to their neighbours. * * On our way home, we passed an Armenian church, brilliantly lighted by the lamps which at all times hang before the gorgeous image of the blessed Virgin, all decked out in tinsel and gold. * * As we walked along, we observed that most of the population betook themselves to the roofs of their houses, in order to prolong the Kef so pleasantly commenced at the Bridge of Caravans."

Those who, like ourselves, love to make up a picture from many authorities, can hardly do better (the pleasure of contrast being also secured) than turn from *this* Smyrna to the Smyrna of the Traveller from Cornhill to Grand Cairo.

Smyrna—First Glimpses of the East. "A Journey from Cornhill to Grand Cairo," by Michael Angelo Titmarsh.

As suggested by the *Athenæum*, we shall now give Titmarsh's account of Smyrna.

I am glad that the Turkish part of Athens was extinct, so that I should not be balked of the pleasure of entering an eastern town by an introduction to any garbled or incomplete specimen of one. Smyrna seems to me the most eastern of all I have seen; as Calais will probably remain to the Englishman the most French town in the world. The jack-boots of the postilions don't seem so huge elsewhere, or the tight stockings of the maid-servants so Gallic. The churches and the ramparts, and the little soldiers on them, remain for ever impressed upon your memory; from which larger temples and buildings, and whole armies have subsequently disappeared: and the first word of actual French heard spoken, and the first dinner at Quillacq's remain after twenty years as clear as on the first day. Dear Jones, Jones, can't you remember the exact smack of the hermitage, and the toothless old fellow singing "Largo al factotum." The first day in the east is like that. After that there is nothing. The wonder is gone, and the thrill of that delightful shock, which so seldom touches the nerves of plain men of the world, though they seek for it every where.

One such looked out at Smyrna from our Steamer, and yawned without the least excitement, and did not betray the slightest emotion, as boats with real Turks on board came up to the ship. There lay the town with minarets and cypresses, domes and castles; great guns were firing off, and the blood red flag of the Sultan flaring over the fort ever since sunrise, woods and mountains came down to the gulf's edge, and as you looked at them with the telescope, there peeped out of the general mass a score of pleasant episodes of eastern life—there were cottages with quaint roofs; silent cool kiosks where the chief of the eunuchs brings down the ladies of the harem. I saw Hassan the fisherman getting his nets, and Ali Baba going off with his donkey to the great forest for wood. Smith looked at these wonders quite unmoved; and I was quite surprised at his apathy: but he had been at Smyrna before. A man only sees the miracle once; though you yearn after it ever so, it won't come again. I saw nothing of Ali Baba and Hassan the next time we came to Smyrna, and had some doubts (recollecting the badness of the inn) about landing at all. A person who wishes to understand France and the East should come in a yacht to Calais or Smyrna, land for two hours, and never afterwards go back again.

But those two hours are beyond measure delightful. Some of us were querulous up to that time, and doubted of the wisdom of making the voyage. Lisbon, we owned, was a failure; Athens a dead failure. Malta very well, but not worth the trouble and sea-sickness; in Baden Baden or Devonshire would be a better move than this; when Smyrna came and rebuked all mutinous cockneys into silence. Some men may read this who are in want of a sensation. If they love the odd and picturesque, if they loved the Arabian Nights in their youth; let them book themselves on board of one of the Peninsular and Oriental Vessels, and try one dip into Constantinople or Smyrna. Walk into the Bazaar and the East is unveiled to you; how often and often have you tried to fancy this, lying out on a summer holiday at schools! It is wonderful, too, how like it is; you may imagine that you have been in the place before, you seem to know it so well!

The beauty of the eastern poetry is, to me, that it is never too handsome; there is no fatigue of sublimity about it. Shacabac and the little barber play

as great a part in it as the heroes; there are no uncomfortable sensations of terror; you may be familiar with the great Afreet, who was going to execute the travellers for killing his son with a date stone. Morgiana when she kills the forty robbers with boiling oil, does not seem to hurt them in the least; and though King Schabriar makes a practice of cutting off his wives' heads, yet you fancy they have got them on again in some of the back rooms of the palace where they are dancing and playing on dulcimers. How fresh, easy and good-natured is all this! How delightful is that notion of the eastern people about knowledge, where the height of science is made to consist in the answering of riddles! and all the mathematicians and magicians bring their great beards to bear on a conundrum!

When I got into the Bazaar among this race, somehow I felt as if they were all friends. There sat the merchants in their little shops, quiet and solemn, but with friendly looks. There was no smoking, it was the Ramazan; no eating; the fish and meats fizzing in the enormous pots of the cook-shops are only for the Christians. The children abounded; the law is not so stringent upon them, and many wandering merchants were there selling figs (in the name of the prophet doubtless) for their benefit, and elbowing onwards with baskets of grapes and cucumbers. Countrymen passed bristling over with arms, each with a huge bellyfull of pistols and daggers in his girdle; fierce but not the least dangerous. Wild swarthy Arabs, who had come in with the caravans, walked solemnly about, very different in look and demeanour from the sleek inhabitant of the town. Greeks and Jews squatted and smoked, their shops tended by fallow-faced boys, with large eyes, who smiled and welcomed you in; negroes bustled about in gaudy colours; and women, with black nose-bags and shuffling yellow slippers, chattered and bargained at the doors of the little shops. There was the rope quarter and the sweetmeat quarter, and the pipe bazaar and the arm bazaar, and the little turned up shoe quarter, and the shops where ready-made jackets and pelisses were swinging, and the region where, under the ragged awnings, regiments of tailors were at work. The sun peeps through these awnings of mat or canvass, which are hung over the narrow lanes of the bazaar, and ornaments them with a thousand freaks of light and shadow. Cogia Hassan Allahbâl's shop is in a blaze of light; while his neighbour, the barber and coffee-house keeper, has his premises, his low seats and navighiles, his queer pots and basins, in the shade. The cobblers are always good-natured, there was one who, I am sure, has been revealed to me in my dreams, in a dirty old green turban, with a pleasant wrinkled face like an apple, twinkling his little grey eyes as he held them up to talk to the gossips, and smiling under a delightful old grey beard, which did the heart good to see. You divine the conversation between him and the cucumber-man, as the Sultan used to understand the language of the birds. Are any of those cucumbers stuffed with pearls? and is that Armenian with the black square turban, Haroun Alraschid in disguise, standing yonder by the fountain where the children are drinking—the gleaming marble fountain, chequered all over with light and shadow, and engraved with delicate arabesques and sentences from the Koran.

But the greatest sensation of all is when the camels come. Whole strings of real camels, better even than in the procession of Blue Beard, with soft rolling eyes and bending necks, swaying from one side the bazaar to the other, to and fro, and treading gingerly with their great feet. O, you fairy dreams of boyhood! O you sweet meditations of half holidays, here you are realized for half-an-hour! The genius that presides over youth led us to do a good action that day. There was a man sitting in an open room, ornamented with fine long-tailed sentences of the Koran; some in red, some in blue; some written diagonally over the paper: some so shaped as to represent ships, dragons, or mysterious animals.

The man squatted on a carpet in the middle of this room, with folded arms, wagging his head to and fro, swaying about, and singing through his nose choice phrases from the sacred work. But from the room above came a clear noise of many little shouting voices, much more musical than that of Naso in the matted parlour, and the guide told us it was a school, so we went upstairs to look. I declare, on my conscience, the master was in the act of bastinading a little Mulatto boy; his feet were in a bar, and the brute was laying on with his cane; so we witnessed the howling of the poor boy, and the confusion of the brute who administered the punishment. The other children were made to shout, I believe to drown the noise of their little comrade's howling; but the correction was instantly discontinued as our hats came up over the stair-trap, and the boy cast loose, and the bamboo huddled into a corner, and the school-master stood before us abashed. All the small scholars in red caps, and the little girls in gaudy handkerchiefs, turned their big wondering dark eyes towards us; and the caning was over for that time, let us trust. I don't envy some schoolmasters in a future state. I pity that poor little blubbing Mahometan; he will never be able to relish the Arabian Nights in the original, all his life long.

From this scene we rushed off somewhat discomposed, to make a breakfast of red mullets and grapes, melons, pomegranates, and Smyrna wine, at a dirty little uncomfortable inn to which we were recommended; and from the windows of which we had a fine cheerful view of the gulf and its busy craft, and the loungers and the merchants along the shore. There were camels unloading at one wharf, and piles of melons much bigger than the Gibraltar cannon-balls at another. It was the fig season, and we passed through several alleys encumbered with long rows of fig-dressers, children and women for the most part, who were packing the fruit diligently into drums, dipping them in salt-water first, and spreading them neatly over with fig-leaves. While the figs and leaves are drying, large white worms crawl out of them, and swarm over the decks of the ships which carry them to Europe and to England, where small children eat them with pleasure (I mean the figs not the worms,) and where they are still served at wine parties at the Universities. When fresh they are not better than elsewhere; but the melons are of admirable flavour, and so large, that Cinderella might almost be accommodated with a couch made of a big one, without any very great distention of its original proportions.

Our guide, an accomplished swindler, demanded two dollars as the fee for entering a Mosque, which others of our party subsequently saw for six-pence, so we did not care to examine that place of worship. But there were other cheaper sights, which were to the full as picturesque, for which there was no call to pay money, or indeed, for a day, scarcely to move at all. I doubt whether a man who would smoke his pipe on a bazaar counter all day, and let the city flow by him, would not be as well employed as the most active curiosity hunter.

To be sure he would not see the women. Those in the bazaar were shabby people for the most part, whose black masks nobody would feel a curiosity to remove. You could see no more of their figures than if they had been stuffed in bolsters; and even their feet were brought to a general play uniformity by the double yellow slippers which the wives of true believers wear. But it is in the Greek and Armenian quarters, and among those poor Christians who were pulling figs, that you see the beauties; and a man of generous disposition may lose his heart half a dozen times a day in Smyrna. There was a pretty maid at work at a tambour frame in an open porch, with an old duenna spinning by her side, and a goat tied up to the railings of the little court garden; there was the nymph who came down the stair with the pitcher on her head, and gazed with great calm eyes, as large and stately as Juno's: there was the gentle mother, bending over a queer cradle, in which lay a small crying bundle of

infancy : all these three charmers were seen in a single street in the Armenian quarter, where the house doors are all open, and the women of the families sit under the arches of the court. There was the fig-girl beautiful beyond all others, with an immense coil of deep black hair twisted round a head of which Raphael was worthy to draw the outline, and Titian to paint the colour. I wonder the Sultan has not swept her off, or that the Persian merchants who came with silks and sweetmeats, have not kidnapped her for the Shah of Tehran.

We went to see Persian merchants at their Khan, and purchased some silks there from a swarthy black-bearded man, with a conical cap of lamb's-wool. Is it not hard to think that silks bought of a man in a conical cap of lamb's-wool in a caravanserai, brought thither on the backs of camels, should have been manufactured after all at Lyons ? Others of our party bought carpets, for which the town is famous ; and there was one who absolutely laid in a stock of real Smyrna figs, and purchased three or four real Smyrna Ponies for his carriage ; so strong was his passion for the genuine article. I wonder that no painter has given us familiar views of the East : not processions, grand Sultans, or magnificent landscapes ; but faithful transcripts of every day oriental life, such as each street will supply to him. The camels afford endless motives, couched in the market places, lying by thousands in the camel square snorting and bubbling after their manner, the sun blazing down on their backs, their slaves and keepers lying behind them in the shade and the caravan bridge, above all, would afford a painter subjects for a dozen pictures. Over this Roman arch which crosses the Meles river, all the caravans pass on their entrance to the town. On one side as we sat and looked at it, was a great row of plane-trees ; on the opposite bank a deep wood of tall cypresses : in the midst of which rose up innumerable grey tombs, surmounted with the turbans of the defunct believers. Besides the stream, the view was less gloomy. There was under the plane-trees a little coffee-house, shaded by a trellis work, covered over with a vine, and ornamented with many rows of shining pots and water pipes, for which there was no use at noon day now in the time of the Ramazan. Hard by the coffee-house was a garden and a bubbling marble fountain, and over the stream was a broken summer house, to which amateurs may ascend for the purpose of examining the river : and all round the plane-trees plenty of stools for those who were inclined to sit and drink sweet thick coffee, or cool lemonade made of fresh green citrons. The master of the house, dressed in a white turban and light blue pelisse, lolled under the coffee-house awning ; the slave, in white, with a crimson striped jacket, his face as black as ebony, brought us pipes and lemonade again, and returned to his station at the coffee-house, where he curled his black legs together, and began singing out of his flat nose, to the thrumming of a long guitar with wire strings. The instrument was not bigger than a soup ladle, with a long straight handle, but its music pleased the performer ; for his eyes rolled shining about, and his head wagged, and he grinned with an innocent intensity of enjoyment that did one good to look at. And there was a friend to share his pleasure : a Turk dressed in scarlet, and covered all over with daggers and pistols, sate leaning forward on his little stool, rocking about and grinning quite as eagerly as the black minstrel. As he sung and we listened, figures of women bearing pitchers went passing over the Roman bridge, which we saw between the large trunks of the planes ; or grey forms of camels were seen stalking across it, the string preceded by the little donkey, who is always here their long-eared conductor.

These are very humble incidents of travel. Wherever the steamboat touches the shore adventure retreats into the interior, and what is called romance vanishes. It won't bear the vulgar gaze ; or rather the light of common day puts it out, and it is only in the dark that it shines at all. There is no

cursing and insulting of Giaours now. If a Cockney looks or behaves in a particularly ridiculous way, the little Turks come out and laugh at him. A Londoner is no longer a spittoon for true believers : and now that dark Hassan sits in his divan and drinks champagne, and Selim has a French watch, and Rubeika perhaps takes Morison's pills, Byronism becomes absurd instead of sublime, and is only a foolish expression of cockney wonder. They still occasionally beat a man for going into a mosque, but this is almost the only sign of ferocious vitality left in the Turk of the Mediterranean coast, and strangers may enter scores of mosques without molestation. The paddle-wheel is the great conqueror. Wherever the captain cries "stop her," civilization stops, and lands in the ship's-boat, and makes a permanent acquaintance with the savages on shore. Whole hosts of crusaders have passed and died and butchered here in vain. But to manufacture European iron into pikes and helmets was a waste of metal : in the shape of piston-rods and furnace poker it is irresistible ; and I think an allegory might be made showing how much stronger commerce is than chivalry, and finishing with a grand image of Mahomet's crescent being extinguished in Fulton's boiler.

This I thought was the moral of the day's sights and adventures. We pulled off to the steamer in the afternoon—the inbat blowing fresh, and setting all the craft in the gulf dancing over its blue waters. We were presently under weigh again, the captain ordering his engines to work only half power, so that a French steamer which was quitting Smyrna at the same time might come up with us, and fancy she could beat the irresistible Tagus. Vain hope ! Just as the Frenchman neared us, the Tagus shot out like an arrow, and the discomfited Frenchman went behind.

Though we all relished the joke exceedingly, there was a French gentleman on board who did not seem to be by any means tickled with it ; but he had received papers at Smyrna, containing news of Marshal Bugeaud's victory at Isley, and had this land victory to set against our harmless little triumphant sea one. That night we rounded the island of Mytilene ; and the next day the coast of Troy was in sight, and the tomb of Achilles—a dismal looking mound that rises on a low dreary barren shore—less lively and not more picturesque than the Scheldt or the mouth of the Thames. Then we passed Tenedos, and the forts and town at the mouth of the Dardanelles : the weather was not too hot ; the water as smooth as at Putney ; and every body happy and excited at the thought of seeing Constantinople to-morrow. We had music on board all the way from Smyrna. A German commissioner, with a guitar, who had passed unnoticed until that time, produced his instrument about midday, and began to whistle waltzes. He whistled so divinely that the ladies left their cabins, and the men laid down their books. He whistled a polka so bewitchingly that two young Oxford men began whirling round the deck, and performed the popular dance with much agility until they sank down tired.

He still continued an unabated whistling, and as nobody would dance, pulled off his coat, produced a pair of castanets, and whistling a mazurka, performed it with tremendous agility. His whistling made every body gay and happy—made those acquainted who had not spoken before, and inspired such a feeling of hilarity in the ship, that that night as we floated over the sea of Marmora, a general vote was expressed for broiled bones and a regular supper party. Punch was brewed, and speeches were made, and, after a lapse of fifteen years, I heard the "Old English Gentleman" and "Bright Chanticleer proclaims the Morn," sung in such style, that you would almost fancy the proctors must hear, and send us all home.

Travels in Western Africa in 1845 and 1846. By John Duncan.
2 vols. Bentley.

THE writer of these travels is a Scotchman of humble parentage; who, having an early predilection for a military life, enlisted in 1822 in the first regiment of Life Guards—and in the hours not devoted to his military duties, applied himself to draughtmanship, painting, and mechanics. After sixteen years' service, he obtained his discharge and the appointment of master-at-arms in the late expedition to the Niger. Of more than three hundred men engaged in that unfortunate enterprise, not more than five escaped; and on his arrival at Fernando Po, our adventurer was himself seriously attacked with fever. He had been previously wounded in the leg at the Cape de Verd Islands by a poisoned arrow thrown at him by one of the natives. This wound the fever so seriously affected that gangrene commenced,—and was only checked by a powerful acid that destroyed the part affected. Fortunately, our author was spared the necessity of having his leg amputated; and nothing daunted by the dangers which he had suffered, on his return to England he made an offer of his services to the Royal Geographical Society to proceed to Africa and penetrate to the Kong Mountains from the West Coast. The Society provided him with the necessary instruments and instructions, and the Lords of the Admiralty gave him a free passage to Cape Coast. These volumes present the narrative of his journey; the country which he traversed having been hitherto untrodden by any European traveller—and reaching as far as 13° 6' north latitude and 1° 3' east longitude.

This account prepares us for a sensible and carefully written book—nor has our expectation been disappointed.

Arrived on board the Prometheus steamer at Cape Coast, Mr. Duncan was again attacked with fever; but on his recovery made many interesting observations on the natives and the fetish of the Fantees. He speaks highly of King Agray; and wonders at the neglect of him by England, while so much attention is lavished on the villainous king of Ashantee. No human sacrifices are offered up at Cape Coast, as at Ashantee; but civilization in other respects is at the lowest ebb. About thirteen miles distant is the town of Annamaboe; where there is a good fort, the gate of which the Ashantees in their attack in 1817 attempted to blow up. The state of slavery among the native Caboceers is not oppressive—their condition, Mr. Duncan says, is superior to that of our English peasantry. But the only evidence of enterprise in the neighbourhood is a good road for about ten or twelve miles in the interior, made at the expense of a native merchant named Barns. Mr. Duncan visited the krooms (villages) along the coast; and a tradition of one of these—Cromantine—he thus relates:—

“In Cromantine there exists a tradition, or rather a tale, to deceive strangers, that they have still in their possession a male child who has existed ever since the beginning of the world. This child, they declare, neither eats, drinks, nor partakes of any nourishment, yet still continues in a state of childhood. When I laughed at this absurd tale, it somewhat offended my friend Mr. Brewé, who declared that he himself and his father had actually seen this infant. I therefore expressed a wish to see this extraordinary child; and during the half-hour which was required to prepare him for the visit, we were admitted into their fetish-house, or temple, in the corner

of which was seated in a chair a little clay figure of the god whom they invoke or threaten, according to circumstances. In the same house, leaning against the wall, was the hollow trunk of a cocoanut tree, chalked over with white spots. This they told us was sent down to them from heaven, and was preserved here as a proof that their fetish lives for them. When I reproved them fully in believing such tales, they seemed quite astonished and incensed, especially the old fetish-woman, a priestess, who at times extorts great sums for the preparation of certain charms, supposed to be very potent. When a man is sick, his relations send for the fetish-man, who, if the party is found to be very anxious respecting the sick man, generally makes a heavy charge, in addition to a gallon of rum to drink success to the fetish, and he very frequently orders a few bottles of rum to be buried up to the neck in the ground in different places, which the god is supposed to take as a fee for his favours to the sick man. If he should die, the fetish-man assures his relatives that the favour of the god was not to be gained by so small a quantity of rum. Such is the abject superstition prevalent on this coast."

Mr. Duncan, resolved on seeing the Wonderful Child, made forcible way to his alleged residence:—

"On entering through a very narrow door or gateway, into a circle of about twenty yards diameter, fenced round by a close paling, and covered outside with long grass, about nine feet high (so that nothing within could be seen), the first and only thing I saw was an old woman, whom, but for her size and sex, I should have taken for the mysterious being, resident there from the time of the Creation. She certainly was the most disgusting and loathsome being I ever beheld. She had no covering on her person (like all the other natives of this place), with the exception of a small piece of dirty cloth round her loins. Her skin was deeply wrinkled and extremely dirty, with scarcely any flesh on her bones. Her breasts hung halfway down her body, and she had all the appearance of extreme old age. This ancient woman was the supposed nurse of the everlasting child. On my entering the yard, this old fetish-woman (for such was her high style and title) stepped before me, making the most hideous gestures ever witnessed, and endeavouring to drive me out, that I might be prevented from entering into the god's house, but in spite of all her movements I pushed her aside, and forced my way into the house. Its outward appearance was that of a cone, or extinguisher, standing in the centre of the enclosure. It was formed by long poles placed triangularly, and thatched with long grass. Inside of it I found a clay bench in the form of a chair. Its tenant was absent, and the old woman pretended that she had, by her magic, caused him to disappear. On my return I found my friends anxiously waiting for me, dreading lest something awful might have happened to me; and the towns-people seemed quite in a fury. They did not, however, dare to attack me, for they are great cowards when the least determination or spirit of resistance is shown. They are so superstitious, that not one individual would venture over the threshold of the holy house, without the permission of the old nurse. When I explained to the multitude the nature of the trick practised by the old woman, they were greatly incensed. There can be no doubt that some neighbour's child is borrowed whenever strangers wish to see this wonderful infant; and when dressed up and disguised by various colours of clay, it is exhibited as the divine and wonderful child. The natives are so credulous, that a fetish-man or woman has no difficulty in making them believe anything, however extravagant."

The moral character of the native African may be estimated from that of his superstition. According to Mr. Duncan, he is wanting in affection, domestic duty, friendship and fine feeling. He is a polygamist; and purchases his wives from their parents, and sells them again to the highest bidder, without consulting themselves. Take our author's account of a Mr. Lawson, at Accra, and his Fantee family:—

"He is a little old man, much under the middle size, a jet black, with round shoulders, or bordering more upon the buffalo or hump-back. He very graciously

condescended to introduce us to two of his favourite wives, of extraordinary dimensions, for circumference of body is here considered a principal mark of beauty. They were seated facing us, on the opposite side of the room, the old man seating himself by our side. With one of his best grins, he pointed out the two huge flesh mountains as his wives, upon which they seemed much gratified. Each damsel had on her wrist a pair of large solid silver bracelets, weighing about half a pound each, very plain, and similar to those worn by the convicts in the dock-yards in England. The ladies seemed about twenty-four years of age; while their old matrimonial partner, very much resembling a monkey, was about seventy. * * Mr. Lawson's two sons are living in the next house to their father, and carry on a trade in all sorts of goods of British manufacture, which are exchanged for palm-oil and ivory. Their houses are good, and in every way arranged to imitate our English style. They also enjoy every luxury which can be procured from European nations, as well as those of their own country. They are very kind and hospitable in their own houses to those with whom they are acquainted, but they are very deceitful and treacherous in their character. If an English man-of-war or merchantman is in the offing or in the roads, the old man acknowledges the British flag, but the moment the flag of another nation is displayed, he, like the Vicar of Bray, acknowledges that also. * * The old man professes great attachment for the English, and even pretends to give our naval officers information respecting the slave trade, *but it is needless to say that it is always false*, as he is one of the most notorious slave-dealers on the coast himself; although I believe that it is not generally known in England he is at all concerned in that traffic. This statement, however, may be relied upon, as I am writing from ocular demonstration, as well as from authentic information, to a much greater extent than even fell under my own observation. I have also obtained information which may very probably lead to implicate one in this abominable traffic who is little suspected, and whose duty, according to British law, it is to suppress this trade. But I shall, after obtaining more information with regard to the conduct of this individual, write fully upon this subject. * * Mr. Lawson, owing to his great trade and wealth acquired by the slave-trade, is acknowledged by the inhabitants as the leading man in Popoe, although they have a caboceer, or *dootay*, who is acknowledged as hereditary chief magistrate or ruler; for when Mr. Lawson interferes, the opinion or order of the caboceer is disregarded."

Whydah is a place well cultivated by people returned from the Brazils—many of them driven away ~~the~~ account of the attempted revolution amongst the slaves.—

"These people are generally from the Foolah and Eya countries. Many, it appears, were taken away at the age of twenty or twenty-four years, consequently they can give a full account of their route to Badagry, where they were shipped. They are by far the most industrious people I have found. Several very fine farms, about six or seven miles from Whydah, are in a high state of cultivation. The houses are clean and comfortable, and are situated in some of the most beautiful spots that imagination can picture. It is truly gratifying to find unexpectedly a house where you are welcomed in European fashion, and asked to take refreshment. I invariably found upon inquiry that all these people had been slaves. This would seem to prove that to this country slavery is not without its good as well as bad effects. There is another class of colonists, emancipated slaves from Sierra Leone, who emigrated to Whydah, with the intention of farming; but they are inferior in that science to the former class. Though most of them can read and write a little, unfortunately the male portion of them appear nearly as indolent as the uncivilized native; notwithstanding that the King of Dahomey has afforded them every encouragement, by making them gratuitous grants of land on which they have built a small town. Immediately adjoining is their cultivated land, which is little more than sufficient to meet their own consumption; but this is chiefly owing to the jealousy of the great slave merchants, who use their combined influence to keep their produce out of the market. There is consequently little stimulus to exertion in agriculture. Through some means these colonists had been informed that I had come to Whydah for the purpose of establishing a model farm: and I was consequently waited upon by their headman,

accompanied by several of his people, at the English Fort. They offered to give up to me all the cultivated land belonging to their settlement, upon condition of my affording them employment on the farm when labour was required, as they said that their united efforts, under a proper leader, would be worthy the attention of some of the European merchants trading on that coast. They all seemed much disappointed when I told them that I was not in a position to accept their proposal. They derive support chiefly from the females, who are during the season employed in the bush collecting palm-nuts for making oil, for which a market can always be found. Several are also engaged in washing, which they obtain from European slave-agents, who are numerous here. I had during my residence in this place a servant as interpreter to one of these colonists, who had himself been a slave, but had been captured by a British cruiser while on his passage to Brazil, and carried to Sierra Leone, and there educated. He afterwards emigrated to Understone or Abbakuta—that saintly place of so many converts—and commenced slave-dealing. While on his passage, on board a slaver, he was again captured with several slaves in his possession. The slaves were carried to Sierra Leone; but he himself was with the crew of the slaver put on shore at Whydah, where he is now a resident in the above settlement of liberated Africans from Sierra Leone. He now practises as a quack doctor, and his wife as a fetish-woman. I believe this is only one of many instances where emigrants from Sierra Leone to Abbakuta, who on being liberated from slavery themselves, have commenced the same abominable traffic. In spite of what has been said of the moral condition of the last-named settlement, agriculture, commerce, and industry, in my opinion, will be the only permanent means to improve and moralize the people."

The manners of the court of the King of Dahomey are sufficiently curious—and among its other barbarities, are troops of female soldiers. Some account of these Amazons and their evolutions may amuse our readers:—

"After all the ceremony of compliments and boasting of valour is gone through, the officers fall in, and the whole regiment sing a song in compliment to the king. After that any individual who chooses is allowed to step to the front, and declare her fidelity to his Majesty, and as soon as one retire, another takes her place, so that the ceremony becomes irksome. Sometimes the ceremony of one regiment passing occupies three hours. After all is over the women of the regiment kneel down, with the butt of their muskets on the ground and the barrels slanting back over the shoulder, and with both hands scrape up the dust and cover themselves with it. The dust being of a light red colour, gives them a very singular appearance. Many have their heads entirely shaved, except a tuft resembling a cockade; others only shave a breadth of two inches from the forehead to the poll. After this ceremony they all rise up from the stooping position, still on their knees, but body otherwise erect, and poising their muskets horizontally on their two hands, all join in a general hurrah. Suddenly then they rise up, throwing the musket sharply into one hand, holding it high in the air, at the same time giving another hurrah. The whole then shoulder muskets, and run off at full speed. Each individual runs as fast as she is able, so that it is a race with the whole regiment of six hundred women. It would surprise a European to see the speed of these women, although they carry a long Danish musket and short sword each, as well as a sort of club. It may be well to give some account of the dress and equipments of these Amazons. They wear a blue and white striped cotton surtout, the stripes about one-and-a-half inch wide, of stout native manufacture, *without sleeves*, leaving freedom for the arms. The skirt or tunic reaches as low as the kilt of the Highlanders. A pair of short trowsers is worn underneath, reaching two inches below the knee. The cartouche-box, or *agbwadya*, forms a girdle, and keeps all their dress snug and close. The cartouche-box contains twenty cartridges, about four times the quantity of that used in England, owing to the inferiority of the powder. It is very conveniently placed, being girdled round the loins. The powder and ball, however, is not attached; the powder being in a small leather cup, fitted inside of another, and taken out and emptied into the gun, without any wadding of any description. It consequently loses much of its power, the ball or slugs being thrown in

loosely, and fired off more by chance than judgment. However, upon the whole, these women certainly make a very imposing appearance, and are very active. From their constant exercise of body (for the women in all cases do the principal part of both domestic and agricultural labours here as well as at other places,) they are capable of enduring much fatigue. Next came the king's second son's female soldiers, from a part called Kakagee's country, in consequence of having the government of that country. These soldiers, about six hundred, went through the same ceremony as the others. His Majesty always anxiously explained everything to me, and sent to the palace for paper for me to make notes upon. During the day about six thousand women-soldiers passed successively before the king, who frequently introduced the principal officers of this corps to me, relating their achievements. This seemed to give them great satisfaction. Amongst them, he introduced me to one of his principal wives, a stout, noble-looking woman, of a light brown complexion. She commanded the whole of the king's wives, who are all soldiers, amounting to six hundred, present on this occasion. The King introduced her to me as my mother. I was for some time at a loss to comprehend the meaning of this, but soon found that his Majesty had appointed this favourite wife to furnish all English or white men with provisions during their sojourn in this country. The term mother is, in many cases, misapplied in Abomey; for instance, if a man has a wife, or a number of them, they are called mothers, no one being allowed to call them wives but the king. My inquiries relative to the meaning of this were often erroneously answered, till I observed an old man whose name was given me, and soon after a young woman was pointed out to me as his mother, though the woman was at least twenty-five years younger than her supposed son. Owing to this, I was very incredulous, telling my informant that he must be mistaken. It may appear singular in a civilized part of the world, to learn that no distinction is made in the term *mother* between the wife and real mother. After introducing me to a number of his chiefs or captains, some of whom are very fine well-built men, the king informed me that I had better go home, as it was now getting dusk. After drinking again with his Majesty, I retired to my house, where I was visited by many of the principal people of Dahomey, and also received the canes of a great many Spaniards and Portuguese (as they call themselves), liberated slaves from Whydah, and who were here attending the custom, or holiday."

Skirmishes are frequent between the Dahomans and the Mahees,—a people inhabiting a country about six days' journey to the northward of Dahomey—in which encounters the Amazons do good service. The Kong Mountains are in the Mahee country. The inhabitants never think of reserving any of their corn or other produce as stores; so that they invariably become an easy prey, though they can raise four crops in the year. The Mahees use the bow and arrow, and the king of Dahomey forbidding the transport of fire-arms through his kingdom from the coast. On gaining the top of one of these mountains, our traveller discovered in a sort of hollow or basin on one side of the dome-shaped summit, the remains, apparently, of a large town.

"This place was truly the picture of desolation, and the ravages of war and famine presented themselves on all sides. Hundreds of human skulls, of different sizes, were still to be seen; as also the skulls of sheep, goats, and oxen. No doubt the latter named animals had been used as food by the people whose remains we saw around us, the greater part of whom had been starved to death rather than surrender. Many of the soldiers of my guard had been on service during this siege, and described the scene on ascending as of the most awful description. The bodies of the dead in a putrid state were, it appears, mixed with those who were still alive, but unable to move; many were wounded with bullets, whose limbs were rotting off and covered with vermin; and the air was so pestiferous, that many of the Dahomans died from its effects. The vultures tore the bodies of the poor wounded people even while they were yet alive. In many of the small fissures I observed the remains of various domestic quadrupeds, together with human bones, very probably

carried there by the vulture or eagle, also natives of this mountain, as well as the common fox, the panther, and large hyæna, or patakoo, the name given to it by the natives."

The battles between these people seem indeed to be of an exceedingly destructive character. Mr. Duncan calculates that during the seven months' war in Gbowelley and the neighbouring mountains to the eastward, no fewer than forty thousand men must have perished.—Our author's description of the Mountain of Zoglogbo must be cited.—

"The passage up the side of the mountain is so narrow as only to admit of one man passing at a time, and very steep and difficult, on account of the many blocks of stone which impede the ascent. It would have been impossible for me to ascend with my shoes on, had not the old caboceer of the mountain walked in front and given me his hand, and another person pushed at my back, as occasion required. After a somewhat toilsome though romantic journey, we arrived at the gates of the town, which were of very thick planks of seven inches, strongly barred with iron. After passing the gates, the path was much easier and not so steep, from the fissure not being filled so high, so that the top of the fissure was far above the head, apparently above twenty yards. After passing a little distance farther, we came upon the town, which is situated in a basin, or crater, formed in the centre of the top of the mountain. Round the outer edge of this immense basin are thrown tremendous blocks of various sizes, underneath which many houses are built. Although these blocks are placed on each other in such a tottering position, the houses in the centre of the town are erected with considerable taste and regularity. The residences of the principal merchants and influential members of the town are built in the form of squares or quadrangles, which are occupied by their wives, which are frequently very numerous, as well as their families. Their slaves also occupy a part of the buildings, and are treated as well as their own families. Indeed, as I have already observed, they work together in cultivating the fields, or any other domestic employment. The caboceer led us to a tolerably good house, with every necessary utensil for our use. Many presents of various descriptions were brought to me,—the old caboceer seeming much pleased at the kindness of his people to the king's stranger. His own kindness and attention were unbounded, as well as those of his principal attendant, a young man of rank from Dahomey, and the handsomest and most intelligent African I had ever met. The king of Dahomey displays great sagacity in sending Dahomans to the frontiers between the Mahees, Yarriba, and Fellatahs. These men, although acting as principal attendants to chiefs or caboceers to the subdued Mahees, are nothing more nor less than political spies,—the upper rank of such persons preventing any combination or alliance dangerous to the power of the king of Dahomey, although generally the Mahees seem very much pleased with their present government and new laws."

Our readers have had sufficient indication of the kind of scene and life which these remote districts of Central Africa present. We will not enter into any of the minute detail with which the volumes abound. The author obtained some information respecting the death of Mungo Park; for which, as for other important matters, the reader will do well to consult his work. There is in it but little of adventure—the writer appearing to have conducted his exploration with remarkable tact and good fortune.

Highland Sports, and Highland Quarters. By Herbert Byng Hall, Esq. Author of "Scenes at Home and Abroad," &c. 2 vols. H. Hurst.

MR. HALL boasts a good deal of his sporting feats and the sights he has seen, but though he intimates the hardihood of the coat of Frieze, there seems to be a good deal of the silky softness of the Sybarite original to the stuff, and interwoven with the texture. A fido for this or that hardship, he says, but "*pauca verba*" is not the strain in which he utters his plaints. Nor, indeed, is he in anything a writer of few words; and his descriptions, consequently, overlay his absolute matter, though not exactly at the rate of three grains of wheat to a bushel of chaff; at all events, pretty considerably. The fault of the work, and we were predisposed to expect it would be better from the lively running sketch of the phases in national or fashionable sports, with which it set out, is one inherent in many of the same sort. It is a mistake (rarely overcome by cleverness) in any one to suppose that what he enjoys with enthusiasm he has the power to communicate to others, so as to excite a similar or corresponding enjoyment. The real and the related are very different, even where the temperaments of actor and hearer are alike; and when they differ, the story falls on the ear of listener or reader, as if it were

"A twice told tale
Vexing the dull ear of a sleepy man,"

And there is another error into which the enthusiast is prone to fall. He exaggerates, he colours highly, he rhodomontades; and on the quiet and unwarmed recipient these qualities are far from being effective. Now we fear that much of our introductory remark applies to Mr. Hall's *Highland Sports*. There are more of epicurism, feather-bedism, and display, than are suited to a true deer-stalker or grouse-shooter. These sports claim great manliness, great plainness, and a great disposition to rough it, in order to make them the stimulating and delightful contrast to social, luxurious, or even strictly comfortable living, and thus brace the nerves and invigorate the health. Not but that they may be conjoined with baronial castles and the most refined gratifications; but even under such auspicious circumstances, it is their comparative fatigues and privations which give the grand zest to the brief relaxations of the sumptuous table, intellectual intercourse, and luxurious rest. It is the bothy that makes the palace so delectable; it is the silent watching by the side of a cold rock that makes the intellectual conversation so pleasant; it is the wading through mosses and climbing along ravines that makes the rest so sweet. But we will not preach of these things from a town study. We have, with gun or rod in hand, gone over most of the ground "renowned" in this publication, and have even had the good luck to be the companion of the noble and thorough sportsmen, whose deeds in the field and territorial possessions are the chief theme of its praises, and can, therefore, correctly appreciate its merits and demerits; and if we incline to the opinions we have already stated, it is simply because we consider the leanings to bear the wrong way, and the repetitions, also, to be injurious to a genuine and natural picture of highland sports. We will, however, in justice, allow the author to be heard.

At the close of his rapid sketch of the changes in the pursuit of animals from the earliest period to the present time,—having a strong disposition to disparage the Scottish character, even amid his blazing eulogies and grateful acknowledgments, he says :

“ Our *ci-devant* ‘kilted’ neighbours beyond the Border, where kilts are now at a discount and ‘breeks’ at a premium, have also made some wonderful and pleasing advances in reference to sporting matters—though in most others they follow but slowly in the steps of reformation, inasmuch as ‘siller’ is required to open the floodgates in all matters of civilization ; and this—and perhaps they are right—is not just the substance they are over fond of parting with. Nevertheless they, like we humble Englishers, or foreigners, as we are generally termed anent the Border, have had their ages ; but, like wise and canny men as they are, they have managed to terminate precisely where we began—namely, with the Golden Age—in all matters of sporting. First came their age of barbarism, then of clanship, then chieftainism ; and now lairdism is the law and will of the land. But even in this humility a spark of ancient pride still lingers in the Highlands ; for there, amid those vast and magnificent hills, no man possessing an acre of land but is designated, not by the name given him by his godfather and godmother, if he had any, but they assume, by what law or right we have hitherto been unable to learn, the cognomen of the clay from which they draw their means of existence. Thus we find the Laird of Cockpen and the Laird of Glengarry ; and if a man gloried in the proprietorship of some dozen acres of swampy marsh land, doubtless he might, should it so please him, be called the ‘Laird of Mud Marsh.’ These, however, are insignificant trifles ; as harmless, in fact, as theory. Beware, nevertheless, should chance or pleasure lead you to the land of the mountain and the flood, not to call any gentleman by his right name—such as Mr. M’Pherson, or Mr. Ross, or Mr. M’Donald, and so forth—but on the contrary let your courtesy induce you at once to address your friends as, ‘How are you, Cockpen ?’ ‘Hope you’re better, Mud Marsh ?’

“ But to resume. The barbarous sportsmen shot all game which came within range, and not unfrequently shot one another, by way of diversifying the sport : on the one hand, to supply the ‘*pot au feu* ;’ and, on the other, to secure their revenge, or possess themselves of some snug retreat and a few broad acres which their neighbours had appropriated, and for which they had had a longing, like ladies in the family way, when it is unwise to refuse them.

“ With regard to the chieftains, they hunted, like our kings of yore, with much rude magnificence—at least as regards the number of their retainers ; whose duties were twofold—the one to drive deer and game into the toils, or towards the stations, where their leaders were prepared, with deadly aim, to bring down the venison with which they supplied their larders ; the other to assist in any little marauding party against their neighbours’ beef and mutton, which, in preparation for the butcher’s knife, still grazed upon the heathered hills. In fact, the chase, with them, was only a prelude for collecting their vassals for a more serious pastime in the pursuit of bipeds. And thus they amused themselves, till an Act was passed prohibiting such warlike demonstrations for a morning’s deer-stalking.

“ Then came the days of Scotch breakfasts and Scotch hospitality—kippered salmon, porridge, marmalade, and whiskey *ad libitum*, like our own days of squirearchy, port wine, and sirloins. Then was the wanderer from the South welcomed in the North, whether in search of pleasure or of sport, from Tay to Pentland Frith ; *n’importe*, if he could swear he had a grand-father, or knew his own mother—suffice he was a stranger, and every house was open to receive him. These pleasant times have somewhat changed, however, since the introduction of steam throughout the land ; and King Hudson, were he to visit John o’Groat’s House—which, by-the-bye, exists only in name—would find the best welcome obtained for a consideration. Foreign importations—for we have already stated that Englishmen are termed foreigners in the Highlands—being somewhat more numerous, and consequently less select. Bring, then, a letter of introduction from your aunt, Lady Bank-note, or your uncle, Lord Millionaire, which will be the surest means of securing you a seat above the salt ; and this precaution can scarcely be condemned, when polished boots from the neighbourhood of Whitechapel glitter in the sun-rays on the top of Ben

Lomond, and Moses, or one of his firm, is met with in half the glens of Argyleshire. The sporting generation of Scotchmen, however, and Highland sports, are making rapid advances towards perfection in the craft. Like our own young English sportsmen, whom some wise malcontents are ever declaring as totally unfit to cope with those of days long since—in which opinion we must beg leave entirely to differ from them—there are many first-rate sportsmen to be found in Scotland."

Indeed! And why not? Why not excel in exercises, a taste for which they imbibe with their mother's milk, and which they practise actively and uninterruptedly from their cradle? The concession is worth little, and the sequel does not tend to put it in a more agreeable light. The writer goes on to talk of Lairds who have been tempted to the south, and describes them, as,

"Good fellows, pleasant companions, good riders, and first-rate shots, doubtless were they, but the southern atmosphere of England banished from their minds their usual national prudence. They totally forgot that although the number of their quarterings, and the unquestioned antiquity of their ancestry, might admit them within the narrow limits of first rate society, that they could never cope with men who had ten times their means, or follow, without speedy ruin, in the same career. What to the one was a matter of course, to the other was a rapid advance to beggary, and tended solely to enrich the W. S.'s of Edinburgh and elsewhere. As, however, some may not clearly understand the meaning of these letters, we will give them precisely the explanation that was given to us on our arrival in Scotland. On requesting to be informed as to what might be understood by the distinction of W. S. to the names of so many northern lawyers, the reply was, Sir W. Scott was a writer to the signet; and being learned in the law, all were doubtless desirous to follow in his footsteps; therefore by the payment of a *douceur*—to whom deponent sayeth not—numerous attorneys were permitted to add W. S. to their names anxious, no doubt, to be thought writers to the signet also, or 'Wise Solicitors,' or 'Wealthy Solicitors,' or W. anything else you like to call them commencing with an S. We cannot presume to say what may be the particular duties of a Writer to the Signet, but they are certainly important, as it requires some thousands to perform them."

The *gobe-mouche* sagacity of fancying that the long-established and most respectable race of Writers to the Signet in Scotland were so called or assumed the title because Sir Walter Scott was a W. S. offers a piece of drollery which must be highly amusing to northern readers, who will also laugh at the following instances of our author's gullibility. At one of the wild Highland inns, he states:

"On being ushered into a sitting-room, eight feet by ten, half filled with smoke from a smothered peat fire, and redolent with the smell of whiskey and bad tobacco, and having therein seen his goods and chattels deposited, in despair requests a shoeless Highland lassie, who scarcely understood a word of English, to show him his sleeping apartment, that he might refresh himself previous to the evening's repast:—imagine, we say, this damsel pointing to two large cupboards, built in the wall, almost exactly similar to those on board a Scotch smack in days lang syne, and saying, with perfect coolness, 'you may e'en take your choice!' We say, imagine such a scene occurring to such an individual, because the absurdity would be great. To us it did actually occur; and we laughed aloud, and took our choice, and tried to sleep therein, and should have slept soundly, had it not been for the numerous visitors of the flea family who supped on us, as almost supperless we retired to our berth. Having, however, secured our sitting-room, we opened the shutters to let out the smoke—for glass there was none—and made ourselves as comfortable as Englishmen generally do on all occasions. We next solicited refreshment: tea, fried ham, and eggs, bannocks or oat cakes, and what we surmised to be smoked mutton ham, were soon placed on the board; and board it literally was, for no white cloth concealed the dirt of an un-

washed deal table. Urged by hunger, we attacked the dainties thus rudely set before us ; and had they been eatable, a sportsman's appetite would not easily have been checked, and after a rough day's walk we might readily have dispensed with the damask. The tea, however, was out of the question—no senna was ever half so nauseous ; and as for the fried ham, we insult the excellence of such a dish by giving its name to the wedges of smoked bacon which floated in their own grease. The eggs were tolerably fresh, and, being protected by their shells from the dirty hands of the lassie who placed them on the deal, were clean within if not without. But the mutton required consideration. 'What is it ?' we exclaimed, as with some difficulty, we made an incision into the hard and flat-looking joint : but whether it was a leg or a shoulder, it was utterly impossible to decide.

"What is it !" exclaimed the damsel, who bare-footed stood at hand, as if in admiration of the bounty with which she had supplied us, 'why, bracey, to be sure !'

"Bracey, my bonnie lassie !—and what may bracey be ?"

"But we must again request permission to give her explanation in plain English.

"Why, bracey, sir, is just a sheep which dies of the rot—or, we should rather say, which would have died without the aid of the butcher's knife, if master had not supplied his own just in the nick of time."

"Thus saving the coroner's inquest of eagles and ravens, who doubtless would soon have appeared to sit on the body of the defunct. Having done this little act of politeness by relieving the unhappy animal from probably an hour's internal torture, he next proceeds to skin and cut up the carcase ; this process being over, two or three gillies set to work in the nearest brook to pound the flesh with stones till all the blood is extracted ; the meat and joints are then salted, and hung up the chimney to dry and smoke, till some hungry traveller or excursionary sportsman, like ourselves, may chance to halt at the *posada* and require a mutton ham.

"But we really speak nothing but fact when we assert the above occurrence, such as we have related it, to be a constant practice in the Highlands ; and so far from any disgust arising, as it did to us, at the bare idea of feasting on meat so luxuriously prepared by the Highlanders, it is esteemed as one of the greatest delicacies with which their larder can be supplied for winter consumption. They do not eat it, however, as served to us ; but a large slice is cut from time to time from the joint, and then, with onions, cabbages, and such herbs as may be at hand, it is thrown into the '*pot au feu*,' till a greasy broth is prepared, which, to a resident on the heathered mountains, is preferred to all the turtle which Birch would supply, or Soyer set before the most delicate palate. To them, without one feeling of jealousy or regret, we leave the bracey so liberally offered to us, and for which, of course, we had as liberally to pay."

What an extraordinary Highland lassie !—infernal, and what a credulous English tourist ! We will promise him the best speculation he ever made in his life, if he will go to Scotland,—this glut of common food is constantly prepared over the country—we will promise him a guinea a pound for every pound of Bracey he brings to market !! But the spirit of such attempts at the facetious, is a blemish and not a beauty in productions of this kind. Thus, for another example, in descending from the Black Mount in Glencoe, the party meet a fat London Cit, and his wife and daughter ascending, and we are told :

"It was quite evident that the individual who called himself a post-boy, but was, in fact, a herd-boy, had been pointing out to our traveller the beauty of the scenery ; and, half in Gaelic, and the other half in English and Scotch curiously mixed together, had been telling various tales of how and where it had all happened in the glen below. The good fat gentleman, however, was either totally ignorant or totally deaf to this newly-invented language, for the more the lad talked, the more he mapped and looked amazed. At length, however, he beheld our party. We had halted, and sat on a rock by the way-side, to allow the carriage and pedestrians to pass ; and having previously surveyed the strangers with our glasses, were speculating on some adventure. On a nearer approach, the lusty tourist evidently concluded from our costume, guns,

and companions—the dogs—that we were sporting gentlemen of the neighbourhood ; and in this opinion we had no objection that he should remain. And thus he accosted us accordingly :

“ ‘ Good sport, gentlemen, I hope ? ’

“ ‘ Very fair, sir,— very fair indeed. ’

“ ‘ Killed any deer ? ’

“ ‘ Not many, to-day— only two or three. ’

“ ‘ But there are plenty among these Alpine mountains, are there not ? ’

“ ‘ Yes, plenty : when you get further up into the forest you will see them feeding in scores. ’

“ ‘ The d—l ! ’ he was about to say, but checked himself on a sign from the pretty daughter, who looked at him archly from under a pink silk bonnet—nice costume for the Highlands !

“ ‘ And how far, gentlemen, may we be from the forest ? Because, if we get among these brutes after nightfall, it may probably be unpleasant. ’

“ ‘ Why, the forest commences at the top of the mountain, from whence it may be twelve miles or thereabouts to King’s House—certainly no further. ’

“ ‘ Not further ! Are the trees of the forest thick ? ’

“ ‘ Alas ! what an expression had that lusty face ! It really appeared to grow thinner at the idea of passing through a dense forest full of wild deer, instead of six miles over barren hills ; but he felt he had no alternative, and resigned himself accordingly. ’

“ ‘ Pray, what sort of accommodation shall we find at King’s House ? ’

“ ‘ Why, certainly much better than is generally found at such inns. ’

“ ‘ This latter intelligence was evidently pleasing ; and he forthwith broke into a running fire of pleasing information ; ‘ Such a fine prospect this, gentlemen ! Bloody battle in the glen below, I’m told, when the French landed ! And, with courteous salutes, we parted. ’ ”

Such matters may be all very well and fitting for the jesting, pseudo smart writings which debase our literature by their trivial jocularities and impertinent personalities ; but they are out of place, and yet more disagreeable in writings which aim at belonging to a superior class. But Mr. Hall, at least in one instance, betrays a sort of scurrility which might suit him for the low school to which we have referred.

“ We confess (he says) to be no lover of the ‘banks and braes of bonny Scotland,’ save as a fishing and grouse-shooting country, and this alone from June to September indeed, it is the most unpleasant portion of her Majesty’s dominions we have ever cast our eyes on, or spent a summer’s, far more a winter’s, day in. That it contains many a kind and hospitable heart, we most fully admit, but they are in a pitiful minority ; and as for Scottish hospitality, so much vaunted, Scottish breakfasts, and Scotch abundance—believe us they exist only in the anxious hopes of the tourist, or in the novels of Sir Walter Scott, who deserves all, and far more than he has ever received at the hands of his countrymen. But the romance which has found place in English minds, pictured by his glorious imagination, in stern reality is as great a fallacy as the news now crying through the streets of London,—which means that the insolent vaunting of President Polk may be bought for sixpence, but is not worth a farthing. We speak not of the natural beauties of the country, though they also will be found few and far apart. Indeed, divest Scotland of its romance and lakes—including of course Lochs Lomond, Katarine, Earn, Tay, and Loch Ness—in fact, that portion principally visited by our gracious Sovereign during her recent tour—and no more desolate, bleak, and treeless portion of the wide world exists.”

Almost every syllable in his two volumes goes to the direct contradiction of this libel : no more glaring absurdity ever provoked critical animadversion. The individual rolled in abundance and revelled in hospitalities ; and yet has the effrontery to accuse a people of pitiful meanness and most sordid inhumanity ! Let us try if we can get away from this offensive

style, and lose ourselves in one of the very few notices of animal exploit with which such a work ought to have abounded. But this we must reserve till next week.

WE concluded our first notice with the prospect of exhibiting some passages more creditable to Mr. Hall, than those upon which we felt it to be our indispensable duty to animadvert somewhat severely. The egotism of the writer might have been passed over as a common triviality; but it excites one's choler to meet with a gentleman, probably without design, and in the mere wantonness of animal spirits ill regulated by good sense, misrepresenting a country, and disparaging a people. Perhaps the author does not possess the intellect to form a proper idea of either. From his description of himself, he seems to be a light weight, riding something over 8 stone, a most daring kill-devil in the chase, a most vigorous sportsman with the gun, a most adroit fisher with the rod, a most perfect Helio-gabalus at the table, a most fascinating Apollo in the ball-room, a Hercules in gymnastics, an Adonis with the sex; in short, a finished English Exquisite, *olim* Dandy. Well, then, we might be wrong in expecting from an individual of this sort a very correct view of the rude manners of the *Ultima Thule*, or a fair estimate of the people of Scotland. It was all very well whilst he was regaled and attended in the lordly castle, but when he came to roughing it over rocky mountains and across turbulent streams, to be wet through with Scottish mists and hardly dried till he was wet again, to be offered the whisky instead of the champagne and claret glass, to be fed on braccy, and to sleep in little dirty apartments devoid of toilet for such as he, and it may be with a broken pane or two to augment the want of accommodation: it was no wonder that the Hercules got confoundedly tired, the Apollo out of order, and the Adonis for "ladies' love unfit." Then does he vent his humours on the land of cakes, on the poor little inn at Inverouran, on the wild Glencoe, and delightful Ballahulish, with its picturesque granite mountains, washed by the dashing wave; and yet go on bragging away as if he were a Nimrod or a Rob Roy, whom no hardship could weary and no danger intimidate. This is the absurdity of the book; the gross contradiction of the incompetent chronicler of the highlands, and highland sports.

Whilst upon this subject we may bestow a few words on a question, which has justly attracted popular attention, and is one of paramount public interest in so far as they are concerned. The highlands have been in many parts depopulated, for the sake of introducing the breeding and pasturage of sheep on a large scale. This tendency has been to a certain degree counter-balanced by the creeping of agriculture towards the north and up the hill-sides from many a fertile strath, and stream-refreshed gullet. But the modern mania, which leads to the extinction or expatriation of the inhabitants, to make way for deserts of deer-stalking, is an evil against which every patriotic Briton ought to set his face. If

Ill fares the land to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay;

how much worse must that land fare where men decay, not that wealth may accumulate, but that a feudal system may be introduced as odious as

the Norman forests of a Rufus. It seems to us too monstrous for toleration in our "snug little island," and the middle of the 19th century, when free trade, too, has become a portion of the constitution of England. Attendant upon this encroachment we ought farther to point with reprobation to the insolent assertion of power, which would stop the artist, or the man of science, or the mere tourist for pleasurable recreation, from journeying over the heathery, unfenced, and uninjurably wilds of the north. Any attempts to convert the highlands into enclosures like Grosvenor or Portman Square, and make trespassers of harmless pedestrians, committing no offence, and incapable, even if so inclined, to do damage to the amount of a pin's fee, ought to be put down at once by the voice of an indignant public. Too many commons for exercise, health, and other advantages have been robbed from the people of England; and it is rather too much to try to take the boundless Scottish highlands from us "at one fell swoop." There are plenty of princely preserves, without carrying the privilege of property to this disgusting extent, and we trust it will not be persevered in.*

But we must now return to Mr. Hall, who, we dare say, would undertake to hunt the whole country *suo periculo*, without saying "with your leave," or "by your leave," just as he shot the Marquis of Breadalbane's grouse and black cocks, and made them a present to the wife and daughter of the London Cit whom he bamboozled on the Black Mount.

They have caught and brought home a strong mountain hare unscathed, and we are informed

"When the day had nearly closed, we found ourselves again on the grassy park immediately fronting the Castle; and as the first receding light of an autumnal evening left us but little time for consideration, we determined at once to settle our affairs with the gentleman in the basket, whom we had removed from his stony hiding-place. Among the canine race then enjoying a *sejour* in the Meggernie kennels, were two well-bred greyhound pups. These had hitherto scarcely ever seen a hare; certainly they had never tasted the excitement of an actual chase. We determined therefore on forthwith granting them this pleasing amusement, with the true spirit of "doing to others, &c."—and we certainly had ~~had~~ our quantum of sport: ergo, the aspirants for future fame at Altcar were produced and secured in slips, and a graceful pair of puppies indeed were they! On the cover of the basket being lifted, away went puss, without hesitation, doubtless nothing loth—like what shall we say? like the *diable*?—no! like an uncommonly strong and speedy hare, who had been well frightened, but not injured or disheartened by a few hours' imprisonment. The slips were loosed: Nature taught the rest, and away flew the puppies, proving well their good breeding by stamina and fleetness. Twice had the snow-white hare been turned, when again she stretched before her eager pursuers, immediately in front of the Castle where we stood, as if

* Our English readers ought to be aware that what are called *Deer Forests*, are not forests in the southern sense of the word, but vast expanses of unwooded country, with lofty and rugged mountains, with difficulty accessible to the foot of man. Of these nature has supplied the proper and legitimate fields in such districts as Bræmar, Glenartney, and the Black Mount, where agriculture is impossible, pasturage employed as far as the soil will permit, and there is neither occasion for, nor temptation to establish, human settlements. In such places the wild animals may fitly be preserved for the noblest of manly sports; but when tracts of fertile land, refreshed by fine streams, and enclosing lochs swarming with fish, and sites most eligible for the support of a numerous population, are turned into deserts for mere feudal pomp in the chase, and travellers are forbidden as trespassers to visit the beautiful scenery of the land, every voice ought to be raised against so unpatriotic and selfish an encroachment upon common rights.—Ed. L. G.

determined to swim for life across the river, rather than die by such young foes—when lo! a new enemy appeared on the field of action, who soon decided the question. The scene was truly one of amusement: we had at the moment entirely forgotten that previous to leaving the Castle in the morning, a favourite and first-rate greyhound bitch, then heavy with pup, had been left in one of the rooms fronting the park, where the chase was then proceeding. The window of this room had unfortunately been left open, inasmuch as, being from eighteen to twenty feet from the ground, it was never imagined that an animal in her state would endeavour to escape therefrom: nevertheless, we were deceived; she managed, on hearing the halloos which sounded through the glen as encouragement to the young dogs, to raise herself on her hind legs and look out. The scene which presented itself was doubtless most satisfactory to her mind, for not a moment did she hesitate. Out from the window she sprang, heavy as she was, and alighted without injury on her feet: a few strides she made across the park, straight for the hare, which was running at right angles to her. They met, and in an instant it was flung high in the air. Breathless with astonishment, the pups stopped their rapid career, and gazed on the lifeless body of their prey; whereas the old lady, none the worse for her prowess, walked quietly back towards the Castle, as much as to say—‘That’s the way to do the trick, young ’uns! go, get your suppers, and recollect the lesson.’ This self-same bitch has figured in the *Coursing Calendar*, as the winner of many a stake; and the pups she produced on this occasion, only one week after this window-flight, all proved very superior dogs.”

And here is a specimen of the enthusiastic.

“With our kind conductor, we skirted a great portion of the thick wood or covert, our companions also being appointed to favourable localities for the passing of the deer; and at length we found ourselves fairly ensconced in a thicket, from which we commanded the crossing of two long rides or paths, cut in the recesses of the forest; and a multitude of beaters being thrown in, Heaven knows where, we awaited the coming of the sovereign of the glen—barring Glenmoriston himself. What passed beyond, as thus we lay secluded in that retired spot, we cannot here recount, inasmuch as a monthly volume of the ‘*Colonial Library*’ would not admit of it. But as long as the breath of life remains to us—and we would wish to speak our natural feelings, though many may say ‘stuff!’—we shall never forget that day. Half an hour elapsed in pleasing dialogue, in a sort of demi-tone. A joke was passed—a smothered laugh—the proposal to light a cigar. The deer will smell the smoke: their scent is very acute. Nevertheless, we both wished it. How dreadfully cold! Never mind, a shot will warm you. We sink knee-deep in wet! Ah, that’s nothing, when you’re used to it! be patient. Well we might! an hour ~~elapsed~~ passed not a sound. Can we be well placed? Decidedly so—none better. We are frozen! Never mind.

“Hark! a shout! Bang! The sound died away. We started up—held the rifle firmly, Look out! A blackcock passed us. ‘D—n those blackcocks! at any other time how welcome! Another shout—another bang! Half an hour more elapsed—we could scarcely brave it longer. Frozen—half drowned—the first hour’s merriment began to flag. Had we only been allowed a cigar! but then red-deer are not fond of the smell of baccy. We coughed.—You must not cough! We sneezed.—No sneezing! We danced.—You must not dance. This is forest deer-shooting, is it? A jungle, for all we cared. Alas! how long we had desired such luck! but then, like the child who cries for a toy, having obtained it, we could have flung the treasure away. But as yet we had not obtained it. Two hours had we remained in this damp and cold seclusion, when, lo! a louder report saluted our anxious ears; close at hand the echo came, and all our miseries were about to cease.

“Be patient—for Heaven’s sake, be calm!” said our young companion, ‘or you will miss him.’

“We have heard the whistling ball, which tells of danger past, fly harmless o’er our head in scenes of bloodshed and danger—we have heard the shriek of agony occasioned by its paralyzing stroke—we have seen death busy in the ranks of men, and have known the hour of agony and pain: in such moments we have thought of home and loved ones far away, and the heart has beat quick, and the nerves have been unstrung. We have also felt the joys of pride and pleasure, and known, which many ne’er can count, moments of joy and excitement, which repay, and well repay,

for long, long hours of bitterness and anxiety. Yet, though folly it may be to declare it never have we felt half the feverish excitement that was caused us at the moment when, looking up the open forest side which lay in our front, we beheld the approach of about twenty red-deer coming towards us at full speed. Perhaps it was the cold—perhaps the wet, or the long waiting—we know not which; but so nervous were we, that scarcely could we lift the rifle to our shoulder. We managed, however, to shake off partially this feeling which unnerved us, and, bringing the rifle to the shoulder, prepared for the coming deer."

He finally kills or wounds a deer: at least the laird writes him a complimentary, though rather dubious letter, on the subject, and sends him a haunch and pair of antlers. Elsewhere, our author paints his portrait in the Highlands as indulging much in smoking tobacco of the finest names, and reading Dumas's romances. Of a snuggery in December, and of himself in this sort of egotistical indulgence, he is kind enough to acquaint the public.

"Snug enough and warm enough, we must admit, notwithstanding the bitter cold which reigned without: for the room which, for a season, we claimed as our own, measured somewhat less than twelve feet by eight; and while a fire blazed on the hearth, big enough and bright enough to roast a New Year's sirloin, curtains, shutters, and doors were closed. Moreover, as if determined to make the best of the warmth, our legs were deposited on the hob, not far distant from the top of the chimney-piece—our back reclined on a soft and well-cushioned arm-chair; and while in our right hand we held for perusal the 'Chateau d'If,' our left secured a Meerschaum, small in size, but well filled with c'naster, from which, ever and anon, the perfumed smoke curled up towards the ceiling, and served to brighten an imagination already well-nigh extended to the full, from the interest of the book we were perusing. This was the extent of our indulgences, for toddy we never drink, or aught else, while smoking; and although c'naster may not come quite up to the mark of more refined lovers of the aromatic weed, we find it cheaper, and it serves our purpose well."

"We have already taken leave to remark, that we have not the power of placing mere simple facts before our readers in any other form than that in which they actually presented themselves to us, or of putting words in the mouths of men otherwise than as we heard them spoken; therefore must we leave our friends to tell their own tales, and call on memory for a faithful delineation of what they told.

"A fine curl of smoke had just risen in small circles, towards the ceiling of our snuggery, forced up rapidly at the last moment doubtless from a more vehement puff, caused by an exciting passage from the pen of Dumas, when the door opened, and a smiling face peeped into the room—a mild, an amiable face it was—and, then a cough, doubtless the effect of the smoke. A hand was extended, and a hearty welcome given.

"How is it possible you can exist in such an atmosphere? Cold as it is unquestionably without, this room is like a baker's oven, and the smoke is more dense than the mist on the mountain top."

"Precisely: we were at this very moment on the top of Monte Christo, and a most treasurable mount it is."

"Well, however interesting, put aside your book, and let me open the door, for I am half stifled; and then tell me, are you up to a ramble?"

"A ramble? Decidedly. Where and when?"

"Why, as to the where, I have frequently heard you express an intense desire to cross Corryarrick, and 'tumber,' as the French have it, on Kilyawhoimin or Fort Augustus, previous to leaving the Highlands—a desire in which I eagerly participate."

"Cross Corryarrick thus late in the season?"

"And kill an old woman."

"More likely to kill two young men; but are you in earnest? are you serious in your intentions? for if such an excursion be practicable thus late in the season, the very difficulties which present themselves are sufficient to induce us at once to desire to participate in your wanderings; and, above all things, we are anxious to see a snow-storm on the mountains."

The cigar divan and the December tempest on the mountain top seem to us to associate ill together; but we have done enough for this work, and

conclude with only one extract more, an account of a drunken debauch under circumstances which rather add to than take away from its ungraciousness. After a severe day's chase of game, the party having been hospitably entertained, we read as follows :

"We therefore turned our horse's head from the battle-field, and leisurely pursued our route towards a neighbouring Highland Castle, where we had been kindly invited to sojourn for the night. And never shall we forget our visit there, as long as memory with life exists. Having arrived at the portals of this truly splendid abode, situated in one of the most romantic and beautiful localities in Scotland, at no great distance from Dunkeld, we gave our horse to the servant in attendance and thence proceeded to divest ourselves of the paraphernalia and dirt of the chase ; and having substituted a more sombre garb, we were welcomed by our host in an apartment, the decorations, valuable pictures, and objects of *vertu* in which, would not have discredited the mansion of the richest peer of the realm. Having said this much, we may add that a similar appearance of elegance and wealth evinced itself in all other parts of the castle, even to the bed-rooms, where comfort and even luxury abounded. To make our tale the more readily understood however in its truthfulness and quaintness, we must add, without intentional offence, that while the proprietor of this noble chateau was absent, the duties of offering the well-known hospitality which generally there abounded, were left to the care of a younger brother, who, with many admirable qualities and most perfect breeding in manner and conduct, nevertheless fully carried out in practice, on most occasions, the theoretical national cognomen of 'Canny Scotchman.' Thus, our expectations, as far as gastronomic indulgences were concerned, certainly bore no comparison with the luxuries and comforts by which on all sides we were surrounded ; therefore, after having been warmly greeted by our host, we were by no means surprised at his assertion to the guests assembled, that he had nothing better to offer them than boiled rabbits, with which the estate supplied his table most abundantly. Yet knowing full well the parsimonious character which he bore in the neighbourhood—although there are few better repasts than rabbits stewed with onions—as we looked around on the hungry faces of the company, and knew that our appetite at this moment would have enabled us to eat our grandmother similarly stewed, we certainly felt, as the last word in the marriage ceremony informs us, amazed. But still more so, in addition to our gratification, when on crossing a fine entrance-hall, filled with ancient and curious implements of war and of the chase, on the dining-room being thrown open, we beheld a large round table abundantly supplied with covers ; in fact, on this occasion, a most ample and well-cooked repast was served, and we all set to with a vigour and determination to do justice to the viands, and honour to the absent laird, whose well-known liberality we felt could alone have been the means of securing to us so many creature comforts.

"Now, it so happened, that one of the expected guests, a gallant Major of Infantry, who had joined in the chase of the morning, having lingered too long in the vain hope of discovering that we had been mistaken in our conviction of the deer's having crossed the Tay, did not reach the castle till we had made considerable havoc with a salmon fresh that morning from the river, and whose richness we were endeavouring to correct with just one *gout* of most excellent Cognac. The first glance at our hungry party convinced the soldier, and with reason, that no delay could be admitted for ablution or personal adornment, so he forthwith joined us at the table—booted and spurred, splashed, and in scarlet.

"It would be difficult to explain at this remote period, the reason, if reason there existed, for such a cause ; yet it was nevertheless apparent, that while the addition of the officer to the assembled company increased their merriment, it also increased the determination of the whole party to do ample justice to the good things so unexpectedly, yet abundantly, provided. Moreover, the reported character of our host's love of keeping his siller in his pouch, appeared—whether out of frolic or maliciousness, we will not presume to decide—to have caused so exciting a thirst to overcome the guests, that a bottle of claret was scarcely placed upon the table ere it was emptied ; and this with such rapid succession, that an anxious, nervous, muscular twitching in the face of the absent laird's brother soon became too evident to be mistaken. This fact, however, only increased the ardour of attack ; and the midnight hour was therefore at hand ere we retired from the dining-room to the handsomely furnished

drawing-room already named. The excitement, however, aided by the libations of claret so copiously imbibed by all, tended only to increase a desire for further excitement; and smoking was not only proposed, but acceded to.

"To quit, however, the easy and luxurious seats in which we had ensconced ourselves was out of the question: and by this time, the juicy grape had so happy an influence on our host, that, admitting his pocket to be generally closed, his heart was decidedly open on this occasion, to any desire, however strange, on the part of his guests. Long Turkish pipes, the humble clay, and the Havannah cigar, were therefore at once supplied—and as strange a scene presented itself as ever was, or perhaps ever will be, seen in this magnificent Highland sporting quarter.

"Comfortably ensconced in a most luxurious arm-chair, sat, or rather lounged, the gallant officer, in full hunting costume, with a clay pipe in his mouth, from which the curling fumes of Dutch Cut wafted in clouds towards a beautiful sporting piece by Murillo, which adorned the opposite wall: in another equally luxurious chair, reclined a young English tourist, with a cherry-stick a yard and a half long, at the end of which was a small Turkish bowl resting on a table of immense value, formed of mosaic, and which had been purchased and conveyed to its then resting-place at an enormous expense; and in another part of the room, at full length on a sofa, cigar in mouth, reposed a third guest in the full enjoyment of his aromatic weed, while he calmly admired a hunting-piece by Teniers, which hung over one of the fire-places: in the centre of the room, a party of four prepared themselves to try a hand at whist, as an ancient servant of the family entered with a jug of boiling water, and sundry black bottles containing brandy and whiskey, as a finale to the festivities which had already been so copiously enjoyed.

"Fatigued by the sports of the day, however, and excited beyond our general custom from the share we had taken in the endeavour to inebriate the host—no very courteous act for his hospitality, by-the-bye—we availed ourselves of the opportunity of escaping to our downy couch, in order to prepare ourselves for a journey on the morrow. Being over-heated and feverish from our libations, however, sleep was out of the question, and at an early hour we sallied forth to take a look at the magnificent scenery by which the castle is on all sides surrounded, as well as to walk along the beautiful terrace which skirts the river Tay.

"The fresh breezes of the morning soon revived us, and renewed appetite warned us the hour of breakfast was at hand. With this hope we turned towards the castle, and reached the dining-room, the scene of the previous night's entertainment: not a soul, however, had made his appearance; at length one, and then another entered, like ourselves, anxious to revive themselves with the morning meal. Thus an hour passed; neither our host nor the gallant soldier, however, greeted us; the bell was rung and answered, but the laird was not up, the keys were under his pillow, and he could not be disturbed.

"At length, famished, and anxious to bid adieu, we ventured to his sleeping apartment, when the sight which presented itself was quite sufficient proof that the national beverage had had the desired effect, while no claret would cause him to succumb. If the laird had suffered in the onslaught, however, he had not suffered without disabling his foe; for, stretched on another bed, lay the soldier, booted and even spurred, as on his joining the festive board. We must now draw a veil over a scene which, immeasurably ludicrous to those who witnessed it, we have only referred to in recollection of a day, which commenced with sport and pleasure and terminated in laughter.

"Should this meet the eye of those to whom we have alluded, may they take it as it is meant, and give us an opportunity of enjoying their society again."

Not very likely we should think, for Highland Chieftains do not like to be held out to the world as parsimonious while furnishing to strangers even every excess they may seek, have their splendid furniture and invaluable works of arts endangered or spoilt; and finally, their households, their neighbours, and themselves, turned into ridicule.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

The Modern Unbeliever, by Emma Newton. Author of 'Difficulties of a Young Clergyman in times of Division.'

EMMA NEWTON (she must not recoil from her Christian name, seeing that we know not whether "the style" of maid or matron belongs to it) seems to have no scruples in flying at the highest possible game. The title of her former book makes this clear. We should have thought 'The Difficulties of a Young Clergyman's Wife' quite enough for female management; without any meddling with the "false doctrine, heresy and schism" which must pass through the hands of the Professional Theologian during "times of division." Here, again, she grapples with one of the hardest subjects in the range of philosophy, with a confidence as entire as that of "Penthesilea in ancient times, and also Joan of Arc" (as Dugald Dalgetty hath it). Her armoury of weapons against unbelief is nothing more or less than the capital initial.

This she fixes on the hero, "calling him U" with as much emphasis as angry gentlewomen are used to throw into the personal pronoun in other less pious warfares—and by the above designation supremely satisfied that she has deprived him of power to reply. To be serious, Emma Newton has but a poor idea of the virtue and value of Faith: since to shew the evil of its opposite she is obliged to resort to improbable occurrences.

The Unbeliever is represented as just married to a wife whom he passionately loves and who passionately loves him. On a sudden, he becomes frantically jealous of one of his lady's discarded lovers; without due provocation quarrels with him, shoots him dead in a duel, and wanders the world, thenceforth with a Cain's mark upon his forehead. We are Unbelievers enough to doubt the good effected by productions so unchristian in tone and so irrational in invention as this. The lady, however, writes pleasantly; and in some novel "innocent of mischief" would probably be found an amusing companion by pilgrims of every sect and party.

Daughters. By the Author of "The Gambler's Wife," 3 vols. Newby.—*The Protégé.* By Mrs. Ponsonby. Author of "The Border Wardens," 3 vols. Hurst.—*All Classes.* By Madame Wolfenburgher. Author of "Seymour of Sudley," 3 vols. Newby.—*Marie.* From the French. Edited by Count D'Orsay. With Illustrations. Chapman and Hall.

We class these novels together as being all the work of female invention. To the first might have been affixed the motto.

"I wonder any man alive would ever rear a daughter, since the interest of the tale turns upon the sufferings of an amiable and affectionate mother in the casualties attending the casualties of "her flock." A more hopeful, united, and amiable family than the objects of Mrs. Cameron's ambi-

tion has been rarely introduced to us: she, herself, too, attracts us as every young and beautiful mother should, who will be matronly without becoming unsympathetic, yet both mother and daughters are brought to great sorrow by her worldliness. For in contradiction to those painters in black and white, who cannot mix their colours and have but one pattern symbol for every given virtue and vice; we maintain that there is a worldliness which can, not only seem attractive, but be amiable,—the worldliness which, while it fixes itself on secondary objects, works out its purposes by the agency of every good gift and gentle grace. Though worldly in coveting grand matches for her daughters, and thus turning her efforts in a direction opposed to their true happiness, Mrs. Cameron is neither false nor insidious nor sycophantish. A character like her's was attempted some years ago in a novel called 'The Manœuvring Mother'—but that lady was a much more unblushing schemer,—a much more unscrupulous despot, than the mother now under the microscope. While recalling the former novel, we are reminded of another example of the unconscious similarities adverted to in the review of Lady Tevegiana Fullerton's new tale, namely, that some of the combinations of trial, by which Mrs. Cameron is lessened bear a curious resemblance to those which tormented, but did not cure, the manœuvring Lady Wetheral. The marriage of Lena, "our eldest," which, as it were, seals her up for life in a stone coffin, had its prototype, if we mistake not, in the earlier story. It is true that a certain relief is here given to the unmitigated gloom of the victim's grandeur by the evolutions of her sisters-in-law, the heiresses of Beauchamp Towers,—who break prison and trouble the history in a manner which is thoroughly life-like. Such an education as theirs could not but produce such a womanhood! We are not too old nor too grim to enjoy the love story of Annie the second of the daughters. This is told with great sweetness,—and her appearance in the tale, after its close, managed with delicacy and feeling. The troubles of Janet, the third daughter, and their solution, are somewhat less readily to be comprehended:—it may be, that ere she reached them our authoress was becoming tired of her 'Daughters.' As a whole, however, the novel deserves praise, not merely as its writer's best work, but as one of the most interesting domestic novels published during the season.

The design of Mrs Ponsonby in 'The Protégé' is far less clearly made out:—at least if we are to accept her title as the exponent of her novel. A Yeoman's son adopted into the family of the Lord on whose estate he is born, and who, of course falls chin-deep into unrequited love with his patron's daughter, offers matter plain enough; and which—*albeit* as old Alnaschar's visions of the Dean of Santiago's ambition,—is susceptible of being wrought up into something strong and brilliant. Mrs. Ponsonby further seems to have originally intended to illustrate if not to defend, the axiom that "blood will have blood,"—that the "squire of low degree" has no business to aspire to "the King's daughter of Hongrie." We may leave her in undisturbed possession of her truth or fallacy, as may be:—since one "notion" seems to have driven out another so fast, while the lady proceeded with her task, that we should be greatly puzzled to say which is the hero and which the heroine of the novel, and what romance or reality

it is mainly intended to enforce. We have an implacable wife, outraged by the discovery of her husband's infidelity, who puts herself forwardly beyond the reach of his repentance, that she may train up her daughter to avenge her,—heedless if the girl's own happiness be sacrificed in the process. We have the young ascetic Clergyman, who is rapidly becoming a stock character;—this time, in the exercise of his priestly office very nearly plunging into the extacies and agonies of a Father Confessor's passion for a married woman. Among all these groups Mrs. Ponsonby wanders rather than moves steadily. It is rare to find a novel containing so many indications of character, withal so wearisome as the Protégé for the reason just assigned.

Being in a humor for quotation, the verse of a song occurs to us which would not have been a bad motto for 'All Classes':—

O Life is very fair !

And Music sweet !

See'st thou what else is there,

Down yonder street ?

Mourners by death beds wake

Dark ones their pillows shun.

Hearts of neglect must break

While they dance on !

The contrasts of life—the Skeleton at the banquet—the dark closet in the Palace—the Beauty within and the Pauper without—the Tempter and the Tempted (so impressively contrasted in Barry Cornwall's lyric)—these and similar pairs and disparities have been present to Madame Wolfensberger when she was "casting on" her new novel :—which "all classes" may read without fear of weariness. Beyond the possession of some such general notion as the above she does not pretend to the Preacher's gown and bands—and is all the more entertaining because she does not keep school. The suppression of a will by a beautiful adventurer's widow of low birth and connections—the fearful price she has to pay for the purpose of secrecy—and the tracking out of the truth by the lover of her step-daughter—furnish forth three volumes of visciditude almost as cunningly dovetailed and contrived as if the authoress of 'Susan Hopley' had entangled the maze holding the clew fast. Indeed—not forgetting the writers of Spanish comedy—women seem to manage an *imbraglio* more adroitly than the stronger sex: and Madame Wolfensberger, as we have heretofore borne testimony, takes "an honourable degree" among the sisterhood. All that she writes is carefully written; and for this deserves the novel reader's careful perusal and the critic's good word. Though we cannot subscribe to the translation of the "Works of George Sand" as an advisable measure, still less one which would be regarded as a boon to English society and morals, we must be dull and bigoted indeed to deny the grace, beauty and simplicity of some of Madame Dudevant's short stories—and were the first to call admiration 'Andre' and the 'Master Mosaicists' as excellent and to be warranted. We have also taken frequent occasion to admire the pictures of the greatly maligned provincial scenery of France which some of the tales in question contain. Much of its beauty lies in the Artist's treatment of subjects outwardly unpromising enough—even as a clay-pit treated by a Karel du Jardin becomes a more attractive object, and ranks higher as a work of art, than the Sybil's Temple at Tivoli, or the Promontory at Bellagio, or the Rhine

Fall at Schaff-husen, when set down literally by a merely clever handy craftsman. Hence we should be false not only to former professions but to every true principle of taste were we not to authenticate—so far as welcome can do it—this ‘Marie’—a simple and graceful translation of ‘La Mare au Diable.’ As a story of peasant life it may rank with the best of Anerbach’s ‘Dorfgeschichte.’ The preamble may be thought by others, besides ourselves, to be somewhat of the longest—an over-large gate to a little city; but Madame Dudevant will theorize and teach. There is a certain amount of tediousness, it would seem, of which every earnest person must be delivered in one place or other—and we would rather have it prefixed and separate than in the body of the narrative, retarding its progress and palsying its life. How Germain, the ploughman, was sent out to woo a second wife, and in what manner he found one, are told with artlessness and power which no one can resist. The name of the Editor is a warrant that both French and English are well understood by the translator;—this double qualification being by no means constant among those undertaking the task in these manufacturing days. Madame Dudevant’s style is not by any means among the easiest to render. That it may, however, be naturalized, with grace, colour, accuracy, and fulness of meaning, we have had one or two satisfactory examples,—and another is before us in ‘Marie.’

*Extracts from the Diary of a Workhouse Chaplain. By the
Rev. D. L. Cousins, A. M.*

To judge from the motto to this volume, “The short and simple annals of the poor,” Mr. Cousins aspires to wear the mantle of the Revd. Legh Richmond; whose tales about certain of his parishioners have long made one of the favourite books in the Library of Low Church Romance. At all events, these “Extracts” bear internal evidence of their having made part of no real Diary.

The paupers who confessed to the Workhouse Chaplain, must otherwise have spoken in a phraseology strangely like Rosa Matilda’s stock in trade. Here for instance is a specimen which has turned up accidentally:—“In the case of my parent” says the daughter of ‘The Jeweller’ “that which was at first the raging swell of insanity, by degrees sunk down into the calm of idiotic indifferntism.” This is pretty well, by way of parlance, even for those who “have seen better days”!—We might not however have taken notice of such grandiloquence had not the serious tone of the preface—the dashes in places of names, seemingly introduced to screen real modesty or real crime—and the author’s perpetual allusions to his successful modes of spiritual treatment—been calculated to mislead the reader into the expectation of an honest and genuine record. Improper as the issue of such a list of cases would have been—unless made after such a lapse of time as is only provided for by posthumous publication—it is to our thinking less objectionable than a confession like the present; where reality and invention are so confounded by conscious infallibility, that kind souls, less versed in romantic authorship than ourselves, may, for

aught we know, believe this Diary to be gospel-true. We are weary of so-called "books on religious subjects," in which the anathematizers of worldly excitement attempt to destroy their adversary by an awkward use of his own weapons. But however weary we may be, it may be feared that we are still far from the confines of "the waste of paper turned to small account."

The Sojourn of a Sceptic in the Land of Darkness, &c.
By P. H. Waddell.

THIS miserable imitation of 'The Pilgrim's Progress' is written in the worst taste, and most uncharitable spirit. As an allegory, it is a failure from beginning to end:—similitudes are confounded with relations, analogies with resemblances, and imaginative creations with sober realities. As an argument it has neither cohesion nor consistency. Like Gray's country house its "long passages lead to nothing," and it terminates with a conclusion in which nothing is concluded.

The New Philosophy. Part I.

THERE is enough of novelty here—but not a particle of philosophy.

The Story of the Battle of Waterloo. By the Rev. G. R. Gleig, M.A.

HERE is, indeed the story of modern times—the legend which no tale-teller could spoil! We thought we knew by heart the romance of the flight from Elba,—the strange feverish, dream-like reign of one hundred days,—the thrilling muster at Brussels on the night of the Duchess of Richmond's ball,—the long vicissitudes of that June day which some declare even now we *did not* win! and the abdication, momentous prelude to a rest for Europe which may heaven keep unbroken for another thirty years! yet on turning to Mr. Gleig's "story," we found ourselves almost as much thrall'd by its details as our grand-children will be when "*Suave qui pevit!*" and "Up guards and at them" are repeated by the fire-side some sixty years hence. In truth we were hardly in case, coolly to examine how the chronicler has done his spiriting; but we think, well,—because it is done simply, and because he rarely interposes himself betwixt the reader and the combatant armies and their leaders. His tone, too, with regard to the French side of the story is commendably clear of that triumphant insult which perhaps it was not in human nature that the party historians who stood nearer the period itself than we do should avoid. While we cannot wish to obliterate memory, we feel that her record is noblest when least proud or passionate. The victory speaks loud enough without taunt of those against whom the fortune of war declared itself. Finally, these make up two very interesting volumes of Mr. Murray's Library.

The Wayside Cross ; or the Raid of Gomes : a Tale of the Carlist War. By Capt. E. A. Millman.

A spirited and interesting little story ; with somewhat too much of the material of the melo-drama of the country in which the scene is laid for the taste now happily developing itself in the novel reading public. That public is beginning to seek for gratification in intellectual vicissitudes and revolutions of character—in states and struggles of mind—in a word, to require moral interest. We are, however, only just rising into this higher and healthier condition : and it is scarcely fair to measure the work of a young artist by the standard which the veterans of the craft have but begun to acknowledge. There are youth and freshness about the book : and indications of talent which sanction a hope of better things when the writer shall have seen more of the world and studied more deeply the modes by which human passions manifest themselves.

The Intellectual Family. A Tale, by Emma Ackfield.

It is unlucky, to say the least of it, when a tale with a title of pretension like the above, gives in its first pages such irrefragable evidence of the writer's unacquaintance with her mother tongue. The style of Miss or Mrs. Ackfield resembles nothing so closely as the talk of Deborah, the house-keeper in Tyne Hall. Should any reader, forgetting that novel, have a curiosity to know what this was like, he has but to strike out the stops (or to put stops every where) to make singulars plurals, and plurals singulars, and to mix personal pronouns in contempt of every rule and receipt propounded by Lindley Murray. Something like this is the manner of 'The Intellectual Family,' the matter whereof seems therunto conformable.

The Cardinal's Daughter. A Novel, in 3 vols. By the late Robert Mackenzie Daniel.

THE Cardinal's Daughter? What an indecorous title ! We may expect soon to see the 'Pope's Son' ! And if it were not heresy and high treason, we should pray, that when Pope Pius the IXth is translated to heaven, he may leave his mantle to a son worthy to succeed him. This, *en-passant*.

Notwithstanding its title, "The Cardinal's Daughter" is a very proper book, and quite free from the unwholesome excitement of the works of our Gallic neighbours. The author has chosen a very striking period for his fictitious narrative which is interwoven with Henry VIII.'s divorce and marriage, Anna Boleyn's death and the reformation. The nominal heroine is the daughter of Wolsey, the Cardinal *par excellence* of English story. Her lover, Ralph Brandon, is one of the principal movers of the reformed religion ; but his elopement with a nun makes the disinterestedness of the sentiments he utters very questionable. The author describes him as

"a man whose acquirements were beyond his years, and his views beyond the period in which he lived. His hatred of oppressions, his ardent love of freedom, his generous hope of liberty of conscience, and desire, amounting almost to a passion, to see his countrymen freed from the admitted power of despotism in the crown, proceeded from a clear knowledge of the hideous events which existed from ideas fed by the unquenchable hope of a vigorous mind, from vast and brilliant views of human rights and the active benevolence of thought, the noblest element of greatness of soul." In a colloquy with Wolsey he thus boldly expresses himself—"The popedom of a king will be as odious as that of a priest, its despotism no less. Liberty of conscience I deem to be my birthright, and I will fight for it by the side of any who will suffer in such a cause. Not that alone. We crave the liberty which our fathers enjoyed—freedom from capricious wrong; justice and published law. We claim for the poor man protection from the rich; for the rich, the right to enjoy his possessions, although a courtier covet them."

Henrietta de Mayenne (the Cardinal's Daughter) is disgusted with the monotony of conventual life, but in her anticipated freedom she dwells more on the evils she avoids than the temptations to which she will be exposed on her entrance into society; and much more on the pleasures she is to obtain than the good she is to perform. The most interesting character in the book, and the real heroine is Pauline, the companion of smugglers. She is of that homogeneous class to which belong Goethe's Mignon, Byron's Kaled, Scott's Fenella, and Victor Hugo's Esmeralda; yet with sufficient individuality to acquit the author of direct plagiarism. Her devotion to Ralph Brandon, his escapes, and her unrequited love, form the principal romance of the book, and carry with them earnest sympathy. Walter Scott has made the public fastidious, as regards historical novels, but we venture to recommend "*The Cardinal's Daughter*" as a well illustrated piece of history. The scenic effect is in excellent keeping, though merging occasionally into melodramatic action, when the rivals clash their swords, exit fighting, and then come on the stage again fighting, and finish off fatally. The author has opened the inmost recesses of Wolsey's heart, the character is drawn flatteringly. We were not prepared to hear that he was not "sordid, and that avarice formed no part of his character." He certainly had a heart of gentle mould that could be warmed by love and chilled by remorse. His adherence to his faith and his efforts to maintain papal power, were as much influenced by personal gratification as Henry's rejection of it. It shocks our pre-conceived reverence for the early partizans of reform, to read of the "rabble rout" by which they were joined, and the fanatical zeal which was roused to extinguish bigotry and superstition. Many of them were as the author says, "Men who had attained one great truth, the very light of which seemed to have rendered them incapable of seeing any other. Fierce in their gloomy tenets, and enthusiastic in needless things." "Put not your trust in princes," is the good old moral that adorns the tale; and, "Expect not success from any effort, which is not made with pure motives and singleness of heart."

MAGAZINIANA.

Lord Hardinge.

HENRY, Viscount Hardinge, one of the most distinguished of the companions of the immortal Wellington, is the grandson of Nicholas Hardinge, long the chief clerk to the House of Commons, and eminently distinguished for his attainments in constitutional law. His father was the late Rev. Henry Hardinge, rector of Stanhope, Durham, a clergyman highly respected for his unaffected piety and benevolence. As Henry was a younger son, advantage was taken of his family connexions to obtain him a commission in the army at a very early age. But, notwithstanding the temptations that beset youth under such circumstances, he devoted himself earnestly to learn the duties of his profession, and acquired such proficiency that he soon attracted the favourable notice of his superiors. His name was first brought prominently before the public in connexion with that of the lamented General Sir John Moore, on whose staff he served during the memorable campaign which ended in the disastrous retreat to Corunna, and the glorious victory which threw a gleam of brilliancy over the close of a period of loss and suffering. Captain Hardinge was standing near Sir John Moore when that general was struck by a cannon-shot. It was to Hardinge, who attempted to remove his sword, that the dying hero addressed the energetic words, "It is as well as it is; I had rather it should go out of the field with me;" to the same gentleman, and to Col. Anderson, Sir John Moore expressed his satisfaction at falling as became a soldier on the field of victory, and his pathetic hopes that his country would do him justice.

After the death of Sir John Moore, Captain Hardinge became still more intimately acquainted with Sir Arthur Wellesley—the immortal Wellington. He served under him during the whole of the peninsular war, and at the battle of Waterloo, where Sir Henry Hardinge, who had received the order of the Bath for his meritorious career in Spain, had the misfortune to lose an arm. To write the history of this portion of Sir Henry Hardinge's military career, would be merely to repeat the narrative of campaigns which are or ought to be familiar to every Englishman. During the entire period Sir Henry was so identified with his illustrious chief that it is scarcely possible to dis sever his achievements from those of Wellington.

Soon after the conclusion of the war (Nov. 1821), Sir Henry Hardinge married Lady Emily Vane, daughter of Robert, the first Marquis of Londonderry, and relict of John James, Esq. About the same time he entered into political life, and was known as the sincere friend rather than the partizan of the Duke of Wellington. He has held the offices of clerk of the ordnance and secretary-at-war, he was also during a brief but a very troubled and important period secretary for Ireland. In this last-named post he displayed administrative talents of the highest order; uniting to firmness of purpose the most conciliatory habits and demeanour, so that he won not merely the respect but the regard of his most inveterate political opponents. It was for these qualities that he was selected to fill the high office of governor-general of India at probably the most critical period in the history of our empire in that country which has occurred since the days of Warren Hastings.—*Bentley's Miscellany.*

*Visit to his Highness Rajah Brooke, at Sarawak. By Peter M'Quhae,
Captain of her Majesty's ship Dædalus.*

ON the 18th July, 1845, H. M.'s squadron, consisting of one line-of-battle ship, two frigates, three brigs, and one steamer, under the command of Admiral Sir Thomas Cochrane, got under weigh, formed order of sailing in two columns, and proceeded to beat down the Straits of Malacca. After several days' sailing, a fierce Sumatra squall was encountered, which brought the squadron in two compact lines to an anchor off the Buffalo rocks in very deep water. Some cause prevented the commander-in-chief from approaching nearer to the town of Singapore. Supplies of bread and water having been brought out by an iron steamer, the Pluto—Mr. Brooke, Rajah of Sarawak, and Captain Bethune, the commissioners for the affairs of Borneo, having embarked in the flag-ship, a brig-of-war detached to New Zealand—once more the order of sailing was formed, and the force proceeded down the straits of Singapore *en route* for Borneo.

That immense, unexplored, and little-known island has, since the occupation of Singapore by the British, as a natural consequence, become of daily increasing importance, and the settlement on that fine and navigable river, the Sarawak, under the rajahship of Mr. Brooke, bids fair to produce results which, even in his most sanguine moments, he could scarcely have anticipated.

It is hardly possible to speak of this gentleman in terms of sufficient force to convey an idea of what has already been accomplished by his talents, courage, perseverance, judgment and integrity. It required moral courage of a high order, in the face of difficulties to the minds of most men insurmountable, to bring the wild, piratical, and treacherous Malay, and the still more savage race, the Dyak tribes, not only to listen to the voice of reason, but to become amenable to its laws under his government. His perseverance was great under trials, disappointments, and provocations of a nature to damp the energy of the most enthusiastic philanthropist that ever undertook to ameliorate the condition of his fellow man. His judgment has been rarely excelled in discovering the secret motives of the different chiefs with whom his innumerable negotiations had to be conducted; and in an extraordinary degree he possessed the power of discriminating between the wish to be honest and that to deceive, betray, and plunder. He evinced the most unimpeachable integrity, the most rigid justice in protecting the poor man from the tyranny and exactions of the more powerful chief; and he showed his little kingdom that the administration of the law was as inflexible in its operations towards the great men of the country as towards the more humble of his subjects; and all this he carried into effect by mildness of manner and gentleness of rule.

He has gained the love and affection of many; he has incurred the hatred of some, and is hourly exposed to the sanguinary vengeance of the leaders, whose riches were gathered amidst murder and plunder from the crew of some betrayed or shipwrecked vessel, and who have foresight sufficient to perceive that if settlements similar to that on the Sarawak should be extended along the north-west coast of the island, their bloody occupation is gone. They therefore endeavour to hinder, as far as in them

lies, the good which is flowing from the noble and brilliant example of his highness the rajah of Sarawak, of whom Great Britain has reason to be proud. It is for the British government to afford that countenance and protection which shall be necessary to prevent the interference of others, who from jealousy may wish by intrigues to interrupt, if not to destroy the great moral lesson now first exhibited amongst these wild people, and in regions hitherto shrouded in the darkest clouds of heathenism and barbarity, amongst a people by whom piracy, murder, and plunder are not considered as crimes, but as the common acts of a profession which their forefathers followed, which they have been taught to look upon from their earliest days as the only true occupation, in which they may rise according to the number and atrocity of their cruelties.

Not long since several wretches were convicted at Singapore, on the clearest evidence, and condemned to death for deeds of the most revolting barbarity. At the foot of the gallows rather a fine-looking young man, a Malay, justified himself on the principles above stated, and died declaring himself an innocent and very ill-used man, since all he had done was in the regular way of his business. It is not to be wondered at then, that, entertaining such doctrines and sentiments, the whole Malay population of the great and numerous islands of the East, have been regarded by the European commercial world and navigators in these seas as a race of treacherous and blood-thirsty miscreants. How admirable, then, in our countryman, to have commenced the good work of regeneration amongst many millions of such men, not by the power of the sword, but by demonstrating practically the eternal and immutable rules of equity and truth!

On the arrival of the squadron off the Sarawak, a party accompanied the admiral in the *Pluto* to the house and establishment of Mr. Brooke at Kuching, about eighteen miles above the mouth of the river. The house, although not large, is airy and commodious for the climate, and stands on the left bank of the river on undulating ground of the richest quality, capable of producing in abundance every article common to the tropics; clearance was progressing on both sides of the river, and will doubtless rapidly increase when the perfect security of property which exists is more generally understood and appreciated. Some years ago a small colony of industrious Chinese located themselves on the banks of the river, under the protection of the rajah of the day; their little settlement became flourishing and prosperous, and was rapidly increasing in wealth and importance, when at one fell swoop the villanous Malays seized, plundered, and murdered them; and the more fortunate Chinese who escaped home, spread the report of their treatment so widely, that it will take some time to remove the impression. But I feel convinced that emigration from China under British protection might be carried to any extent, and a race truly agricultural and industrious introduced, to the great benefit of this rich but neglected portion of the world. It may be mentioned as a singular fact, that on no part of this coast was the cocoa-nut, that invariable type of a tropical region, found, having been gradually destroyed by pirates, until introduced by Mr. Brooke, who has used every exertion to extend the planting of trees, by having the seedlings brought in great quantities from Singapore; and by convincing his people that every tree, at the end of a few years, is worth a

dollar from the oil it will produce, which meets a ready sale at all times, many thousands have already been planted, and the number is increasing. It is by such small beginnings that the minds of these people must be distracted from the thoughts of robbery and plunder; and it is by practically showing them that dollars are to be had without the shedding of blood, that the rajah of Sarawak is endeavouring to sow the seeds of industry and of civilization, and step by step to change their ideas, their habits, their hearts. That an all-wise Providence may prosper his undertaking, must be the prayer of those who may have visited his settlement, and who, like myself, have witnessed his disinterested and unceasing thoughts for the peace, happiness, and comfort of the community of which he may truly be designated the "father."

The town of Kutching stands on both sides of the river, here about 200 yards across; the houses are of very slight construction, with open bamboo floors and mat partitions, best adapted for the climate, although those occupied by the Europeans are of a better description—still of the same material—all raised some feet from the ground to admit a free circulation of air from underneath.

The night passed by the admiral and party was rendered very agreeable by cool refreshing breezes from some high, insulated, granitic mountains at a distance in the interior; and even during the day the heat was not unbearable; thermometer Fahr. about 86 deg. The canoes on the river are of the slightest construction, and are apparently unsafe; yet the passengers crossing the creeks and the river invariably stand up in them—but woe to the unpractised or unsteady? Accidents, although rare, do sometimes occur, attended with loss of life.

Mr. Brooke had been absent some six or seven weeks when the admiral accompanied him on his return to the settlement. He was not expected, but the news of his arrival spread with wonderful velocity, and the various chiefs were speedily assembled to greet him with a cordial and hearty welcome. The re-union of the oldest of his swarthy counsellors, as well as of the youngest, who dropped in after dinner had been removed, and took their places on the benches by the side of the walls, according to their modes, customs, and privileges, together with the naval officers and European civilians, with the rajah in his chair and two of his most worthy native friends, entitled by birth to the distinction, seated beside him, presented a picture not destitute of interest certainly of great variety; for some of the Dyaks, with round heads, high cheek bones, and large jaws, remarkably differing from the Malay race, were there to complete the background. All were most attentively listening to the conversation of the rajah with his Malay neighbours, enjoying a cheroot occasionally given to them by the visitors, and quietly making their own observations. Mr. Williamson, the interpreter, a native of Malacca, who speaks the language as a Malay, had another group around him, eagerly putting questions on the various little subjects interesting to themselves; and without the least approach to obtrusive familiarity, the evening was passed, I dare say, very much to the satisfaction of all parties.

The principal exports, at this period, consist of antimony ore, of great richness, producing 75 per cent. of pure metal. It is found in great quan-

ties, at a distance of ten miles up in the river, and by excavations from the base of some hills, in the manner of washing the mines. It is brought down the river by the natives, carried to a wharf, where it is accurately weighed, and then shipped for Singapore by the rajah, who pays for the whole brought from the mines a stipulated price per picul to the chiefs, who pay the labourers, boatmen, and all other expenses. In former days, his highness the rajah took the lion's share; but the arrangements of Mr. Brooke are on the most liberal scale, his first and only object being to encourage industry, and to show how greatly the comfort and happiness of all are promoted by a rigid and just appreciation of the rights of property and by a faithful and honorable adherence to every agreement and bargain. The result has been a vast increase in the quantity of ore exported, and an extending desire to be interested in the business.

A passing visit does not enable one to speak geologically of a country; and as there is a gentleman of practical science at present making his observations, it would be presumptuous in me to offer a remark on the formations of this great country. But a single glance at the beautifully undulating hills, at the gorgeous verdure, and growth of every branch of the vegetable kingdom, at once points out the inexhaustible capabilities of the soil for the cultivation of sugar, coffee, spices, and every fruit of the tropics, many of which already flourish as specimens in the rajah's garden and grounds, and invite the industrious to avail themselves of such a country and of such a river, and become proprietors on the banks of the Sarawak. British capital and protection and Chinese coolies, would very soon change the north and north-west coast of Borneo into one of the richest countries in the world.

The admiral proceeded in the morning some short distance up the river to return the visit of the chiefs, and was every where received with the royal salute of three guns; the whole party, accompanied by the rajah and Mr. Williamson, the interpreter, at eleven A.M. re-embarked on board the *Pluto*, which had been in a very hazardous situation during the night, having unfortunately grounded on a ledge of rocks close to the bank, by which she sustained considerable damage: and proceeded down the river to regain the squadron at anchor off Tanjong Po, the western part of the Maratabes branch of the Sarawak; and here it was found that the steamer must be laid on the beach, as it was with difficulty the whole power of the engines applied to the pumps could keep her afloat; she was accordingly placed on the mud flat at the entrance of the river. A frigate and another steamer were left behind to assist in her refit, and the admiral moved onwards towards Borneo Proper, where, in the course of a few days, all were re-assembled, but in consequence of the flag-ship, by mistaking the channel, having struck the ground on the Moarno shore in going in, the ships were moved outwards some considerable distance. Mr. Brooke, accompanied by an officer from the *Agincourt*, visited the sultan at the city of Bruni; and, on the following day, the sultan's nephew, heir-presumptive to the throne, with a suite of some twelve or fifteen Pangeran and chiefs of the blood-royal, under the "yellow canopy," came down to return the compliment, and to communicate with the admiral on affairs of state; they were received with every mark of distinction and kindness by the commander-in-

chief, and certainly there never was exhibited a more perfect sample of innate nobility and natural good manners, than was presented by Buddruden, to the observation of those who had the pleasure of witnessing his reception on the quarter deck of a British ship of the line by a crowd of officers, and amidst the noise and smoke of a salute; the whole of this party were the intimate friends of Mr. Brooke and firmly attached to British interests. Buddruden, in reply to some question put to him as to his ever having seen so large a ship before, said that, although descended from a very ancient and long line of ancestors, he had the proud satisfaction of being the first who had ever embarked on board a vessel of such wonderful magnitude and power, and so much beyond any idea he had formed of a ship of war. The most marked attention was paid by those who accompanied him to the privileges and etiquette of the country; none below a certain rank presuming to sit down in his highness's presence; indeed, only those indisputably of the blood-royal were admitted to that honour; every part of the ship was visited, and the prahu, with the yellow umbrella-shaped canopy, once more received her royal party, who proceeded to render an account of their visit to the sultan in his regal palace at Bruui, accompanied by the Pluto steamer.

On the following morning, the admiral hoisted his flag on board the Vixen, and, accompanied by the Pluto and Nemesis, also steamers, and taking with him a considerable force of seamen and marines, and an armed boat from each ship, proceeded up the river, with the intention of compelling Pangèran Yussuff to return to his obedience and duty to the sultan, and to give an account of himself for being implicated in piratical transactions.

On the arrival of the armament opposite the town, the sultan held a grand levee for the reception, and in honour of the admiral's visit, and the Pangèran was summoned to present himself in submission to the mandate of the sultan. This he refused to do, and had even the hardihood to approach the palace, and when at last threatened to have his house blown about his ears, coolly answered, that the ships might begin to fire whenever they pleased, that he was ready for them; and sure enough, on the Vixen firing a sixty-eight pounder over his house to show the fellow how completely he was at the mercy of the squadron, he fired his guns in return. A few rounds from the steamers drove him from his bamboo fortress. The marines took possession, and his magazine was emptied of its contents of gunpowder, which was started into the river, and all his brass guns were delivered over to the sultan, with the exception of two, which were retained, to be sold for the benefit of two Manila Spaniards who had been piratically seized as slaves, and who were now taken on board the squadron to be restored to their home. His house being thrown open to the tender mercies of his countrymen, was speedily gutted of all his ill-gotten wealth, and left in desolation. There were no killed or wounded. Pangèran Yussuff retreated to the interior, continued in rebellion, raised a force with which he attacked the town and Muda Hassin's party, but was defeated, pursued, and killed by Pangèran Buddruden.

The squadron proceeded to Labooan, to cut wood, with the thermometer at 92 deg., for the steamers, filled them; and on the morning of the 15th of

August, a new order of sailing and battle was given out per "buntin," and the novelty of two frigates towing two steamers was exhibited to the wondering eyes of those present, called upon to keep their appointed station; work to windward, tack in succession, and perform every evolution with the neatest precision, in spite of light winds, heavy squalls, and most variable weather.

The force intended to attack the stockade and fortified port of that arch-pirate Scheriff Posman on the Malloodo River, proceeded under the immediate command of the admiral, who took the brigs and steamers with him to the entrance of the river, and here it was found that the iron steamers, which had caused such trouble, were not of the slightest use, there not being water sufficient even for them over the bar. The whole flotilla was placed under the command of Captain Talbot of the Vesta, the senior captain present, who on the morning of the 19th of August, attacked with great gallantry, and carried the very strong position of the pirates, with the loss of eight killed and thirteen wounded. The iron ordnance was broken, the fortifications destroyed, and the town burned to the ground. It was reported the day after the action, that the Arab chief had been mortally wounded, but the squadron quitted the bay before this was confirmed.

I cannot leave Borneo without giving a brief description of the coast from the mouth of the Sarawak to this splendid bay, more particularly as its features are so widely different from those generally attributed to it. From the Sarawak to Tanjong Sirik, the land is low, and for some miles from the beach covered with mangrove jungle, but from that point to Borneo river, undulating ground, moderate hills, and occasionally red-sand cliffs, mark the nature of the country to be dry and susceptible of cultivation; and, as these hills are clothed in perpetual verdure, there is nothing imaginary in the supposition that the soil is salubrious and productive. From Borneo river, north-eastward, a range of hills, of considerable altitude, run the whole length of the coast, the sea the greater part of the line washing their base: and immediately inland, in latitude 6 deg., that most magnificent and striking of all eastern mountains, Keeney Balloo, towers to the heavens to the height of 14,000 feet, cutting the clear grey sky before sunrise with a distinctness never exceeded, and marking the primitive nature of its formation beyond controversy. It may be called an "island mountain," for, with the exception of the range of hills above alluded to, and with which it has no continuity, it rises abruptly from the plain, alone in its glory, and giant of the eastern stars—

"With meteor standard to the breeze unfurl'd,
Looks from his throne of squalls o'er half the world."

The Bay of Malloodo is extensive, with safe anchorage everywhere; the coast-range of hills terminates on its western shores, and round to the south-east the land is of moderate height, with a range of greater altitude at some distance inland, and Keeney Balloo bounds the view at about thirty-five miles distance in the south-west. The land on the eastern side is low, but on the whole a more eligible position to plant and protect a settlement is not to be found on the whole coast, and it stands so pre-eminently superior to Labooan or Balamorgan, and would so effectually

destroy piracy in the neighbouring seas, that the British government ought to have no hesitation in taking possession of this bay, with sufficient breadth of territory to secure supplies and support for a colony. It is quite evident, from the manner in which this pirate Arab has held possession with impunity, and from his stronghold had carried on his depredations for years, either that the Sultan of Borneo acted in collusion with him, and was a willing witness to his atrocities, or that he had not the power to clear his territory of such a miscreant. I have no doubt of the former being the case, as much of the property acquired by blood and rapine has frequently been sold publicly in Borneo; perhaps some of it is to be found in the palace of the sultan. There ought to be no delicacy in this matter. Great Britain's claim to the country is scarcely disputed. One well fortified post would, with the presence of a brig-of-war or two, secure the obedience of the whole district. As for Balambargan, it is an arid, sandy island, with scanty supply of water, and an unproductive soil. It has two harbours, both small and intricate, and must always depend upon foreign supply for its sustenance. Labooan may be somewhat better, but its geographical position is not eligible as a station for vessels of war intended to suppress piracy, being too far to leeward in the north-east monsoon, and too distant from the Sooloo seas and adjacent straits, now much frequented by the numerous vessels trading to China, to afford them that protection which a settlement at Mallooodoo would at once accomplish. Merchant vessels using the Palawan passage from India and the Straits of Malacca, would find in Mallooodoo Bay, during the strength of the north-east monsoon, a wide and extensive anchorage in which to take temporary shelter, and make any refit which might become necessary from working against the monsoon, as well as easy access, equally convenient for vessels taking the Balabac Straits, coming from thence and Macassar.

Stone may be had in abundance in any part of the bay; excellent stone-cutters from Hong Kong in any numbers might be procured, and coolies in thousands would be found to accompany them. A week's run thence, in the north-east monsoon, would land a wing of a Madras regiment on the ground, and a few junks would convey all the living and dead material necessary to place them in comfort and security in a very short time. The climate is good, the land is rich, and water abundant; the countless acres would soon attract the industry of the Chinese, when once assured of protection to their lives, and undisturbed possession of their property.

The admiral, accompanied by the Borneo Commissioners, went over on board the Vixen steamer to the island Balambargan, on the afternoon of the 21st, and the ships of the squadron followed in the course of the night, taking up their anchorage outside the shoals of the southern, whilst the commander-in-chief and his party went to the northern harbours, where the Pluto had preceded them, and at day-dawn on the 22nd they landed to explore the neighbouring jungle for the site of the settlement which had been formed by the East India Company in 1773, from which they had been driven by the Sooloo people, but which had been occupied a second time in 1803, and evacuated ultimately as a useless and unprofitable settlement. The British government have always maintained their clear right to this island, ceded to them by the King of Sooloo, on his being liberated

from prison at Manila, when that city was taken by Sir William Draper; and Balambargan is indisputably a British island, and part of the empire.

The position which the town had occupied was clearly traced by the rubbish, and brick and mortar scattered over a considerable surface, and the numerous broken scraps of crockery and glass gave sufficient evidence that here had been placed the houses, buildings, and defences erected by the settlers, but all are now silent and forlorn. In this dry season the soil was completely covered with sand, and the bush of a very scanty growth; nor could any indications of water be discovered. A long walk on the beach, in the direction of the southern harbour, led to no farther discovery than that some ridges of clay crossed the island, terminating at the shore in moderate altitude, and covered with trees of considerably larger dimensions than those near the site of the town. A complete *detour* of the harbour was made by the Pluto, from the paddle-boxes of which the surrounding country, being almost level with the sea, could be clearly distinguished as of the same sandy nature, but which, in all probability, is in the rainy season a lagoon entirely covered with water. It had a poor and uninviting appearance. Several large baboons came to the beach, and, taking up their seat on some fallen trunk of a tree, gazed with great tranquillity at the Pluto as she passed along. Many tracks of the wild hog were seen on the beach, but on the whole, Balambargan is the last island I should select as my "Barataria."

A short visit was made to the adjacent island of Bangney, and a boat went up a river on the south-west quarter, running for several miles through low, flat, mangrove jungle, but descending in clear cascades from the hilly part of the island, which ranges entirely along the north-western division, and terminates at the north point in a very remarkable and beautiful conical peak, 2000 feet high, covered to the apex with evergreen wood. The south-eastern division is flat, and probably of the same mangrove jungle through which the boat ascended the river, after having with difficulty got over a flat bar at its entrance. On this expedition not a living animal was seen, not even a bird, but the elevated part of Bangney presented a far more inviting aspect than anything to be seen in Balambargan. True, there is no harbour, and with the exception of the river alluded to, it is said to want water. The piratical prahus sometimes rendezvous here, in readiness to pounce on any unwary vessels passing through the Balabac Straits.

Let me express a hope that the British government will speedily alter the face of affairs in these seas, by supporting Mr. Brooke on the Sarawak, and, without loss of time, planting a similar colony on the shores of the bay of Mallodoo.—*Bentley's Miscellany.*

Our own Parliamentary Report.

THE House of Commons met yesterday at the usual hour.

Private business.

BARON Rothschild sheeing the Speaker in his place enquired whether he wash not inclined to a little business with him? He (the hon. member) would give the right hon. gentleman three and sixpence for his wig and gown—(Loud cries of "Oh! oh!")—and would wait on him at home with the monish. (Loud cries of "Order.")

The Speaker stated that the proposal was unparliamentary, and must be retracted. (Hear.)

Baron Rothschild retracted it with pleasure. On second thoughts, he did not believe the garments worth the monish. (Oh, oh.) He had only made the proposition because he understood that this was the hour devoted to private bushiness. (Order.)

Petitions.

SIR R. H. INGLIS presented a petition from Exeter Hall, praying for the prohibition of the sale of the liquor called Ginger Pop, in consequence of its name being similar to the Bishop of Rome.

Lord John Manners presented a petition from Young England, praying that the trials at the Central Criminal Court might forthwith be conducted by the Ordeal of Combat. He thought that lists might be erected in the ring at Astley's; Mr. Barry might be engaged as Jester; and Ben Caunt and Alic Reed might be retained as permanent Counsel for the Crown.

Notices of Motion.

MR. CHISHOLM ANSTEY gave notice that, on the first of April, he would move for returns of every curtain lecture delivered in Great Britain since the invasion of Julius Cæsar.

Lord George Bentinck gave notice that, on the same day, he would move for a Committee to enquire into the advisability of repealing Magna Charta, and restoring the Heptarchy.

Mr. Hume gave notice that he would, at an early day, move for returns of the number of ha'porths of milk taken at the doors of furnished lodgings, distinguishing the ha'porths taken for the first-floor-fronts from those taken for two-pair-backs; also distinguishing those ha'porths said to have been consumed by these "owdacious cats," from those ha'porths which had been consumed but not paid for by the lodgers.

The hon. gentleman also gave notice that he would move for a committee of enquiry into the case of Quanky Sambo, formerly Rajah of Bungletiffinapore, now sweeper of the crossing at Cockspur-street.

Mr. Disraeli gave notice that he would move for a committee of the whole house, to consider the propriety of compensation being made by Government to those members of the Jewish persuasion whose ancestors had had their teeth extracted by King John. ("Oh, oh," and "hear," from Baron Rothschild.)

Colonel Sibthorp, seeing the noble lord the leader of the Protectionist party (Lord George Bentinck) in his place, begged to ask him a question. He (Col. Sibthorp) had subscribed to a Monster Derby Sweep, and he begged to ask the noble lord what horse he (the noble lord) thought had most chance of winning? (Order, order.)

Lord George Bentinck said that he was not a Derby prophet. He recommended the hon. and gallant gentleman to write to that particular medium of public information called *Bell's Life*. (Hear, hear.)

Mr. Chisholm Anstey begged to put a question to the noble lord the Secretary for Foreign Affairs. In case of Queen Pomare visiting this country, he wished to know whether she, as a foreign sovereign, would be expected on state occasions to wear the costume of her country?

Lord Palmerston said something in reply, which did not reach the gallery.

*Repeal of the Union.**

MR. JOHN O'CONNELL rose to move the Repeal of the Union. The time was now come for Justice to Ireland. (Hear.) The red hand of persecution must at length be withdrawn from her bright streams and green valleys. (Cheers.) He came there for justice; and, unless he got it, he pledged himself to die on the floor of the house. (Oh, oh.) He heard those sounds—oh, yes, he did—but the bellows of the Saxon would not drown the pleading accents of the Celt. (Loud cheers.) Oh, he trusted in his great and glorious and godlike cause. The guardian form of Erin hovered above him—of Erin, the pure, the meek, the patient, the persevering, the unstained by blood—of Erin, glorious in her virgin majesty, as in those halcyon days of yore, when the harp pealed through Tara's halls, and Malachi wore his collar of gold. (Cheers.) What had they not suffered from the Union? He held in his hand a letter from a friend in Dublin, stating that the influenza was very prevalent in that city. Did the house think that such would have been the case if they had had a Parliament in College Green? He could prove that there had been no such thing known in Ireland as measles, rheumatism; or colds in the head, before the fatal era of the Legislative Union; and he was perfectly certain that, that ill-omened statute once repealed, Ireland would again become the paradise she had once been; the bogs would drain themselves; the lumpers would turn into kidneys; and the tiger and the lamb—that was to say the tenant and the landlord—would lie down in blessed idleness beside each other. He entreated the house to do him justice. He believed that he had proved his case; and, having done so, he would only appeal—as a descendant of one of the five hundred virgins who were slaughtered by Cromwell at the Cross of Limerick—to the wisdom and malevolence of Parliament. (Cheers.)

The motion would probably have been carried; but, as there were not forty members present at the conclusion of the hon. gentleman's speech, the house adjourned.—*Man in the Moon.*

An Indian Juggler.

HAVING desired one of his attendants to bring him a branch from a noble mango tree which grew at a short distance, Ballojee took it in his hand and held it forth, all green and blossomless as it was, uttering certain incantations, and making a variety of grimaces, indicative of the internal workings of a powerfully agitated spirit. Gradually, to the astonished eyes of the spectators, one blossom appeared sprouting forth; then another, and another, till the amputated branch was nearly covered. Wonderful, however, as this feat appeared, it was totally eclipsed by that which followed, for, as the juggler still held the branch extended in his hand, and continued his incantations, the blossoms fell off, one by one, and in the place of each appeared an incipient mango, which gradually swelled out to the largest size of that delicious fruit. These having been gathered by the juggler's attendants were presented in a golden salver to the Ranee and her party; but none could be prevailed on to taste a fruit which they verily believed to be the production of magic alone. Tremendous applause and a royal largess followed this extraordinary feat, and Ballojee once more addressed himself to his singular exhibition. Taking in his hand a coil of rope which lay on the stage, he flung it up with considerable force in the air, when, strange to say, one end remained fixed above, the other falling down upon the stage of the mountebank. Seizing hold of this, he kept it firmly extended in a sloping direction from the summit, when, wonder upon wonders! a tiger appeared at the top, in the act of descending the rope, which he actually did with great caution and precision, while many of the spectators fled screaming from the claws of the monster. Their panic, however, was very much increased when they beheld a lion following the tiger down the rope; and then a buffalo, an elephant, and several other animals, which were fortunately taken possession of by the attendants of the juggler, and conveyed behind the scenes, without causing any other mischief than the needless fright their first appearance had occasioned. These extraordinary performances prepared the spectators to witness other wonders, for only one opinion seemed now to prevail throughout the assembly, that the powers of the exhibitor were more than human, and that he could be nothing more or less than an incarnation of one of the deities; perhaps the awful Mahadeo himself, come down upon the earth to grace the birth-day festival of the Maharajah. It therefore excited but little astonishment when the juggler declared his ability to decipher the most hidden and secret thoughts of any of the spectators present. This was a disclosure, however, which few were desirous of subjecting themselves to, for all had thoughts more or less unsuited to the public ear.—*Savindroog.*

A Scene in a Scotch Court of Justice in 1757.

THE Dean and Faculty at that time was Mr. Lockhart, afterwards Lord Covington, a man of learning, but of a demeanour harsh and overbearing. It had ever been considered the duty of the chief of the body of advocates, freely elected to preside over them, to be particularly kind and protecting to begin-

ners : but Lockhart treated all who came in contact with him in a manner equally offensive although he had been engaged in a personal altercation with a gentleman out of court, who had threatened to inflict personal chastisement upon him ; and there were circumstances in his domestic life supposed to render his reputation vulnerable. At last four junior advocates, of whom Wedderburn, afterwards Lord Chancellor Loughborough, was one, entered into a mutual engagement that he among them who first had the opportunity should resent the arrogance of the Dean, and publicly insult him. It was by mere accident that the opportunity occurred to Wedderburn, who certainly made a good use of it. In the very end of July or beginning of August, 1757 (the exact day I have not been able to ascertain), Wedderburn was opposed in the Inner House as counsel to Lockhart, and was called by him a "presumptuous boy," experiencing from him even more than his wonted rudeness and superciliousness. When the presumptuous boy came to reply, he delivered such a furious personal invective as never was before or since heard at the Scottish bar. A lively impression still remains of its character ; but newspaper reporting was then unknown in Edinburgh, and oral tradition has preserved only one sentence of that which probably was the meditated part of the harangue : "The learned Dean has confined himself on this occasion to vituperation ; I do not say that he is capable of reasoning, but if tears would have answered his purpose I am sure tears would not have been wanting." Lockhart here started up, and threatened him with vengeance. Wedderburn : "I care little, my lords, for what may be said or done by a man who has been disgraced in his person and dishonoured in his bed." Lord President Craigie, being afterwards asked why he had not sooner interfered, answered, "Because Wedderburn made all the flesh creep on my bones." But at last his lordship declared, in a firm tone, that "this was language unbecoming an advocate and unbecoming a gentleman." Wedderburn, now in a state of such excitement as to have lost all sense of decorum and propriety, exclaimed that "his lordship had said as a judge what he could not justify as a gentleman." The president appealed to his brethren as to what was fit to be done, who unanimously resolved that Mr. Wedderburn should retract his words and make a humble apology, on pain of deprivation. All of a sudden, Wedderburn seemed to have subdued his passion, and put on an air of deliberate coolness ; when, instead of the expected retraction and apology, he stripped off his gown, and holding it in his hands before the judges, he said, "My lords, I neither retract nor apologise, but I will save you the trouble of deprivation ; there is my gown, and I will never wear it more ; *virtue me involvo.*" He then coolly laid his gown upon the bar, made a low bow to the judges, and before they had recovered from their amazement he left the court, which he never again entered. That very night he set off to London. I know not whether he had any apprehension of the steps which the judges might have taken to vindicate their dignity, or whether he was ashamed to meet his friends of the Parliament House, but he had formed a resolution, which he faithfully kept, to abandon his native country, never more to revisit it.—*Lord Campbell's Lives of the Chancellors.*

A Perpetual Big Wig.

SOON after Lord Chancellor Erskine's resignation he was invited to a *fete* at Oatlands, where the Duchess of York had upon the lawn a number of rare animals, and among others, a remarkable black monkey with a long white hairy mantle flowing gracefully over his head and shoulders. Erskine was late in appearing; but, at last, while the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, and other royal personages, were standing in a group near the entrance to the court-yard, he arrived in a very mean-looking one-horse chaise. He immediately alighted; but, instead of paying his duty to the "royalties" before him, he suddenly stepped up to the monkey, and, taking off his hat in a very dignified manner, and making three *congès*, he addressed the animal in these words, amidst the hearty laugh of all present, "Sir, I sincerely wish you joy.—*you wear your wig for life.*"—*Ibid.*

What a Gentleman may do, and what he may not do.

HE may carry a brace of partridges, but not a leg of mutton. He may be seen in the omnibus-box at the opera, but not on the box of an omnibus. He may be seen in a stall inside a theatre, but not a stall outside one. He may dust another person's jacket, but must not brush his own. He may kill a man in a duel, but he mustn't eat peas with his knife. He may thrash a coalheaver, but he mustn't ask twice for soup. He may pay his debts of honour, but he need not trouble himself about his tradesmen's bills. He may drive a stage-coach, but he mustn't take or carry copper. He may ride a horse as a jockey, but he mustn't exert himself in the least to get his living. He must never forget what he owes to himself as a gentleman, but he need not mind what he owes as a gentleman to his tailor. He may do any thing, or any body, in fact, within the range of a gentleman—go through the Insolvent Debtors' Court, or turn billiard-marker; but he must never on any account carry a brown paper parcel, or appear in the streets without a pair of gloves.—*Comic Almanac.*

How to become a Judge of Pictures.

—"SPOSIN' it's pictures that's on the carpet wait till you hear the name of the painter. If it's Rubens, or any o' them old boys, praise, for it's agin the law to doubt them; but if it's a new man, and the company ain't most special judges, criticise. A leetle out o' keeping, says you, he don't use his grays enough, nor glaze down well; that shadder wants depth; general effect is good, though parts ain't; those eye-brows are heavy enough for stucco, says you, and other unmeaning terms like those. It will pass. I tell you, your opinion will be thought great. Them that judged the cartoons at Westminster-hall knew plaguy little more nor that. But if this is a portrait of the lady of the house hangin' up, or its at all like enough to make it out, stop—gaze on it—walk back—close your fingers like a spyglass and look through 'em amazed like—enchanted—chained to the spot. Then utter, unconscious like, 'That's a most beautiful, pictur', by heavens! that's a speakin' portrait. It's well painted too; but whoever the artist is, he is an unprincipled man.' 'Good gracious!' she'll say, 'how so?' 'Cause, madam, he has not done you justice.'"—*Sam Slick.*

Indian Revenge.

IN the month of February last a chief of the name of Kootlepat, visited Mr. Black, the gentleman in charge of Thompson's River, at his post of Kamloops, when a trivial dispute took place between them. Immediately on his returning to his camp, at a place called the Pavilion, Kootlepat sickened and died, enjoining his people with his last breath to keep on good terms with the whites. Whether or not the chief's dying injunction was interpreted into an insinuation that he had perished in consequence of having quarrelled with his white brother, the Indians came to the conclusion that Kootlepat's death had been caused by Mr. Black's magic or medicine. In pursuance of this idea the widow of the deceased worked upon the feelings of her nephew till he undertook to revenge her husband's untimely fate. The avenger of blood forthwith set out for Kamloops, and when he arrived, both hungry and cold, he was, by order of his destined victim, placed before a good fire and supplied with food. During the whole day Mr. Black who was a hard student, remained writing in his own apartment, but, having gone out towards evening, he was returning through the room where his guest was sitting, and had just reached the door of his chamber, when he fell down dead, with the contents of the savage's gun in his back. In the appalling confusion that ensued the murderer was allowed to escape from the fort, betaking himself immediately to the mountains. He was chased from place to place like a wild beast, being obliged to abandon first his horses and lastly his wife and family; but it was not till after eight months of vigilant pursuit that he was finally hunted down on the banks of Frazer's River, by some of his own people. As a proof of his comparative estimate of civilization and barbarism, this miserable being with the blood of Mr. Black on his conscience, earnestly begged to be delivered up to the whites; and, on being refused this last boon, he leaped into the river, swimming away for his life, till he was despatched, just like a sea-otter, by arrow after arrow—*Sir George Simpson's Journey Round the World.*

Materials for an Irish Speech.

"SAXON—oppression—moral force—dagger—forefathers—revenge—first gem of the sea—trampled upon—oh!—finest peasantry—Cromwell—slaughter—Erin's daughters—blood boil—ah!—cruelty—debt of 80,000,000*l.*—robbery—sacrilege for 500 years—tyranny—be Irishmen—assert yourselves—pikes—iron bars on the railways—be patient—repeal—hereditary bondsmen—would you be free?—pay in your subscriptions."—(Tremendous cheering!) By filling in any ordinary words to make a kind of grammatical sense of the above (though that is not absolutely necessary) an excellent Conciliation-hall speech, or a monster meeting harangue, inculcating peace, quiet, and content, in the true Irish incendiary fashion, may be produced during any month of the year, but if it is in the depth of the winter, the effect, of course, is considerably stronger. N.B. Patriot's materials made up in the same way on the shortest notice.—*Comic Almanac.*

Scottish Square Measure.

A public dinner in Edinburgh had dwindled away to two guests, an Englishman and a Highland gentleman, who were each trying to prove the superiority of their native countries. Of course, at an argument of this kind, a Scotchman possesses, from constant practice, overwhelming advantages. The Highlander's logic was so good that he beat his opponent on every point: at last the Englishman put a poser. "You will," he said, "at least admit that England is larger in extent than Scotland?" "Certainly not," was the confident reply. "You see, Sir, ours is a mountainous, yours is a flat country. Now, if all our hills were *rolled out flat*, we should beat you by hundreds of square miles."—*Family Jo. Miller.*

How to Relieve the Redundancy of Population in Ireland.

It is an error to suppose that the waste lands of Ireland can be cultivated with success by the State, or with any degree of advantage as regards the location of the superabundant population. The expense of their reclamation would amount to much more than the price at which the very best ground can be purchased; and it would be manifestly absurd to undertake, at the public expense, such an immense and profitless work, while three-fourths of the richest soils of the country are in a state of semi-cultivation; and where, by judicious advances, which are sure to be repaid, an equal amount of employment may be afforded by the landlords without any loss to the State. Neither do we conceive that the location of the peasantry on properties under the control of the Government is at all judicious; experience teaches us the reverse. On the estates of the Crown in Roscommon, agrarian outrages in that county had their origin. From mismanagement or other causes which we have not heard explained, the tenants on the Crown lands were permitted to run many years in arrear; and now they refuse to pay any rents whatsoever, on the ludicrous pretence "that Queen Victoria never took out administration to King William the Fourth!" And thus they have been allowed, by their successful resistance to the Crown, to encourage others in a similar course of conduct towards her Majesty's lieges, who are, in their eyes, but the subordinate owners of the soil. The difficulty of dealing with the subject of emigration, when the task is undertaken by men who are not practically acquainted with the state of Ireland, and the feeling and habits of the Irish people, is made manifest by the speeches delivered on the scheme in Parliament. Mr. Hawes, when the question was brought forward last session, refused to sanction any government system, on the grounds that voluntary emigration was proceeding at too rapid a rate already; and that it would be much better to keep the people at home. Now, while we advocate a measure which would remove a certain portion of the population, who can have no permanent occupation afforded them on account of the numbers congregated in particular localities, and who consequently must become a charge upon the resources of the country, we quite agree with the Under-Secretary of the Colonies that nothing can be more lamentable or more ruinous to the prospects of Ireland than the removal of those persons who emigrate at their own expense. But, paradoxical as it may appear to the honourable gentleman, the system which we

consider absolutely necessary would act as a most effectual check to the abandonment of their country by the industrious and comparatively wealthy, which he so justly laments. These industrious and well-conducted men ought to be the "thews and sinews" of the land; but they are driven from their homes by the insecurity of life and property in their wretched country. They cannot extend their operations in proportion as they acquire wealth. They dare not venture to enlarge the size of their farms, although they see the land uncultivated and lying waste around them. Death is the penalty they are certain to pay if they take the ground from which others have been removed, no matter what may have been the cause of their expulsion. They therefore realise their property, and carry their capital and their industry to other countries, where they can freely use the one, and fearlessly enjoy the fruits of the other; while the idle and profligate ruffian who is the means of driving them from the land of their birth revels in his crimes with impunity, and derives a legal support from the community which he oppresses—he either cannot, or he will not emigrate. Now, it is clear that if a system were adopted by which men who become a charge on the public should have the option of leaving the country at the public expense—of course we mean exclusively at the expense of Ireland—and that at the same time the laws were so vigorously administered as to prevent the possibility of earning a livelihood by the commission of crime at home, the country would get rid of the worst and most irreclaimable culprits, and society be relieved from the crimes and the oppressions which they practise; industry would be protected, and prosperity would advance. Lord Clarendon may seek, by his well-intended advice and his remonstrances, to stay the march of crime; but his efforts will only evince his ignorance of the habits and prejudices of the people he has to govern. He may subscribe his money to communicate agricultural knowledge to those whose poverty and misery led him to suppose that they only require instruction to become industrious and happy; but he should know that those persons to whom he so praiseworthy wishes to impart information *are in fact the best skilled agriculturists the country can produce*. They compose the migratory hordes who annually proceed to Scotland and England. There is not a man amongst them above sixteen years of age who has not practical experience in the very best systems pursued in those countries to which they resort; and we would "wager a ducat" that scores of boys may be found in Ennis and in Galway who would instruct the paid lecturers in the performance of the nicest operations of agriculture. The Irish Viceroy feelingly deplored the disappointment of his hopes with regard to the Irish fisheries, when giving audience to the Clare deputation. "When I came to this country," said his lordship, "I indulged in the hope of promoting the prosperity of the Irish fisheries; but I have been grievously disappointed. When the nets and the gear were redeemed from the pawn-office the men would not use them, or go to sea, unless they were fed; and when they were fed they caught no fish." The same spirit which actuated the fisherman in this instance actuates the agricultural peasant. He will not till his land, not because he is ignorant of the best method of doing so with success, but because he prefers idleness to industry, and gratuitous support to honest independence.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

The Hampden Controversy.

THE fact is—and it is useless to blink the truth—that Church and State are arrayed the one against the other, upon a principle. The State, in the person of the Queen's present Prime Minister, asserts a right to nominate *per fas et nefas*, to the highest offices in the Church. The Church, in the persons of a majority of the bishops, declares that such right shall be exercised only *per fas*. It is deeply to be deplored that, for any cause whatever, so frightful an issue should be forced on ; for, let the contest end as it may, both Church and State must suffer. * * * We think that Lord John is without excuse. He has built up a wall to break his own head against ; and will probably break more heads than his own in the process. But are the remonstrant bishops, and still more, the remonstrant archdeacons and parochial clergy, blameless ? Certainly not. If indeed they be prepared to go all lengths, the world will understand them. They are playing for one or other of two stakes. Either they seek to diminish the Crown's prerogative—maintaining, nevertheless, the Church's alliance with the State ; or they are ready, in the event of the Crown's firmness, to abrogate, in their own persons, the terms of this alliance, and to carry as many of the other bishops and clergy with them as they can influence. Now, much as we shall deplore the elevation of Dr. Hampden to the episcopal bench, we do not hesitate to say, that we would rather see him Archbishop of Canterbury than that either of these results should accrue. * * * * * It is probable, that in Hereford the course of things may run smooth. In like manner, the Archbishop, with his customary prudence, has avoided to commit himself, at least, in public. If the election come off, therefore, in Dr. Hampden's favour, and such objections as are raised on the day of confirmation be got rid of, there seems to be no possible let to the consecration, and the crown prevails. Perhaps so ; but are we out of our troubles then ? Certainly not. Without such an abandonment of principle on the part of the remonstrant bishops and clergy as will work more hurt to the Church,—may we not add, to Christianity itself ?—than has befallen since the period of the Reformation; the contest cannot end even here. The Church has either spoken, or she has not. If she have, and the voice of her pastors be disregarded, there seems to be no alternative for them except secession ; in other words, the severance of, perhaps, two-thirds of her ministers from the Church established by law, and the setting up of a Free Church of England in the South, as a Free Kirk has set itself up in the North. * * * * Our object has been rather to express the universal feeling of the Church's best friends than to take any part in a dispute which, as it ought never to have arisen, so it is impossible but that, in any event, it must terminate disastrously. Up to a certain point we hold that Dr. Hampden had just cause of complaint. But the moment he allows himself to be put in a position of hostility, not to a party, as he absurdly insinuates, but to the great body of that church which is unwilling to accept him as one of its rulers, he loses his vantage ground, and becomes worthy of all censure. In like manner, we cannot modify the language which we have already employed in describing Lord John Russell's part in the affair. It admits of no excuse ; it will not bear to be defended, even upon the ground of good policy. His lordship has wantonly outraged the consciences of a body which

he is bound to treat with respect, however he may dissent from its opinions ; and has added insult to wrong by the flippant tone of his answer to the prelates. He can make no friends by this, though he may lose many. For his triumph, if he do prevail, must leave a rankling wound behind it, which, sooner or later, will break out again, to the great detriment of the country. Does Lord John imagine, supposing the Church to be coerced in this instance, that it will sit down meekly under the outrage ? He has read history in vain if he do. The Church may yield in this instance (we do not believe that she will), through the moderation or the timidity of some of her rulers ; but the breasts of her sons will burn with shame, and the boldest of them will be upon the look-out for some fresh battle-field, whereon they may bring this strife of might against right to an issue. Nor will they long look in vain. Scarcely a year passes without the occurrence of some piece of ill-digested legislation, which there needs but the skill of a decided partisan to convert into a bone of contention ; and the very next time Church and State are arrayed against each other, the severance will without all doubt, be effected. May the evil omen be averted ! —*Fraser's Magazine.*

Captain Bragg, H. E. I. C. S.

BRAGG to this day wears anchor-buttons, and has a dress-coat with a gold strap for epaulettes, in case he should have a fancy to sport them. His house is covered with portraits, busts, and miniatures of himself. His wife is made to wear one of the latter. On his sideboard are pieces of plate, presented by the passengers of the *Ram Chunder* to Captain Bragg. “The *Ram Chunder* East Indiaman, in a gale off Table Bay ;” “The Outward-bound Fleet, under convoy of her Majesty’s frigate *Loblollyboy*, Captain Gutch, beating off the French squadron, under Captain Leloop (the *Ram Chunder*, S. E. by E., is represented engaged with the *Mirliton* corvette);” “The *Ram Chunder* standing into the Hooghly, with Captain Bragg, his telescope, and speaking-trumpet, on the poop ;” “Captain Bragg presenting the Officers of the *Ram Chunder* to general Bonaparte at St. Helena”—Titmarsh, (this fine piece was painted by me when I was in favour with Bragg); in a word, Bragg and the *Ram Chunder* are all over the house.—“Our Street,” by *M. A. Titmarsh.*

The London Landlady.

MRS. CAMMYSOLE, my landlady, will be rather surprised when she reads this, and finds that a goodnatured tenant, who has never complained of her impositions for fifteen years, understands every one of her tricks, and treats them, not with anger, but with scorn—with silent scorn.

On the 18th of December, 1837, for instance, coming gently down stairs, and before my usual wont, I saw you seated in my arm-chair, peeping into a letter that came from my aunt in the country, just as if it had been addressed to you, and not to “*M. A. Titmarsh, Esq.*” Did I make any disturbance ? far from it : I slunk back to my bedroom (being enabled to walk silently in the beautiful pair of worsted slippers Miss Penelope J——s worked for me ; they

are worn out now, dear Penelope !) and then, rattling open the door with a great noise, descended the stairs, singing "*Son vergin vezzosa*" at the top of my voice. You were not in my sitting-room, Mrs. Cammysole, when I entered that apartment.

You have been reading all my letters, papers, manuscripts, *brouillons* of verses, inchoate articles for the *Morning Post* and *Morning Chronicle*, invitations to dinner and tea, all my family letters, all Eliza Townley's letters, from the first, in which she declared that to be the bride of her beloved Michelangelo was the fondest wish of her maiden heart, to the last, in which she announced that her Thomas was the best of husbands, and signed herself "Eliza Slogger;" all Mary Farmer's letters, all Emily Delamere's, all that poor foolish old Miss Macwhirter's, whom I would as soon marry as——; in a word, I know that you, you hawk-beaked, keen-eyed, sleepless, indefatigable, old Mrs. Cammysole, have read all my papers for these ten years.

I know that you cast your curious old eyes over all the manuscripts which you find in my coat-pockets, and those of my pantaloons as they hang in a drapery over the door-handle of my bedroom.

I know that you count the money in my green and gold purse, which Lucy Netterville gave me, and speculate on the manner in which I have laid out the difference between to-day and yesterday.

I know that you have an understanding with the laundress (to whom you say that you are all-powerful with me,) threatening to take away my practice from her, unless she gets up gratis some of your fine linen.

I know that we both have a pennyworth of cream for breakfast, which is brought in in the same little can; and I know who has the most for her share.

I know how many lumps of sugar you take from each pound as it arrives. I have counted the lumps, you old thief, and for years have never said a word except to Miss Clapperclaw, the first-floor lodger. Once I put a bottle of pale brandy into that cupboard, of which you and I only have the keys: and the liquor wasted and wasted away, until it was all gone. You drank the whole of it, you wicked old woman. You a lady, indeed!

I know your rage when they did me the honour to elect me a member of the Poluphloisboiothrallasses Club, and I ceased consequently to dine at home. When I *did* dine at home, on a beef-steak let us say, I should like to know what you had for supper? You first amputated portions of the meat when raw; you abstracted more when cooked. Do you think I was taken in by your flimsy pretences? I wonder how you could dare to do such things before your maids (you, a clergyman's daughter and widow indeed!) whom you yourself were always charging with roguery.—*Ibid.*

LIST OF BOOKS FOR THE **USE OF BOOK CLUBS.**

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<i>Wayfaring Sketches among the Greeks and Turks, and on the Shores of the Danube.</i>	0	9	0

II.—FINE ARTS.

THE munificent gift of pictures to the National Gallery by Mr. Vernon, is likely to lead to even more important results than the measure itself. The value of the donation is certainly very great, for the taste, judgment and liberality of the donor have been signalized during many years by the acquisition of the choicest works of our native school. From this noble collection the National Gallery will be enriched to the extent the trustees choose to avail themselves of Mr. Vernon's patriotic offer. Agreeably to its terms, they contemplated the immediate erection of a building to receive them for the public ; but we rejoice most heartily to learn that the design has been suspended, because (and the because is of infinite importance to the National Gallery and to the Fine Arts of England—because) it is proposed to assign the building in Trafalgar-square, altogether to the Royal Academy, and place the national pictures in a more fitting receptacle. With needful alterations, therefore, we may hope to see that Gallery made eligible for the annual exhibition (including sculpture) and other uses of the Academy, and a palace worthy of Great Britain erected for the reception of her treasures in the arts.—*Literary Gazette.*

Roberts' Egypt and Nubia

ALMOST grows in interest. "The Abyssinian slaves at Koti" is a very picturesque group, with variety of expression. The females seem to be worthy of their destination, to be the mothers of the middle classes of Lower Egypt : supposing that in the course of time, these classes shall take their right places in the scale of humanity and social influence.

The temple of Kalabashi is a superb ruin ; and the Lybian chain of mountains, seen from the Luxor, displays grand scenery of everlasting nature, where the most firm-fixed works of man are crumbled to decay. The famous temple of Edfon offers features of another kind ; and the fasciculus altogether is worthy of the work and the artist.—*Ibid.*

Fielding's "Tom Jones," Illustrated by Kenny Meadows.

THIS is the commencement of a design to illustrate the writings of the British Novelists with high artistic genius, which the universal reading taste of the day has brought within an unprecedented economy of plan by the perfection of wood engraving. The series is very properly commenced with the best work of Fielding, who has been styled with perfect justice, the father of the English novel : its skill in language, its dramatic power, and brilliancy of wit, are allowed by the best critics never to have been surpassed.

We have before us but the beginning of the commencement of the series. In this small portion however, Mr. Meadows has delineated the spirit and incidents of the novel, with extraordinary spirit and fancy. The vignette on the

half title page—an infant reposing between roses of thorns—is a charming creation of the latter class. The portrait of Squire Allworthy, in a carved frame of the period, his venerable mansion, with its windpipes of hospitality ; Jenny Jones and her envious neighbours ; Bridget and Deborah listening at the Keyhole ; a group of “ good gossips ;” the Captain and Bridget, a fireside scene ; and Allworthy and the Doctor, in the garden ; are the larger illustrations ; upon the characteristic spirit of which we have not space to dwell. The kindred fancy of the vignettes is bespoken by their brief outlines : as a chamber candle ; a child’s coral and bells, with a perched butterfly ; a pap saucepan ; a corded box, bundle and pattens—Jenny’s worldly wealth, the Captain’s laced hat and ruffles, and a fan pierced by a sword, &c.

To the text will be appended occasional notes, by Mr. Charles Whitehead. The work, we should add, will be beautifully printed ; and is intended to form two handsome library volumes.—*Illus. News.*

III.—NATURAL HISTORY.

The Aurochs.—Presented to the Zoological Society, by the Emperor of Russia.

THE existence of the Aurochs, Zubr, or European Bison, which once roamed over all the woodland districts of central Europe, and which in our own island was contemporary with the extinct races of Mastodon, Elephant, and Rhinoceros, is now confined to the forest of Bialowicza, in the government of Grodno. In this last asylum it is carefully protected by the Imperial Government, whose stringent enactments alone have saved it from extirpation. To our scientific readers it will be scarcely necessary to advert to the peculiar interest which attaches to this animal. To those who are desirous of information as to its former place in the Fauna of this country, we recommend a perusal of Professor Owen’s “ History of British Fossil Mammals,” pp. 491-497. Its nearest ally in the existing animal kingdom is the American Bison, of which there are two fine adult examples in the collection of the Zoological Society ; but from this it differs in several very marked peculiarities.

When we consider the wide diffusion of that love of Natural History which originated among Englishmen in the works of Ray, and was fostered by Gilbert White and his successors, we are scarcely too sanguine in believing that this unique gift of His Imperial Majesty will not fail to be appreciated as generally as it deserves. We are informed on good authority that, with the exception of one instance, which occurred about three hundred years ago, these are the first individuals of this species which have ever lived in captivity ; and the experiment which has succeeded so admirably was only attempted by M. Dolmatoff, the Master of the Forests in Grodna, in consequence of His Imperial Majesty’s desire to mark his approbation of what he saw in the establishment of the Zoological Society, during his brief visit to London, in 1846.

EUROPEAN ALBUCHS OF BISTIA





AMERICAN BUFFALO or BISON

It only remains for us to add, that the young male and female, which are the subject of our illustration, were captured in the summer of 1846, and are now about eighteen months old. They were transmitted to Memel in charge of one of the Imperial under Foresters, and delivered there to a keeper on the Society's establishment, who was despatched to meet them in August last. On being liberated from their long confinement, they exhibited a degree of activity which reminded more than one of the spectators of the action of the Gnu, a singularly bovine form of the antelope, of which an unique specimen once graced the Society's menagery.—*Illus. News.*

We have the pleasure to give a sketch of the American Bison or Buffalo mentioned in the foregoing account of the Aurochs, to shew what resemblance exists.

This sketch is taken from Catlin's North American Indians, a work from which we shall extract on a future occasion.—*Editor, P. M.*

Discovery of the Eggs of the Moa or Gigantic Struthious Bird of New Zealand.

HITHERTO the bones of a considerable portion of the skeleton are the only vestiges of the colossal-like birds that once inhabited New Zealand, which have been transmitted to England.

An interesting discovery has recently been made by Mr. Walter Mantell, of Wellington. In an exploring tour for the purpose of collecting remains of these enormous birds, Mr. Mantell found, imbedded with the bones, in several places, fragments of egg-shells, of a size and structure that prove them to have belonged to some of the largest species of the Dinornis, as Professor Owen has named the Moa of the New Zealanders. The specimens which Mr. Mantell has sent to his father, Dr. Mantell, are fragments of several eggs, presenting a general resemblance to the shell of the ostrich, but differing in the markings on the external surface; which, in these fossil egg-shells are short, irregular, linear grooves, and not small circular pits, as in the ostrich; from the slight concavity even of the largest fragments, it is obvious that they belonged to eggs of considerable magnitude. Specimens have been presented to Professor Owen for examination. That gentleman's admirable memoir on the structure and affinities of the Dinornis, published in the Transactions of the Zoological Society, must be known to most of our readers, and renders further details unnecessary. We will only add that in the list of bones collected by Mr. Walter Mantell, and on their passage to England, are mentioned several mandibles, a part of the skeleton not previously known, and which cannot fail to be peculiarly interesting to the Zoologist.—*Lit. Gaz.*

Illustrations of Instinct, deduced from the habits of British Animals.

By Jonathan Couch, F.L.S. pp. 343. J. Van Voorst.

It is well that no one ever tires of natural history and the anecdotes and stories connected with it, and that, let ever so much be published in this way, we are always ready to be interested in any new illustrations of the universal subject. From the child of three years old to the aged of threescore and ten, the

curiosity attached to the observation of animal life is deeply implanted, no doubt for wise purposes, by nature ; and thus it happens that there is hardly a human being who does not like to learn what others have noticed, and compare or contrast it with what has occurred to himself. Every house has its story of dog, cat, mouse, rat, fowl, pigeon, rabbit, sparrow, spider, cricket, black beetle, or other creature within the ken of the family ; and every field and garden offers other objects for similar scrutiny and remark. Books of the kind before us are accordingly very popular, and it affords us satisfaction to add in the present instance that Mr. Couch has, to philosophical and scientific views, added the statement of many novel and entertaining cases of animal acts, apparently originating in intellectual powers of a higher order than is generally supposed to belong to them. Himself an experienced practical observer, he has also collected a great deal from other sources, and produced a very pleasing and instructive volume for readers of every class. He begins by tracing organized creation from the earliest rudiments and first crude tissues of the inferior, to the development of instincts (if we are so to call them) approaching to reason in the superior orders of mammalia, and he points out a number of the peculiar qualities in which even the most minute insect surpasses man ; and remarkably shown in the senses of vision, smell, &c., and in the extraordinary exploits of carrier pigeons, migrating and finding the way back to places whence they have been removed, without the possibility of ascertaining any one circumstance to help to guide them on their return. We will not, however, trouble our readers with the author's reasoning on these matters, as we hope it will be more agreeable to submit to them some of the most striking facts for which he vouches, and allow them to form their own opinions and conclusions on the premises.

In some cases, it appears, the active development of an instinct becomes periodic and revives again after a more or less definite period of suspension. This he attributes to a variation of balance in the tissue or organ in progress to age, or other change, and the preponderance of the stimulus which each may exert on the others : and proceeds,

"This is remarkable in some well-known series of phenomena in the economy of birds, which have long excited admiration. One of these is the disposition to the formation of a nest, of which we shall have to speak hereafter. For the present, no reference is made to the skill employed in its structure, situation, or adaptation to use, but only to the formative impulse ; which in some instances is so strong, that, when the nest is formed, instead of waiting until the egg is ready to be deposited, the building bird proceeds in the construction of others, until, at last, the further duty of using it for its peculiar object puts an end to its labours. This practice is particularly observed in the common wren (*Sylvia troglodytes*) ; and it has been supposed that the true reason why this diminutive architect builds more than one nest is, that it has become dissatisfied with the former edifice, or with its situation. But this supposition is incorrect, since it is known that, in a more advanced period of the season, when this particular instinctive propensity is declining, the pair will return to the forsaken nest, and employ it as originally intended.

"Another phenomenon, to which reference is now made, is the instinct of migration, which leads so many birds to seek a warmer climate at one season of the year and a colder at another. And to remove the suspicion that the migratory races are led simply by habit, or the spirit of imitation, in passing from one region to another we have the remarkable example of the cuckoo ; which is destitute of one propensity so universal in other birds as to be worthy of being characterised as an essential property of the feathered races—that of forming a procreant cradle to receive their

young. Those young ones, therefore, they have never seen, and consequently can never have taught the lesson, or guided in the voyage. They also depart long before them ; and yet, so strong and unerring is the impulse, that this bird, in its infancy one of the stupidest of winged creatures, is invariably found to follow in the right direction.

"It is obvious, then, that animals are endued with a variety of instinctive properties, each of which may operate singly, or many may combine in a variety of proportions, with the occasional suspension of some of their impulses."

The effects of fear are strangely potent.

"Habits illustrative of this have been observed in individuals of the common hares. If, on being first roused, it rushes off with headlong haste, it will assuredly be taken by a dog ; but if the creature be seen to stop, and erect its ears, as if listening to its pursuer, its escape may be regarded as exceedingly probable. The effect of terror on the same animal is witnessed when it is pursued by the cry of a company of weasels. Their speed is greatly inferior to that of the hare ; but such is the influence of the terror infused into it by an instinctive consciousness of the insidious and cruel nature of the enemy, that these ravenous creatures rarely have the trouble of a long pursuit. Instances are common in which a hare, after escaping to a considerable distance from the reach of its pursuer, has altered its course, and returned to the very seat of the peril ; and if followed after with great clamour, with any very loud and unusual noise, it is sure to be thus overtaken.

"A parent weasel, with its young ones in training, has been seen in eager pursuit of a flying blackbird ; and though a slight elevation in the direction of flight would have carried the bird over a hedge and out of the reach of danger, so great was its terror, that it was unable to mount so high, and consequently soon became their prey."

Among the instinctive habits to which animals resort for safety, our author mentions one which we certainly never contemplated in that light before.

"Another mode of safety (he says) exists in that which the generality of creatures is known to avoid,—the attention and gaze of the foe ; and the means of escape are afforded by assuming such a terrific aspect as may confound the faculties of the pursuer, and strike him with an effectual though empty terror. The beauty of the peacock's plumage was a theme of admiration in the remotest times ; and the bird was sought after as capable of adding splendour to the magnificence of Solomon. The chief display of this beauty arises from that arrangement of long and gorgeous feathers which spring from the space between the region behind the wings and the origin of the tail ; but the use of this to the bird itself has been a subject of doubt. At first sight it seems to be no better than a luxuriance of nature, and an encumbrance, rather than a benefit. The action by which their splendour is out-spread has also been deemed an absurd manifestation of pride.

"But men are imperfect interpreters of the actions of animals ; and a closer examination of the habits of this bird will afford a different explanation. The tail of the peacock is of a plain and humble description ; and seems to be of no other use besides aiding in the erection of the long feathers of the loins ; while the latter are supplied at their insertion with an arrangement of voluntary muscles, which contribute to their elevation, and to the other motions of which they are capable. If surprised by a foe, the peacock presently erects its gorgeous feathers ; and the enemy at once beholds starting up before him a creature which his terror cannot fail to magnify into the bulk implied by the circumference of a glittering circle of the most dazzling hues, his attention at the same time being distracted by a hundred glaring eyes meeting his gaze in every direction. A hiss from the head in the centre, which in shape and colours resembles that of a serpent, and a rustle from the trembling quills, are attended by an advance of the most conspicuous portion of this bulk ; which is in itself an action of retreat, being caused by a receding motion of the body of the bird. That must be a bold animal which does not pause at the sight of such an object ; and a short interval is sufficient to ensure the safety of the bird : but if,

after all, the enemy should be bold enough to risk an assault, it is most likely that its eagerness or rage would be spent on the glittering appendages, in which case the creature is divested only of that which a little time will again supply. A like explanation may be offered of the use of the long and curious appendages of the head and neck of various kinds of humming-birds, which, however feeble, are a pugnacious race.

"Among the birds of our own country, the bittern (*Ardea stellaris*), the pheasant, and common cock are, in a less degree, examples of the same strategy in defence; and, besides the terror they infuse, are instruments of protection, in offering an uncertain mark to a combatant."

Upon the song of birds the remarks are well put, if not quite, as they certainly are in some degree, original:

"The song of birds has ever been a theme of poetic admiration, and a subject of interest to every lover of nature; but the precise character of these sounds, with those of animals in general, and more especially the ideas which the creatures may be supposed to express in these modulations, have been little studied by naturalists.

"It is obvious to a listener that, in the utterance of song, birds are intensely occupied by their feelings; and that they are listened to by others of their race with an intelligence and earnestness which prove that they possess an understanding of the meaning of what is uttered. A thrush, blackbird, or redbreast may be seen to stretch forward the head, and direct the ear, to catch the notes which come to it from some distant songster of its own species; nor will an effort be made to return a sound, until the competitor is known to have ended his lay. In such cases, the contest is one of rivalry, and not of imitation: for the series of notes is in no case the same, nor is the beginning or ending of each portion at all taken up from one bird to another. And it is still more remarkable, that the responses proceeding from those of the same species are continued with distinctness, and without distraction, their attention never being diverted by the multiplicity of sounds that strike the ear from birds of another species, which are loudly singing close at hand. I have marked three cocks, of superior size and majesty, engaged in answering each other from distant quarters in regular succession; but when at last a host of inferior individuals were led to join their voices to the chorus, the crowing ceased in those that began it, as if disdaining to mix their voices with the puny efforts of the others.

"The sympathetic feeling which is thus known to exist between animals of the same species, and the knowledge they display of the sounds of kindred voices, to the general exclusion of others, though more musical and obtrusive, besides the daily experience we have of it in birds, is also witnessed in the uproar produced among dogs if one begins to bark in alarm. In the jackal, so lively is this impression, and so powerful the impulse on all within hearing, that we are told when a multitude of them are abroad in pursuit of prey—where silence is requisite to escape danger and ensure success—if one of them utters the well-known note, even those whose safety is betrayed by its utterance are unable to resist the desire to unite their voices to the general cry. * * *

"How large a share of the spirit of contention for supremacy in musical strength and duration is engaged in such competitions, will appear from the methods employed to urge a pair of canaries to vie with each other. The scraping of a pan, or the noise of a crying child, excites them to exertion, or revives it when it begins to droop; and how much passion is contained in these modulations may be learned from the tale of the nightingale who entered into competition with the instrument of the musician, and fell exhausted at the foot of the player. A friend informs me:—'I remember an eccentric barber living at the corner of the gateway of the White-horse Cellar, Fetter-lane, who was very successful in breeding and rearing nightingales, hung up all round his shop in cages. He could set them singing at any time, late or early, by simply turning the cock of the cistern in the corner of the shop, and letting the water fall into a pewter basin.'"

His name was Leadbetter, and he was a native of Tweedside: his shop was one curiosity from man to bird; and it is worth notice that there exists a sin-

gular sympathy between Town barbers and singing birds, of which Dickens, by the bye, has made an excellent use in one of his characters drawn from the life; an individual illustrating this class, and involving for ever the ideas of yellow soap and canaries, shaving and singing together!

Speaking on the copious topic of migratory birds, Mr. C. observes:

"It is somewhat remarkable that, with such undoubted courage and strong powers of flight, the swallow seems to feel a degree of hesitation in venturing on the passage of the Channel, and will keep along the coast, for a considerable distance, before it will adventure over the expanse. And this is the more surprising, since we know that the wheatear (*Sylvia Œnanthe*), various species of willow wren, and even the little goldcrest (*Sylvia regulus*), are able to cross in safety. But the greater distance of the autumnal flight of the swallow, and the habits of flight of these families, may afford an explanation of the singularity.

"The shorter-winged birds are seen to hurry along from one margin of the sea to the other, with no more effort than is absolutely required to enable them to cross in safety. But the mode of flight of the swallow tribe is in circles; and they seem less careful in arranging the time, manner, and distance of departure: so that the journey becomes extended much beyond its natural limits. I have seen a troop of martins which may have been baffled by contrary winds, approach the shore from the sea late in autumn, in such an exhausted condition, that they were compelled to alight on the sills of windows, where it would have been easy to have taken them with the hand."

The following are other extracts relating to migration and various phenomena which will be perused with interest:

"Inscrutable as this directing skill appears to our duller perceptions, it is not only constant in its manifestation among our little summer insect-hunters, but it is, also possessed by birds whose opportunities of using it are only occasional. Domestic pigeons have been taken to remote distances from their home, and that, too, by a mode of conveyance which must effectually shut out all possibility of recognition of the local bearings of the direction, and yet they have returned thither with a rapidity of flight which marked a conscious security of finding it. I have known some of the most timid and secluded of our birds, as the wheatear and dipper, to be taken from their nests, and conveyed to a distance, under circumstances which must have impressed them with feelings of terror, and in which all traces of the direction must, have been lost; and yet, on being set, free, they were soon at the nook from which they had been taken. Even the common hen, which has been carried in a covered basket through a district intersected by a confusion of hills and valleys, in a few hours has been seen scraping for grain on her old dunghill.

"The only explanation, in these cases, must be sought in the existence of perceptions to which the human race is a stranger; their possession of which is proved by the exquisite and ready susceptibility of most animals to changes of weather, long before the occurrence of anything which our observation can appreciate or which can be indicated by instruments. While the atmosphere seems to promise a continuance of fair and calm weather, and the wind maintains the same direction, the hog may be seen conveying in its mouth a wisp of straw; and in a few hours a violent wind fulfils the omen. The cat washes, and some wild animals shift their quarters, in compliance with similar indications; and even fish at considerable depths in the sea, display, in their motions and appetite, sensibility to the coming change. The latter circumstance especially, which is well known to fishermen, is a proof that mere change of temperature, or moisture, is not sufficient to explain the phenomenon."

Pigs are indeed very sagacious. A friend of ours, riding across the country, was surprised to meet an unusual number of them, and all proceeding in one direction. He looked in vain for their drivers; but drivers there were none. The whole was pig volition which he could not understand. On his

return in the evening, however, the mystery was explained. A mill at the distance of several miles had been blown down, and vast quantities of grain scattered about in every direction. How the pigs had been made acquainted with the accident none could tell; but every grunter of them found his way to the feast as if he had been invited by post or special messenger!!

[Second notice : conclusion.]

We need no introduction to the continuation of our interesting notices of animal instinct from Mr. Couch's close remarks and experiments.

'Those forms of love which take the condition of parental, fraternal, or sexual affection, may assuredly be said to elevate, and not degrade, the feeling of attachment even in minds of the highest order. That the lower animals are capable of a similar mingling of refined feeling with instinctive passion, there are numerous instances to prove. Referring to the habits of the mandarine duck (a Chinese species), Mr. Bennet says, 'Mr. Beale's aviary' afforded a singular corroboration of the fidelity of the birds in question. Of a pair in that gentleman's possession, the drake being one night purloined by some thieves, the unfortunate duck displayed the strongest marks of despair at her bereavement, retiring into a corner, and altogether neglecting food and drink, as well as the care of her person. In this condition she was courted by a drake who had lost his mate, but who met with no encouragement from the widow. On the stolen drake being subsequently recovered and restored to the aviary, the most extravagant demonstrations of joy were displayed by the fond couple. But this was not all: for, as if informed by his spouse of the gallant proposals made to her shortly before his arrival, the drake attacked the luckless bird who would have supplanted him, beat out his eyes, and inflicted so many injuries as to cause his death.

"The 'Journal of a Naturalist' relates the following instance of affectionate attention in the thrush:—We observed this summer two common thrushes frequenting the shrubs on the green in our garden. From the slenderness of their forms and the freshness of their plumage, we pronounced them to be birds of the preceding summer. There was an association and friendship between them that called our attention to their actions. One of them seemed ailing or feeble from some bodily accident; for though it hopped about, yet it appeared unable to obtain sufficiency of food. Its companion, an active, sprightly bird, would frequently bring it worms or bruised snails, when they mutually partook of the banquet; and the ailing bird would wait patiently, understand the actions, expect the assistance of the other, and advance from his asylum upon its approach. This procedure was continued for some days; but after a time we missed the fostered bird, which probably died, or by reason of its weakness met with some fatal accident.'

"Pliny relates a somewhat similar instance of affectionate care of the aged in the rat; and it is so ordinary a portion of the character of the stork, as to have given origin to its name. This feeling sometimes characterises a race. Thus, though living usually apart, jackdaws are fond of associating with rooks, and sometimes venture to place their nests in the rookery, although the latter bird appears to tolerate, rather than encourage the intimacy. Starlings, also, when assembled in flocks in the winter, will often court the friendship of rooks; and on this account permit the neighbourhood of men, whom otherwise they would have carefully avoided. This habit of affectionate association is the more remarkable, as contrasted with the antipathy which some creatures manifest to each other. The crow is always ready to buffet the buzzard and kestrel; and the annoyance inflicted by the smaller birds on the owl, and sometimes on the cuckoo, has often been described. It cannot be for food that the sword-fish (*Xiphias gladius*) attacks the whale; and yet its approach towards any of the tribes of the latter creature causes them to fly with terror. The love of the human race so powerfully shown by the dog is the more surprising, as man is the only creature in whose favour it is displayed: for to individuals of its own kind its savage propensities are never wholly extinguished.

"In animals, as in the human race, this affection is also sometimes attended with the feeling of jealousy: 'A wood-dealer residing near Quai St. Michel, Paris, had a fine English bull-dog, which was a great favourite of his wife, who used to caress

the animal. On the 10th of August last she was sitting not far from the kennel caressing her child, which was five years old; the dog became jealous of it, and at last so furious, that he burst his chain, rushed at the child, worried it, and did not quit his hold until he was killed with a knife. The child was so severely hurt, that its life was despaired of."

"The cunning of the fox has indeed ever been proverbial; and, even so long since as the days of *Æsop*, he figures as chief personifier of that quality. But, in many of the instances which have been related, we cannot refuse it the higher appellation of wisdom, as possessing the excellency implied in the definition of its being 'the means best adapted to the ends most conducive to its own well-being.' The following instance is illustrative of the remark of *Pliny*, that no degree of taming will entirely divest this animal of the habits of its ancestry. A fox had been partially tamed, and was kept fastened by a chain to a post in a court-yard, where he was chiefly fed with boiled potatoes. But the animal seems to have thought that a desirable addition might be made to his fare from the numerous fowls that strutted round him, but whose caution kept them beyond the reach of so formidable an enemy. His measures were soon taken; and having bruised and scattered the boiled potatoes which he had received for his dinner at the extremity of the space that the length of his chain enabled him to command, he retired, in an opposite direction, to the full extent of his chain, and assumed the appearance of utter regardlessness of all that was passing around him. The stratagem succeeded; and when some of the fowls had been thrown so much off their guard as to intrude within the circle of danger, the fox sprang from his lurking-place, and seized his prey.

"The habits of cautiousness displayed by this animal are also significant of conclusions drawn by observation from experience. For, when followed by dogs, it will not run through a gate—though this is obviously the most ready passage, nor in crossing a hedge will it prefer a smooth and even part—but the roughest, where thorns and briars abound; and when it mounts an eminence, it proceeds obliquely, and not straightforward. And whether we suppose these actions to proceed from a desire to avoid those places where traps may probably have been laid, or from knowing that his pursuers will exactly follow his footsteps, and he has resolved to lead them through as many obstacles as possible, in either case an estimation of causes and consequences is to be discerned.

"We quote the following anecdote from the '*Zoologist*,' vol. ii. p. 790:—'While an old man was wandering by the side of one of the largest tributaries of the *Almand*, he observed a badger moving leisurely along the ledge of a rock on the opposite bank. In a little time a fox came up, and after walking for some distance close in the rear of the poor badger, he leaped into the water. Immediately afterwards came a pack of hounds, at full speed, in pursuit of the fox, who by this time was far enough off, floating down the stream; but the luckless badger was instantly torn to pieces by the dogs. An instance of still greater sagacity in the fox occurred a few years ago, also in this neighbourhood. As a farm-servant was preparing a small piece of land for the reception of wheat, near to *Pumpherton Mains*, he was not a little surprised on seeing a fox slowly running in the furrow immediately before the plough. While wondering why the sly creature was so confident, he heard behind him the cry of the dogs, and turning round, he saw the whole pack at a dead stand near the other end of the field, at the very spot where *Reynard* had entered the newly-enclosed trench. The idea struck him that the fox had taken this ingenious way of eluding pursuit; and through deference to the sagacity of the animal, he allowed it to escape. *Derham* quotes *Olaus*, in his account of *Norway*, as having himself witnessed the fact of a fox dropping the end of its tail among the rocks on the seashore, to catch the crabs below, and hauling up and devouring such as laid hold of it. On our own seacoast rats also have been known to add a new dish to their dietary by taking crabs, though it is not easy to imagine how the capture is effected; and certainly it is not by angling with the same pensile organ. On the credit of several persons, however, it is known that rats have skillfully employed their tails in drawing oil through the narrow neck of a jar, when unable to reach it in any other manner. *Mr. Murray* observed a dormouse to dip its tail into a dish of milk, and then carry it, smeared with the fluid, to its mouth; and similar ingenuity has been witnessed in its conveyance of water, when the little creature could not otherwise obtain a supply

"The modes employed by dogs of different races in capturing and devouring the crab, and especially that pugnacious species the velvet crab (*Portunus puber*), well illustrate the experience which has become propagated in the breed, over the ignorance of the uninitiated. On the first discovery of the prey, a terrier runs in to seize it, and is immediately and severely bitten in the nose. But a sedate Newfoundland dog of my acquaintance proceeds more soberly in his work. He lays his paw on it, to arrest it in its escape : then tumbling it over, he bares his teeth, and, seizing it with the mouth throws the crab aloft ; it falls upon the stones : the shell is cracked beyond redemption ; and then the dainty dish is devoured at his leisure. * * *

"There was, within my knowledge, in the house of my parentage, a small cupboard, in which were kept milk, butter, and other requisites for the tea-table ; and the door was confined with a lock, which, from age and frequent use, could be easily made to open. To save trouble, the key was always kept in the lock, in which it revolved on a very slight impulse. It was often a subject of remark that the door of this cupboard was found wide open, and the milk or butter greatly diminished, without any imaginable reason, and notwithstanding the persuasion that the door had certainly been regularly locked ; but it was accident that led to the detection of the offender. On watching carefully, the cat was seen to seat herself on the table ; and, by repeated patting on the side of the bow of the key, it was at last made to turn, when a slight pull on the door caused it to move on its hinges. It had proved a fortunate discovery for puss, for a long time before she was taken in the fact."

Of the swallow, it is told :—

"I have known the nest affixed, in a baronial mansion, to the door of a bedroom, to which they had obtained access through an aperture in a turret ; and the young were constantly swung to and fro at each opening of the door. It is worthy of remark, (for it is perhaps a generic habit,) that, in constructing the nest, the swallow tribe labour from the outside, and the form is made by judgment of the eye ; whereas the habit of our smaller birds of other families is to work from within, and thus to adapt it in form and size to the model of their own bodies.

"For its own resting-place, the sparrow generally prefers a comfortable hole in a wall, from which it can watch the feeding of poultry, and, in the absence of danger, descend to snatch a share from them. To this retreat it conveys a large assortment of straws and feathers ; but, as this bird—the emblem of impudence and cunning—is no favourite with the farmer, an order is issued to the boys of the household to rob the nests as fast as the eggs are deposited. In a case of this sort, where three or four successive layings had been destroyed, the whole colony, as if by mutual agreement, quitted the place of their past disappointments, and settled themselves among the thickest foliage of some trees at a distance from the farm—a situation which, though common in some districts, neither they nor their ancestors had ever before occupied, and where their large and clumsy nests were objects of curiosity to their human neighbours.

"It was perhaps from persecution of some sort, either of birds, or its worst enemies, the smaller quadrupeds, that a thrush chose for its nesting-place the extraordinary situation of a depression in the ground in the middle of a field of turnips, from whose leaves it gained its own protection and shade. When found, the nest contained four eggs ; and, curiously enough, the outer wall was formed of portions of turnip-leaves, while within it was lined with the usual coating of mortar.

"The nest of the holm thrush (*Turdus viscivorus*) is also sometimes modified according to circumstances, and evidently from a calculation of what the bulk and weight of the expected young ones may require. Its usual site for building is among the firmer branches of a tree, with regard to concealment ; where, trusting to the support which will be afforded by these diverging branches, it does not follow the example of its kindred species, in strengthening the edifice with a lining of plaster. On one occasion, however, an otherwise excellent situation in a pear-tree lay under the inconvenience of having too wide a space between two out of the four surrounding props ; and this portion of the structure was accordingly the only part that was strengthened by the addition of a firm layer of clay. * * *

"It is a remarkable fact, that more than one pair of birds will sometimes unite in occupying one nest, and either rear their broods in common, or one of them will

perhaps surrender the future care of them to the other. A thrush had built its nest in a low tree in a garden; and on the second day after it was finished it was observed that four eggs had been deposited in it. Through the attention thus excited, it was ascertained that two mothers were engaged in supplying the number, which at last amounted to ten, and from which nine living young ones were produced. These eggs were certainly sat on by one parent only.

"This is also the easiest mode of accounting for the very large number of eggs and young sometimes found in one nest. A partridge has been the ostensible parent of twenty-two young ones; and, as if conscious that so large a family could not have all the attention they required from the mother alone, the male also has gathered them under his wings, the pair of parents sitting side by side, but with their heads and tails reversed. I have been credibly informed, that as many as thirty-one partridge eggs have been found in one nest. Mr. Yarrell mentions the association of landrails with partridges under the care of one parent. A guinea-fowl has been known to lay her eggs in a partridge's nest; and on board ship, so many young mice were discovered nestled together as could not possibly have belonged to one mother."

Of the cuckoo:

"The demands of young birds on the care and loving-kindness of their parents we must suppose in some measure akin to the powerful feeling which sways the breast of the higher animals in the same relationship with each other. But it sometimes extends beyond the more immediate connexion of kindred; and instances are not uncommon, where it has excited sympathy even in creatures of another species, and that, too, in cases where, from the absence of the breeding impulse, this affection must be sought rather in compassion than in a mere instinctive disposition. That the cuckoo should be fed by a foster-parent might be expected, since, as in the like instance of ducks hatched by a hen, she believes the bantling to be her own, and may have learnt to regard the unusual bulk of the solitary inmate of her nest as an evidence of the success of her motherly care. But there are proofs of the fact, that when a young cuckoo has been placed in a cage, birds which could never have seen such a fledgeling before, have set about feeding it with loving zeal and untiring perseverance. In one case, some canaries, who were at large in a room, were seen to cling to the cage in which the young cuckoo was confined; and on being permitted to enter, they supplied the orphan so regularly with food, that in a little time it refused to receive its sustenance from any other hands.

"A like loving feeling has also been shown to other little neglected ones by birds of a different race to their own; and the proceeding has been conducted in such a manner as to show that, while sometimes it has originated in mere involuntary compassion, at other times it has sprung from a deliberate affectionate disposition of the mind of these little creatures. Its particular direction may, at times, be excited by that expression of want which is part of the language common to kindred families in the early portion of their life, as was the case in the following instance:—A gentleman of my acquaintance, an observer and lover of the instincts of nature, placed a couple of fledgeling greenfinches (*Fringilla chloris*) in the same cage with two canaries, who immediately took them under their care, and assumed the office of parents; and though, at first, they found some difficulty in inducing the young to receive food from them, they continued their assiduities, till kindness at last prevailed, and they were allowed to feed them regularly. I have also learned the following curious facts from a competent observer:—The nests of a missel-thrush and chaffinch (*Fringilla cælebs*) were near each other in the same tree, the former having young and the latter only eggs. When the former bird approached to feed its breed, the chaffinch quitted her nest, and prevailed on the missel-thrush to resign the food to her; and with it she proceeded to supply the young ones."

Shamming being wounded or dead is common to several birds and beasts; and Mr. Couch gives a number of anecdotes where these resources were cleverly and successfully put in practice; but these and all other illustrations we must now leave to be gathered from the work itself, and conclude with one other quotation from its amusing pages.

"Badgers, which are ordinarily solitary animals, have been known to assemble in a troop, and, under the guidance of an apparent leader, proceed on a tour of emigration. A country labourer, attended by his sheep-dog, at midnight found himself encompassed by half-a-dozen of these animals, whom he took to be parents with their young proceeding to some distant spot. On discovering him, they did not wait for the attack, but began it; and though he soon wrenched a stake from a hedge at hand, and was well assisted by his dog, both dog and man were compelled to beat a retreat.

"In another case of falling in with these wanderers by night, my informant judged the party to be nine or ten in number, as well as he could count them in the dark. They grunted and gathered about him, and followed him up closely through a field, till he passed through the gate, and then they left him. Another person counted twenty-one in a company; and the smallest of these were placed in the middle of the escort, preceded and followed by the larger. That at these times they will attack any one who comes in their way is the opinion of the few persons I have known who have had opportunities of observing these animals. In one case, where a man was attacked, he was compelled to fly to a heap of stones for defence, and fling them at his assailants with all his might.

"A similar habit of migration in bands is reported of polecats; and, in one case, by stoats, by daylight. In a dark night, a wayfaring man encountered a large number of these creatures; and, directed by the sounds they uttered, rather than by sight, when they encompassed him about, he succeeded in killing seven, mostly young ones. On another occasion three were killed.*

"A large flock of rats was met, late in the evening, in the street of a small town; and the interruption of their expedition being as unexpected by them as by the man who met them, they were driven, like a flock of sheep, before him into a house, where they took refuge under chairs and anything affording shelter, and seemed bewildered with fear: but they were soon expelled, and continued their journey. On another occasion, and at the same hour at night, another party of these migrants was met and diverted from their way, but in this case they were not driven into a house. At the same time of night, in the end of the month of June, a company of common domestic mice was seen proceeding along a street, as if migrating; and though people were occasionally passing, being unmolested, they held on their way without deviation."

Mr. Couch accounts for the death of the famed Hatto, Archbishop of Mentz, who was destroyed by mice in his castle, on an island in the Rhine, as the consequences of a migration of this kind.

* * The habit of weasels, of travelling and hunting in companies by night, gave rise to a superstitious belief in the West of England, which is hardly yet extinct. It was once a common opinion in that quarter of the country, that there were a set of diminutive creatures, of the elfin family, vulgarly called Dandy Dogs, who went hunting the hare by night, under the direction of one or more ghostly huntsmen; and it is within memory, that individuals have affirmed that they have not only heard the full cry of these hunters, but have risen from their beds and accompanied the unearthly pack, but at a fearful, respectful distance; and that these imps of hounds have followed the chase with lively yelpings, and all the motions of their bigger brethren who love 'the hunting of the hare.' It may be in connexion with this superstition that country people commonly call the weasel a fairy."

IV—MEMOIRS AND BIOGRAPHY.

Memoirs of the Private Life and Opinions of Louisa, Queen of Prussia, Consort of Frederick William III. By Mrs. C. Richardson. Bentley.

THE close of the last century and the early part of the present are rich in political and historical interest. Mankind were then bewildered with the earliest manifestations of that ill-understood conflict between the Old and the New, which, though terrible as a storm in its passage, purified the social atmosphere in the end, and prepared the way for those reforms which are essential as conditions to human progress. The biography before us represents this conflict in the amusing form in which it modified the manners of the Prussian court, and disturbed the notions of etiquette in certain official minds. The two princesses of Mecklenburg, celebrated by Goethe in his ‘*Dichtung und Wahrheit*’ as nothing less in appearance and conduct than “two celestial beings,” were educated altogether under modern influences; and when the elder, the Princess Louisa, became the wife of Frederick William the Third and Queen of Prussia she was guilty of being natural to such a degree as frequently to throw the *Oberhofmeisterin* (lady in waiting) into a state of despair.

The Princess Louisa was the daughter of Duke Charles Louis Frederick of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, the brother of our own Queen Charlotte,—and was born on the 10th of March, 1776. In her seventh year she lost her mother, Frederica Carolina Louisa, daughter of a Prince of Hesse-Darmstadt; and her education was completed under the direction of her grandmother, the widowed Landgravine. During the occupation by the French of Frankfort-on-the-Maine, an accident introduced the Princess Louisa and the Crown Prince Frederick William of Prussia to each other. “At the first glance” (to adopt the somewhat too sentimental diction of Mrs. Richardson) “their hearts responded.” On the 24th of April, 1793, they were betrothed at Darmstadt, and on the 24th of December following married.

It was not until the year 1797 that our heroine became, by the accession of her husband to the throne, Queen of Prussia—“the universally beloved and respected mother of the country.” A crown made no difference in a character whose natural sweetness and simplicity were improved by literary cultivation. Neither she nor the king would submit to the forms of courtly etiquette. The Countess von Vosz was at a discount.—

“The King was resolute in his rejection of external forms which restrained his natural inclinations. One day there was a question as to the ceremonial required for the reception of the congratulations of a foreign Court, which was to take place with all due forms of etiquette in Berlin the following day. The Countess von Vosz, who knew the minutest details in all such cases, remarked that on such a grand occasion the state-carriages should be used, and that the King and Queen must have the royal state-carriage, with eight horses richly caparisoned, two state-coachmen, and three state-footmen in their best state livery. ‘Well,’ said the King, ‘you may

order it as you will.' The next morning, when the brilliant equipage came up, the King put the Countess into the carriage, shut the door very suddenly, and cried out to the coachman, 'Go on.' He then jumped into his own ordinary open carriage, with two horses only, which he was in the habit of driving himself, and thus drove the Queen immediately behind the Countess in the state-carriage, amidst the laughter and delight of the bystanders."

This state of things was evidently pleasing to the popular mind. Accordingly when the royal pair went on their progresses to the eastern provinces, in order to receive the homage from the different states, their journeys resembled "a continuation of family rejoicings" rather than "a series of triumphal processions."

Mrs. Richardson delights in dwelling on instances of the enthusiasm and kindness of this Queen's character and of the purity of her sources of emotion. An anecdote may be quoted here from the number which the writer has given—though it is difficult to extract the metal from the unnecessary gilding with which Mrs. Richardson has overlaid them.—

"At a brilliant military festival, which was celebrated in the church more specially belonging to the Court, called the Garrison Church, at which the King, Queen, and State Ministers were present, a very respectable-looking and well-behaved woman arrived too late to get any place in the already overflowing church. Totally unacquainted with the locality, she happened to fall into the line which led directly to the Queen's tribune, and without being aware to whom it was appropriated, she opened the door. Confused by the brilliant retinue which she saw already engaged in their devotions, she would have retired, but a sign from a lady of the Court, true to her character of gentleness and humility, directed her to take a seat in the back row of the tribune. She did so; and now she committed an unpardonable breach of etiquette in the estimation of the ceremonious *Oberhofmeisterin*, who, as soon as the Queen had left the tribune, came forward with a storm of anger against the woman, for having dared to intrude herself into the place appropriated to her Majesty, and thereby insulting the dignity of the Queen. Vain were all the assurances that it was done without premeditation; no excuses availed: and although she named her husband's position as a respectable burgher of Potsdam, she was treated as if she had been guilty of a high crime, or misdemeanour against the dignity of royalty. Bishop Eylert says: 'In tears the poor woman came to me inconsolable at the idea that she could be supposed capable of being wanting in respect to the Queen, whom she regarded with the most profound veneration. Whilst she was weeping most bitterly, there came a gentleman of the Court, Count von Brühl, to tell me that the Queen desired to speak to me, if possible, immediately. As I entered the presence-chamber the Queen advanced to me with hurried steps, saying, in a state of agitation, 'But tell me, for heaven's sake, what has happened in the church. I have just heard, with great vexation, that a worthy woman, the wife of one of the citizens of Potsdam, has been harshly treated by the master of the ceremonials. Why, can it be that it is because she sat in a place in my tribune during divine service? It is well known what the King's and my opinions are upon the ceremonies of Court etiquette. They cannot be entirely laid aside; but surely some distinction can be drawn, and that most assuredly in a church in the service of the Most High. I am inconsolable until I have exculpated her. I beg you to put this matter right. Come and dine with us to-day, at the Peacock Island, and bring me the assurance that the good woman is at ease again; and to-morrow morning bring her to me, for I shall be glad to know her personally.'"

When war with France became inevitable, the Queen evinced that she possessed, with all her finer dispositions, a German heart. She has accordingly incurred the censure of Napoleon for having accompanied her husband to Naumberg, on the River Saale, awaiting there with him the

arrival of the Russian troops. A long series of troubles, as all the world knows, ensued for the heroine of Mrs. Richardson's book. The celebrated meeting between Queen Louisa and Napoleon at Tilsit is thus related.—

“As soon as she had taken possession of the apartments that had been prepared for her, the French Emperor paid her a visit. To sustain with calm dignity the first moments of the interview, was in the Queen's position no easy task. With great nicety of discrimination, and the most delicate tact which a noble mind only possesses, she received the French Emperor politely, regretting that he was obliged to ascend such a bad staircase, and inquired if the northern climate agreed with his health during the winter. He seemed surprised at the dignified demeanour of the King, and astonished at the exquisite beauty of the Queen, which far surpassed his expectations. He made many very flattering speeches, which were intended especially for the Queen. She, however, passed lightly over these expressions of personal admiration, and adroitly turned the conversation to general subjects; but Napoleon was by no means at his ease. Whilst he spoke he was swinging his whip backwards and forwards, and said, turning suddenly to the King, ‘Sire, I admire the magnanimity and tranquillity of your soul amidst such numerous and heavy misfortunes.’ The King replied slowly and steadily, ‘Greatness and tranquillity of soul can only be acquired by the strength of a good conscience.’ Whether the Emperor was offended by the tone and manner of the King, which piqued his proud nature, or whether his ordinary rudeness prompted him to make a rough reply, he suddenly exclaimed, ‘But how could you begin a war with me who had already conquered so many powerful nations?’ The King, well knowing that this question would lead to many others that must cause long and useless discussions, looked at him steadfastly and severely, but made no answer. The Queen replied, ‘Sire, it was permitted to the glory of the Great Frederick to deceive us as to the extent of our powers; we were deceived; but it was so ordained.’ She then endeavoured to turn the conversation into other channels. Somewhat later, she mentioned the object of her journey, and that she hoped to induce him to grant moderate terms for a treaty of peace with Prussia. The sequel has shown how this declaration was received. The French Emperor had no feeling of chivalrous honour; that quality was utterly wanting in him, and thus the intercession of a noble woman for a noble purpose was fruitless. It would be difficult to make a selection from the various questions the French Emperor asked, and the topics which he suggested, during this interview, with the evident design of creating embarrassment to the Queen. What constraint must have been felt by all who were present at this meeting! The Conqueror and Dictator, who had driven the legitimate Sovereigns to the remotest point of their dominions, now invited them as his guests. Perhaps history does not furnish a more singular and trying position than that to which the unfortunate Sovereigns were reduced on this occasion in striving to conciliate their mortal enemy. Napoleon gave a sumptuous banquet, at which the King sat as the guest of the Emperor Napoleon, at his left hand; the Queen being seated on the right: The King, grave and reserved, said little, but what he did say was appropriate and correct, without any political allusions, at least not obviously apparent. The conversation turned on the recollections of youth, and the King used the word ‘cradle.’ Napoleon smiled in his own peculiar way, and made the remark, ‘But when the child is grown up into manhood he forgets the cradle.’ ‘Yes,’ answered the King, ‘but our origin and our associations we cannot forget; and the good man contemplates with feelings of gratitude the cradle in which he lay as a child.’ Those who were present and observed the King at this moment, remarked that there was something peculiarly significant in the tone in which he uttered this speech;—he appeared apparently reflecting in sadness on the ancient provinces of his inheritance which he was required to cede. Unaccustomed to feign what he did not feel, this unnatural position was most disagreeable to him. His replies were even more laconic than they usually were, but always firm and manly. Napoleon afterwards called this ‘statsch;’ but in this trying moment, as well as in the most desperate circumstances of his life, the King was true to himself. He, however, left his share of supporting the conversation to the Queen, who, without blemishing the transparency of her character, possessed the command of language to a remarkable degree, and who, therefore, expressed herself in terms which, without

warranting the imputation of flattery, which it was impossible for her to use, were yet calculated to make a pleasing impression. For instance, she spoke with respect and interest of the Empress Josephine, and on other subjects that might be supposed to interest Napoleon. He was perfectly enchanted with the Queen; such female dignity, united with such loveliness and grace, he had never before beheld. His admiration increased every moment, and he said afterwards, to Talleyrand, 'I knew that I was to see the most beautiful Queen in existence, but I have found the most beautiful Queen, and at the same time the most interesting woman in the world.' This opinion of her whom he had taken every opportunity of insulting and of representing in the light of an 'intriguante,' is a strong proof of that power of fascination which converts the bitterest enemies into friends. A French author, in his *Memoirs of Napoleon*, has thus alluded to the meeting at Tilsit:—'On sitting down to table, Napoleon, with great gallantry, told the beautiful Queen that he would restore Silesia, a province which she earnestly wished should be surrendered, to Prussia in the new arrangements which were about to take place.' Napoleon himself, in a letter to the Empress Josephine, written during the time of the treaty of Tilsit, says, 'the Queen of Prussia is really a charming woman; she is fond of coquetting with me; but do not be jealous, I am like cere-cloth, along which everything of this sort slides without penetrating. It would cost me too dear to play the gallant on this subject.' Nevertheless, it has been repented, and on good authority, that Napoleon was greatly disposed to acquiesce in *all* the wishes of the Queen, and that one of his generals asked him in a discontented tone, 'If he thought every tear shed by a woman was to efface the blood of hundreds of his soldiers, which, if these requests were to be complied with, had been shed in vain!' Perhaps the effect produced by this speech was the cause of the denial of the fortress of Magdeburg, which the Queen so earnestly desired to recover. It was related in the saloons of Josephine, that on one of the days during the Queen's stay in Tilsit, she held a beautiful rose in her hand, which the Emperor asked her to give him. The Queen hesitated a few moments, and then presented it to him, saying, 'Why should I so readily grant what you request, whilst you remain deaf to all my entreaties?' The motives of the Queen, in what Napoleon was pleased to call coquetry with him, cannot be mistaken. Her desire to alleviate the burdens of her people required the greatest tact, and the motive of her visit guards her from the imputation of coquetting with him. At a later period, it will be seen that Napoleon himself utters the best refutation of this charge in speaking of the Queen to Prince Talleyrand. The state of fermentation which prevailed throughout the whole nation, and which caused the Prussians to direct their attention more earnestly to their almost idolized Queen, was not unknown in the French Court; and Napoleon, who had a childish fear of the voice of truth, and who was anxious to obtain the good opinion of the Queen, loudly complained that he had not been able to inspire her with confidence. He declared to Talleyrand, that she might, if she had chosen, have come forward as a new Armida, and have dictated her terms of peace in Paris; but that she attached too much importance to the dignity of her sex, and seemed to estimate too highly the influence of public opinion, which she declared ought not to be too lightly sacrificed. After a residence of three days at head-quarters, the Queen returned to Memel, and the treaty of peace between Prussia and France was signed on the 9th of July. How distressing the peace of Tilsit was to the Queen, and how much it continued to affect her, she did not conceal. She often referred to the well-known observation of Mary, Queen of England, who declared that if her heart could be seen, the name of Calais, graven in bloody characters would be found upon it. The Queen declared she felt thus with regard to Magdeburg."

In the midst of her outward trials, the Queen found consolation in the study of history:—and she seems to have cherished that mystical trust in Providence which is frequently the natural growth of inevitable troubles. The soul makes for itself the support which it cannot find. Accordingly, the pious and poetical mind of Queen Louisa was strongly attracted by that philosophy which (to quote her biographer) "trenched on the dominions of faith." Music and literature also came to her relief. "With good

books, a good pianaforte, and a good conscience," she was wont to say, "one may live more tranquilly amidst the storms of this world than those who raise the tempest."—The first germ of the new Prussian constitution might be fancifully traced in the following anecdote, if the report of this Queen's harangue to her husband could be depended on.—

"On the second day of Whitsuntide, 1810, the King and Queen were enjoying the cool spring morning, on the open terrace of Sans Souci, which is adorned with antique busts, chiefly of the Roman Emperors, when the Queen stopped, and gazing on them, said, 'Have you ever remarked that many of these busts have a striking resemblance to the Emperor Napoleon, the mighty conqueror of our times?' The King replied by a bitter smile; and the Queen continued, 'Come here, and observe this profile of the bust of Nero; there is a great resemblance to Napoleon, only his lips are more contracted and more beautiful than these.' This observation gave her an opportunity of speaking on a subject of which her heart was full. She said, 'The present aspect of things proves the preponderance of physical power; for even if I admit that somewhat of the intellectual is combined with it, yet it has no moral influence. It is not founded on the will of the nation; for the people are not consulted, and on the contrary, are oppressed, discontented, and unhappy. The freedom of which the French boast so much is, in fact, only slavery; for the general good is lost sight of in the insatiable ambition of one man. His iron rule is not felt so much whilst its results are fortunate; but this unnatural and despotic power cannot long endure. Nature will assert her rights. We feel this must be the case, but we are not ready for action. The time must come, but we, alas! may die before it arrives. Napoleon is a scourge in the hand of Providence, and when he is no longer needed for this purpose he will be cast away 'as a brand for the burning.'"

Queen Louisa—as many a sympathizing reader knows—died in the flower of her beauty and of her youth. In 1810, it was determined that she should visit her father at Strelitz—where she arrived on the 26th of June. On the 28th she was joined by the King; and in the evening they left Strelitz for Hohenzieritz. The Queen had already felt indisposed—with catarrh and fever. She retired early—evidently ill. Day by day, she grew worse. She lingered until the 19th of July: when she expired at the age of 34:—having led an irreproachable life, and exhibited virtues not only remarkable in one of her station, but which would have been so in any. She has found an enthusiastic biographer in Mrs. Richardson:—whose style, however, is scarcely severe enough for a theme of this importance.

The Life of Percy Bysshe Shelley. By Thomas Medwin. 2 vols. Newby.

WE are not in any way satisfied with this book. It is neither carefully written nor carefully printed. It abounds in mistakes of all kinds—arising not from incapacity or ignorance, but from inadvertence and haste. Capt. Medwin had here a great argument—and he has treated it in the style trivial. With means such as he possessed, he should have done justice to himself and to his subject. Of a poet like Shelley the public is entitled to something better than a sketchy outline. Thought and industry should have been bestowed on his life, and profound criticism on his writings, Capt. Medwin gives neither; but merely such odd ends of memories and reflections as may rise to the surface of his mind during the act of composition.

Captain Medwin was a distant relation of Shelley's family,—and his schoolfellow at Sion House. To this place Sir Timothy Shelley sent the future poet when ten years of age ; and here he first had the experience of suffering and wrong which early induced him to take those negative views of society and established opinions that afterwards brought him into disrepute. All the boys at this academy were the victims of a niggard economy—and Shelley, from his peculiarities and shyness, was, in addition, the special martyr of the young tyrants themselves. His Latin instructor treated him ill ; and the place was out of harmony with the lad's previous feelings.—

"Exchanging for the caresses of his sisters an association with boys, mostly the sons of London shop-keepers, of rude habits and coarse manners, who made game of his girlishness, and despised him because he was not 'one of them ;' not disposed to enter into their sports, to wrangle, or fight ; confined between four stone walls, in a playground of very limited dimensions—a few hundred yards—(with a single tree in it, and that the Bell tree, so called from its having suspended in its branches the odious bell whose din, when I think of it, yet jars my ears,) instead of breathing the pure air of his native fields and rambling about the plantations and flower gardens of his father's country seat—the sufferings he underwent at his first outset in this little world were most acute."

Shelley thought of his mother and his sisters more than of his books, "and indulged in reveries which marked him for a *solitaire*. But, under this self-discipline, mind and intelligence were receiving gradual development.—

"Half-year after half-year passed away, and in spite of his seeming neglect of his tasks, he soon surpassed all his competitors, for his memory was so tenacious that he never forgot a word once turned up in his dictionary. He was very fond of reading, and greedily devoured all the books which were brought to school after the holidays ; these were mostly *blue* books. Who does not know what blue books mean ? but if there should be any one ignorant enough not to know what these dear darling volumes, so designated from their covers, contain, be it known, that they are or were to be bought for sixpence, and embodied stories of haunted castles, bandits, murderers, and other grim personages—a most exciting and interesting sort of food for boys' minds ; among those of a larger calibre was one which I have never seen since, but which I still remember with a *recouché* delight. It was 'Peter Wilkins.' How much Shelley wished for winged wife and little winged cherubs of children ! But this stock was very soon exhausted. As there was no school library, we soon resorted, 'under the rose,' to a low circulating one in the town (Brentford), and here the treasures at first seemed inexhaustible. Novels at this time, (I speak of 1803) in three goodly volumes, such as we owe to the great Wizard of the North, were unknown. Richardson, Fielding, and Smollett, formed the staple of the collection. But these authors were little to Shelley's taste. Anne Ratcliffe's works pleased him most, particularly the Italian, but the Rosa-Matilda school, especially a strange, wild romance, entitled 'Zofloya, or the Moor,' a monk-Lewis production, where his Satanic Majesty, as in Faust, plays the chief part, enraptured him."

Such reading produced its fruits. Shelley became a somnambulist and an author. He wrote two novels—'Zastrozzi ;' and 'St. Irvyne, or, the Rosicrucian.' Ere long, his mind owned a new influence. Walker's Orrery, exhibited to the school, suggested to him a world of speculations. With the solar microscope, which formed part of the exhibition, he became enchanted—and made it ever after his constant companion.

On exchanging Sion House for Eton, Shelley was a sufferer from the system of fagging. This deplorable tale has been told by both Mrs. Shelley and Mr. Hogg, the poet's fellow collegian—but Capt. Medwin contradicts the report that Shelley headed a conspiracy against the custom. Here his desire to pursue some chemical studies was thwarted.—

"Shelley, says his biographer, "had sent for some book on chemistry, which happened to be in my father's library, but which fell into the hands of his tutor and was sent back. Sir Timothy Shelley says—'I have retained the book on chemistry, as it is a forbidden thing at Eton!' Might not this extraordinary prohibition have the more stimulated Shelley to engage in the pursuit?"

From Eton, Shelley returned to the paternal estate, Field Place, in Sussex, which was the place of his birth, on the 4th of August, 1792. Here he and his biographer became again associated; and wrote in conjunction the poem of 'The Wandering Jew,'—a part of which was published in *Fraser's Magazine*, in 1831. Capt. Medwin writes of that poem, on this and on a former occasion, as if it had been inserted in that periodical in the state in which it was left by its authors. It is to be presumed that he can never have compared the printed verses with the MS. copy. If ever he should do so, he will discover that the poem is printed in an abridged form,—certain superfluous stanzas being omitted and the connexions supplied by another hand. We mention this in order that should it ever be thought desirable to include this poem among Shelley's works, it may be reprinted from the original MS. and not from the published specimen. To this subject Shelley had been excited by Schubart's celebrated poem on Ahasuerus; and his mind had been further directed towards "the wild and wondrous" by the perusal of Southey's 'Thalaba'—in which he took so much delight as almost to know it by rote—and of Bürger's 'Leonora.' Love, too, assisted in the poet's development. In 1809, he became acquainted with Harriet Grove, his cousin.—

"Living in distant counties, they then met for the first time, since they had been children, at Field-place, where she was on a visit. She was born, I think, in the same year with himself.

She was like him in lineaments—her eyes,
Her hair, her features, they said were like to his,
But softened all and tempered into beau y.

After so long an interval, I still remember Miss Grove, and when I call to mind all the women I have ever seen, I know of none that surpassed, or that could compete with her. She was like one of Shakspeare's women—like some Madonna of Raphael. Shelley, in a fragment written many years after, seems to have had her in his mind's eye, when he writes:

They were two cousins, almost like to twins,
Except that from the catalogue of sins
Nature had razed their love, which could not be,
But in disavowing their nativity;
And so they grew together like two flowers
Upon one stem, which the same beams and showers
Lull or awaken in the purple prime.

Young as they were, it is not likely that they had entered into a formal engagement with each other, or that their parents looked upon their attachment, if it were mentioned, as any other than an intimacy natural to such near relations, or the mere fancy of a moment; and after they parted, though they corresponded regularly, there was nothing in the circumstance that called for observation. Shelley's love, however,

had taken deep root, as is proved by the dedication to Queen Mab, written in the following year."

Some of the chapters in 'Zastrozzi' were written by this lady :—which novel, as also the 'St. Irvyne,' shows that Shelley's mind at this period was in bondage to the Terrific in art. About the same time our poet corresponded with Mrs. Hemans, then Felicia Browne.

On Shelley's life at Oxford and his share in the production of the 'Posthumous Works of Peg Nicholson' we need not speak—his fellow collegian, Mr. Hogg, having already made the public acquainted with the facts. Capt. Medwin reprints that gentleman's account *verbatim*. We are here told again of Shelley's chemical studies : to which were soon added his metaphysical meditation,—Locke, Hume, and some French authors being his guides, and afterwards Plato. He began to think—and, therefore, like Descartes, to doubt. Scientific scepticism is at the threshold of philosophic knowledge. From Plato he learned finally to believe ; and the first article of his creed was the doctrine of pre-existence. Of its truth he deemed that he had personal experience—which he has thus recorded :—

" 'I have beheld scenes, with the intimate and unaccountable connection of which with the obscure parts of my own nature, I have been irresistibly impressed. I have beheld a scene that has produced no unusual effect on my thoughts. After a lapse of many years I have dreamed of this scene! It has hung on my memory, it has haunted my thoughts at intervals with the pertinacity of an object connected with human affections. I have visited this scene again. Neither the dream could be dissociated from the landscape, nor the landscape from the dream, nor feelings such as neither singly could have awakened from both. But the most remarkable event of this nature which ever occurred to me, happened at Oxford. I was walking with a friend in the neighbourhood of that city, engaged in earnest and interesting conversation ; we suddenly turned a corner of a lane, and the view, which its high banks and hedges had concealed, presented itself. The view consisted of a windmill, standing in one among many pleasing meadows, inclosed with stone walls. The irregular and broken ground between the wall and the road in which we stood, a long low hill behind the windmill, and a grey covering of uniform cloud spread over the evening sky. It was that season when the last leaf had just fallen from the scant and stunted ash. The scene surely was a common one, the season and the hour little calculated to kindle lawless thought. It was a tame and uninteresting assemblage of objects, such as would drive the imagination for refuge in serious and sober talk to the evening fire-side and the dessert of winter fruits and wine. The effect which it produced on me was not such as could be expected. I suddenly remembered to have seen the exact scene in some dream of long.—Here I was obliged to leave off, overcome with thrilling horror.' Mrs. Shelley appends to this passage the following remark : 'This fragment was written in 1815, I remember well his coming to me from writing it, pale and agitated, to seek refuge in conversation from the fearful emotions it excited.' 'No man,' she adds, 'had such keen sensations as Shelley. His nervous temperament was wound up by the delicacy of his health to an intense degree of sensibility ; and while his active mind pondered for ever upon, and drew conclusions from his sensations, his reveries increased their vivacity, till they mingled with and were one with thought, and both became absorbing and tumultuous, even to physical pain.' "

To the above account, Capt. Medwin adds the following speculation of his own :—

"Bakac relates of Louis Lambert a similar phenomenon to the above :—' Whilst at school at Blois, during a holiday, we were allowed to go to the chateau of Rochambeau. As soon as we reached the hill, whence we could behold the chateau, and the

tortuous valley where the river wound through meadows of graceful slope,—one of those admirable landscapes on which the lively sensations of boyhood or those of love have impressed such a charm that we can never venture to look on them a second time,—Louis Lambert said to me,—‘I have seen all this last night in a dream.’ He recognized the grove of trees under which we were, and the disposition of the foliage, the colour of the water, the turrets of the chateau, the lights and shades, the distances, in fine all the details of the spot which we had then perceived for the first time.’ After some interesting conversation, which would occupy too much space here, Balzac makes Louis Lambert say,—‘If the landscape did not come to me, which it is absurd to think, then must I have come to it. If I were here whilst I slept, does not this fact constitute a complete separation between my body and inward being? Does it not form a locomotive faculty in the soul, or effects that are equivalent to locomotive? Thus, if the disunion of our two-natures could take place during sleep, why could they not equally discover themselves when awake?’ ‘Is there not an entire science in this phenomenon?’ added he, striking his forehead. ‘If it be not the principle of a science, it certainly betrays a singular faculty in man.’

It was in conjunction with Mr. Hogg that Shelley committed the indiscretion of composing his little book entitled ‘The Necessity of Atheism,’—which occasioned the expulsion of both from the University. Subsequently, we find him at London in the Temple Chambers with Capt. Medwin—indulging in a dreamy mood and systematizing his dreams; indeed, encouraging the habit by keeping a journal of them, and thus bringing back his former state of somnambulism:—

“As an instance of this” [says Capt. Medwin] “being in Leicester Square one morning at five o’clock, I was attracted by a group of boys collected round a well-dressed person lying near the rails. On coming up to them, my curiosity being excited, I desisted Shelley, who had unconsciously spent a part of the night *sub dio*. He could give me no account how he got there. * * Rankling with the sense of wrong, and hardened by persecution, and the belief that the logic of his Syllabus had been unrespected because it could not be shaken, he applied himself more closely than ever to that Sceptical philosophy, which he had begun to discard for Plato, and would, but for his expulsion, have soon entirely abandoned. He reverted to his ‘Queen Mab,’ commenced a year and half before, and converted what was a mere imaginative poem into a systematic attack on the institutions of society. He not only corrected the versification with great care, but more than doubled its length, and appended to the text the Notes, which were at that time scarcely, if at all, begun. The intolerance of the members of a religion, which should be that of love and charity and long-suffering, in his own case, made him throw the odium on the creed itself, and he argues that it is ever a proof that the falsehood of a proposition is felt by those who use coercion, not reasoning to produce its admission, and adds, that a dispassionate observer would feel himself more powerfully interested in favour of a man, who depending on the truth of his opinions, simply stated his reasons for entertaining them, than that of his aggressor, who, daringly avowing his unwillingness or incapacity to answer them by argument, proceeded to repress the energies and break the spirit of their promulgator.”

We pass by here, and elsewhere, Captain Medwin’s own reflections on scepticism and belief—on Voltaire, Spinoza, Volney, Godwin, and the French encyclopædists—and should have done so had they been as profound as they are shallow. Shelley’s expulsion from college had rudely severed all domestic ties;—his father cast him on the world.—

“Further communication with Miss Grove was prohibited; and he had the heart-rending agony of soon knowing that she was lost to him for ever. Byron’s whole life is said to have received its bias from love—from his blighted affection for Miss Chaworth. There was a similarity in the fates of the two poets, but

the effects were different : Byron sought for refuge in dissipation, and gave vent to his feelings in satire. He looked upon the world as his enemy, and visited what he deemed the wrong of one on his species at large. Shelley, on the contrary, with the goodness of a noble mind, sought by a more enlarged philosophy to dull the edge of his own miseries, and in the sympathy of a generous and amiable nature for the sufferings of his kind, to find relief and solace for a disappointment which in Byron had only led to wilful exaggeration of its own despair. Shelley, on this trying occasion, had the courage to live, in order that he might labour for one great object, the advancement of the human race and the amelioration of society, and strengthened himself in a resolution to devote his energies to this ultimate end, being prepared to endure every obloquy, to make any sacrifice for its accomplishment ; and would, if necessary, have died for the cause. He had the ambition, thus early manifested, of becoming a reformer ; for one Sunday, after we had been to Rowland Hill's Chapel, and were dining together in the city, he wrote to him under an assumed name, proposing to preach to his congregation. Of course he received no answer. Had he applied to Carlisle or Owen, perhaps the reply would have been affirmative. But he had perhaps scarcely heard of their names or doctrines, even if they had commenced their career. It is possible that Shelley wrongly classified that excellent and worthy man, Rowland Hill, who had renounced the advantages of birth and position for the good of his species, with the ranting Methodists of violent demagogues of the time ; in all probability he had never even heard of him before that day, when he stood amid the crowd that overflowed the chapel through the open door. It was at best a foolish and inconsiderate act—and can only be excused from his total ignorance of the character of Rowland Hill, and the nature of his preaching. That Shelley's disappointment in love affected him acutely, may be seen by some lines inscribed erroneously 'On F. G.' instead of 'H. G.,' and doubtless of a much earlier date than assigned by Mrs. Shelley to the fragment.—

Her voice did quiver as we parted,
Yet knew I not that heart was broken
From which it came,—and I departed,
Hedding not the words then spoken—
Misery ! O misery !
This world is all too wide for thee !"

Shelley's next step was to make misery for himself in an ill-assorted marriage :—

"Shelley's residence with his family was become, for the reasons I have stated, so irksome to him, that he soon took refuge in London, from

His cold fireside and alienated home.

I have found a clue to develop the mystery of how he became acquainted with Miss Westbrook. The father, who was in easy circumstances, kept an hotel in London, and sent his daughter to a school at Balham Hill, where Shelley's second sister made one of the boarders. It so happened, that as Shelley was walking in the garden of this seminary, Miss Westbrook passed them. She was a handsome blonde, not then sixteen. Shelley was so struck with her beauty, that after his habit of writing, as in the case of Felicia Browne and others, to ladies who interested him, he contrived, through the intermediation of his sister, to carry on a correspondence with her. The intimacy was not long in ripening. The young lady was nothing loth to be wooed, and after a period of only a few weeks, it was by a sort of knight-errantry that Shelley carried her off from Chapel-street, Grosvenor-square, where she sorely complained of being subject to great oppression from her sister and father. Whether this was well or ill-founded, is little to the purpose to inquire. Probably Shelley and Miss Harriett Westbrook—there might have been some magic in the name of Harriett—had not met half a dozen times at all before the elopement ; they were totally unacquainted with each other's dispositions, habits, or pursuits ; and took a rash step, that none but a mere boy and girl would have taken. Well might it be termed an ill-judged and ill-assorted union,—bitter were destined to be its fruits. All the circumstances relative to the progress of this affair, he kept a profound secret, nor in any way alluded to it in any correspondence, nor was it even guessed at by Dr.

Grove, in whose house he was lodging; nor on parting with Shelley at Horsham, the day before his departure, when he borrowed some money of my father, did he throw out a hint on the subject. Authors make the strangest matches. It was at the end of August, 1811, that the youthful pair set out to Greta Green, where they were united after the formula, which, as we have lately had so circumstantial an account of the ceremony I shall not repeat, though he many years after detailed it to me, with other particulars not therein included. From thence the 'new-married couple' betook themselves to Edinburgh. Their stay in that city was short; for by a letter dated Cuckfield, the residence of an uncle, of the 21st Oct. 1811, he says:—"In the course of three weeks or a month, I shall take the precaution of being re-married." In fact, he did execute that intention. 'This uncle, the gallant Captain Pilford, whose name is well known in his country's naval annals (for he was in the battle of the Nile, and he commanded a frigate at that of Trafalgar, and was the friend of Nelson) supplied the place of a father to Shelley, receiving him at his house when abandoned and cast off by Sir Timothy, who, if irritated at Shelley's expulsion from Oxford, was rendered furious by the *mésalliance*, and cut off his allowance altogether."

We are indebted to Captain Medwin for putting at length this affair of Shelley's first marriage in its true light. We content ourselves with briefly stating the facts—which, though fateful, are few. Supplied with money and advice by Captain Pilford, Shelley retired to Cumberland, and rented a cottage at thirty shillings a-week. Here, however, soon finding himself without means, he consented to borrow of his wife's father a small sum, and sought to raise money at seven per cent. on his own expectancies. He stood, indeed, in daily danger of wanting the necessaries of subsistence. At this place, he made the acquaintance of Mr. Southey; from whom he obtained a copy of 'Berkeley' in which were some pencil notes by Charles Lloyd. One of these notes particularly struck the seething mind of the young poet. It was this: "Mind cannot create—it can only perceive." Here, too, Shelley might have made the acquaintance of De Quincey, Wordsworth, Elleray and Professor Wilson—but for his sudden departure for Ireland. In Dublin he seems to have engaged in the social troubles of the time and place,—besides projecting some literary tasks which were never fulfilled. He was compelled next to take refuge in the Isle of Man; whence, after awhile, he departed for Wales, and settled in a cottage in Caernarvonshire. Here the following adventure, according to his own account, befel him:—

"At midnight, sitting alone in his study on the ground floor, he heard a noise at the window, saw one of the shutters gradually unclosed, and a hand advanced into the room armed with a pistol. The muzzle was directed towards him, the aim taken, the weapon cocked, and the trigger missed fire. Shelley, with that personal courage which particularly distinguished him, rushed out in order to discover and seize the assassin. As he was in the act of passing through the outer door, at the entrance of an avenue leading into the garden, he found himself face to face with the ruffian, whose pistol missed fire a second time. This opponent he described as a short, stout, powerful man. Shelley, though slightly built, was tall, and though incapable of supporting much fatigue, and seeming evidently weak, had the faculty in certain moments of evoking extraordinary powers, and concentrating all energies to a given point. This singular phenomenon, which has been noticed in others, he displayed on this occasion; and it made the aggressor and Shelley no unequal match. It was a contest between mind and matter—between intellectual and brute force. After long and painful wrestling, the victory was fast declaring itself for moral courage, which his antagonist perceiving, extricated himself from his grasp, darted into the grounds, and disappeared among the shrubbery. Shelley made a deposition the next day before the magistrate, Mr. Maddocks, of these facts. An

attempt to murder caused a great sensation in that part of the principality, where not even a robbery had taken place for several years. No solution could be found for the enigma; and the opinion generally was that the whole was a nightmare—a horrid dream, the effect of an overheated imagination. The savage wildness of the scenery—the entire isolation of the place—the profound metaphysical speculations in which Shelley was absorbed—the want of sound and wholesome reading and the ungeniality of his companions (for he had one besides his wife, a spinster of a certain age for a humble companion to her)—all combined to foster his natural bent for the visionary, and confirm Mr. Maddocks's idea, that the events of that horrible night were a delusion."

This kind of life was not likely to suit a newly married couple. We find him next at Cooke's Hotel, Dover Street—where a daughter was born. By this time, the poet and his wife had discovered that, whether by disposition or circumstance, they were unfitted for each other:—and hereupon Captain Medwin ventures into a long discussion about the English law of marriage and divorce, and the incompatibility of literature and matrimony, into which it is, of course, not our cue to follow him. We content ourselves by stating that by mutual consent a separation ensued. Three years afterwards, this unfortunate lady committed suicide by drowning herself in a pond near her solitary abode. In his former statements, Captain Medwin has censured Shelley's conduct in this affair,—but in the present he acquits him of blame. On their separation, Shelley, he says, delivered back the lady into the hands of her father and eldest sister, promising to reclaim and support the children when he should come into possession of the means. Thus confided, Shelley's responsibility, in the opinion of his biographer, was over. Shelley himself, nevertheless, suffered so much compunction from the calamity that he was for a time deranged. Such an event would naturally produce prostration in a mind morbidly sensitive. Of the poet's attempt afterwards to obtain possession of his children, a girl and boy, in order to regulate their education,—of the suit in Chancery consequently instituted by Mr. Westbrook,—and of Lord Eldon's decision, by which the father was deprived of his natural rights on the ground of his peculiar opinions—our readers already know enough.—In a future number we shall have to deal with the brighter side of the picture, and the more poetical aspects of the subject.

V.—SCIENCE.

Abstract of the Report of the 17th Meeting of the British Association for the advancement of Science.

[Abridged for the Picnic Magazine.]

SECTION A.—MATHEMATICAL AND PHYSICAL SCIENCE.

President—Revd. Professor Powell.

Vice Presidents—Mr. J. C. Adams ; Revd. Prof. Cooke ; Sir D. Brewster, the Dean of Ely ; Revd. J. Challis.

Secretaries—Prof. Stevel ; Mr. G. G. Stokes ; Revd. B. Price.

The Section had a vast increase to its numbers :—

" Sir F. J. HERSCHELL's report of the Committee for printing the Catalogues of Lalande and Lacaille, stated that two Catalogues had been completed."

" The MASTER OF TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, delivered a Report of a Committee appointed to draw up a plan for a Naval expedition for completing our knowledge of the Tides ; and recommended that application should be made to the Admiralty to appropriate a suitable vessel."

" Mr. ORLEBAR informed the meeting, that he had, while at Bombay, conducted a regular series of observations on the progress of the tides by a tide gauge, continuously."

" The ASTRONOMER ROYAL said that frequency of observation was most essential. On the Irish Coast at some places four tides took place in the day."

" The Rev. Prof. G. L. COOKE presented two volumes from the East India Company, containing the measurement of an arc of the meridian, and Trigonometrical Survey of India, by Colonel EVEREST."

We regret to say, that this important subject only occupies four lines of the report of this meeting :—

" On some application of the Calculus of Quaternions to the Theory of the Moon, by Sir W. R. HAMILTON, who pointed out how the Calculus of Quaternions was rendered applicable to the expressing of distances and directions in space, and how much it simplified these investigations which had heretofore depended on the Cartesian method of three co-ordinates and their transformations. He then showed how the Newtonian problem of the Moon's disturbances by the Sun was capable of being solved by it to the extent of the third dimension of the distance ; and in the progress of the investigations, the Calculus suggested relations of the disturbing forces until then unobserved, which greatly facilitated their application. It would be impossible to give the reader an adequate idea of this abstruse communication or of the animated discussion which it gave rise to among the Mathematicians. Sir JOHN HERSCHEL characterized this Calculus as a perfect cornucopia, which turn it on which side you will something rich and valuable was sure to drop out."

" *On the Atmosphere of the Moon*," by J. GROOBY.—This has been a fertile subject of dispute among philosophers. Hevelius says, that he has several times found, in skies perfectly clear, when even Stars of the sixth or seventh magnitude were conspicuous, yet at the same altitude of the Moon, and the same distance from the Earth, and with the same excellent telescope, the Moon and its maculæ do not appear equally

lucid, clear and perspicuous at all times. "From which it is evident, that the reason of this phenomenon is not either in our air, in the telescope, in the Moon, or in the spectator's eye, but must be looked for in something existing about the Moon, that is (I presume) in its atmosphere." Again those who deny this point, say that Stars in occultation, when just about to disappear behind the body of the Moon, retain their full lustre till they seem to touch the very edge and then vanish suddenly, proving that the Moon has no atmosphere. On the same side it is affirmed that if the Moon were surrounded by an atmosphere, then the duration of eclipses and occultations ought to be diminished by means of its refractive power, and if its horizontal refraction amounted to only eight seconds, there could never be a total eclipse of the Sun ; but which occurred in 1724, total darkness continuing for two minutes and sixteen seconds. Again Halley and Euler on the other side, speak of the evident distortion observable in the Sun's limb in total and annular eclipses in 1743, this dilatation was estimated at 25 seconds. Mr. Grooby thought that the most probable conclusion to be, that the Moon is surrounded by an atmosphere in some respects like our own, but much rarer ; and that it is differently modified by the peculiar circumstances attached to it. For when we consider the slow motion of the Moon on its axis, the principal part of its surface is exposed to the direct force of the Sun's rays for fourteen and a half days and nights, without any intermission ; and then for a like period deprived of them, the one producing a degree of cold beyond any thing we can conceive, and the other, a degree of heat sufficient, probably (if there be water in the Moon) to produce a temporary atmosphere of steam, have we not reason to conclude that the atmosphere with which the Moon may be and probably is, encompassed, is materially different in its constitution and properties from that which surrounds our own globe, and which may, in some degree account for the contradictory statements I have just noticed !

"Abstract of a Memoir on the Theory of Equilibrium of floating bodies," by Mr. DAVIDSON.

"On the Mechanical equivalent of heat," by J. P. JOULE—who exhibited an instrument whereby the heat developed by fans moving in water, oil, and other liquids, could be referred to the distance through which weights descended while whirling the fans round.

"An account of some singular spots on the solar disc as viewed by telescopes of large size ; accompanied by the detail of some experiments with telescopes of various sizes ; which show the benefit derived by using telescopes of large aperture," by H. LAWSON.

"Description of Astronomical Reclina," by Mr. LAWSON.

"On some recent and remarkable examples of the protection afforded by metallic conductors against heavy strokes of lightning," by Sir W. SNOW HARRIS. The general principles which he deduced, were, supposing a ship or building to consist altogether of metallic substances, it would certainly be secure from any danger by lightning, because it is the result of an electrical agency forcing a path through resisting matter such as the air, and extricating, with explosive and expansive force both light and heat in its course. When, on the contrary it falls upon comparatively non-resisting bodies, such as the metals, then this form of lightning vanishes, and the discharge assumes, if the metallic body be sufficiently capacious, the form of a comparatively quiescent current. Our object should be, therefore, in defending any building or ship from lightning, to bring the general mass so far as possible into that passive or comparatively non-resisting state it would have supposing it a mass of metal. This is, in fact, the single and simple condition of such an application, without any reference whatever to assumed forces of attraction or peculiar specific powers manifested by certain bodies for the matter of lightning, and which really do not exist. This simple principle, by a careful mechanical arrangement calculated to render it practical, and applicable to all the duties, which the general structure of a ship together with its masts has to perform is now universally carried out in the navy, with the most perfect success ; so that damage by lightning in the vessels so fitted has for the last 15 years, quite ceased. The masts are made completely conducting by capacious plates of copper, reaching from the highest points to the keel ; and are tied into one general connexion with all the great metallic masses employed in the construction of the hull, and united by the large bolts of copper passing through the keel and sides with the copper expanded over the bottom and with the sea. It is

quite impossible that a discharge of lightning can fall on the vessel in any place, and not be at once transmitted safely by the conductors, not under the form of lightning, but under the form of a current without explosion.

"On some results of a new calculation of the perturbations of Uranus by the planet Neptune," by J. C. ADAMS, Esq.

"On a new method of computing the perturbations of a comet," by Sir J. LUNBOK. This method, by discarding the method of mechanical quadratures heretofore in use, and which, after enormous labour is only applicable to each individual composition, would reduce all computation of perturbations, under every relation of distance, eccentricity, and inclination of orbit, to the labour of computing one set of tables equally applicable to all. This discovery we should despair of making intelligible to our non-mathematical readers.

"On a graphical method of computing an Occultation," by Professor CHEVALLIER. This method is founded on Bessel's mode of computing the time of the occultation of a star by the moon.

"On Periodic Meteors," by Revd. Prof. POWELL. Being a record of all the remarkable appearances of luminous meteors. The question so much disputed as the connexion of *luminous meteors* with the fall of *meteoric stones*, appears to be answered by observing, 1st—That some cases of such connexion are undoubtedly established. 2nd—That daylight is necessary to trace the actual fall of matter, when consequently, a luminous meteor would be *invisible*, unless of unusual brilliancy; while the darkness which renders a meteor visible, precludes the possibility of tracing the fall of stones. 3rd—Matter may fall in portions in a state of division too small to trace; and there is evidence or strong probability of matter having a meteoric origin in various lighter forms, besides that of metallic or apparently fused masses. As to the *forms* of masses known to have fallen, they are by no means generally *angular* or *fragmentary*, as sometimes asserted; in many instances being *whole* and rounded in form—sometimes also, broken into fragments *by their fall*. There is no evidence of a mass *bursting* to pieces by an explosion; the detonation heard may be purely electric. Of the size of meteoric masses no sufficient evidence exists. The *apparent* diameters cannot be easily determined on account of the velocity of the motion. Such small solid bodies *may* circulate in the solar system, but not probably in any great number or of large size, unless as truly planetary or satellitary bodies; but unformed diffuse masses of matter, like that of comets or the Zodiacal rings, we know to be circulating in many parts of space; and it is by condensation out of this that, as probably the existing planets, so also lesser asteroids and satellites may be continually forming, as likewise meteoric masses within the sphere of the earth's influence, agreeably to Mr. Strickland's hypothesis. The observations of Brande and others have assigned great heights to many meteors, varying from 5 to 500 miles,—but Mr. Quetelet has also shown that the mean height is from 16 to 20 leagues or within the limits of the atmosphere. Hence the majority of them *may* become luminous from *combustion*. Electric light can be displayed in *vacuo*. Hence we may have various gradations of the same phenomenon from purely electric flashes, or explosions at great altitudes to more or less complete combustion at lower; by which the whole mass may be *consumed* and *dissipated*, or may be partially burnt, and the metallic ingredients more or less perfectly *reduced* or *fired*, and in this condition portions or masses may fall to the earth. And the explosion is not the *bursting* of a mass, but an electric discharge; the particles or masses which fall are *portions* not *fragments*, and the effect, instead of being one of breaking up, is one of *consolidation*."

Papers were also read "on Meteors," by Dr. FOSTER—and "on Phosphoric Meteors," by REV. T. RANKIN :—

"Report on Geological Theories of Elevation and Earthquakes," by W. HOPKINS.—After having stated certain leading characters of volcanoes both with reference to the fluid volcanic mass and its containing cavity, the author proceeds to the examination of theories of volcanoes. He regards the *chemical theory* proposed by Sir H. Davy, and the theory more recently proposed by Mr. Bischoff, as involving mechanical difficulties of the gravest character. In considering the theory, which supposes existing volcanoes to owe their origin to the former fluidity of the earth, the author is led to the discussion of the general theory based on the hypothesis of such fluidity. He

examines the evidence afforded in favor of this hypothesis by the accordance between the present ellipticity of the earth, as determined by admeasurement, and its mean density as determined by the experiments of Cavendish and Baily, and the calculated value of their quantities. He then proceeds to consider the mode of the earth's refrigeration and consequent solidification, and the probable extent to which the latter process has already proceeded. Supposing the earth to consist of a fluid central nucleus and a solid envelope, it is concluded that the thickness of the latter is probably not less than one-fourth or one-fifth of the earth's radius.

"This conclusion is drawn from the observed amount of the procession of the earth's pole with that calculated on the hypothesis just stated, respecting the constitution of the earth; but the author also indicated another method by which evidence might be obtained on this point. He showed that if it could be proved by experiment that the temperature of fusion of solid substances is generally increased, even in a small degree, by high pressure, we should have strong reason to believe in the entire solidity of the earth, and if on the contrary it should appear that high pressure has no such effect on the temperature of fusion, we should be led to conclude that the present temperature of the earth is not due to its original heat. He considered such experiments necessary for the further advance of this branch of geology.

"A map of the Coast Survey of the United States" from A. BACHE.

"Report on the Gaussian Constants," by Professor A. ERMANN.

"Report on Atmospheric Waves, by W. R. BIRT."

"On the Magnetic and Meteorologic Observatory at Bombay," by A. B. ORLEBAR, M. A.

The volume before the section contained reductions of the declination and horizontal force for 1845 only. In making the observations, it was discovered that the magnet always indicated increase of strength when either the sun's rays, or the light of a lamp was allowed to fall on it.

"The uniformity of result in all cases is quite incompatible with any supposition that the disturbance of the magnet was caused by currents."

"The effect of temperature upon all magnets" used in the Observatory under ordinary atmospheric changes had been proved to be insensible. It had further been shown that the diminution of magnetism by increase of temperature was not due to the quantity of heat imparted, but to the velocity with which it was imparted. After the heat is withdrawn, the diminution still continues; and after a time the magnetism gradually returns into the magnet as before the application of heat. The curve appears to be an hyperbolic arc, symmetrical on each side of an axis which represents the noonday heat, the ordinates parallel to the axis of the hyperbola representing the heat and the abscissæ along a line parallel to the tangent of the vertex of the hyperbola representing the time."

"On Electric Clocks," by Mr. BAIN.

"On Anemometers and Revolving Scales," by Capt. COCKBURN, for ascertaining a correct statement of the winds at sea.

"Meteorological Observations at Christiana" in the year 1846, by J. R. CROWE, Esq.

"On a new Theory of the Polarization of Light," by Prof. CHALLIS. He finds the surface of elasticity to be that of an ellipsoid; which is not in accordance with Fresnel's theory of double refraction. The equation of the wave surface is, however, the same as in Fresnel's theory.

"On Anomalies in the Dispersion of Light," by Prof. POWELL.

"On an Optical Experiment proposed at the last meeting of the Association," by Mr. DALE.

"On Changes in the position of the Transit Instruments occasioned by the temperature of the Earth, from the observations of Prof. C. P. SMYTH, of Edinburgh," by Prof. POWELL.

The data were obtained by thermometers at 5 feet and 3 feet below ground and in contact with the pier of the Observatory. The movements both in the *level* of the transit, and also in *azimuth*, are laid down graphically in curves, and exhibit a remarkable agreement with the changes in temperature, the western end of the *level* being *highest in summer*, and the deviation of the *west* end of the transit axis being *greatest towards the south in winter*.

"Singular appearance of the shadowed part of the moon on March 18th, 1847," by Mr. T. HANKIN.

"Observations on the general nature and laws of electrical attraction," by Sir W. S. HARRIS.

"He had by a careful process been enabled to preserve the electricity of a small sphere in an exhausted medium for many days, kept at a considerable distance from conducting matter. The charge was conveyed into an electrical jar, similarly to filling a vessel with an unelastic fluid like water,—deductions as to the particular distribution of electricity on the surfaces of bodies were inconclusive as an electrometer acting on the principle of repulsion was liable to great uncertainty. Volta found that an electrical charge reposed more quietly on a long rectangular parallelogram than on a square, although the areas of the surface were the same. The author had shown that the intensity of a charged surface of any rectangle was the same as when rolled into a cylindrical form, the quantity of the electricity being the same, and the intensity of a circular area was the same as that of a sphere into which we might conceive it transformed. Every case of electrical attraction is similar to the Leyden experiments, being a simple case of electrical charge obtained by the opposition of two conducting surfaces with an intervening non-conducting medium; which as is well known in the electrical jar is not dependent on the thickness of the coating but on their extension. It has been shown by Faraday that with the same constraining power induction takes place more readily, or with more difficulty, as the extent of the intervening dielectric particles is diminished or increased. We might have electrical currents in a space devoid of resistance; but without an interposed dielectric medium, it is doubtful whether those phenomena indicative of attraction between the bodies would exist."

"On Electrical Images," by Prof. THOMSON.

"On the resistance of a fluid to two oscillating spheres," by G. G. STOKES.

"Sur les Comètes périodique de Lexel de Faye et de Vico," by M. LEVERRIER.—This paper was a highly interesting *résumé* of his labours on these subjects, but no report of it is given.

"On the eclipse of October 1847," by Prof POWELL, laying down suggestions for the observation of the annular eclipse of last year, it was desirable to notice *the fact* of the appearance of what are denominated "beads" and "threads" by the late Mr. Bailly and others, just before and after the completion of the annulus,—also whether any external *luminous arch* was formed over the part between the cusps, a little before the first junction and after the final separation, and the *colour* of the light.

"On the composition and optical properties of a variety of Hyalite from Mexico," by Dr. ARJOHN.

"Barometrical Levellings in the Madras Presidency, by Gen. CULLEN, with observations," by Col. SYKES, who exhibited and explained two Maps constructed by the General, of five sections of the country, showing the relative levels by barometrical observation, at distances varying from 10 to 20 miles. One section from Cape Comorin to Multai, at the source of the Tapi, a distance of 1170 miles, proceeding through Madura, Trichinopoly, Bangalore, Hyderabad and Nagpore, to Multai. Another from the Caves of Ellora to Masulipatam, through Jaulna, Beder, Golconda, Condapilly to Masulipatam, being a road distance of 545 miles. The second Map contained three sections, one from Nagpore to Jaulna, through Oomrawuttee of 265 miles; another from Goa to Bellary through Belgium and Dharwar, 280 miles; and a third from Madras to Mysore, through Seringapatam, Bangalore, Vellore, and Arcot, 293 miles. A third map gave barometrical sections from Madras to Bellary on a line about W. N. W., 244 miles; and from Bellary to Iddamau, on a line about W. by S., 156 miles. This map without pretending to be a complete geological section showed the prevailing rocks on the route. Associated with the sections were notices of the climate, and mortality at the principal stations; comprising the maxima and minima and mean pressure of the Barometer for some years, also of the Thermometer, the falls of rain, the nature of the monsoons, and the sickness and percentage mortality of the European and Native troops. The whole of these laborious results indicated no ordinary industry and judgment.

"On the results obtained by Automatic Registration of the Declinometer by C. BROOKE, explaining the varieties of disturbances which have been recorded in his photographs, obtained by means of the apparatus, a description of which appeared in the Philosophical Transactions."

Professor Walker read a short paper "on the Anemometrical Observations at Oxford, for the last two years:—

"Some account of the observations made at the expense of Gen. Sir T. M. BRISBANE to determine the variations of the Laws of Terrestrial Magnetism with respect to the height in the Atmosphere," by J. A. BROWN.

"On the Polarization of the Atmosphere with a map of the Lines of equal Polarization," by Sir D. BREWSTER.

"On a new species of Polarization related to the direction of the grooves in grooved surfaces," by Sir D. BREWSTER.

(To be continued in our next.)

Results of Astronomical Observations made during the Years 1834, 1835, 1836, 1837, 1838, at the Cape of Good Hope; being the Completion of a Telescopic Survey of the whole Surface of the Visible Heavens, commenced in 1825. By Sir John F. W. Herschel. Smith, Elder & Co.

IF our journal were merely and professedly scientific, we should not need to give to those who would then be our readers any preliminary account: we should say this work has at last made its appearance,—and then proceed to describe it. For our miscellaneous world, however, a little more may be necessary.

John Frederick William Herschel, who in the abbreviations of his Star Catalogues, calls himself *h*, is to this day sometimes confounded by the unlettered public with his father, William Herschel, who is there denoted by *H*. The son has imposed upon himself—and has now finished—the task of completing what the father began. Among the contributions of Sir William Herschel to astronomy are to be reckoned the first extensive catalogues of *nebulae* and *double stars*, and some of the earliest views of their probable cosmical relations. He was an extraordinary combination of the observer and the thinker,—and ranks in the first class of both. Take from him all that he ever did *with* the telescope and *at* the telescope, and leave him only what his mind produced from the work of his hand and eye, and there are left a highly distinguished reputation and a career rich in its additions to astronomical thought.

Sir John Herschel inherits this two-fold power and two-fold industry. It is generally understood that the selection of astronomy as the main object of his scientific labours has been dictated by filial feeling—by the desire to extend his father's researches—and, if not to establish and extend, yet, as the French say, *arrondir*, his father's fame. Otherwise, as a man of many studies and a successful cultivator of them all, it is unknown to those who know him best—and perhaps to himself—which of them all he would have chosen as his principal occupation. This, however, is report. Sir John Herschel does not put forward the reason above given, nor any other, for his astronomical career:—and assuredly, to those who hold that a good thing is reason enough for its own existence, none can be wanting.

He commenced his telescopic researches in 1825 ;—using principally a twenty-foot reflector of his father's well-known mode of construction and a seven-foot achromatic telescope of five-inch aperture. By the year 1833, the nebulae and double stars of the heavens visible in our latitude were observed, observed *upon*, catalogued, and published, at various times, in various philosophical collections. It was then determined “to attempt the completion of a survey of the whole surface of the heavens, and for this purpose to transport into the other hemisphere the same instrument which had been employed in this, so as to give a unity to the results of both portions of the survey, and to render them comparable with each other.”

Sir John Herschel accordingly proceeded with his family and instruments to the Cape of Good Hope ;—where he arrived January 15th, 1834. By the 22nd of February, he had set up his apparatus at a residence which he took, called Feldhausen, about six miles north of Cape Town, at the base of Table Mountain. Here he continued his observations during the years 1834, 1835, 1836, 1837, and a few days of 1838,—in which year he returned to England. An obelisk, erected by a subscription made in Cape Town, marks the exact spot which was occupied by the reflecting telescope.

It had been Sir John Herschel's intention to spread the results of this labour through the Transactions of the Royal and other Societies ; but the late Duke of Northumberland—the Chancellor to whom the University of Cambridge owes the splendid equatorial now in its Observatory—offered to defray the expense of a separate publication. His successor, the present Duke, has fully performed the engagement of his predecessor : and this volume will be held one of the honours of the house of Northumberland as long as astronomy shall have history, and the world continue to grow wiser—long after Chevy Chase shall be forgotten. The printing by Stewart and Murray, and the engravings by Basire, from Sir John Herschel's drawing are both beautiful of their kind.

The first chapter is on the nebulae of the Southern Hemisphere. After an introduction, the positions and description of 1708 of these objects are given,—making, ~~with~~ those in the Northern Hemisphere, 4,023 of these objects.

Then follows a chapter on the law of distribution of nebulae and clusters of stars over the surface of the heavens ; and results are announced of the following character :—

“ One-third of the whole nebulous contents of the heavens are congregated in a broad irregular patch, occupying about one-eighth of the whole surface of the sphere ; chiefly (indeed almost entirely) situated in the northern hemisphere, and occupying the constellations Leo, Leo minor, the body, tail, and hind legs of Ursa major, the nose of the Camelopard, and the point of the tail of Draco, Canes venatici, Coma, the preceding leg of Bootes, and the head, wings, and shoulder of Virgo. Within this area there are several local centres of accumulation, where the nebulae are exceedingly crowded,—viz. from 59° to 60° of north polar distance in the 13th hour of right ascension ; as also (in the same hour) from 72° to 78° between the palm branch and the northern wing of Virgo ; and again, in the same hour, from 80° to 87° in the northern wing and breast of Virgo. Northward the nebulous area terminates almost abruptly with a very rich patch between the nose of the Camelopard and the tail of Draco. The line of greatest condensation connecting these most condensed patches is irregular and wavy, without appearance of reference to any one particular centre ; and the shading off, though patchy, is on the whole gradual.”

Of several large nebulae very minute description is given ;—and particularly of the famous *Magellanic clouds*, or *nubecula major* and *minor*, which have never been described to any purpose.

Next follows the catalogue of double stars. Of these objects 2103 new ones are noted and roughly measured. About 417 of these, or of those catalogued by others, are micrometrically measured with the seven-foot telescope, in 1082 observations. The principal object is γ Virginis, of which the predicted appulse of the two stars took place during Sir John Herschel's residence at the Cape,—and was observed by him as well as in Europe.

The chapter that then follows is a systematic inquiry into the apparent magnitudes of the stars, by observing them with the naked eye and writing down moderate sequences in order of brilliancy on various nights, and by connecting the various sequences. By this process about 260 stars are arranged in order of brilliancy. This is followed by some comparisons of the light of stars by the intervention of the moon. An image of the moon is formed by a prism and a lens of short focus, from which the eye is removed to such a distance that the moon (which will look like a star) shall resemble the star the brilliancy of which is to be measured. The greater or less distance at which this takes place affords the means. Sixty-nine stars are thus measured. The comparisons of the same star under different moonlights give it as the result that, from quarter-moon to moon-light, the effective impression of a star on the retina is inversely as the square of the illumination of the ground of the sky on which it is seen projected.

Chapters follow on the distribution of stars and the character of the Milky Way,—on Halley's comet,—a series of observations of the satellites of Saturn and of the solar spots,—and appendixes on the magnitudes of stars in the northern hemisphere, the places of 76 *very red* small stars, and points connected with the geographical position of Feldhausen.

This is the utmost that we can attempt to do in the way of a sketch of the contents of this most interesting and important work. It is such a mass of observations, deductions, and results as has rarely appeared at one time from one individual. Our readers must look to professedly scientific journals, or to the book itself, if they would know more of it. Few men who actually employ themselves in observation possess such power of working up their own material, or of describing either phenomena or consequences, as Sir John Herschel. He has a twenty-poet power of commanding descriptive language such as will make the reader imagine that he has actually seen what is thus verbally represented to him. He has thus a great responsibility:—his wrong descriptions (if there be any) are spurious phenomena.

The book before us is the result of the almost undivided labour of twelve years :—the average page represents ten days' work. We heartily congratulate the author on its termination, the scientific world on its appearance, and the venerable sister and fellow-labourer of William Herschel on the honour added to the name which she has helped to illustrate, and on this completion of a task the commencement of which she aided before those who are now grandfathers were born.

Astronomical Discoveries.

AMONG its other peculiarities, we suppose the present age stands in a fair way of acquiring to itself the title of the age of Astronomical Discovery. M. Leverrier's brilliant discovery has been closely followed according to appearances, by that of another planet. *The Universal Prussian Gazette* contains the announcement in the following terms:—"Berlin, July 6, 1847. On the 1st inst., at 10h. 30m. the discoverer of Astrea, M. Encke of Dresden, discovered a second star, not previously marked on his map of about the 9th degree of magnitude, in $257^{\circ} 6' 7''$ right ascension and $3^{\circ} 42' 5''$ of southern declination. On the 3rd inst. at 11h. 45m. P. M., it had retrograded to $256^{\circ} 40'$ right ascension, and $3^{\circ} 51' 5''$ southern declination. These data refer to the Equinoxial, which forms the basis of the academical celestial charts, one of which may serve for the purposes of investigation. According to the information afforded by M. Encke, the new planet (for that it is such there is every probability) was observed on 5th of July, from the Observatory in this city, in the meridian and in the refractor. The first gives the place as follows:—Date, July 5; Time 10h. 48m. 28s.; right ascension, $256^{\circ} 51m. 34s. 5$; South declination $4^{\circ} 8m. 27s. 8$. A comparison made about three hours later shows that the right ascension is daily diminishing by about $12'$, and the Southern declination increasing about $6'$. The star is about the 9th degree of magnitude, and probably belongs to the smaller planets (Signed) Encke"—Mr. Wm. Lassell, of Liverpool, has announced to the *Times* his verification of the existence of a satellite of the planet Neptune.—*Lit. Gaz.*

On last Saturday morning the *Times* announced from Mr. Hind, the Observer at Mr. Bishop's private Observatory, the discovery of a new planet—one of the group of goddesses. He had the boldness to risk the announcement upon the observed motion of one hour;—and his confidence in his instrument and himself has been justified in the result. The following letter to the *Times*, which appeared on Wednesday, is worthy of insertion.—*Ibid.*

The New Asteroid Iris.

SIR,—In addition to the British maps which we have revised, and in some instances corrected, ecliptical charts of stars down to the tenth magnitude have been formed for some of the hours of right ascension which it is Mr. Bishop's intention to publish as soon as they are completed. On the 12th of August I compared Wolfer's map with the heavens, and was surprised to find an unmarked star of 8-9 magnitude in a position which was examined on June 22d and July 31st without any note being made. The mere existence of a star where before there was none visible would not have been sufficient to satisfy me as to its nature, because during an eight months' search I have met with very many variable stars,—a class which I believe to be far more numerous than is generally supposed. But on employing the wire micrometer we were enabled in less than half an hour to establish its motion, and thus to convince ourselves that I had been fortunate enough to discover a new member of the planetary system. It

may appear to many of your readers rather bold to announce the existence of a new planet from the detection of so small an amount of motion as 2s. 5 in RA : but such is the firm mounting of the large refracting telescope and the perfection of the micrometers for which we have to thank Mr. Dollond, that a far smaller change would have been sufficient to convince us as to the nature of the object in question—Mr. Bishop has fixed upon Iris as an appropriate name for the new planet ; and we hope that astronomers generally will join with us in its adoption. The following are all the observations we have yet made :—

	<i>G. M. T.</i>			<i>R. A. of Iris.</i>			<i>South Decl.</i>		
	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.	°	'	"
Aug. 13,	9	39	46	...	19	57 30.38	...	13	27 21.5
— 10	10	37	24	...	19	57 28.41	...	13	27 27.6
— 14,	9	23	58	...	19	56 38.30	...	13	29 14.0
— 15,	9	0	39	...	19	55 47.64	...	13	31 4.3

I remain, sir, your most obedt. servant,

J. R. HIND.

Mr. Bishop's Observatory, Regent's Park, Aug. 17.

This Observatory of a London manufacturer of wines and spirits has now added 3 comets and a planet to 'our system ;—to say nothing of other work. We may add that the planet was observed at Cambridge on the 14th and at Greenwich on the 15th. With a low power, its light is very intense, but no disc is apparent. The low altitude and the weather have been rather against observations of its appearance.—*Times*.

The Asteroid Iris.

THE first approximation to the elements of the planet Iris calculated by Mr. Hind, presents an orbit remarkable for its great eccentricity and a revolution larger than that of any other asteroid. The following ephemeris deduced therefrom is for every second noon meantime at Greenwich :—

	<i>Right Ascension.</i>			<i>South Declination.</i>		
	h.	m.	s.	°	'	"
pt. 5		44	28.00	...	14	7 35.3
„ 7		44	8.65	...	14	10 31.8
„ 9		43	58.44	...	14	13 16.9
„ 11		43	57.53	...	14	15 49.3
„ 13		44	5.96	...	14	18 8.0
„ 15	19	44	23.78	...	14	20 11.7

The Asteroid Hebe.

THE planet discovered by M. Hencke, on the 1st July last, has been named Hebe. The elements of Hebe calculated by M. Yvon Villarceau,

from observation made at Berlin on the 5th of July, and at Paris 15th and 31st July, and 13th August, are as follows:—

Mean Longitude, July 1847 mt. Paris,	287	23	45.1	} Equin. mean July, 1847.
Longitude of Perihelion,	14	49	15.0	
Longitude of ascending node,	138	28	22.4	
Inclination,	14	47	38.0	
Semigrand axis,	2.4270251			
Eccentricity,	0.2004402			
Helicentric motion,	direct.			
Mean diurnal ditto,	15	38.42		
Period of sidereal revolution, years, ..	3.781			

These elements have been obtained by a method founded on the visual rays with the surface of revolution described by the orbit round its major axis, a method made known by M. Villarceau, in a memoir on the rectification of the elements of orbits, and already applied to the correction of the orbit of the planet Astrea.

The Asteroid Flora.

ON going to press we have to add another Astronomical discovery to the extraordinary list contained in this No. of our Magazine. Mr. Hind, the discoverer of Iris having found another Asteroid "Flora," thus making eight known planets in the group between Jupiter and Mars, viz.

Vesta	discovered by	Dr. Olbers,	in 1807.
Juno	ditto	„ Mr. Harding,	„ 1804.
Ceres	ditto	M. Piaggi,	„ 1801.
Pallas	ditto	Dr. Olbers,	„ 1802.
Astrea	ditto	Her Heneke,	„ 1846.
Iris	ditto	Mr. Hind,	„ 1847.
Hebe	ditto	M. Encke,	„ 1847.
Flora	ditto	Mr. Hind,	„ 1847.

When in addition to these, the most wonderful discovery was made simultaneously by Mr. Adams and Leverrier, of the most distant planet Neptune, (of which a long notice appeared in our first No.) 1847 will certainly be memorable as the year of great Astronomical discoveries.

The emblem of Flora is the "Rose of England," the following are observations made on it.—*Editor P. M.*

				K. A.			OF			NORTH.		
				FLORA.						Declination.		
				h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.			
Oct.	18	14	12 14	5	3	41.20				14	3	29.0
	19	10	15 52	5	3	50.55				14	2	34.0
	20	9	39 24	5	3	59.62				14	1	36.7
	21	9	41 54	5	4	6.13				14	0	33.6
	22	9	43 19	5	4	10.59				13	59	32.7

The symbol adopted for "Iris" Mr. Hind adds, the device of Professor Schumacher, is a semicircle representing the rainbow, with an interior star, a base line of the horizon.—*Literary Gazette.*

The Great Telescope at Cambridge.

PERMIT me through the medium of your paper, to make known the result of an evening's opportunity which on the 13th instant, it was my rich privilege to enjoy in the examination of various celestial objects with the gigantic Equatorial Telescope recently erected in the new Observatory at Cambridge.

The pier on which it rests is of masonry consisting of blocks of granite. It is a frustrum of a cone, 20 feet in diameter at its base, and 10 feet at its top, and about 40 feet in height; its base however is 20 feet below the surface of the ground. On its flat and level top is placed the pedestal, to which the telescope is attached.

It is a huge block of granite, 13 tons in weight, and of a construction adapted to the equatorial apparatus, consisting of ponderous masses of brass, and weighing with the tube certainly not less than four tons, and yet so ingeniously and perfectly is friction evaded, that the merest child can give it motion and direct it to any point in the heavens. The object glass of the instrument is 15 inches in diameter, in the clear; its focal length is 23 feet, and the length of the instrument, including the sliding tube, about 24 feet.

That the reader may not deceive himself by comparing these dimensions with those of the telescope constructed by Sir William Herschel, or the greater one more recently made by Lord Rosse, he may be reminded that these are reflecting telescopes, with metallic mirrors; and for equal duty, with the exception of what is termed space penetrating power, must greatly exceed in size. Suffice it to say, then, that the telescope at Cambridge is of the refracting kind, its optical duties being performed by lenses; and to obtain a lens of 15 inches in diameter, of a sufficient purity to represent the object in perfect shape and colour, under high magnifying powers, is an art of inconceivable difficulty, and at present, I believe, has never been successfully accomplished by any other establishment than the one in which this telescope was manufactured. The secret was imparted by the lamented Fraunhofer, and so fearfully tenacious are they of the minutiae of the movements, that it is said they are unwilling to use any other poker to stir the melted mass, than that which was employed by that illustrious man. No larger refracting telescope has ever been in successful operation in the world.

It is of corresponding size with the boasted instrument at the Imperial Observatory at Pulkova, manufactured at the same establishment; but the Cambridge lens is warranted to be as good, and by the maker believed to be better. This was also the opinion of Simms, the celebrated manufacturer of England, who was employed to inspect the lenses, side by side. The immense labour necessary in mounting and adjusting an instrument of this construction and magnitude, without previous practice or experience, was greatly diminished by those preparations which the skill and ingenuity of the Director (Mr. Bond) enabled him to effect, while the instrument and its various equipments were in Germany; but the period since its arrival has not yet been sufficient to render the adjustment perfect, nor is it at present pretended to be fully prepared for use.

To counteract the apparent diurnal motion of the celestial objects, which is continually throwing them out of the field of ordinary telescopes, (a great annoyance, especially when high powers are employed,) a clock-work is attached to the equatorial axis, so constructed as to give to the instrument a quiet and steady sidereal motion, contrary to the motion of the earth, and which, by a slight modification, may be applied to the solar and lunar motion; but it is generally sufficient when adjusted to a star. The effect of this arrangement is to keep the object for several hours constantly in the centre of the field of view.

The night of the 15th was by no means a favourable one. With the exception of scattering cirri, it was cloudless; but the atmosphere was smoky, as it had been for the previous fortnight. The first object to which, at my request, the telescope was directed, was the planet Venus, invisible to the naked eye, it being yet daylight. The instrument was, however, adjusted to the Right Ascension and Declination of the planet, and the clock-work set in motion, when the object made its appearance in the centre of the field, and, although veiled by smoke and obscured by daylight, it met the eye with a glare. What will be the effect of a view of this planet, in the absence of twilight, in a clear autumnal evening, can only be imagined. The planet was only fourteen degrees from the horizon. The intervening dense atmosphere of the earth, the mist, and vapour always existing so near its surface, all magnified by the instrument, were not sufficient to prevent a rich display of its disc, half illuminated, and much resembling the moon at the quarter, except a dusky hue, which I attributed to the dense atmosphere of the planet. The view exceeded any idea that I had entertained of the performance of the instrument; but our opportunity was abridged by the necessity of catching a glimpse at the moon, still nearer the horizon, and already veiling herself in cirri.

The first object on the lunar surface that met my eye was the yawning gulf, Endymion, wide, deep, and dark; the line of illumination leaped from side to side, leaving a frightful gap between. The mountains generally stood out in bold relief, casting shadows black as midnight: indeed, the entire length of the line dividing the light from the dark hemisphere, exhibited a mass of ruin of unspeakable magnificence. The clock-work was hardly adjusted when the moon set. Notwithstanding the brevity of the opportunity and the obscurity of the moon, I satisfied myself of the grey light spoken of by Schroeter, indicating a twilight only compatible with the existence of a lunar atmosphere: a far more favourable opportunity is probably near at hand, and this mooted question will be set at rest.

At a later period of the evening our attention was directed to test objects. On the previous evening, the double star, Gamma Coronæ, had been well separated with a power of 720. The mere separation of this star is thought to have been the highest attainment of Professor Struvé, with the imperial instrument; but it was divided by the Cambridge instrument without effort. This star was examined in 1832, by Sir John Herschel, with his twenty feet Reflector, when he only saw a round disc, without a companion.

The point of the faint light also, near Alpha Capricorni, which President Smythe says long baffled his researches, was boldly exhibited by the Cam-

bridge instrument. Sir John Herschel was led to suppose that this object was seen by reflected light,—a field of investigation which will not be likely to escape the attention of the Cambridge observers.

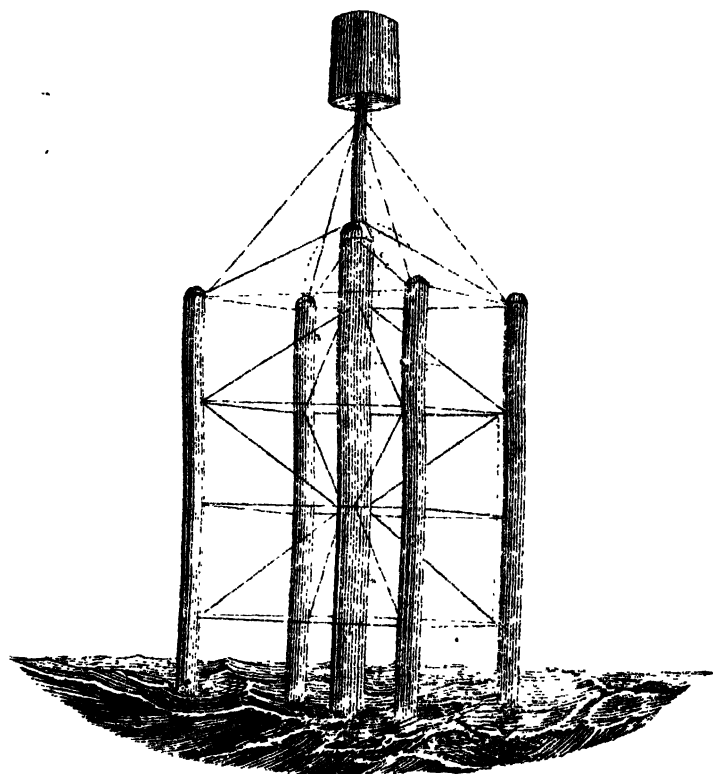
The companion of Antares, though obscured by haze and smoke, was very conspicuous. Sir John Herschel, while at the Cape of Good Hope, could not have missed it for a moment, if he had turned his telescope upon it, inasmuch as it may be detected under favourable circumstances in this latitude, by a five feet Equatorial.

The telescope was now directed to the close double star, Eta Coronæ. Close indeed it has been of late years, having set at defiance most of the telescopes in the world. It was at one time a test object for telescopes, but it has recently been closed. It nevertheless yielded to our power at once, and the dark thread which separated it, could not have measured more than one-third of a second.

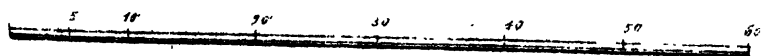
The instrument was next adjusted to the annular nebula between Beta and Gamma, in the constellation of the Lyre, and the clock-work being applied, an opportunity was afforded me, which I have often craved, for a deliberate survey of an object, which, with smaller and less powerful instruments, had deeply interested me. With ordinary instruments, it appears to be a ring or wreath of stars, being entirely vacant in the centre, and not unlike what we might suppose to be the appearance of the Milky Way, viewed as a whole, at an immense distance. Seen through the Cambridge telescope, it is no longer a ring, its centre is no longer dark, but filled with a multitude of small, faint stars. Lord Rosse's powerful Reflector represented the interior as nebulous, a circumstance of which I was not aware when at Cambridge, and hence did not speak of its resolvability, but I am quite sure the individual stars, though faint, were distinctly seen.

The double star, 61 Cygni, now engaged our attention; thus honoured, only on account of the rank it holds in the history of science, being memorable for the researches of Bessel, to whom it revealed its parallax. I was struck, however, with the small, neat, round disc of the individual stars, giving additional evidence to that already obtained from their annual motion, that distant as they may be, by our means and modes of measurement, these bodies are comparatively near.

Search was now made for the double-headed short or dumb-bell nebula, as it is called, situated in the Fox's breast. The instrument was set to its position, and it appeared in the field. The Director had scarcely applied his eye to the telescope, before he expressed the opinion that the nebula was resolved. The assistant observer was then called upon to examine it, and repeatedly said, "it is resolved." I then applied my own eye, and found it to consist of closely packed but of individual stars. I am thus minute, because this has been uniformly numbered among the irresolvable nebulae. It was first discovered by Messier, many years since, and described by him as an oval nebula without a star. The Earl of Rosse, as we are informed by the President of the Astronomical Society of London, applied his powerful Reflector to this object, and went so far as to say, that "it exhibited symptoms of resolvability;" but he did not resolve it; nor am I aware that it has ever before yielded to the power of the telescope.



NEW BEACON ON THE GOODWIN SANDS OCTOBER 1847.



Scale of 60 Feet.

The next object of scrutiny was the delightful cluster in Hercules. This was a sort of dessert to the entertainment—the sweetmeat of the feast. Well might Prof. Nichol say, that “no *plate* can give a fitting representation of it,” and well might he add, that “no one ever saw it for the first time through a telescope, without uttering a shout of wonder;” but I am sure that if the Professor were once to see it himself through the Cambridge instrument, his astonishment would be *unutterable*. No new feature was exhibited, but its beauty and brilliancy were greatly magnified.

The beautiful star, Alpha Lyræ, had now reached the meridian, and from its high northern declination, was much above the mist of the atmosphere. With this we were to take our leave of “these life-infusing suns of other worlds.” When the telescope was adjusted to this star, such was its dazzling brightness, and so thickly was it surrounded by telescopic companions, that the assistant astronomer shouted when it met his eye. The powers employed on this occasion, ranged from 250 to 750. The instrument is furnished with eye-pieces magnifying two thousand times!

Among the results which may be anticipated from this capital instrument, is the detection of planets revolving about the fixed stars, and which are strongly indicated by those faint points of white light, or minute stars, which cluster about Alpha Lyræ, of which I counted twenty-three, and the sharper eye of the assistant observer numbered thirty-five. Constant measurements of these with high powers, will, it may be confidently expected, at no distant day, make known the motions and laws of these wonderfully remote and complicated systems.

WM. MITCHELL.

Literary Gazette.

New Beacon on the Goodwin Sands. Shewing the Pneumatic process for Sinking Piles.

WE present our readers with an exact drawing of the Beacon just erected on the South Calliper of the Goodwin Sands. At this dreadful spot perhaps more noble vessels have been wrecked than on any other sand-bank in the world. Close to the main track of commerce, a ship may be at one moment in ten fathoms soundings, and in another moment strike upon a bank which is dry at low water, for such is the variation within a cables-length. To guard against this danger the Hon. Corporation of the Trinity Board have erected this Beacon. The centre column is a tube of cast iron, 2 feet 6 inches in diameter, put together in 10 and 20 feet lengths; it is inserted 32 feet deep into the sand, by means of Dr. Potts' newly invented process of atmospheric pressure; the four surrounding tubes are of 15 inches diameter: the whole is bolted together and surmounted by a cage of 7 feet diameter, the top of which is 56 feet above the sand level.

The process by which the foundation of this important Beacon was secured is this. Hollow tubes or piles are employed, which may be formed of any material and almost of any shape, the lower extremity of the pile is open and the upper one fitted with a cover. It is placed upon the bank or ground whether composed of sand, shingle, mud, clay or other materials, in any moist situation or under deep water. From the tube or hollow pile the air is extracted by pumps, the condensation of steam or any mode effectual in producing that action which we call suction; being in fact the removal of the pressure of the atmosphere, or the partial formation of a vacuum.

When the air becomes sufficiently attenuated, the shingle sand, or mud, flow up through the tube or hollow pile, the rush of water from below breaking up the natural arches which solid particles form together, and undermining the lower edges of the tube, which then descends by its own gravity, and the pressure of the atmosphere on its upper extremity. As often as the pile, or tube is filled, the contents are discharged by a suction pipe, or other means; and not only the solid particles, but the water may be removed to the depth of 30 feet. It is obvious that the particles of sand, or other solid matter, may be removed from the interior of the tube to a much greater depth, provided the water be freely admitted to the interior of the tube. The importance of the time gained in extensive works is obvious. A succession of tubes may be added to the first, by means of screw, flange or other joints. The shape of the tubes may be cylindrical, angular or conical, so as to fit each other and form a continuous line or wall, and may vary in size from 2 inches to 50 feet.

In works where an insular or detached erection may be required as in the commencement of a Breakwater, at a depth of several fathoms in the sea, tubes of very large diameter may be used; or a series of them may be fitted to form, as it were staves of a vat of vast dimensions, confined together by hoops and bolts gradually put together in the water. The tubes may be floated to the spot where the insular rock is required, and there sucked down, thus penetrating any sand or shingle that may occur, so as to insure a firm foundation in any bottom. After nearly 100 experiments on cements, setting in or under saltwater, some cheap varieties have been found, which at once unite shingle and large stones into a perfectly solid rock. Into this composition masts or wrought iron bars may be inserted, and the weight such constructions will sustain is shewn by experiments to be enormous. Thus 19 piles of 1 foot in diameter support a pier of the stone viaduct erected by the Chester and Holyhead Railway Company over a branch of the sea in Anglesey.

Our readers will perceive the value of this discovery in the formation of foundations for the construction of Harbours, Docks, Railroads, Bridges, Light-houses, Batteries, &c., is dependent on the ease and rapidity with which it may be applied, not only where the ordinary modes of proceeding are of difficult execution, but where the employment of the means hitherto known is practically impossible.

By a certificate from the Trinity Board, it appears that a tube of 2½ feet in diameter was forced by Dr. Potts's process 35 feet into the Goodwin, where Admiral Beaufort could only force down a steel bar 8 feet with a sledge hammer. Captain Bullock, R. N., found that a pointed iron rod of 3 inches diameter, at the depth of 13 feet in the sand, took 46 blows of a monkey of 1 cwt. with 10 feet fall, to drive it one inch.

These facts demonstrate how erroneous is the popular notion that the Goodwin Sands are readily penetrable from their surface to the chalk on which they rest.—*Illustrated News*.

Note.—Since extracting the above, we regret to have to add the following paragraph:

~~The Goodwin Sand's Beacon~~ lately founded on the deeply-sunk iron tube plan invented by Doctor Potts, was utterly swept off by the south-west gale on the night of the 23d ultimo.—*Literary Gazette*.

Improvement in the Voltaic Battery.—On a new Voltaic Battery, cheap in its construction and use, and more powerful than any Battery yet made; and, on a cheap substitute for the nitric acid of Groves' Platina Battery. By the Rev. N. J. Callan, Professor of Natural Philosophy in the Royal College, Maynooth.

SOME time ago, whilst I was reflecting on the principle of action of Groves' and Bunse's batteries, it occurred to me that lead might be substituted for the platina of the former, and the carbon of the latter. I put into the porous cell of a Groves' battery, a piece of lead about 1-16th of an inch thick, 2 in. broad, and 6 in. long. I found that the voltaic current produced by the lead excited by a mixture of concentrated nitric and sulphuric acid was very powerful. I afterwards compared the power of this leaden battery with that of a platina one of the same size, by sending through the helix of a galvanometer, at the same time, but in opposite directions, the currents produced by the two batteries; both batteries were charged with the same acids, the lead and platina were excited by concentrated nitric and sulphuric acid, and the zinc by dilute sulphuric acid. The current from the platina battery destroyed the deflection produced by the leaden one, and caused an opposite deflection, which indicated that the former current was about twice as strong as the latter—the two batteries were left working for about three hours and a half. At the end of that time the current from the lead was about twice and a half as powerful as the current from the platina—the quantity of lead dissolved during these three hours and a half was very small.

It struck me that, by diminishing the action of the acids on the lead, I might increase the power of the battery; I, therefore, covered a leaden plate with gold leaf, and coated another of the same size with chloride of gold, in the same way in which sheet silver is platinised for Snee's battery. These plates, and platina ones of the same size, were put successively into the porous cell of a Groves' battery, and the voltaic current sent through the helix of our large electro-magnet, in which the iron bar is about 13 ft. long and $2\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick; the copper wire is about 500 ft. long and 1-6th of an inch diameter. The magnetic power given to the electro-magnet by the leaden plate coated with chloride of gold, appeared to be equal to that which was produced by the platina plate. The magnet effect of the current from the leaden plate, covered with gold leaf, was not so great. A coating of the chloride of platina was afterwards found to answer as well as one of chloride of gold.

Some days after, a lead and platina battery of the same size were left working for four hours and a half, at the end of that time the lead plate acted fully as well as the platina; when the nitric acid was so much exhausted that the lead was barely capable of magnetising the large electro-magnet so as to make it sustain a certain weight, the leaden plate was taken out of the porous cell, and a platina plate of the same size put in its stead. The platina plate was not able to make the electro-magnet sustain the weight which the lead had caused it to sustain. The magnetising power of the platinised or gilded lead and platina batteries, was compared several times in working an electro-magnet machine—on these occasions the power of the leaden battery was evidently superior to that of the platina one. Sometimes the platina plate

was taken out of the porous cell, and a platinised or gilded lead plate of the same size put in its place—the velocity of the machine was instantly and considerably increased; the same effect was produced, when the platina plate was taken out of the cell, and a platinised platina one put in its stead; hence, it appears that a leaden plate coated with chloride of platina or gold, or a platinised platina plate, produces a more powerful voltaic current than a platina plate does. On the 24th of last May, a small platinised lead battery, and a Groves' battery of the same size, were exhibited before the Royal Irish Academy; the power of the former was obviously superior to that of the latter. By using double leads and single zincs instead of double zincs and single leads, the power of the battery appears to be increased; when the lead plates have been used for a long time, they require to be newly gilded or platinised; after being used they should be rinsed in water, and dipped into a weak solution of chloride of gold or platina.

Seeing that the concentrated acids, by dissolving the lead, removed the gold or platina powder, and that the nitric acid was very expensive, I endeavoured to find in its stead a cheap substitute which would not act on the lead. The first that occurred to me was common nitre; I dissolved about the eighth of an ounce of it in sulphuric acid, which I diluted with nearly an equal bulk of water; I poured the mixture into the porous cell of a Groves' battery, and put into it a platinised leaden plate; I then sent the voltaic current through the helix of our large electro-magnet, the magnet power given to the magnet appeared to be greater than that which was given to us by a Groves' battery of the same size, in which the platina was excited by concentrated nitric and sulphuric acid. I afterwards compared the heating power of the two batteries, and found the power of the platinised lead battery to be evidently superior to that of the other. I charged a platinised leaden battery with a mixture consisting of about five parts of sulphuric acid, five of solution of nitric, and one of nitric acid, and a Groves' battery with equal parts of nitric and sulphuric acid; the former fused a piece of steel wire, which the latter only raised to a white heat. When a platina plate is excited by a mixture of sulphuric acid, and solution of nitre, the voltaic current appears to be as powerful as that which is produced by the plate when excited by concentrated nitric and sulphuric acid; the cost of the nitre necessary for charging a battery, is about the 20th part of that of the nitric acid. The power of the former declines sooner than that of the latter, but from the results of several experiments, I have come to the conclusion that the expense of doing a given amount of work by a platina battery, excited by concentrated nitric and sulphuric acid, would be three or four times as great as if the work were done by a platinised lead battery, excited by a mixture of sulphuric acid and a solution of saltpetre. I have tried nitrate of soda, or cubic nitre, and nitrate of ammonia, as substitutes for nitric acid; but although they give great power, they do not answer as well as the common nitre; a solution of common nitre and cubic nitre, along with sulphuric acid, forms a mixture scarcely inferior to the solution of common nitre and sulphuric acid. The most powerful mixture for the platina or platinised lead battery consists of about four parts of sulphuric acid, two of nitric acid, and two of a saturated solution of nitre; when no nitre is used, at least one-half of the mixture should consist of sul-

phuric acid, and the remainder of nitre and water—the solution need not be saturated with nitre. Four parts of sulphuric acid, two of a solution of chromate of potash, and two of the solution of nitre make a most powerful exciting mixture for platina, but give comparatively little power to platinised lead; I endeavoured to find among the sulphates a substitute for sulphuric acid, but did not succeed. The voltaic current from a platinised lead battery, excited by two parts of sulphuric acid, three of sulphate of soda, and three of nitric of potash, is very powerful, but considerably inferior to that which is produced by the concentrated acids.

On finding that platinised or gilded lead, and platinised platina were superior to platina, I saw that the cause of the superiority was that in the platinised or gilded lead, and in the platinised platina batteries, the acting metals were not lead, or platina and zinc, but gold or platina powder, and zinc; and that the gold or platina powder was more negative compared with zinc, than platina is. Hence I inferred, first, that a leaden plate, coated with any of those substances, which are more negative and cheaper than platina or gold, would act as powerfully as platinised or gilded lead; and secondly, that any other metal to which the platina or gold powder would adhere might answer as well as lead. I therefore coated, by the galvanic process, leaden plates with antimony, arsenic, chromium, molybdenum, and borax; the plates coated with arsenic and molybdenum were much inferior to platina, those that were coated with antimony and borax appeared fully equal to platinised lead, but they soon lost their power. The first plate which I chromed acted as well, and retained its power nearly as long as platinised or gilded lead; I afterwards coated a great number of plates with chromium, but all of them were far inferior to the first. The power of a leaden plate is greatly increased by being coated with mercury, or even with clay boiled in aqua regia, or with any other substance which I tried; but I have not found any substance to answer as well as the chloride of gold, or platina. I have compared with platinised lead, the other cheap metals coated with gold or platina, or chromium; and with the exception of cast-iron, they were all inferior to it. Platinised or chromed cast iron answers as well as platinised lead; and without being chromed or platinised, cast iron appears to act as powerfully as platina. The power of a cast iron battery in magnetising our large electro-magnet, and in driving an electro-magnetic machine, was compared with that of a Groves' battery of the same size. In the two batteries the exciting mixture was the same—the power of the former appeared to be fully equal to that of the latter.

From the results of several experiments which I have made on the relative power of platinised silver and platinised lead, I feel confident that the latter may, without any diminution of power, be substituted for the former in Smee's battery. Cast-iron does not take the coating of platina powder (at least until the hard surface is worn away,) so well as lead or silver, and on that account it does not act as powerfully as either, but I have found zinc and cast iron excited by dilute sulphuric acid, as constant in their action as zinc and platinised lead. A platinised lead or cast iron plate 6 in. square, may be had for the 12th part of the cost of a platinised sheet of silver of the same size.

From the experiments which have been described, I infer, first, that a battery superior in power to Prof. Groves' nitric acid battery may be made by substituting platinised platina, or lead for platina, and nitro-sulphuric acid and

nitrate of potash for nitric and sulphuric acid; and secondly, that a battery equal in power to the nitric acid battery may be constructed by the substitution of platina for cast iron for platina.

The advantage of what I may call the nitre platina battery, over the nitric acid one is, that the expense of working the former is, as has been already stated, considerably less than that of working the latter. The advantage of the cast iron or platinised leaden batteries over Prof. Groves' is, that they are far less expensive in their construction. A piece of cast iron or platinised lead may be had for 1s., whilst a platina plate of the same size will cost nearly 3*l*. Besides, a cast iron or platinised lead battery may be worked by a mixture of nitre and sulphuric acid for one hour, for about the 10th part of the expense of working a Groves' battery for the same time.

The cheapness of cast iron, and plantinised lead, will enable every one to procure a powerful voltaic battery. A platinised lead battery is about 15 times as powerful as a common Wollaston's battery of the same size. A cast iron battery is a little less powerful than the platinised lead one, but I prefer the former, because the cast iron does not require to be chromed or platinised. I am now preparing two large cast iron batteries for the college: one will contain about 33 square feet of zinc, and 66 of cast iron: the other will contain 80 square feet of zinc, and 169 of cast iron—these batteries will be more powerful than any battery ever constructed. The expense will be very moderate, for the zinc plates and Wedgwood troughs of our former batteries will answer for the new ones.—*Mining Journal*.

Ether Superseded.

ETHER inhalation, which promised to impart such an invaluable aid to surgical science, had not been in use twelve months, when another and far more effective anæsthetic agent was discovered, for which we are indebted to Professor Simpson—viz., chloroform, or the perchloride of formyle. The composition of chloroform was first accurately ascertained by Duinas, the celebrated French chemist, in 1835, but Souberain and Liebig had previously been engaged in similar investigations, and so far with success. These inquiries, however, were solely directed with a view to the extension of chemical science. "They had (observed Professor Simpson) no idea that the substance to which they called the attention of their chemical brethren could or would be turned to any practical purpose, or that it possessed any physiological or therapeutic effects upon the animal economy." To Professor Simpson, therefore, belongs the honour of discovering its wonderful anæsthetic properties, and of having first ventured to apply it to the relief of suffering humanity. Its advantages over ether are so varied and palpable, that the latter may be considered as already superseded. "It is a dense, limpid, colourless liquid, readily evaporating, and possessing an agreeable, fragrant, fruit-like odour, and a saccharine, pleasant taste." As an inhaled and anæsthetic agent, it possesses over sulphuric ether the following advantages:—1st. A much less quantity will produce the same effect. 2d. A more rapid, complete, and generally more persistent action, with less preliminary excitement and tendency to exila-

ration and talking. 3d. The inhalation is far more agreeable and pleasant than that of ether. 4th. As a smaller quantity is used the application is less expensive, which becomes an important consideration if brought into general use. 5th. Its perfume is not unpleasant, but the reverse, and more evanescent. 6th and 7th. No particular instrument or inhaler is necessary; it is quite portable; and all that is required is to diffuse a little of the liquid upon a hollow-shaped sponge, or even the pocket-handkerchief, and apply the same over the mouth and nostrils, so as to be fully inhaled. Professor Simpson has, since his discovery, applied it to obstetric practice, and with entire success; but it has last week been applied for the first time by Professor Miller and Dr. Duncan to surgical operations. A great concourse of medical men and students witnessed the result in the Royal Infirmary; Professor Dumas, of Paris, to whom we have already referred, also being present. These results are so interesting and so important, not only to the medical world, but to mankind at large, who are destined to experience its beneficial effects, that we shall be excused if we state the same at length, and as furnished to Professor Simpson from the notes of Professor Miller and Dr. Duncan. The two first mentioned cases were operated on by Professor Miller, and the third by Dr. Duncan.

"Case 1.—A boy, four or five years old, with necrosis of one of the bones of the fore-arm. Could speak nothing but Gaelic. No means, consequently, of explaining to him what he was required to do. On holding a handkerchief, on which some chloroform had been sprinkled, to his face, he became frightened, and wrestled to be away. He was held gently, however, by Dr. Simpson, and obliged to inhale. After a few inspirations he ceased to cry or move, and fell into a sound snoring sleep. A deep incision was now made down to the diseased bone; and by the use of the forceps, nearly the whole of the radius in a diseased state was extracted. During this operation, and the subsequent examination of the wound by the finger, not the slightest evidence of the suffering of pain was given. He still slept on soundly, and was carried back to his ward in that state. Half-an-hour afterwards he was found in bed, like a child newly awaked from a refreshing sleep, with a clear merry eye and placid expression of countenance, wholly unlike what is found to obtain after ordinary etherization. On being questioned by a Gaelic interpreter, who was found among the students, he stated, that he had never felt any pain, and that he felt none now. On being shown his wounded arm he looked much surprised, but neither cried nor otherwise expressed the slightest alarm.

"Case 2.—A soldier who had an opening in the cheek, the result of exfoliation of the jaw, was next made to inhale. At first he showed some signs of moving his hands too freely, but soon also fell into a state of sleep and snoring. A free incision was made across the lower jaw, and from this the dense, adhering integuments were freely dissected all round, so as to raise the soft parts of the cheek. The edges of the opening were then made raw, and the whole line of incision was brought together by several points of suture. This patient had previously undergone two minor operations of a somewhat similar kind; both of them had proved unsuccessful, and he bore them very ill, proving unusually unsteady, and complaining bitterly of severe pain. On the present occasion he did not wince or moan in the slightest degree, and on the return of consciousness said that he had felt nothing. His first act, when apparently about half awake, was suddenly to clutch up the sponge with which the chloroform was used, and to re-adjust it to his mouth, obviously implying that he had found the inhalation from it anything but a disagreeable duty. This case was further interesting as being one of those operations in the region of the mouth in which it has been deemed impossible to use ether—and certainly it would have been impossible to have performed the operation with any complicated inhaling apparatus applied to the mouth of the patient.

"Case 3.—A young man, of about 22 years of age, having necrosis of the first phalanx of the great toe, and ulceration of the integuments, the consequence of injury. The ulcerated surface was exceedingly tender to the touch, so much so that he winced whenever the finger was brought near to it; and the slightest pressure made him cry out. After the removal of the dressings, which caused some pain and fretting, the inhalation was commenced, and the patient almost immediately became insensible, and lay perfectly still while the diseased mass was being removed by amputation of the toe through the middle of the second phalanx. The inhalation was now stopped. The edges of the wound were then brought together with three stitches, and the wound dressed. The patient shortly afterwards awoke, looked round him, declared his entire and perfect freedom from all pain and uneasiness during the operation."

The whole quantity of chloroform used in these three operations did not exceed half an ounce: and, as Professor Miller afterwards observed to the students that were present, if ether had been used, several ounces of it would have been requisite to produce the same amount of anæsthetic effect.

The following case occurred also to-day (Nov. 12), to Mr. Miller in private practice. The notes of it and the subsequent remark are in his own words:

"Case 4.—A young lady wished to have a tumour (encysted) dissected out from beneath the angle of the jaw. The chloroform was used in small quantity, sprinkled upon a common operation sponge. In considerably less than a minute she was sound asleep, sitting in a chair with her eyes shut, and with her ordinary expression of countenance. The tumour was extirpated, and a stitch inserted without any pain having been either shown or felt. Her sensations throughout, as she subsequently stated, had been of the most pleasing nature; and her manageableness during the operation was as perfect as if she had been a wax doll or a lay figure.

"No sickness, vomiting, headache, salivation, uneasiness in the chest, in any of the cases. Once or twice a tickling cough took place in the first breathings."

Chloroform.

An opportunity was afforded on the 20th of November at the Westminster Hospital for putting the new anæsthetic agent to a severe test. The patient who was the subject of operation was a debilitated looking man about fifty years old, with disease of the knee-joint. He looked as if he could scarcely survive any operation. When all preliminaries were adjusted, a tea-spoonful of a liquid fluid, with a smell something like sweet spirits of nitre, and a sweetish taste, was poured into a little apparatus something like a dredging-box, which contained a sponge. It was applied to the patient's mouth, and in less than two minutes he passed quietly into a state like sleep. Mr. Phillips then proceeded to amputate the thigh, and neither the cutting of the skin nor the sawing of the bone disturbed the patient, or in the slightest degree ruffled his placid countenance. The coma continued for a quarter of an hour. There is no disagreeable smell, as when ether is used—no coughing or irritation of the air passages, or anything to show that the patient felt inconvenience from the administration of the chloroform. On the same day, in the operating theatre of King's College Hospital, three severe operations were performed by Professor Fergusson upon patients under the influence of the new preparation. The results attending the inhalation of the chloroform are described as being most complete and satisfactory to all present.

SCIENTIFIC NOTICES.

Extraordinary Speed

HAS been attained on the Croydon atmospheric line ; a correspondent of the *Morning Herald* states, with a train of 4 carriages, including the piston carriage, which carries passengers, and weighing about 22 or 23 tons, we reached a velocity of 75 miles per hour. This speed was maintained over a distance of a quarter of a mile. Over a similar distance in the same trip, we got a velocity of 69·23 miles per hour; over half a mile a velocity of 64·28 miles per hour; and for $1\frac{1}{4}$ miles exactly 60 miles per hour.—*Year-Book of Facts.*

A new Projectile.

MR. M'CARTEY, who is connected with the navy-yard at Brooklyn, (U.S.) has invented a new species of artillery, which will discharge 30 balls in a minute, or one every two seconds, for hours together, in succession; and this by mechanical power alone, without gunpowder, chemical substance, or any other preparation. It is effected by merely putting the balls into a hopper, and letting the ordnance throw them out with immense momentum at the rate of one every two seconds. On one occasion Mr. M'Cartey exhibited the operation of this in the navy-yard.

From 12 to 20 pieces of solid timber were united together, forming one compact body, against this piece of wooden breastwork, Mr. M'Cartey opened the battery of his piece of ordnance, and in less than ten minutes the whole solid breastwork was utterly demolished and shivered to splinters by the powerful and rapid succession of discharges upon it. The simplicity of this invention is one of its most singular features. The principle is simply a modification of the sling applied to machinery, in connection with a tube or gun, throwing out a discharge of balls. The machine is so constructed that on putting in at one end the balls to be discharged, a rotary motion is produced by means of a crank, and, by a few rapid revolutions, each ball receives a force and momentum equal to that communicated by any quantity of gunpowder. When this has been done, a slide starts and allows each ball to escape in succession from a chamber into a tube, whence they are thrown to almost any distance, and with unerring aim. For this invention a patent has been taken out at Washington.—*New York Herald.*

Water raised by water.

IN the West India Islands there is an excellent arrangement for water. Large upright tanks, made of plates of cast iron, stand up against the tall buildings, like immense octagonal sentry-boxes 12 or 20 feet high, which are supplied by rain water from the roofs. The pressure of the water sends a powerful stream through the crack below when the key is applied, and the water is useful for household purposes (after filtering) for watering the streets or extinguishing fires.—*Sir J. E. Alexander, in the United Service Journal.*

New Cement.

MR. KEATING, of North Mews, Fitzroy Square, has patented certain improvements in the manufacture of cement, relating to a method of combining gypsum or other calcareous substances with borax for the purpose of forming a cement.

For this purpose a solution of borax is made by mixing five pounds of borax in six gallons of water; and in another 6 gallons of water, dissolving 5 pounds of crude tartar; and when both are dissolved, mixing the two solutions together. The gypsum (previously deprived of its water of crystallisation by heat) is then put in the solution (in lumps), and allowed to remain in the solution till it has absorbed as much as it will take up. It is then taken out and heated red hot in a proper oven; next allowed to cool, and ground; then mixed with the solution, and again burned to drive off the water; it is then ready for use.—*Year-Book of Facts.*

New Ventilator.

DR. ALDIS, Physician to the London and to the Surrey Dispensary, deploring the usual vitiated state of the air in the habitations of the lower classes, has contrived a new Ventilator for windows, cheap and simple which promises to be serviceable. It consists of a small pane of glass in a hollow tin frame, in the outer face of which frame are openings; these communicate with a wide flat tube on either side, attached to the two upright sides of the frame, curved inwards, and perforated with small holes on the under side.—*Ibid.*

A New Life Boat

HAS been tried before several experienced naval officers. It is built in distinct sections, and stated to defy capsize or accident. It will hold 100 men and contain a month's provisions for fifty. The invention is due to Mr. A. Lamb, of the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Company,—*Literary Gaz.*

[We should like much to have a fuller account of the above extraordinary boat, and will take every opportunity of searching one out.—*Edt. P. M.*]

A Remarkable Aerolite.

ON the 14th July last, a remarkable Aerolite fell at Branon in Bohemia. Two fragments were found, one weighing 15 the other 21 kilograms, (or the former 33lbs. and the latter 46 $\frac{3}{10}$ lbs. avoirdupoise). The Aerolite appeared to proceed, as is very often the case, from a small black cloud. The smaller fragment fell upon a house, pierced the roof, struck a beam, which caused it to deviate slightly from its course, passed through a ceiling composed of white clay and straw, and entered a room where several persons were assembled, but, fortunately, no one was hurt; a circumstance worthy of remark was, that the straw of the ceiling traversed

by the meteor was not in the least carbonized ; it only appeared of a brighter yellow, with semi-metallic lustre ; pieces of straw even adhering to the stone presented no trace of carbonization. A fragment has been analysed by M. Fischer, of Breslau, who found in it besides sulphuretted iron, *carbon*, *phosphorus*, and *bromine*. In sawing the mass globules were inflamed by the friction of the teeth of the saw, and a bright light produced.—*Ibid.*

A Lilliputian Express Engine

OF 2 horse power, weight 22 cwt. ; carrying its own fuel and water, has been designed and constructed by Mr. Samuel, resident engineer of the Eastern Counties' Line. The boiler is tubular, 34 tubes of $1\frac{1}{4}$ inch ; height of boiler $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet ; diameter 2 feet ; height to the top of the funnel $7\frac{1}{2}$ feet ; stroke 6 inches. The after part resembles an open Irish car, capable of accommodating seven passengers, and under it the supply of water is contained. With a party of seven for an experimental trip, the little engine is reported to have attained a speed of 43 miles, its tested rate being 47 miles an hour. The perfect ease and steadiness of its motion at this high rate of speed are stated to be remarkable in so light a vehicle.—*Ibid.*

[We recommend this to the tender mercies of Col. Powney, or any other spirited individual, who might easily establish a Lilliputian Engine upon the trunk road for the conveyance of dawk and passengers. We can assure any large contractor on that road, that it would be fully worth his while to start this description of carriage. Of course we mean with alterations adapted to this climate.—*Edt. P. M.*]

Mr. Maunder.

THE indefatigable author of the Treasuries of Knowledge, Biography, History and Science, is, we are happy to hear, engaged on a fifth volume of the series, to be devoted to Natural History, and a sixth to Geography. *The Sun* newspaper says Mr. Maunder has conferred a benefit upon his fellow creatures : his works are a perfect *vade mecum* of general knowledge.—*Edt. P. M.*

A New Mineral.

A NEW phosphuret of iron, manganese and soda, has been recently found in the pegmatites of Chanteboul, near Limoges. Its physical characters, and its reaction under the blowpipe and with acids, have induced Dumour to pronounce it a distinct species. The formula he has found for it makes it a phosphate of the peroxide of iron, of the protoxide of manganese, and of soda containing one atom of water.

The same pegmatites in the environs of Limoges have also yielded a mineral species, known as tantalite, found in few localities. M. Dumour proves the tantalite of the Limoges pegmatites to be almost wholly formed of tantalic acid and oxide of iron, with a little oxide of tin.—*Ibid.*

Method of Impregnating Timber and other porous bodies. Petervon Schmidt.

[CLAIM.]

WHAT I claim as my invention for the purpose of impregnating timber or any other porous substance by any desired fluid, and to encrust or char said wood, in a complete manner in heated oil is the following combination of the operations, viz. The steaming of wood in combination with exposing the same immersed in any desired fluid to a vacuum; further in combination with the application of high pressure by a hydraulic press pump; and, finally, if required, in combination with charring or encrusting by coal, the impregnated wood in heated oil, as set forth. All these operations are done in one and the same apparatus. By the different combined actions upon the wood a perfect impregnation is accomplished, and by encrusting or charring of the wood in heated oil, the timber so prepared is more lasting and durable than iron; therefore the combined actions upon the timber as set forth, have the advantage over all other modes to saturate or kyanize timber which have been practised heretofore.—*Mechanics' Magazine.*

Etherization of old date.

IN Middleton's Tragedy of "Women beware Women," published in 1657, there is the following passage: "I'll imitate the pities of old surgeons, to this lost limb, who e'er they shew their art cast one asleep, then—cut the decess'd part."—*Ibid.*

Mrs. Somerville.

THE authoress of the "Mechanism of the Heavens" is engaged, we hear, in writing a work on Physical Geography.

A Machine for printing 12,000 Sheets per Hour.

WE were shewn some time since the model of a printing machine which we have little hesitation in designating a stride in the already wonderful progress that has been made in the printing art during the last five-and-twenty years. The steam-press by which the Daily News is printed is, we believe, the fastest—because the newest, and, consequently, provided with the latest improvements, at present in existence; yet, the average number of copies it produces within the hour is 5,000. The improved machine is calculated to print upwards of 12,000 per hour; and after a careful examination of the model, we have every reason to believe that the calculation is correct. To persons unacquainted with the details of printing machinery it will be next to impossible to convey a complete idea of the improvement, simple as is the principle on which it has been constructed; a general notion may, however, be given. For the benefit of the

uninitiated, we must premise that the present printing machines consist of two principal parts: first, of a sliding table, the middle of which is occupied with the type, each end having a surface on which the ink is distributed, and from which it is taken up by soft elastic rollers, and imparted to the type; secondly, of cylinders constantly revolving, to which the sheets are conveyed by tapes, impressed by the periodical sinking of the cylinders upon the type, and conveyed away again by the tapes. By the present plan, as the impressing cylinders revolve in one direction, and impression can only be taken at each forward transit of the type: the cylinders being lifted to clear the type as it travels back again. In other words, the type passes under each twice to produce one impression. The new, or, as it is aptly termed, "The Double Action Machine" takes advantage of both passages of the type under its cylinders, printing a sheet as the type passes backward as well as when it goes forward. This is managed by reversing the revolutions of the cylinders at each stroke, simply by the means of straight racks placed upon the long edges of the table, in which work cog wheels are attached to the axles of the cylinders. In this double action resides the main feature of improvement. It not only allows of two sheets being printed for one, but—by disencumbering the steam-press of the machinery necessary for lifting the cylinders that they may clear the table at each return—admits of the introduction of eight cylinders into the machine instead of four, the present maximum number. By this accession seven sheets are printed in the time of four—the natural supposition would be eight sheets; but a peculiarity which it would be impossible to explain in this paragraph prevents the double action being imparted to the two outside cylinders, which constantly revolve, as of old, in the same direction,—and reduces the ratio of production one sheet per stroke of the machine. The inventor is Mr. William Little, publisher of the *Illustrated London News*. —*Daily News*.

Archæological Society of Delhi.

THE Athenæum of November 20th notices its progress, and congratulates it on the liberal support received from the Government of India, but is desirous to attract for it the notice of Oriental Scholars and archæologists at home, whose countenance and contributions, while they will be of great value to the young institution, will probably be repaid by a rich harvest from its matured labours.

Professor Schoenbein's Improvements in Paper.

[Extract of a letter from M. Schoenbein to M. Dumas, dated March 28, 1847.]

THE author has discovered a method by means of which the following properties may be given to the paper in common use:—

1. Prepared paper has much more tenacity and greater consistency than common paper.

2. When dipped into water it does not lose its consistency, but is affected as parchment would be.
3. It receives with equal facility both writing and printing ink.
4. It does not require sizing to render it suitable either for writing or printing.
5. The injurious effects produced by the chloride of lime are avoided in prepared paper.

M. Schoenbein states that his process is simple, inexpensive, and easy of application, and that the new paper offers many advantages, particularly for bank notes and for paper hangings. The vegetable fibre of this paper renders it possible to make of it a substance as transparent as glass, and impermeable to water. The author has made of it bottles, balloons, &c., the sides of which may be made as thin as a plate of mica.

Another property of this paper is, that it develops a very energetic electric force. By placing some sheets on each other, and simply rubbing them once or twice with the hand, it becomes difficult to separate them. If this experiment is performed in the dark, a great number of distinct flashes may be perceived between the separated surfaces. The disc of the electrophorus, placed on a sheet that has been rubbed, produces sparks of some inches in length. A thin and very dry sheet of paper, placed against the wall, will adhere strongly to it for several hours if the hand is passed only once over it. If the same sheet is placed between the thumb and forefinger in the dark a luminous band will be visible. Hence it is believed, that this prepared paper will answer to make powerful and cheap electrical machines.—*Mechanic*.

A New Effect of the Magnetic Telegraph.

THE various wires of telegraph beginning to intersect so many sections of our country are said to have a decided effect upon electricity. That eminent scientific man, Professor Olmstead of Yale College, states that as the storm comes up, and specially when over the wires, say 50 or 100 miles distant, the lightning is attracted by the wires; which can be proved by any one remaining in the Telegraph office, for half an hour. About the time the storm is coming up, the wires are continually filled with electricity. "It is my opinion," he says, "that we shall never have very heavy thunder showers, or hear of lightning striking, so long as we have telegraph wires spread over the earth."—*American Paper*.

According to this we should long ago have ceased in such a city as London to have any experience of such a thing as a thunder storm: for what are all the telegraphic wires that have been erected, or that ever will be erected, in any country in the world, to the prodigious quantity of iron rails and posts contained within any square mile of this vast aggregate of iron-fenced houses and streets? Professor Olmstead's ideas on this head are much at variance with those entertained by other men of science. Professor Leslie quite derides the idea of any non-conductor exerting an attractive influence at a distance of even 50 or 100 inches.—*Mechanic*.

Velocity of Projectiles, &c.

SIR,—It has struck me that the velocity of rockets or cannon-balls could be far more correctly and minutely ascertained by the aid of electricity than by the method now in use. The mode of effecting this desirable object I will endeavour to describe in as plain and in as few words as I possibly can. Let a long thin copper wire be conveyed and suspended upon dry sticks from the position of the ordnance or cannon to the distant point aimed at. At that point the electric circuit would be formed in the following manner: a small portion of the wire, having one end in connection with the earth, and the other terminating in a small cup of mercury, would be attached to the "mark," and a copper-ball, having one end of the long conducting wire attached to it would be placed over the cup, that the least vibration caused by the projectile in striking the "mark," would make the brass ball to drop into the mercury, thereby forming the circuit. This formation of the circuit by the ball would be instantly indicated at the first or propelling position, by the movement of a small galvanometer introduced into the circuit; and the time elapsing between the act of firing the cannon and the movement of the needle of the galvanometer would represent the velocity at which the projectile traversed the given distance.

OWEN ROWLAND,

Ibid.

11, Heathcote-street, Mecklenburgh-square.

The Engines of the Great Britain Steam Ship

ARE of 1,000 horse power, of the Great Western 450.—*Ibid.*

The Largest Railway Tunnel

IN England, is on the Great Western line. The Box Tunnel 3,195 yards in length, or about one mile and three quarters. The six ventilating shafts, each twenty-five in diameter, vary from seventy to three hundred feet in depth.

Indian Lock.

THIS curious Lock is in the form of a bird; probably, representing the Hindoo god, Garuda, the carrier or bearer of Vishnu, the second of the Hindoo Triad, Garuda being to Vishnu what the eagle is to Jupiter. Garuda is worshipped by the natives of Madras; and, his living type, a kind of large hawk, is diligently fed by the devotees: the writer has often seen the worshippers with little baskets, filled with flesh, which is thrown skilfully, a small piece at a time, into the air, while they shout, "Hari! Hari!" a name of Vishnu, and the bird stoops on the wing and takes the prey. Garuda is supposed to possess human, or, rather, divine, intelligence, and is much revered. Many stories are told of his discernment and cunning; and it is, probably, on this account that the native artist has made his Lock in the form of Garuda, a sufficient guarantee, in his notion, for its acting as a safety or detector, equal, or even superior, to the more mechanical and scientific inventions of Bramah or Chubb. We should add, that, in this Indian Lock, the key-hole is on the side, one of the wings of the bird serving as a shifting escutcheon.—*Illustrated London News.*

VI.—TALES.

“*Marie*,” by Count D’Orsay.

THE AUTHOR TO THE READER.

“A la sueur de ton visaige
Tu gaigneras to pauvre vie :
Après long travail et usaige,
Voicy la mort qui te convie.”

Scant bread shalt thou gain
By the sweat of thy brow .
After labour and pain
To Death’s summons to bow.

THIS quatrain in old French, written beneath a composition of Holbein, has something profoundly melancholy in its simplicity. The picture represents a labourer driving his plough in a field. A vast extent of country stretches beyond, scattered with poor cabins : the sun has set behind the hill. It is the end of a day of hard labour. The peasant is old, stunted, and covered with rags : the team of four horses, which he urges on, is lean and attenuated ; the ploughshare stuck fast in a tough and rebellious soil. One single being is active and lively in this scene of “*sueur*” and “*usaige* ;” it is a fantastic figure, a skeleton armed with a whip, which runs in the furrow beside the frightened horses, and strikes them, serving thus as assistant to the old labourer. It is Death, that spectre which Holbein has introduced, allegorically, in the succession of philosophical and religious subjects, at once mournful and ludicrous, entitled “*Les Simulacres de la Mort*.”

In this collection, or rather in this vast composition, where Death, playing his part in every page, is the link and the predominant idea, Holbein has brought forward sovereigns, pontiffs, lovers, gamesters, drunkards, misers, brigands, beggars, warriors, monks, jews, travellers,—every class of his own time and of ours : and everywhere the spectre of Death mocks, threatens, and triumphs. In one picture alone is it absent. It is that in which Lazarus, laid on a dunghill at the rich man’s door, declares that he fears it not ; doubtless because he has nought to lose, and that his life is death in anticipation.

This stoic idea of half-pagan Christianity concerning the resurrection, has it much of consolation ? Do religious souls find in it what they hope for ? The ambitious man, the knave, the tyrant, the *débauché*, all those haughty sinners who abuse life, and whom death holds by the hair, are to be punished, no doubt ; but the blind, the mendicant, the madman, the poor peasant, are they to find a compensation for their long sufferings in the solitary reflection that death is no evil for them ? No ! an implacable gloom, a frightful fatality weighs upon the work of the artist, which resembles a bitter malediction hurled upon the lot of humanity.

This painful satire is, certainly, the true picture of the society which Holbein had before his eyes. Crime and misfortune, these were what struck him ; but for us, artists of another age, what shall we paint ? Shall we seek in the thought

of death the remuneration of our present humanity ? Shall we invoke it as the punishment of injustice and the recompense of suffering ?

No, we have nought to do with death,—but with life. We do not believe in the annihilation of the tomb, nor in the salvation bought by a forced renunciation ; we would have life good, because we would have it fruitful.

Lazarus must quit his dunghill, that the poor may rejoice no more in the death of the rich. All must be happy, that the happiness of some be not criminal and made a subject of reproach to God.

The labourer must know, in sowing his grain, that he toils at the work of life, and not that he rejoices that Death walks by his side. It must be, in short, that death shall not be the chastisement of prosperity nor the consolation of distress. God never destined it to be the counter-balance for the joys or sorrows of life ; for he has blessed life, and the tomb should not be a refuge where it is permitted to send those whom we would not render happy.

Certain artists of our time, taking a gloomy view of all that surrounds them, paint only scenes of pain, suffering, and misery—the dunghill of Lazarus. This may belong to the domain of art and of philosophy ; but in painting poverty so hideous, so debased, sometimes so vicious and criminal, is their end attained, is the effect salutary as they wished ? We dare not pronounce on the subject. It may be said that, in shewing this abyss hollowed beneath the fragile soil of opulence, they terrify the rich man in his purple and fine linen, as, in the time of Macaber's "Dance of Death," they shewed him its gaping mouth, with the King of Terrors ready to embrace him in his loathsome arms. Now they display to him the robber unlatching his door, the assassin watching his sleep. We confess we do not comprehend how they can reconcile him with the humanity they despise, how they can render him sensible to the sufferings of the poor man, whom they make an object of dread, by shewing him that poor man in the guise of an escaped criminal and a midnight robber.

Frightful Death, grinding his teeth and playing the violin, in the images of Holbein and his predecessors, has never been able, under that aspect, to convert the froward or console the victim. Does ~~not~~ our literature proceed, on this point, somewhat in the same manner as the artists of the middle ages and the *renaissance* ?

The drinkers of Holbein fill their cups with a sort of frenzy, to drive away the idea of Death, which, invisible to them, serves them as cup-bearer. The "Dives" of to-day demands fortifications and cannon to chase the fear of that spectre which art shews him working in the shade, in detail, awaiting the moment to fall upon social order at large. The Church of the middle ages soothed the terrors of the powerful by the sale of indulgences. The governments of the present day calm the uneasiness of the rich, by making them pay largely for soldiers and gaolers, bayonets and prisons.

Albert Durer, Michael Angelo, Holbein, Callot, and Goyz, have drawn powerful satires on the abuses of their countries. Theirs are immortal works, historical pages of incontestible value ; we would not, therefore, deny to artists the right of probing the wounds of society, and placing them before our eyes ; but is there now nought else to do than to paint objects of terror and menace ?

In that literature of the mysteries of iniquity which talent and imagination have brought into fashion, we prefer the soft and tender characters to the

dramatic villains. The former may undertake and bring about conversions, the latter only excite fear, and fear never cures selfishness ; on the contrary, it augments it.

We believe that the mission of art is one of sentiment—of love ; that the romances of the present period should replace the parables and apologues of the earlier times, and that the artist has a more extended and more poetic task than that of suggesting some measures of prudence and conciliation, to deprecate the terrors which his paintings have inspired. His end ought to be to render the objects of his solicitude beloved, and, in case of need, we should not reproach him for even embellishing a little. Art is not a study of positive reality—it is a selection of ideal truth ; and “The Vicar of Wakefield” is a more healthy and useful book than “*Le Paysan Pervers*,” or “*Les Liaisons Dangereuses*.”

Reader, pardon these reflections, and accept them by way of preface. There will be none in the story I am about to relate to you, and it will be so short and so simple, that I felt it was needful to plead an excuse to you beforehand, by telling you what I think of frightful tales.

• It is *à propos* of a labourer that I have allowed myself to be drawn into this digression. It is the history of a labourer which I intended to tell you, and which you shall have presently.

For a long time I had been looking with profound melancholy on the ploughman of Holbein, and I was walking in the country, dreaming of life in the fields and of the destiny of their cultivator. Doubtless it is hard to consume one's strength and one's days in cleaving the bosom of the jealous earth, which requires that the treasures of her fecundity must be torn from her, when a morsel of the coarsest and blackest bread is, at the end of the day, the sole recompense, the sole profit attached to such rude labour ! Those riches which cover the soil, those harvests, those fruits, those sturdy cattle, which fatten amid the long grass, are the property of the few, and the instruments of fatigue and slavery to the many. The man of pleasure, in general, loves not, for themselves, the fields, the meadows, the spectacle of nature, nor the splendid animals which are to be converted into gold for his use. The man of pleasure comes to seek a little air and a little health in the country, that he may return to spend in the great city the fruit of his vassals' labour.

On his side, the man of toil is too overwhelmed ; too unfortunate, too fearful for the future, to enjoy the beauties of the country and the charms of rustic life. For him, also, the golden fields, the smiling meadows, the stately animals, represent bags of coin, of which but a miserable portion, insufficient to supply his wants, will fall ; but which, nevertheless, he must help each year to fill, to satisfy his master, and to pay for the right of living parsimoniously and wretchedly on his domain.

And yet Nature is ever young, beautiful, and generous ; she sheds forth poetry and loveliness to all beings,—to all plants which develop themselves at her wish. She possesses the secret of happiness, and none have been able to draw it from her. The most blessed of men would be him who, possessing the science of his labour, and working with his own hands, experiencing a well-being and a liberty in the exercise of this force and intelligence, should have the time to live for the heart and for the brain ; to understand his own work, and to love that of God. The artist is endowed with these enjoyments,

in the contemplation and the reproduction of the beauties of nature ; but, in seeing the sufferings of those who people this beauteous earth, the right-minded and humane one is pained even in the midst of these enjoyments. Happiness would be where the mind, the heart, and the arm, working in concert under the eye of Providence, would establish a holy harmony between the munificence of God and the delights of the human soul. Then, instead of terrible and pitiless Death walking in the furrow, scourge in hand, the allegorical painter would substitute a radiant angel, sowing with teeming hands the blessed grain in the steaming earth.

And the dream of an existence, sweet, free, poetic, laborious, and simple for the dweller in the fields, is not so difficult to conceive that it can only be ranked among vain chimeras. The sad, sweet words of Virgil, "O happy man of the fields, if he but knew his felicity !" are a regret ; but, like all regrets, they are also a prediction. A day will come, when the labourer also can be an artist, if not to express (which will then be of little importance), at least to feel the beautiful. May we not believe that this mysterious intuition of poetry already exists in him, in the state of instinct and vague reverie ? Among those whom easier circumstances protect, and among whom the excess of misfortune has not smothered all moral and intellectual developement, pure happiness, felt and appreciated, is in an elementary state : and, indeed, if from the bosom of pain and fatigue the voices of poets have already risen, why should we say that the labour of the hands excludes the functions of the soul ? Doubtless this exclusion is the general result of excessive toil and profound poverty ; but let it not be said, that when man works moderately and usefully there will be nothing but bad labourers and bad poets. He who draws noble enjoyments from the sentiment of poetry is a true poet, though he may not have written a verse in all his life.

My thoughts had taken this course, and I did not perceive that this confidence in the capacity of the peasant to receive education was strengthened in me by exterior influences. I walked on the borders of a field which the labourers were preparing for the approaching seed-time. The arena was vast, like that of Holbein's picture ; the landscape vast and broad borders of verdure, somewhat faded by the approach of autumn, framed the rich brown earth, where the recent rains had left, in some of the furrows, lines of water which gleamed in the sun like narrow fillets of silver. The day was clear and warm, and the earth, freshly opened by the plough, here, exhaled a slight vapour. At the top of the field, an old man, whose broad back and severe face recalled the figure of Holbein, but whose dress bore no appearance of misery, gravely drove his antique-shaped plough, drawn by two quiet oxen, with pale yellow coats, long drooping horns, tall and somewhat lean ; veritable patriarchs of the fields, old labourers, which long habit had rendered *brothers*, as they call them in the country, and which, when separated, refuse to work with a new comrade, and die of grief. Those who are not conversant with the country, regard as a fable the affection of the ox for his yoke-fellow. Let them see in the stable a poor, lean, attenuated animal, lashing his hollow flanks with his tail, snuffing with disgust and contempt the food placed before him, his eyes ever turned towards the door ; or, pawing the vacant place by his side, licking the yoke and chains which his companion has worn, and ceaselessly calling

him with restless bellowings ;—the ox-driver will say, “Here’s a pair of bullocks lost : his brother is dead, and this one will work no more. He ought to have been fattened to kill, but he will not eat, and must soon die of hunger.”

The old labourer worked slowly, silently, and without unnecessary efforts ; his docile team exerting themselves no more than himself : but thanks to the continuance of labour without distraction, and to the exertion of tried and sustained strength, his furrow was as rapidly turned as that of his son, who drove, somewhat further on, four less robust oxen, in a tract of harder and more stony ground.

But the scene which next attracted my attention was really a goodly spectacle, a noble subject for a painter. At the other extremity of the plain, a fine-looking young man conducted a splendid team ; four yoke of young animals, with dark brindled coats, short curled heads, shewing something of the wild bull, large fierce eyes, abrupt movements, and nervous and jerking action, testifying the irritation still caused by the yoke and goad, to which they submitted while trembling with rage at the dominion only newly imposed. These were what are called oxen *freshly linked*. The man who drove them had to open a corner formerly laid out in pasture, and filled with venerable stumps and roots,—an herculean labour, to which his energy, his youth, and his eight half-broken animals, could barely suffice. A child about six or seven years old, of angelic beauty, whose shoulders were covered, over his blouse, with a lambskin, which made him look the little John the Baptist in the pictures of the *renaissance*, walked in the furrow parallel with the plough, and pricked the flanks of the bullocks with a long wand terminating in a blunt point. The proud beasts quivered under the little hand of the boy, and ground their yokes and the straps that bound their foreheads, communicating the most violent shocks to the pole. When a root checked the ploughshare, the young man cried out with a powerful voice, calling each animal by its name, but rather to calm than to excite ; for the creatures, irritated by the resistance, plunged, trampled the earth with their huge cloven feet, and would have broken away to either side, dragging the plough across the field, had not the labourer by voice and goad guided ~~the~~ ^{his} four leaders, while the child directed those behind. The little fellow cried aloud also, in a voice which he sought to render terrible, but which remained soft as his angelic face. All this was beautiful for strength or grace,—the landscape, the man, the child, the bulls in the yoke ; and despite this powerful struggle, in which the earth was conquered, a sentiment of sweet repose and calm hovered over all.

When the obstacle was surmounted, and the team regained its measured and equal pace, the labourer, whose affected violence was but an exercise of vigour and a momentary expenditure of activity, resumed at once the serenity of his simple nature, and turned a glance of paternal approval on his child, who looked back to smile in reply. Then the masculine voice of the young father gave forth the solemn and melancholy song, which the antique tradition of the country transmits, not to all labourers indiscriminately, but to those most consummately skilled in the art of exciting and sustaining the ardour of the working oxen. This song, the origin of which may perhaps be considered as sacred, and to which a mysterious influence must have been formerly attributed, is still reputed to possess the virtue of supporting the courage of these

animals, appeasing their displeasure, and enlivening the dulness of their weary tasks. It is not sufficient to be able to conduct them so as to trace a perfectly rectilinear furrow ; to lighten their difficulties, by raising or sinking the point of the ploughshare in the earth : a man is not a perfect ploughman unless he can sing to his oxen, and this is a science in itself, which requires a particular taste and talent. This song is but a sort of recitative, interrupted and resumed at pleasure. Its irregular construction and false intonations render it untranslatable according to the rules of music ; but it is, nevertheless, a fine melody, and so suited to the nature of the labour it accompanies, to the pace of the oxen, to the calm of these rural spots, and to the simplicity of those who sing it, that no genius a stranger to field-labour could have invented it, and no singer but a *fin laboureur* of the country could perform it. At certain periods of the year, when ploughing is the only employment of the husbandman, this song, sweet and powerful, rises like a voice of the breeze, to which its peculiar tone gives it a certain resemblance. The final note of each bar, sustained and trembling, requires a power and length of breath almost inconceivable, and rises a quarter of a note, with systematic falseness. It is wild and singular, but the charm of it is irresistible, and when the ear becomes accustomed to it, it seems to the listener that at that time, and in that spot, no other song could be heard without disturbing the harmony.

It thus happened that I had before my eyes a picture which contrasted with that of Holbein, although in a similar scene. In the place of the melancholy old man was one young and active ; instead of the worn and harassed horses, a double team of ardent and robust oxen ; in lieu of Death, a beautiful child ; and in the room of an image of despair, an idea of destruction, was a spectacle of life and energy, and a vision of happiness.

Then the quatrain—

" A la sueur de ton visaige," &c.

and the "*O fortunatus agricolas*," of Virgil, crossed my mind together ; and at the sight of this beautiful couple, the man and the child, accomplishing under such poetical circumstances, and with such united strength and grace, a labour full of grandeur and solemnity, I felt a profound pity, mixed with involuntary respect. "Happy labourer !" Yes, doubtless, I should be so in his place, if my arm, become suddenly robust, and my breast powerful, could thus fertilise and sing of nature, without my eyes^s ceasing to see, or my brain to comprehend, the harmony of colours and sounds, the *finesse* of tones and the grace of outlines ; in a word, the mysterious beauty of things ! And, above all, without my heart losing its relation with the divine sentiment which has presided over the sublime and immortal creation.

But, alas ! this man has never understood the mystery of the beautiful—his child will never understand it. God preserve me from believing that they are not superior to the animals they govern, that they have not momentarily ecstatic revelations which charm away their fatigues and lighten their cares ! I see upon their noble brows the seal of the Lord, for they are born kings of the earth far more than those who have become so by paying for their sovereignty ; and the proof that they feel it is, that they cannot be expatriated with impunity—that they love the soil fertilised by their hard toil, and that the true

peasant dies of home-sickness under the trappings of the soldier, far from the home of his birth.

But to this man is lost a portion of the enjoyment I possess ; a spiritual enjoyment, which to him is due,—to him, the labourer of the vast temple which heaven alone is sufficiently vast to embrace—the comprehension of his own sentiments. Those who from the bosom of his mother have condemned him to servitude, being powerless to deprive him of reverie, have deprived him of reflection.

Well ! such as he is, incomplete and condemned to an eternal childhood, he is still greater than those in whom science has stifled sentiment. Raise not yourselves above him, ye who consider yourselves invested with the legitimate and unquestioned right to command him, for this prodigious error proves that your mind has destroyed your heart, and that you are the most incomplete and the blindest of men. I prefer the simplicity of his nature to the false light of yours ; and had I to narrate his life, I should have more pleasure in drawing out the fine and touching traits of his character, than you have merit in painting the abject condition into which the sternness and contempt of your social precepts can plunge him.

I knew this young man and this beautiful child ; I knew their history, for they had a history ;—every one has, and every one could excite interest by the recital of the romance of his own life, did he but know it. Though but a peasant and a simple labourer, Germain could render to himself an account of his duties and of his affections. He had related them to me, simply and clearly, and I had heard them with interest. When for some time I had watched him ploughing, I asked myself, Why should not his history be written ? although it was as plain, as straight, and as unadorned as the furrow his plough was tracing.

Next year that furrow will be covered by a new one :—thus is the trace of most men in the field of humanity imprinted and effaced. A little earth obliterates it, and the furrows we hollow succeed each other like tombs in a cemetery. Is not that of the labourer as good as the sluggard's who has, nevertheless, a name—a *nom* which will endure if, by some singularity or absurdity, he makes a little noise in the world ?

Well ! let us withdraw from nothingness, if possible, the furrow of Germain, *le fin laboureur*. He will neither know nor care aught of it, but I shall have some pleasure in making the attempt.

CHAPTER I.

GERMAIN.

"GERMAIN," said le Père Maurice to his son-in-law, "you must really make up your mind to marry again: it is nearly two years since the death of my daughter, and her eldest boy is seven years old. You are now nearly thirty, and you know, my son, that once past that age, a man is, with us, considered past the time of life to recommence the cares of a household: you have three fine children, and until now they have never been a trouble to us; my wife and my daughter-in-law have done all they could for them, and have loved them tenderly: little Pierre is almost off their hands; he can drive the cattle, he is sensible

enough to take care of the beasts in the meadow, and strong enough to lead the horses to water. For him, therefore, we need have no anxiety; but the two others, whom, God knows, we love dearly, poor innocents! this year will give us much to think of. My daughter-in-law is near her confinement, and has still her other little one in arms, and when the new-born arrives, she will no longer be able to take charge of your Solange, and above all, Sylvain, who is not yet four, and who will not rest, day or night. He is full of life, like you; he will make a hearty labourer, but he is an unmanageable child, and my old woman cannot run fast enough to catch him when he makes off for the ditch, or gets among the feet of the cattle. Besides, when my daughter-in-law gives birth to another little one, the last will be for the next year on my wife's hands, therefore your children are more than we can undertake to manage; we could not bear to see them neglected, and when one thinks of the accidents that may happen to them for want of attention, one cannot be easy about them. You must, therefore, have another wife, and I another daughter-in-law. Think of it, my son. I have already mentioned it to you more than once; time passes, years will not wait: you owe it to your children and to us, who wish for all to go well in the house, to marry again."

"Well, father," replied the son-in-law, "if you really will have it so, I must content you. But I own that it will give me great pain, and I'd nearly as soon drown myself. One knows what one loses, and one don't know what one may find. I had a good wife, and a handsome wife, sweet-tempered, firm, good to her parents, good to her husband, good to her children, good to work, as well in the fields as in the house, handy at all employments—perfect, in short, for everything; and when you gave her to me, it was not put down in the conditions that I was to forget her if I had the misfortune to lose her."

"Worthy of your good heart, all that, Germain," said le Père Maurice; "and I know that you loved my daughter, that you made her happy, and that if Death had been satisfied to take you in her place, Catherine would have now been with us, and you in the churchyard. She well deserved you should love her as you did, and if you will not be consoled for her loss, we cannot be either. But I do not ask you to forget her; God chose that she should leave us, and not a day shall pass that we will not let her know by our prayers, our thoughts, our words, and our actions, that we respect her memory and mourn her loss; but if she could speak to you from the other world and tell you her wishes, she would bid you seek a mother for her little orphans." The object is now to find a woman worthy to replace her. It will not be easy, but it is not impossible; and when we have found her, you will love her as you loved my daughter, because you are a worthy man, and because you will be grateful to her for having rendered a service to us and for loving your children."

"Well Père Maurice," replied Germain, "I will do your bidding, as I have always done."

"That you have, my son, I will do you the justice to say; always have you listened to the advice and counsel of your *chef de famille*. Now let us consult about the choice of your new wife. In the first place, I would not have you take a young thing; that is not what you want. Youth is light and thoughtless, and as it is no slight burthen to rear three children, particularly those of another, we must have a worthy woman, sensible, gentle, and well-disposed to work. If your wife is not nearly of your own age, she will not be inclined to accept such duties; she will find you too old, and your children too young: she will repine and they will suffer."

"That's exactly what makes me uneasy," was the reply; "if those poor little things were ill-used, disliked, beaten——?"

"God forbid!" said the old man. "But bad women are scarcer among us than good ones, and one must be a fool indeed if one can't lay one's hand upon the right sort."

"True enough, father; there are plenty of good girls in the village. There's Louise, Sylvaine, Claudine, Marguerite—any one you like."

"Gently, gently, my son! All these girls are too young, or too poor, or else too pretty—because one must think of that too: a pretty wife is not always as steady as another."

"You wish me to have an ugly one then?" said Germain, somewhat uneasy.

"No! not ugly—for this wife will give you other children; and there is nothing so horrid as to have ugly, sickly, miserable children. But a wife who is still fresh, with good health, and neither handsome nor plain, is just what will suit you."

"I see," said Germain, smiling half-sorrowfully, "that to have what you want, she must be made on purpose; particularly as you won't have her poor, and that rich ones are not easily had—more especially for a widower."

"And what if she were a widow, Germain, —eh! A widow without children, and with a good round sum of money?"

"I don't know any such in the parish."

"Nor I neither, but there may be elsewhere."

"You have some one in view, father; tell me who it is."

"Yes, I have some one in view: she is a Léonard, widow of a Guérin, who lives at Fourche."

"I know neither the woman nor the place," replied Germain, resigned, but more and more *triste*.

"Her name is Catherine—the same as hers we have lost."

"Catherine? Oh, yes! it would be a pleasure to me to have to pronounce that name again. Catherine! And yet, if I could not love her as I loved the other, it would only give me the more pain—it would remind me of her oftener."

"I tell you, you *will* love her; she is a good woman—a good-hearted creature. I have not seen her for a long time—she was not a plain girl then; but she is no longer young, she is two-and-thirty. She comes of a good stock, all worthy people; and she has as much as eight or ten thousand francs in land, which she would be willing enough to sell to buy more in the place where she established herself, for she intends to marry again, and I know, if your disposition suited her, she would be very well satisfied with your position."

"You have arranged all that, then?"

"Yes, excepting hers and your consent; and that is what we must ask when you come to know each other. This woman's father is distantly related to me, and has been my friend for years. You know him well enough—le Père Léonard?"

"Yes, I have seen him talking to you at the fairs, and at the last you broke-fasted together; *that* was what you were settling then, was it?"

"It was; he watched you selling the beasts, and he saw you went well about it; that you were a likely looking fellow, and that you seemed active and intelligent; and when I told him all about you, and how well you have behaved to us during the eight years that we have lived and worked together, without ever having had an angry or reproachful word, he set his heart on your marrying his daughter, which is, I confess, the thing of all others I should desire, considering how well she is spoken of, how respectable her family is, and in what good circumstances I know them to be."

"I see, Père Maurice, that you think much of money!"

"Certainly I do; and don't you?"

"Why, yes; to please you I do: but you know that, for my own part, I never trouble myself about what is due to me, or not due to me, in our profits. I don't understand about calculating and dividing; my head is not good for those sorts of things. I know all about the land, the cattle, the horses, the teams, the sowings, the harness, and the forage; but for the sheep, the vines, the gardening, the household expenses, and the finer work, you know that concerns your son, and

that I don't meddle with it. As for money, my memory is short, and I had rather give up all than dispute about it. I should be afraid to make mistakes, and claim what I had no right to; and if the business were not simple and clear I should be completely lost in it."

"So much the worse, my son; and that is the very reason I should like you to have a wife with a good head, that she might replace me when I am gone. You never would look into the accounts, and that might lead to disagreements with my son, when you would no longer have me to settle between you and tell you what belongs to each."

"Long may you live, Père Maurice! but don't make yourself uneasy about that, for I never will dispute with your son. I trust in Jacques as I would in you. As I have no property of my own, and that all I have comes from your daughter and belongs to our children, I may rest contented, and you too. Jacques would not deprive his sister's children for his own, for he loves them almost equally."

"True enough, Germain; Jacques is a good son, a good brother, and a man who loves the truth. But Jacques might die before you—before your children were grown up; and it is always necessary in a family to provide against minors being left without a head to counsel them and settle their differences, otherwise the lawyers step in, embroil them all together, and eat up their property in trials. You see, therefore, we must not think of introducing a new member into the household, man or woman, without considering that one day that person may have to direct the conduct and affairs of some thirty children, grandchildren, son-in-law, and daughters-in-law; one never knows how a family may increase, and when the hive is too full and must swarm, each thinks of carrying off his own share of the honey. When I took you for my son-in-law, though my daughter was rich and you poor, I never reproached her for choosing you. I saw that you were a good workman, and I knew that the best riches for country people like us is a pair of arms and a heart such as yours; when a man brings those into a family, he brings enough. But with a woman it is different; her labour in a house is to preserve, not to acquire. Besides, as you are now a father, and seeking a wife, you must think that your future children, having nothing to expect of the heritage of the former ones, would find themselves in poverty at your death, if their mother had not something of her own to give them. They will also be some cost to rear; if that fell upon us, we would rear them certainly without a complaint, but the well-being of all would be affected by it, and your other children would have their share of the privations thus caused. When families augment rapidly, without a proportionate increase of means, poverty comes however we may fight against it. Such are my observations, Germain,—weigh them well, and think of making yourself agreeable to the widow Guérin, for her good management and her *écus* will bring aid for the present and tranquillity for the future."

"The thing is settled, father; I will try to please her, and be pleased with her."

"You must go, then, and see her."

"At her own place? At Fourche? That's a long way off, is it not? And we have no time to be running about at this season."

"When the business is a love-match, one must expect to loose time; but when it is a marriage of reason between two persons who have no caprices, and know their own minds, the affair is easily decided. To-day is Friday, to-morrow you will make a short day's labour, start about two o'clock, and be at Fourche early in the night; the moon is full now, the roads are good, and it is not more than three leagues—it is near Magnier. You will take the mare, too."

"I'd just as soon walk this cool weather."

"Yes, but the mare is handsome, and a *prétendu* who arrives so well mounted has a better appearance. You will put on your best clothes, and take a pre-

sent of game to le Père Léonard. You will arrive there as if from me, talk with him, pass the Sunday with his daughter, and come back with a Yes or a No, on Monday morning."

"Be it so," replied Germain, calmly.

And yet he was not quite calm; Germain had always lived quietly, as laborious peasants live. Married at twenty, he had never loved but one woman, and since his widowhood, though of a joyous and impetuous character, he had never thought of or paid attention to another. He had borne in his inmost heart a fond and deep regret for her he had lost, and it was not without mistrust and sorrow that he yielded to the wishes of his father-in-law; but the old man had always wisely governed the family, and Germain, who had devoted himself entirely to the common weal, and, consequently, to him who personified it, the father of the family, did not understand how he could revolt against sound reason—against the interest of all.

Nevertheless he was sad. Scarcely did a day pass without his weeping for his loss in secret, and though solitude began to weigh upon him, he was more fearful of forming a new tie than anxious to escape from his grief. He thought to himself vaguely that love might console him if it came to take him by surprise, for it is only thus that love consoles us—it is not to be found for the seeking—it comes to us when we least expect it. This cold project of marriage proposed by the Père Maurice, this unknown *fiancée*, perhaps even all these praises of her reason and her virtue, gave him cause of mistrust, and he went on dreaming as men dream who have not sufficient ideas to combat each other; that is to say, not calling up for himself fine reasons for resistance and egotism, but suffering from a dead dull pain, and struggling not against the evil which he must accept.

The Père Maurice returned to the farm-house; while Germain, between the sunset and night, occupied the last hours of day in closing the breaches which the sheep had made in the fence of an enclosure near the building. He raised up the thorn branches, and supported them with hillocks of earth; while the thrushes chattered in the thicket, as if to bid him hasten, curious to come and examine his work when he was gone.

CHAPTER II.

LITTLE PIERRE.

LE PÈRE MAURICE found at the house an old neighbour chatting with his wife, having come to seek a brand to light her fire. La Mère Guillelte inhabited a poor cottage about two gunshots from the farm, but she was an elderly and industrious woman; her humble dwelling was always clean and well kept, and her clothes, carefully patched, announced a feeling of self-respect in the midst of her poverty.

"You are come for your evening fire, Mère Guillelte," said the old man. "Would you like anything else?"

"No, Père Maurice," she replied, "nothing at present. You know I am not given to go begging, or to abuse the good nature of my friends."

"Quite true; therefore your friends are always ready to render you services."

"I was talking to your wife, and asking her if Germain had at last made up his mind to marry again?"

"You are not a gossip," replied the Père Maurice; "one may speak before you without fear of its coming round again: therefore I tell you and my wife Germain has decided, and that he starts to-morrow for Fourche."

"At last!" exclaimed the Mère Maurice. "Dear son! God grant that he may find a wife as good and as worthy as himself!"

"Ah! he goes to Fourche?" observed La Guillette. "See, how lucky! Just the thing for me. And since you asked me just now if I wanted any thing, I'll tell you, Père Maurice, how you can oblige me."

"Speak: we are at your service."

"I want Germain to trouble himself with the charge of my daughter."

"Where to? To Fourche?"

"No; not to Fourche, to the Elms, where she is to remain the rest of the year."

"What!" said the Mère Maurice, "you part with your daughter?"

"She must go into service, and gain her bread. It's hard for me, and for her too, poor soul! We could not resolve to be separated at St. Jean; but here is St. Martin coming, and she is offered a good place as shepherdess at the farm of the Elms. The farmer came here yesterday, in returning from the fair, and saw my little Marie, who was keeping her three sheep on the common."

"You have not much occupation, my good girl," said he to her, "and three sheep for a *pastoure* is nothing. Will you keep a hundred? Say the word, and I will take you. Our shepherdess is ill, and going back to her parents; and if you will be at my farm before a week is out, you shall have fifty francs for the rest of the year till St. Jean."

"She refused; but she could not help thinking of it, and telling it to me when, on her return in the evening, she saw me sad and embarrassed how to get through the winter, which will be long and severe: for this year the cranes and the wild geese passed a full month sooner than usual. It was hard to make up our minds to it; but at last the courage came. We knew that we could not remain together, since our little corner of land scarcely furnishes enough to feed one person; and since Marie is grown up (she is just sixteen), she must do like others,—earn her bread and help her mother."

"Mère Guillette," said the old farmer, "if fifty francs was all that was wanting to set you at ease and spare you your daughter, I could find that for you, though fifty francs is no small sum for people like us. But in all things we must consult reason as well as friendship, and though you might be saved from the misery of this winter, you would not be from that of the next; and the longer your daughter puts off the trial of quitting you, the harder she will find it at last. She grows tall and strong, and you have no occupation for her at home; she might learn idle habits."

"Oh! as to that I have nothing to fear. Marie is as hard-working as a girl can be; she never remains with her arms crossed one minute, and when she has nothing else to do she cleans and rubs our poor furniture till it shines like a mirror. She is worth her weight in gold, that child; and I had much sooner she had entered service with you, as shepherdess, than that she should go so far off to persons I don't know. You would have taken her at St. Jean, if we could have made up our minds; but now you have hired all the servants you want, and it is not till the St. Jean of next year that we can think of it."

"And I agree with all my heart, Guillette! I shall be very glad; but in the meantime she will do well to learn her duties, and to acquire the habit of serving others."

"Ah, yes; true enough! So be it. The farmer of the Elms sent after her again this morning, and I said she should go; so go she must. But the poor child does not know the way, and I don't like to send her so far alone. Since your son-in-law goes to Fourche to-morrow, he can take her; it seems that it is close to where she is going: so they tell me, for I never was there myself."

"It is close by, and Germain shall take her; she can even ride behind him on the mare, that will save her shoes. Here he comes for his supper. I say,

Germain, la Mère Guillette's little Marie is going to be shepherdess at the Elms. You'll take her on your horse, won't you?"

"Yes, certainly," replied Germain, who, though grave and pre-occupied, was always ready to render a service to his neighbour.

In our state of society, it would never enter into the thoughts of a mother to confide a girl of sixteen to the care of a man of eight-and-twenty: for Germain was no more; and though, according to the ideas of his province, he was getting old in a marriageable point of view, he was still the handsomest man of the place. Labour had not worn and faded him, like most of the peasants over whose heads ten years of toil have passed. He had the strength to work ten years longer, without looking old, and the prejudice of the country as to age, must indeed have been strong in the mind of a young girl to prevent her seeing that Germain had a fresh complexion, an eye bright and blue as the sky of May, red lips, splendid teeth, and a figure supple and agile as that of a young horse, who has not yet quitted the meadow.

But purity of morals is a sacred tradition in certain country spots far removed from the corrupted movements of great towns; and among all the families of Belair, that of Maurice was considered honest, upright, and serving the truth.

Germain was going for the purpose of seeking a wife; Marie was too young and too poor for him to regard her in that point of view, and without being a "*sans cœur*," and a "*mauvais homme*," it was impossible that he could entertain a guilty thought towards her. Le Père Maurice, therefore, felt not the slightest uneasiness to see him take up the pretty girl *en croupe*; la Mère Guillette would have deemed it an insult towards him to bid him respect her child as if she were his sister: so Marie mounted the mare, drowned in tears, after having twenty times embraced her mother and her young friends. Germain, who was sad enough on his own account, pitied her grief the more, and departed sorrowfully; while the people of the neighbourhood waved adieux to Marie, without dreaming of evil.

La Grise was young, handsome and vigorous, and bore her double burthen with ease,—laying down her ears and gnawing the bit like a spirited and ardent animal as she was. Passing by the long meadow, she perceived her mother—who was called *la Vieille Grise*, as she was named *la Jeune Grise*—and neighed an adieu to her. La Vieille Grise approached the hedge, tried to canter along the margin of the field to follow her daughter, and at last, seeing her start at a round trot, she neighed in her turn, and remained standing, anxious and uneasy, with out-stretched neck and mouth filled with grass, which she no longer thought of eating.

"The poor thing always knows her offspring," remarked Germain, to divert Marie from her grief. "That reminds me that I did not embrace my little Pierre before I left home. The bold boy was not there. Yesterday evening he wanted to make me promise to take him with me, and he cried for an hour in his bed: this morning, again, he tried all he could to persuade me,—oh! he is so coaxing and sly!—but when he found that it would not do, the gentleman got angry; he went off to the fields, and I have not seen him again all day."

"I saw him," said Marie, making an effort to restrain her tears. "He was running with Soulas' children, by the copse: and I thought he must have been out since it was early, for he was hungry, and was eating the sloes and blackberries. I gave him my bread and he said, 'Thank you, *ma Marie mignonne*. When you come to our house, I will give you *galette*.' He's too charming, that child of yours, Germain!"

"Yes; is he not charming? And I don't know what I would not do for him! If his grandmother had not been wiser than me, I could not have helped taking him when I saw him crying so, and his poor little heart bursting with sobs!"

"Well, and why should you not have taken him, Germain? he would not have been the least trouble to you;—he is so reasonable when you do what he wishes!"

"Oh, it seems he would be in the way where I am going; at least, Père Maurice thought so. I thought, on the contrary, that it would be well to see how he was received, and that so fine a child could not but be met with kindness; but they said at home, that one must not commence by bringing in view the cares of a household. But I don't know why I tell *you* all this, little Marie—you understand nothing of it, I suppose?"

"Yes, Germain, I know you are going to be married; my mother told me so, but bid me say nothing about it, either at home or where I am going: so don't be afraid, I won't say a word."

"Right, for the thing is not yet done; perhaps I may not suit the woman in question."

"Oh, it is to be hoped you will. Why should you not suit her?"

"Who knows?—I have three children, and that comes heavy on a woman who is not their mother."

"Yes, but your children are not like other children!"

"You think so?"

"They are as beautiful as little angels, and so well brought up, that it is impossible to see any thing more amiable than they are."

"Sylvain is not very easy to manage."

"He is so young!—he can't help being a little ungovernable. And then, he is so clever!"

"He certainly is very clever. And such courage! he fears neither cow nor bull; and, if he was allowed, he would climb up on the horses with Pierre."

"In your place I would have brought Pierre. You may be sure you would be liked at once for having such a fine child!"

"Yes, if the woman likes children; but if she does not——?"

"Are there women who dislike children?"

"Not many, I think; but there are some, and that's what torments me."

"Then you don't know this woman at all?"

"No more than you do; and I am afraid I shall know her no better when I see her. I am not mistrustful; when I hear people well spoken of, I believe it, but I have often had cause to repent it: words are not actions."

"They say she is a very good woman."

"Who says that?—Père Maurice?"

"Yes, your father-in-law."

"That's all very well; but he does not know her either."

"Well, you will see her soon enough,—you will watch her closely; and it is to be hoped you will not be deceived, Germain."

"I say, Marie, I should be very glad if you would come to the house before you go to the Elms. You are sharp, you have always shewn cleverness, and you pay attention to every thing. If you see any thing suspicious, you will tell me quietly."

"Oh, no, Germain! I could not do that! I should be afraid of judging wrongly, and if a light word should disgust you with the marriage, your relations would be displeased with me; and I have troubles enough without drawing more on my poor mother."

While they thus consulted, la Grise shied suddenly—then returning, she approached the copse, where something that she now began to recognise, had at first frightened her. Germain gave a penetrating glance into the bushes, and saw in the ditch, under the thick and yet green branches of a sapling oak, some object which he took for a lamb.

"It is a strayed or dead beast," he said, "for it does not move: perhaps some one has been searching for it. We must see!"

"It is not a beast," exclaimed Marie. "It is a child asleep: it is your little Pierre!"

"*Par exemple!*" said Germain, dismounting. "See that little monkey sleeping there, so far from the house, and in the ditch, where a snake might hurt him!"

He lifted up the child, who, opening his eyes with a smile and throwing his arms round his neck, said,

"*Mon petit père*, you'll take me with you?"

"Ah, yes! always the same song! What were you doing there, naughty Pierre?"

"I was waiting for my *petit père* to pass," said the child. "I kept looking along the road, and at last I got so tired of looking that I fell asleep."

"And if I had passed without seeing you, you would have been left out all night, and the wolf would have eaten you!"

"Oh, I knew well enough you would see me!" said Pierre, with perfect confidence.

"Well, now kiss me, bid me good-bye, and go home quick, if you don't want them to sup without you."

"You won't take me, then?" exclaimed the child, rubbing his eyes in token that he meant to cry.

"You know very well that grandfather and grandmother will not allow it," said Germain, entrenching himself behind the authority of the elders, as a man who counts not on the influence of his own.

But the child would listen to nothing: he began to sob aloud, saying that as his father took little Marie, he could very well take him too. They objected that they must pass through great woods, where there were wild beasts who eat up children; that la Grise would not carry three persons—that she had declared so at starting; and that in the country to which they were going, there was neither supper nor bed for little boys. All these excellent reasons had no weight with Pierre; he threw himself on the grass and rolled, crying that his *petit père* did not love him any more, and that if he did not take him he would never go home, day or night.

Germain's fatherly heart was as tender and as weak as that of a woman. The death of his wife, the cares that this event had compelled him to bestow on his children, and the thought that these poor, motherless little ones had an extra claim on his love, had contributed to produce this result; and now all these considerations caused within him so strong a combat (more especially that he blushed at his own weakness, and sought to hide his emotion from Marie), that the blood rushed to his temples, and his eyes shewed that he was ready to weep himself. At length he sought to try the expedient of getting angry; but turning to Marie, as if to call her to witness his firmness, he saw the fair girl's face bathed in tears, and all his courage abandoned him, he could hardly retain his own, though he still essayed to scold and threaten.

"Really, you are *too* hard-hearted!" exclaimed Marie; "and, for my part, I could never resist in that way a poor child who was in such grief. Come now, Germain, take him; your mare is very well used to carry two persons and a child, for your brother-in-law and his wife, who is much heavier than I am, go to market on a Saturday with their boy on the good beast. You can take him before you; and, as to that, I would rather go on foot than disappoint the poor dear."

"Well, well, be it so," said Germain, who longed to be convinced; "la Grise is strong enough, and could carry two more, if there were room on her

back. But what shall we do with the child on the road? he will be cold and hungry, and who will take care of him this evening and to-morrow, to put him to bed, and to wash and dress him? I could not give such trouble to a woman I do not know, and who would certainly think me very free and easy to make such a beginning."

"According to the good or ill-will she shows, you may judge her at once, Germain, depend upon it; and if she objects to your child, I will take care of him. I will go to her house to dress him, and I will take him out to the fields to-morrow; I will amuse him all day, and see that he wants for nothing."

"But he will be troublesome to you, poor girl, all the day long!"

"On the contrary, it will be a pleasure to me; he will be a companion to me and make me less *triste*, the first day I have to pass in a new place. I shall fancy I am still at home."

The child, seeing that Marie took his part, clung so firmly to her dress, that she could not have disengaged his grasp without hurting him. When he saw that his father was yielding, he took in his little sunburnt hands the hand of Marie, kissed it, and jumping with delight, rapidly drew her towards the mare, with that ardent impatience which children manifest in all their desires.

"Come, come," said the young girl, lifting him in her arms, "let us try to quiet this poor little heart, which is fluttering like a bird; and if you find it cold when night comes, tell me, *mon Pierre*, and I'll wrap you up in my cloak. Kiss your *petit père*, and beg his pardon for having been naughty; tell him you'll never be naughty again!—mind, never!"

"Yes, yes, on condition I always do what he wishes, I suppose!" said Germain, wiping the child's eyes. "Ah, Marie! you spoil him, spoil him sadly!—you are too good! I don't know why you did not come to us as shepherdess last St. Jean; you would have taken care of my children, and I would rather have given you good wages for it, than have gone hunting for a wife, who would think, perhaps, that she did me a great favour in not hating them."

"You must not look at the bad side of things that way," replied Marie, as she held the bridle of the mare, while Germain placed his son on the front of the large packsaddle, covered with goat-skin. "If your wife does not like children, you will take me into your service next year; and, never fear, I will amuse them so well that they shall never have any thing to cross them."

CHAPTER III.

UNDER THE OAKS.

"But what will they think at home when this *petit bon homme* does not make his appearance?" said Germain, when they had proceeded a few steps: "they will be in alarm, and will be searching for him everywhere."

"You can tell the *cantonnier*, who works on the road above, and ask him to let your people know that you are taking him."

"True, Marie: you think of every thing! I never remembered that Jean must be somewhere about here."

"And he lives close to the farm: he will be sure to do it."

Once at ease on this point, Germain again urged the mare into a trot, and little Pierre was so happy that he did not immediately become conscious of the fact that he had not dined. But the motion of the horse affected his empty stomach, and after proceeding about a league he began to yawn, to turn pale, and to confess that he was dying of hunger.

"Ah, now it begins!" said Germain. "I knew we should not go far before monsieur would be crying hunger or thirst."

"I'm thirsty, too," said Pierre.

"Well, we will stop at la Mère Rebec's *cabaret* at Corlay, at the 'Point du Jour,'—a fine sign but a poor lodging. And you, Marie, you must have a little wine."

"No, no, I want nothing. I will hold the mare while you go in with the child."

"But you gave your bread this morning to Pierre, and you are fasting; you would not dine with us at home, for you could do nothing but weep."

"Oh, I was not hungry; I was too sad. And indeed, indeed, Germain, I have no inclination to eat now."

"Then you must be forced, child, or you will be ill. We have a long way to go, and we must not arrive like famished creatures, calling for bread before we say *bon jour*. I'll set you a good example; though I have not much appetite either, I'll try what I can do: for, after all, I scarcely dined myself. I saw you and your mother crying, and that upset me. Come along; I will tie la Grise at the door, and you must dismount—I insist."

The three entered the *cabaret*, and in less than a quarter of an hour the lame hostess placed before them a most tempting omelette, brown bread, and wine.

Peasants eat slowly, and little Pierre had so good an appetite, that a full hour had passed before Germain thought of proceeding on their route. Marie had eaten out of complaisance at first, but by degrees hunger came, for at sixteen it is difficult to fast, and country air is keen. The kind and consoling words of Germain, too, produced their effect. She made an effort to persuade herself that seven months would soon be gone, and to think of the happiness of returning to her village and her own people, since le Père Maurice and Germain had promised to take her into their service. But when she began to brighten up, and to play with little Pierre, Germain took the unfortunate idea of pointing out to her from the window of the *cabaret* the beautiful view of the valley, which was entirely visible from these heights, in all its bright and verdant fertility. Marie looked forth, and asked if he could see the houses of Belair.

"To be sure!" he replied; "and the farm, and even your house. See! that little grey spot, not far from the great poplar at Godard,—lower down than that steeple!"

"Ah, I see it!" said the girl, and began to weep.

"I was wrong to put you in mind of that," said Germain. "I do nothing but commit follies to-day! Come Marie! let us start; the days are short, and in an hour, when the moon rises, it will not be warm."

They proceeded once more, crossing the great heath; and as Germain, fearing to fatigue the girl and the child by trotting too fast; would not urge la Grise to a rapid pace, the sun had set when they quitted the high road, to enter the forest.

Germain was acquainted with the road as far as Magnier; but he thought it would be shorter to descend by Presles and La Sépulture, a direction different from that he was in the habit of taking when he went to the fair. This he found was wrong, and some time was lost before regaining the wood, which he again entered in a false direction, and was soon unconsciously turning his back to Fourche, and proceeding much higher towards Ardentes.

And now, still further to confuse him, with the approach of night rose one of those autumnal evening fogs, which the whiteness of the moonlight renders still more vague and deceitful. The large pools of water scattered over the glades exhaled such dense vapours, that when la Grise crossed them, they were only conscious of the fact by the splashing of her feet, and by the difficulty with which she drew them from the clay and mire.

When at length they arrived at the end of a long straight alley, and Germain ceased to reconnoitre, he perceived he had entirely lost the way; for le Père Maurice, in explaining the route, had told him that at the opening of the wood

he would have to descend a steep declivity, to pass through a large meadow, and to ford the river twice. He had even bid him enter the river with caution, because at the beginning of the season there had been much rain, and the water might still be high. Seeing neither hill, meadow, nor river, but the broad plain, flat and white, as if covered with a mantle of snow, Germain first stood still, then sought a house, and waited for some passer-by, but in vain; nothing could he find to direct his steps. He then turned back and re-entered the wood; but the fog grew thicker, the moon was entirely veiled, the roads became dreadfully bad, and the ruts perfect gulfs. Twice *la Grise* was on the point of falling; laden as she was, she lost courage, and if she still retained sufficient discernment not to strike herself against the trees, she could not save her riders from coming in contact with the large boughs which barred the passage at the height of their heads, and exposed them to considerable danger. Germain, in one of those rencontres, lost his hat, and with great difficulty succeeded in recovering it; while little *Pierre*, who had fallen asleep, rolled to and fro in utter helplessness, and so embarrassed his father's arms that he could neither direct nor hold up the horse.

"I think we are bewitched," said Germain, stopping; "for these woods are not extensive enough for one to be lost in them unless he were drunk, and yet here we have been wandering about for two hours at least, without being able to find a way out. *La Grise* has but one idea in her head, that of returning to the house, and that is what has led me astray. If we wanted to get home we should have nothing to do but to let her take her own course, but when we are, perhaps, within a few steps of our destination, it would be a folly to give it up and recommence a long journey. And yet I hardly know what to do: I can see neither earth nor sky, and I am afraid the child may catch the fever if we remain in this cursed fog, or that he may be crushed by our weight if the mare falls forward."

"It is no use to try any longer," said Marie. "Let us dismount, Germain. Give me the child; I can carry him very well, and I can keep him covered with the cloak better than you. You lead the mare, and perhaps we may be able to see better when we are nearer the ground."

These precautions only served to preserve them from a fall, for the fog still thickened and seemed to cling to the damp earth. Walking was most difficult, and at last they became so harassed, that they stopped short on reaching a dry spot under the great oaks. Little Marie was nearly exhausted, but she never complained or appeared uneasy.

Entirely occupied with the boy, she sat down on the ground, placing him on her lap, while Germain explored the environs, after having passed the bridle of the mare over the branch of a tree.

But *la Grise*, who was heartily tired of the journey, gave herself a violent shake, slipped the rein, burst the girths, and launching out by way of adieu half-a-dozen kicks higher than her head, started off across the thicket, shewing perfectly well that she needed no one to assist her in finding her way.

"There," exclaimed Germain, after having vainly tried to catch her, "here we are on foot, and nothing now can get us back into the right road, for we should have to cross the river; and seeing how these roads are full of water, we may be sure that the meadow is below it. We know no other way, so we must wait here till the fog clears; it can't last more than an hour or two, and when we can see a little, we will seek for some house on the borders of the wood: but we cannot move now; there is a pond, or a pool, or something—I hardly know what—before us: and behind, I know no better what there is, for I do not even understand by which side we came here."

"Well, we must have patience, Germain," replied Marie. "We are well enough on this little mound; the rain does not pierce the foliage of these great

trees, and we can light a fire, for I feel some old dead wood, which is dry enough to light. You have fire, Germain? You were smoking just now."

"I had! My tinder-box was on the saddle under my *sac*, with the game I was carrying to this woman, but that cursed mare has carried off all, even to my cloak, which she will tear and lose among the branches."

"No, no, Germain; the saddle, the cloak, the *sac*, all are there at your feet: la Grise broke the girths and left all there behind her."

"So she did." And if we can find a little dry wood by feeling about, we shall be able to warm ourselves."

"Oh, that's easy enough," said Marie; "the dead wood crackles under our feet at every step. But give me here the packsaddle first."

"What are you going to do with it?"

"To make a bed for the child. No; not that way—upside down; feel, it is quite warm from the mare's back. There, prop it up at each side with those stones."

"I see no stones. You must have cat's eyes!"

"There, now, it is all arranged, Germain. Give me your cloak, I will wrap him up in it, and put mine on the top. See! he's just as well there as if he were in his own bed; and feel how warm he is!"

"He is, indeed! How well you understand taking care of children, Marie!"

"Ah? that's no sorcery. Now find your tinder-box, and I'll arrange the wood!"

"That wood won't light; it is too damp."

"You doubt every thing, Germain: do you forget, then, having been a shepherd, and having lit great fires in the fields in the midst of the rain?"

"Yes; the children who keep sheep understand that: but I have been a driver of oxen ever since I could walk."

"Ah! that is why you are more strong with your arms than adroit with your hands. There is the pile, now see if it won't blaze; give me the fire and a handful of dry fern. That's right, now blow; you are not consumptive?"

"Not that I know of," replied Germain, blowing like the bellows of a forge.

In an instant the flame appeared, throwing at first a red light, then rising in bluish jets under the foliage of the oaks, struggling against the fog, and gradually clearing and drying the atmosphere within ten paces around.

"Now I must sit down beside the child, that the sparks may not fall on him," said the girl. "You throw on wood and keep up the fire, Germain; we shall catch neither fever nor cold here, I will answer for it."

"Pon my word, you are a clever girl!" said Germain; "and you know how to make a fire like a little night-fairy! I feel quite set up again, and in good heart; for with legs wet up to the knees, and the idea of remaining in that way till daybreak, I was in a very bad humour just now."

"And when one is in a bad humour, one thinks of nothing," replied Marie.

"You are never out of temper, then?"

"No, never; what is the use of it?"

"Oh, it's no use, certainly; but how can one help it when things go wrong? God knows, though, you have had trials enough, my poor child, for affairs have gone badly with you."

"So they have,—we have suffered much, my poor mother and I; we have seen many sorrows, but we never lost courage."

"I should never lose courage for the hardest work that could be," said Germain; "but poverty would try me, for I never wanted for any thing. My wife made me rich, and I am so still, and shall be as long as I work at the farm, which I hope will be always; but every one must have their own troubles. I have suffered in another way."

"Yes, you lost your wife,—what a loss!"

"Ah, was it not?"

"Yes, it cost me many tears, Germain: she was so good! But don't let us talk of it, or I shall cry again,—all my misfortunes seem to come back to me to-day."

"Indeed she was very fond of you, Marie; she thought a great deal of you, and your mother. There, now, you are weeping! See, my child, I will not weep."

"You are weeping, Germain, and why should I not? Is there any shame for a man to mourn for his wife? Never mind before me, Germain, I assure you I share your grief."

"You have a good heart Marie, and it does me good to weep with you. But put your feet nearer the fire, your petticoat is wet too, poor child! There, let me take your place by the boy, and come and warm yourself better."

"I'm warm enough," said Marie; "and if you will sit down, take a corner of the cloak I am very comfortable."

"After all, we are well enough here," said Germain, sitting down close beside her. "The only thing is, I am very hungry. It must be nine o'clock, at least, and it is so fatiguing to walk in these bad roads, that I feel quite knocked up. Are you not hungry, Marie?"

"Me? not the least. I am not used, like you, to four meals; and I have so often gone to bed without supper, that it's nothing new to me."

"Ah, it's a good thing to have a wife like you; you don't cost much," said Germain, smiling.

"I am not a wife," said Marie *maivement*, without perceiving the turn his ideas had taken. "Are you dreaming?"

"Yes, I believe I am," replied Germain; "it is hunger that makes me wander, perhaps!"

"What a *gourmand*!" she exclaimed, trying in her turn to enliven him. "Well, if you can't wait five or six hours without eating, have you not got the game there in your *sac*, and fire to cook it?"

"An excellent idea, upon my word! But the present to my future father-in-law"

"You have six partridges and a hare; you don't want all that to satisfy your hunger?"

"But how are we to cook it without spit or skewers, or anything? It will be all cinders!"

"Not at all," said Marie. "I'll engage to cook it for you in the ashes, without a taste of smoke. Did you never catch larks in the fields, and dress them between two stones? Ah, true, I forgot you had not been a *pastour*! There, now, pluck this partridge, gently,—not so hard; you will tear off the skin."

"You may as well pluck another to shew me how!"

"What! you'll eat two? What an ogre! Now they are plucked, you shall see how I am going to cook them."

"You would make a capital *cantiniere*, Marie. But the misfortune is you have no *cantine*, and I shall have to drink the water of this pool."

"Ah, you'd like wine, wouldn't you? Perhaps you want some coffee? You think you're at the fair in the booth! Call the innkeeper! Some liqueur for the *fin laboureur de Belair*!"

"Ah! wicked little thing! you laugh at me? You would not drink wine yourself, I suppose, if you had it?"

"Me? I tasted it to-day with you, for the second time in my life. But if you behave very well, I'll give you a bottle nearly full, and good too!"

"What, Marie! then you are really a witch!"

"Had you not the folly to call for two bottles at old Rebecca's? You and your son drank one, and I barely tasted the other; but you paid for both."

"Well, what then?"

"Well, I put that which was not drunk into my basket, thinking that you or Pierre might be thirsty on the way, and here it is."

"You certainly are the most thoughtful girl I ever came across! There! she was crying, poor child, when she came out of the inn, and yet she could think of others more than of herself! Marie, the man that marries you will be no fool."

"I hope not, for I should not like a fool. Here now, eat your partridges, for they are just cooked; and, for want of bread, you must content yourself with chestnuts."

"And where the deuce did you get chestnuts?"

"Ah! what a wonder—isn't it? All the way along I plucked them off the branches, and filled my pockets with them."

"And they are roasted, too?"

"What should I have been thinking of, if I had not put them into the fire as soon as it was lit? We always do that in the fields."

"Now, Marie, let us begin and sup together! I'll drink your health, and wish you a good husband—just such a one as you would wish for yourself. Now tell me a little about that, Marie!"

"I should find that rather difficult, Germain, for I never thought about it."

"What, not at all? never?" said Germain, beginning to eat with the appetite of a labourer, but still cutting off the best parts to offer to his companion, who resolutely refused to partake of them, and contented herself with some chestnuts.

"Tell me, Marie," he pursued, seeing that she had dropped the subject: "you never thought about marriage? you are old enough, too!"

"Perhaps so," she replied; "but I am too poor. One must have at least a hundred *écus* to begin a household, and I must work five or six years to lay by so much."

"Poor child! I wish le Père Maurice would let me have so much to give you."

"Thanks, Germain! But what would the people say of me?"

"What could they say?" they know well enough I am too old to marry you, and they could not suppose that I—that you——"

"See, Germain, there's your boy awake!" said Marie.

(*To be continued.*)

Leaves from the "Confessions of a Pencil-case."

It occurred one stormy autumnal night, Smithson had been dining with a friend some distance from W—, and was returning home at rather a late hour on horseback alone. The moon, which had shone out brightly at starting, quickly became overshadowed with dense clouds, and a dull drizzling rain commenced, not by any means comfortable or pleasant; the road too, was none of the most frequented. My master had completed about half of his journey, and was traversing a lonely, cheerless part of his way, with plenty of thick leaved trees on the one side, and some boggy waste ground on the other, when a low whistle caught his ear.

"Hush! what's that?" he murmured, reining in his horse, and he vainly peered through the darkness, but could distinguish nothing. Now Smithson was no coward; I had often heard him utter the boldest sentiments at public meetings, offering to confront numerous foes with true oratorical daring; but, then, good reader, courage with a host of applauding

friends round, in a dining hall, and courage by oneself, in a dark, lonely lane, at a late hour of night, are two qualities widely differing. "Pshaw! it was my fancy very likely," said he, so setting spurs to his steed he went off at a sharp trot.

Just at this moment his course was suddenly arrested, and a loud voice demanded his moveables. "Come, fork out," cried another tongue. "My good fellows, I have nothing," said my master, rather quaking in spirit, at the same time unbuttoning his coat, to seek a pistol he had in his inner pocket. (Smithson never travelled at night without a pistol.) I had then an opportunity of seeing by whom we were thus untimely arrested, the clouds at the moment breaking for the moon's rays to reach the earth. There were two great ruffians with masks on their faces, one had powerfully seized the bridle, and the other clutched my master's right arm.

"Hands off villains!" cried he, pulling the trigger of his pistol, but it missed fire.

"Ho, ho, that's the trick, is it?" said one of the wretches, and in a twinkling, Smithson was forced from the saddle, and laid senseless on his back in the road. His pockets were ransacked instant, his watch, purse, pocket-book, all were seized. How I trembled at their boldness, and shuddered at the idea of falling into their hands, sometimes flattering myself that they would leave me untouched. Vain hope, I followed the rest, and both the pads were employing themselves in conveying my poor master, who lay stunned and senseless all the while, to the roadside ditch, when the sound of distant wheels was heard.

"Come, be quick, Bill," exclaimed the one with an oath, "or we shall be nabbed." So saying the pair left Smithson to his fate, and scampered off into the woods, as hard as their legs could carry them, just as a carriage came in sight.

What a change had the lapse of a few minutes made in my position. From being the inhabitant of the waistcoat pocket of an independent gentleman to be located in the vile pouch of a robber, a midnight highwayman; was it not a wretched degradation? Yes, there I lay, with a few musty halfpence, and a horridly smelling tobacco box for companions; compared with these the alбата case was a princely associate, and thereby I learned a lesson which I have never failed to remember, viz., how ridiculous it is to judge of merit by comparison. For instance, hitherto I had formed an opinion prejudicial to my late associate, because I considered him beneath me, now that I had fallen into company so much lower, he rapidly rose in my estimation; although my alбата acquaintance always had been and still must be *the same* with regard to intrinsic qualities, neither better nor worse.

The men proceeded in their course through the wood until they arrived at a small open space of ground, surrounded on all sides by trees and bushes, where they stopped.

"You didn't kill the fellow, did you, Bill, with the blow you gave him?" said the one.

"No fear of that," was the reply; "it was a stunner though, and saved us a good deal of trouble. But supposing we sees what plunder there be."

With that both shewed what they had eased my late poor master of. I was brought forth with the rest, and so can describe their subsequent doings. The pocket-book seemed chiefly to occupy their attention ; from their conversation they expected to meet with a pretty round sum in it ; if so, they were sadly disappointed, for there was no money to be found.

"It strikes me as how we have done a devilish poor night's work, Tom," observed the man styled Bill.

"Stop a bit man, perhaps the crither's pus ain't in sich an empty condition." This only yielded them four sovereigns and some silver, which they at once divided ; the moon shone brightly at the time, and I could see clearly all that passed.

"Then there's his ticker, and two or three other knick-knacks ; this here thing among 'em," said the one robber, exhibiting me in his horny hand to his worthy companion.

"We'll turn it all into 'tin' the first opportunity," said the other, "and now let's be off to our quarters."

Their quarters, as they termed it, was the loft of an old detached barn, a short distance off. Here on some loose straw the couple of wretches lay down for the night ; no qualm came over their consciences, on the contrary from their jocular manner of talking, one would have fancied they had been performing some very laughable feat. For me there was no rest ; my thoughts recurred to my own lamentable reverse of fortune ; and to the half-murdered Smithson. I pictured to myself poor Mrs. Sim's uneasiness at the non-arrival of her master and her ejaculations and anathemas against his assailants, when, if ever, he should arrive at home. I compared my situation in the highwayman's pocket with that I usually occupied on Smithson's dressing table, and my heart beat to the quick as the idea presented itself. I anticipated not a hope of being again restored to him, and gave myself wholly up to gloomy speculations on my future lot.

So passed the night. At an early hour in the morning my worthy couple of owners were on foot. It had been agreed between them that they should take separate courses to a distant town, where they appointed to meet after dusk. Both clad themselves in the most ragged attire, much worse than they had worn on the previous night. These better garments were carried as a knapsack bundle over the shoulder, and the rags were donned to act the part of beggars. Thus did these rogues, who had ample supplies of money in their pouches, seek to impose upon the charitable and humane, and they did it, by the bye, with very good success. He whom I accompanied feigned to have been discharged from an infirmary with an incurable wound in his arm, to prove which he, when soliciting alms, would make a movement as if to lay it bare, which of course was checked by his hearers. He called at every house in his route, and seldom failed to receive a good repast or a few halfpence in reply to his tale of woe. Sometimes when he saw that his presence gave some alarm to the inhabitants of a lonely house, he would put on the sturdy rogue guise, utter mysterious threats and lurk about the premises till the inmates were compelled to give him something, in order to get rid of him, when he would go away grumbling and swearing without tendering the smallest thanks. He would dog after pedestrians that he chanced to meet, with untiring perse-

verance, and appropriated to his own use any small article he could lay hands on unseen.

It was not till a late hour in the evening that he arrived at the proposed place of rendezvous, which his friend had managed to reach a short time previously. This, it seemed was their home, a mean broken down tenement in the vilest portion of the town of E——, just the place for such as they to thrive in. There is, they say, honour among thieves, my owner accordingly produced all his honourable earnings of that day, and the other thief followed his example. From the crazy old table I lay on, I had a satisfactory view of the apartment, if such it might be called, and will therefore devote a few lines to the description. The floor of the place was the original earth unencumbered by boards, paving stones, or any such luxurious additions; the covering was the old tiled roof. The furniture was unique and no means abundant—a chair without any back-rails; a most primitive three legged stool, with two other chairs minus some indispensable parts, were the only seats; a few plates and other crockery-ware were disposed on a shelf; numerous shabby little pictures on the walls, and a heap of sundries in one corner made up the visible garniture of the apartment. One of the chairs was inhabited by a grey-headed old fellow, whose wrinkled countenance bore the word "villain" in pretty legible characters, and a little slattern* of a girl sat on the other side of the fire-place, paying peculiar attentions to an iron pot which was simmering merrily over the blazing fire; these proved to be the father and sister of the two men.

The old man's eyes glistened with joy as he counted the gold, silver, and copper coin which his sons spread out before him, and he heard with smiles of approval their various adventures, with the tricks they had performed and the manœuvres they had executed.

"Well done, my boys, well done!" he momentarily exclaimed in his feeble voice. But from time to time, as one more experienced in these illicit ways of getting a livelihood, he would interrupt his sons to give them instructions on certain points in the art of thieving, with a relish that was absolutely heart-sickening.

Well might Smithson speechify in public (as I had often heard him) on the vice that was abroad in the world! of whole families that obtained a living by purloining from their fellow-creatures; of houses and homes the very dens of roguery, where crime bred and reared and nourished an accursed brood; where vice shewed her brazen face with irreclaimable effrontery. In my ignorance of the world I believed he was making statements to suit his own purposes and delineating circumstances which in reality had no existence, but when I witnessed the scene, the truth of his language was at once evident. Here was a father, himself no doubt the son of such a parent, lauding his sons for their misdeeds, encouraging them in their evil paths, and even teaching them, from a stock of knowledge gained by his longer life of knavery, how to become greater adepts in their base calling.

When the money had been fairly divided, and I, with various other little articles, was duly placed in a jug without spout or handle, which ornamented the chimney-shelf, the worthies sat down with right good will

to the consumption of the contents of the iron pot, joined to a frothing jug of ale, which the girl had brought from a neighbouring beer-shop.

The eatables disposed of, gin, the everlasting companion of crime, was introduced, and a pipe of tobacco emitted its stupifying vapour from the mouths of the three men. Never shall I forget the conversation to which I was compelled to listen that night, with what calm deliberation the thieves laid plans for the morrow's sinful doings, with what careless consciences they resolved to carry them out. One project of the old man's to rob a gentleman's residence a few miles distant from E——, gave his sons the greatest satisfaction—"My former crone, Bob Sharp, put it into my head only this day," said he.

"And we're the chaps to be a-doing of it," said his hopeful progeny.

So they arranged how the thing should be executed, and then reeled, half-intoxicated, to their sleeping places.

The morning of another day came, and the two young men wandered forth to pursue the highway to the gallows; and the old man, habited in a respectable suit of faded black, to convert myself, with the watch, &c. into "tin," as it was styled in their slang language. To look at that venerable being with his tottering footsteps, his mock-innocent countenance, his flowing silvery locks, one could imagine him worthy of all the respect due to men of his years (so easily can vice put on the outward signs of virtue.) To view him as he really was, the old hardened sinner, it was appalling indeed.

"Good morning, Mr. Gaynall," said the wretch, touching his hat as he entered the shop of that personage, apparently the repository for every thing in the shape of furniture, wearing apparel, linen, jewellery, musical instruments; in fact the room was crowded with articles of endless variety.

"Well, Sir, and what can I do for you?" replied Mr. Gaynall, reaching out his hand to receive whatever might be forthcoming from the other's pockets. "Here are a few articles," said the old man producing them, "a few articles that have fallen into my hands in the course of business." "Oh yes, yes, in the course of your business, I perfectly understand." It was clear that Mr. Gaynall did perfectly understand. Any honest dealer of his class would have made some enquiries how such an individual had become possessed of so many little articles to have them to dispose of, but Mr. Gaynall asked no questions, and the seller had no disagreeable answers to make. The pawnbroker was aware that a procedure of the kind would check his flourishing trade, and remove the greatest source of his profits.

"Ahem!" he continued, "a watch, seals, pencil-case, pistol; ahem! suppose we say £4 for the lot;" and he swept me with the rest off the counter, with a rapid movement, into a drawer beneath.

"It is too little, too little," remarked the hoary rascal; but he knew well he was at the mercy of the buyer, and I presently heard him shuffling out of the shop with his wages of evil.

"The receiver is as bad as the thief," Smithson used to say, and so say I, although it is a question whether he is not the most culpable of the two. If ~~he~~ were not for Gaynall and his tribe, roguery would not have so many votaries; petty larcenies and wholesale robberies would not be of

so frequent occurrence, since if the perpetrators possessed not a certain method of disposing of their plunder, so as to elude the grasp of justice, they could not long escape her clutches, and one of the most potent temptations to commit crime would be gone, were there no unprincipled purchasers of the proceeds at hand, always ready to wink at and screen the whole transaction. As for Gaynall's establishment it might have justly been styled over the door-way—"Receptacle for stolen goods." That the reader may not consider me to be judging harshly or hastily, let me add, that it was an opinion formed after a two years' abode within its walls.

When I had recovered from the shock which my sudden transition from Mr. Gaynall's counter to the drawer beneath, had caused my feelings, I fell into a train of very sober moral reflection on the mutability of things in general, and what chances it was the lot of pencil cases to endure in their career. My thoughts then naturally wandered to Smithson, poor man; I wonder did he ever survive the ruffian's blow, or was it, for him, the messenger of death? Whatever might have befallen, from that day to this, I never have heard, or seen him, and it has been with a melancholy pleasure that, in moments of tranquillity and rest, my mind has travelled back to the days when he and I were familiar friends together. "Should auld acquaintance be forgot," was one of his favourite ditties; surely he sometimes gives a passing thought to his old servant, perchance a gentle sigh of regret, or does he, like many others I have met with, forget a bygone acquaintance? Ah well! be this as it may, I have uttered my last adieu; we shall never meet again.

Never! never! oh! it is a bitter word—a word which has made many a young heart beat with a crushing weight of misery; many a bright eye fill with the overflowing tears of anguish. Never! The very sound is that of a death-knell; the annihilator of gladness, joy, and hope; the forerunner of woe.

"Pardon me gentle friends, I am wool-gathering a little," so now let us return to Gaynall and his highly respectable establishment.

I had not been long an inhabitant of the said drawer, (a day and a night no doubt passed, but both were alike to me) when I and my companions were duly removed for exhibition, with a host of other things in the shop window. No sooner was I deposited there, than I commenced examining my chance of finding another purchaser, sitting as it were in judgment on myself. Council in favour declared that I was still a most respectable looking pencil-case, that my original superior construction had enabled me to stand the wear and tear of time successfully, and that, were I offered at a low price, I stood every chance of meeting with a genteel personage for a future owner. Council against avowed that the bruises I had sustained, not to mention the other injuries I had received through an evil habit my first master had of placing my signet end between his teeth, and turning me round with his hand while in a reflective mood, would extinguish every hope I might otherwise have formed, of moving in the superior class of society. At length I came to the philosophical conclusion of leaving the matter in the hands of fate, since I myself had no control whatever over my subsequent destiny.

It was my misfortune, while in the shop-window, to lay groaning under the weight of a flute, one of whose keys just lay transversely on my poor back. But the flute was a gentlemanly flute nevertheless, and pitying my situation, did all in his power to alleviate my sorrows, and make the day pass lightly on.

Amongst other ways of diverting the time, we amused each other by relating our previous adventures.

The flute said he had once been the property of a young professor of music, who prided himself much on his handsome face, well proportioned figure, and finely flowing locks; "to tell the truth," remarked the flute confidentially, "he considered himself quite a lady killer." In his profession of course it fell to his lot to have the tuition of several young ladies; one of these the daughter of a wealthy country gentleman, was exceedingly attractive in her appearance; her good looks, together with her flourishing prospects, quite won my master's heart, and he at once commenced a regular siege of hers, not doubting that, backed by the charms nature had bestowed on himself he should eventually succeed, in spite of his being a poor music-master, and she a rich heiress. Never was a pupil more apt; she quickly became a proficient on the piano-forte. Her parents delighted with the rapid progress she had made under his tuition, invited him frequently to evening parties. Master and pupil then sung duets, played concerted pieces for piano and flute, and, in fact, found themselves very much together. The music lessons continued, and while alone as they frequently were, papa and mama little thinking what dangerous things a piano-forte, a flute, and an accomplished young man were to leave with their daughter, the division between the instructor and the instructed gradually gave way; conversation took place of tuition, ogling of playing, and last love, deep passionate and ardent, superseded mere acquaintance-ship.

"Thus my master," said the flute, effected his primary aim; his next was to make the young lady his wife. He proposed an elopement, but the fair damsel absolutely shrieked at the idea, on which her lover declared he was 'only in joke.' A clandestine marriage was suggested, and this she was averse to also. Vainly my master urged that being an only daughter, her father would quickly forgive and forget. There was only one course, formally to demand from the old man, the hand of his daughter; and to do this, was more than my master, with his plentiful stock of assurance could bring himself to, for the old gentleman had a rich suitor in his eye, and would about as much dream of giving his daughter to a music-master as of putting his own head into a lion's mouth. Finally he triumphed. Unknown to her parents, the young lady forsook her home to share his fortunes, and to make a long story short, they were married. Having nothing of their own, the couple lived on credit and great expectations, and for a few months cut a dash in a distant town; love evaporated, debts increased; my master cursed his stars and took to gaming; his wife asked and obtained pardon of her parents, forsaking him with as much facility as she had her paternal dwelling a short time previously.

He like a madman sought not a livelihood from his talents, but wasted whole days and nights at the gaming table. To procure the wherewith to

play, every thing he possessed down to the very clothes on his back were converted into money at the pawnbrokers. I was nearly his last available article ; he cherished me to the end. With hands trembling from feverish excitement, he would take me up and play some air that in happier days his faithless wife had loved, then would the tear steal down his cheek, and then would a resolution escape his lips to turn from the evil way ; yet was it empty breath : regularly as the hour came round, so surely would he step forth to run his mad career, and when every other resource failed him, I came in my turn to this horrid place.

"Who can tell, said the flute, what has now become of him? He has either committed suicide, or wanders an outcast beggar ; for such a course as his could lead but to one of these alternatives."

Among the many tales which were related by my neighbours of the shop-window, I was particularly struck by one connected with a wedding ring.

"Mine is a sad story," said the ring, "but since you all request it, I will willingly make the narration.

"I was originally purchased to take part in the matrimonial union of a young sailor and his merry sweetheart ; and it was with a glistening eye of pride and delight that he slipped me on her finger before the altar. She was the daughter of a veteran tar, who had fought in many of his country's battles, the solace of his age, the only companion of his declining years, and, as I afterwards learned, it had been with great reluctance he consented to her marriage, although the object of her choice was, like himself, a child of the deep, and hence more preferable in his eyes than any other suitor.

Oh ! what happiness was theirs. Loving and beloved, time flew away in one perpetual round of enjoyment. At length the youthful sailor joined the crew of a ship bound for New South Wales, and to remain on duty there for a protracted period. He was anxious his wife should accompany him. "Leave me not alone !" cried the old man, with tears in his eyes—"alone to die friendless and comfortless, with none to watch over my dying bed." It was with bitter tears that the newly married pair parted. "God be with you Jack, and bless you," said his father-in-law, "I shall not see you again." And with this benediction, the sailor seized his bundle of necessaries and rushed from the house.

What anguish must have racked the heart of my mistress at this parting ; all that night did she weep and weep ; yet, still the fountain of tears dried not up. The comforting words of her parent that her husband would soon return, safely, and well, gave no comfort to her soul ; her grief was left for time to cure, and, alas ! to increase. Six months from this period, the old man became seriously ill ; his daughter, with true nobleness of nature, threw her own weight of sorrows off to lighten his, to watch unceasingly by his side, to be to him all in all. But her anxious solicitude was of no avail ; within a week he died, and with his death ceased the half-pay pension which the veteran had received through life, and which formed the means of support for father and daughter.

Thus reduced and straitened by circumstances, no husband near to earn a subsistence, the sailor's wife betook to needlework for a livelihood ; and hardly did she struggle against fate. But she struggled with success until

she gave birth to an infant ; the expences attendant on this event shackled her future efforts. To pay off the debt and to keep starvation at a distance, seemed an impossibility. Hope, visionary, groundless hope that her husband would soon be back, upheld her efforts. At length, driven to desperation and absolutely in need of money to purchase food for herself and little one, she pawned a shirt that she had in hand to make, resolving to labour her utmost to regain possession and return it with her other work at the appointed time. The day came, and she had no means of liquidating the pawnbroker's demand.

What was the consequence ? Her employers, not hearkening to her sorrowful tale of want, immediately charged her with the theft, and bade her quit the house at once ; she received not a penny for the other produce of her needle.

To what a sad condition of misery was she now reduced. She returned home, looked at her sleeping babe, and burst into an agony of tears. "How can I, I, a thief," she sobbed, "dare to seek for other work ; Heaven help my forlorn infant ; as for me, I will com—" She glanced at her wedding ring, and instantly was on her knees praying for help to her Maker, praying that her husband might be restored to her in that hour of need, praying that this cup of bitterness might pass from her. She had disposed of all her extra wearing apparel ; the few trinkets her lover had bestowed on her, even a medal her father had worn, the gift of a grateful country to one of her brave defenders, nought was left, nought but me, her wedding ring, the pledge of her once happy union ! "Sell me ? No, no, never," she exclaimed—"Sooner would I part with life itself." Poor soul ; she little knew to what deeds maternal affection would drive her ; necessity has no law, and finally, she converted myself into money at this place ; she gave me a parting kiss, clutched the gold, and left the shop in a frenzy of despair. "When this is gone," I heard her utter—"when this is gone, merciful goodness what is to become of me ?" As for Gaynall, he beheld the scene with all imaginable unconcern, told the woman not to "take on so," and bundled me into his receptacle drawer. I have been here now three months, and there seems little chance of my ever being redeemed.

The tale of the ring filled us with feelings of sorrow and sympathy for the poor young sailor's wife. For my part I could think of nothing else for several weeks after, ardently longing for a time to come, when the owner of the ring accompanied by her delighted husband, might reclaim her property and be restored to a life of happiness. Hopeless as the event seemed, it was my good fortune to remain in Gaynall's shop to witness its realization.

Day followed day, month rolled after month, in the same tedious unvarying course ; I still lay idle in Gaynall's window, and not a single purchaser appeared for a pencil case, so that I seriously began to think that my chance of taking an active part in the world was gone for ever, that I was henceforth to undergo a species of living entombment, which galled me exceedingly, as I had always been of an industrious turn, scorning a sluggish, do-nothing existence. Meanwhile I was, from my quiet corner, a silent observer, of all that passed in the shop, daily adding to my

experience and knowledge of human nature, making my own deductions, laughing at, pitying and despising by turns, the actors in the scene ; old men and young men, great thieves and little rascals, children of poverty, misery and misfortune, all came in their turn. Husbands pawned their household furniture for the avowed purpose of procuring drink ; wives disposed of their very clothes to support a starving family ; pickpockets brought their pilferings ; haggard grey-headed beings offered cast-off apparel, which had been bestowed on them through charity ; respectable looking middle-aged persons raised money on their Sunday coats, and redeemed them at the week's end ; beardless boys too frequented the place with something to turn into money. From each and all Gaynall contrived to get a very good picking ; nothing was too little or too large for him to have a deal or exchange for. He was always ready behind the counter with his little sinister eyes ; there he stood, a kind of land-shark preying and fattening on his own species.

Oh ! he did fatten ; he kept his country house and his comfortable little carriage. His wife, a low born woman, dressed in silks and satins, vying with the great ones of the earth ; the young Gaynalls, the scions and sprouts from this evil tree, watered so luxuriously, so horribly luxuriously, were being reared and educated far above their station ; in short Gaynall had wealth, and what will not wealth do in the hands of the vulgar. One day I was in the midst of a serious cogitation when there came up to the shop window a fine handsome fellow with an interesting young woman leaning on his arm ; both gazed very earnestly through the panes as though intent on discovering some article within. The eyes of the youth rested on me for a time, and I felt that I should be particularly felicitous in the service of such an open honest countenanced personage, should he deem me worthy of purchase ; but I was mistaken, they were not on the look out for pencil-cases. Shortly afterwards the couple entered the shop. From his blue jacket and trousers, natty neckerchief and rolling gait, it was evident the man was a sailor.

"My wife tells me as how she sold her wedding-ring to you some months back, old gentleman"—said he,—"perhaps you will favour us, if so be as you have it on hand, by tipping it over, and then we'll see to the reckoning." "My good Sir," replied Gaynall, deferentially for he saw he had a bluff customer to deal with—"how is it possible I should know the identical ring, from the number I am in the habit of receiving ? I shall be happy to sell you one," and so saying he busied himself in the shop window.

"Gracious," I exclaimed to myself on hearing the above, "surely these must be the master and mistress of the ring, that told us so melancholy a tale some time ago ; they accord well with the description." In a great flutter I drew the attention of the ring to what was passing, for as fate would have it, it still lay near me. The poor thing, from the remembrance of misfortune, had sunk into an apathetic heedlessness of what was going forward in the shop, and it was with difficulty I aroused its sleeping senses.

"That is, that is, my dear, dear lost mistress," cried the ring ; "oh ! that I may be restored to her once more to encircle that taper little finger." I myself was overjoyed to think my suppositions had been correct, and anxiously looked forward to the result.

"Well Nelly, dear," continued the sailor, "what the gentleman says is fair enough; "depend upon it we shall never find this same ring, so suppose we buy another?"

"Depend upon it we shall and will find it, if it has not been sold," observed his wife energetically. "Do you think I should have ever disposed of it had I not previously marked the ring to recognise it hereafter?"

"Oh! you marked it did you, Nell? Then if his honour will be pleased to shew us all the wedding-rings he has now in his possession we may have a chance of lighting on it."

Gaynall seemed to grudge the trouble, but the prospect of making himself richer at the expence of the open-hearted tar, sustained him under it; therefore he collected them from the heap of trinkets lying near me, my friend among the number, and spread all on the counter before the merry couple. How they sorted and hunted them over; now the husband would pick up one with some conspicuous scratch, and offering it to his wife, ask her if that was it? Then would she throw it down with an impatient "no," and proceed with her seemingly fruitless search.

"Here it is, here is the dear pledge of our union, Jack," said she, and saying so exultingly held it up to her husband. "Do you see that mark?"

"Now you have pointed it out to me I do," replied the sailor, "but no other eyes but yours, Nelly dear, could possibly have discovered it."

The worthy Gaynall then suddenly recollected that he had kept that particular ring with prodigious care by him; he well remembered the lady bringing it, and how urgent her request to him not to sell the article. Taking this into consideration and knowing how anxious the pair were to become re-possessed of the ring, he only asked double its value as the price.

"Where is your conscience you old rogue?" cried the sailor indignantly, whose British blood appeared quite fired by the outrageous demand. "There, take that," said he, throwing down the cash on the counter, "that's more than the original price."

Paying no attention to what Gaynall had to say, he slipped the ring on his wife's finger, and tucking her arm within his own he abruptly left the shop, telling him to do his worst. I admired the youthful sailor for his boldness.

VII.—THE DRAMA—NEW PLAYS.

'Who's my Husband?'

HAYMARKET.—Last Saturday a farce in one act, by Mr. Morton, was produced, under the title of *'Who's my Husband?'* A smuggler, Capt. Jones, (Mr. Howe) immediately after his marriage under the assumed name of *Mr. Smith Thompson*, being obliged to fly from the Custom House officers, leaves his bride ignorant of "who's her husband." She had, however, found letters addressed to him under various names. The circumstances were known, too, to a *Lieut. Tootles*; but the latter gentleman died without betraying his friend's secret,—leaving to the lady by his will a small monthly pittance. This *Daniel Tootles* (Mr. Keeley), the testator's son, has to pay at the stated periods. On these occasions, he is, of course, pestered by the solicitations of *Mrs. Thompson*, to inform her "who's her husband"; and truly, but unsatisfactorily, denies all knowledge of the person or name. The young man, who is a doctor's assistant, is on the point of marriage to his master's daughter, *Sophonisba Mull* (Mrs. Buckingham); which lady becomes jealous of his frequent visits to the fair legatee,—and is strengthened in her suspicions by an insinuating laundress, *Sally Starch* (Mrs. Humby), who has been bribed by a rival of *Tootles* to hinder the match. Meanwhile, *Mrs. Thompson*, having determined on haunting *Tootles*, meets him just as he is proceeding to be married; and interrupts the party at the church door—where she leads the bride and her father to suppose that the bridegroom is already a husband. Ultimately, *Capt. Jones*, having received a free pardon, appears and claims his wife. With the exception of Mr. Keeley's part, the farce might have been better acted. The movement of the piece was at first tediously "slow"; but as it progressed, the fun became "fast and furious"—and it was announced by Mr. Keeley for repetition with great applause.

The Wesleyan and the Actress.

DURING Mrs. Jordan's stay at Chester, where she had been performing, her washerwoman, a widow, with three small children, was, by a merciless creditor, thrown into prison: a small debt of about forty shillings, had been increased, in a short time, by law expenses, to eight pounds. As soon as Mrs. Jordan heard of the circumstance, she sent for the attorney, paid him the demand, and observed, with as much severity as her good-natured countenance could assume, "You lawyers are certainly infernal spirits, allowed on earth to make poor mortals miserable." The attorney, however, pocketed the affront, and with a low bow, made his exit. On the afternoon of the same day the poor woman was liberated. As Mrs. Jordan was taking her usual walk with her servant, the widow with her children followed her, and just as she had taken shelter from a shower of rain in a kind of porch, dropped on her knees, and with much grateful emotion, exclaimed "God for ever bless you, madam! you have saved me and my poor children from ruin." The children, beholding their mother's tears, added, by their cries to the affecting scene, which a

sensitive mind could not behold but with strong feelings of sympathy. The natural liveliness of Mrs. Jordan's disposition was not easily damped by sorrowful scenes ; however, although she strove to hide it, the tear of feeling stole down her cheek, and stooping to kiss the children, she slipped a pound note into the mother's hand, and in her usual playful manner, replied, "There, there ; now it's all over ; go, good woman—God bless you ; don't say another word." The grateful creature would have replied, but her benefactress insisted on her silence and departure. It happened that another person had taken shelter under the porch, and witnessed the whole of this interesting scene, who, as soon as Mrs. Jordan observed him, came forward, and he, holding out his hand, exclaimed, with a deep sigh, "Lady, pardon the freedom of a stranger ; but would to the Lord the world were all like thee." The figure of this man bespoke his calling ; his countenance was pale, and a suite of sable, rather the worse for wear, covered his tall and spare person. The penetrating eye of Thalia's favorite votary soon developed his character and profession, and with her wonted good humour, retreating a few paces, she replied, "No, I won't shake hands with you." "Why?" "Because you are a Methodist preacher ; and when you know who I am, you'll send me to the devil!" "The Lord forbid ! I am, as you say, a preacher of the gospel of Christ, who tells us to clothe the naked, feed the hungry, and relieve the distressed ; and do you think I can behold a sister fulfilling the commands of my Great Master without feeling that spiritual attachment which leads me to break through worldly customs, and offer you the hand of friendship and brotherly love?" "Well, well, you are a good old soul, I dare say, but—I—I don't like fanatics ; and you'll not like me when I tell you I am a player." The preacher sighed. "Yes, I am a player ; and you must have heard of me : Mrs. Jordan is my name." After a short pause, he again extended his hand, and with a complaisant countenance, replied, "The Lord bless thee, whoever thou art ; His goodness is unlimited. He has poured on thee a large portion of His spirit ; and as to thy calling, if thy soul upbraid thee not, the Lord forbid that I should." Thus reconciled, and the rain having abated, they left the porch together ; the offer of his arm was accepted ; and the female Roscius of comedy and the disciple of John Wesley proceeded, arm-in-arm to the door of Mrs. Jordan's dwelling. At parting, the preacher shook hands with her, saying, "Fare-thee-well, sister ; I know not what the principles of people of thy calling may be ; thou art the first I ever conversed with : but if their benevolent practises equal thine, I hope and trust at the great day, the Almighty God will say to each—Thy sins are forgiven thee."—*Life of Mrs. Jordan.*

VIII.—CHESS.

Solutions to the Problems in our last number.

SOLUTION TO No. 189.

This position may be solved in three moves thus,

1. R to B 8th (ch) B to K sq
2. Q to K R 4th (ch) Q to K Kt 4th
3. Q takes Q mate

It is certainly surprising how the maker could have looked over so palpable a mode of winning.

SOLUTION TO No. 191.

White

Black.

- | | |
|--------------------------|--------------------|
| 1. R to Q 4th (ch) | K takes R |
| 2. P to Q B 4th | : Q to Q R 5th (a) |
| 3. Kt to Q Kt 5th (ch) | Q or B takes Kt |
| 4. Kt mates at K B 3d or | Q B 2d according |
| to Black's last move | |

White.

Black.

- | | |
|--------------------------|----------------------------|
| (a) 2. | P to Q R 8th (becoming Kt) |
| 3. Kt to K B 3d (ch) | B takes Kt |
| 4. Kt to Q Kt 5th (mate) | |

IX.—POETRY.

MY WIFE'S COUSIN.

Decked with shoes of blackest polish,
 And a shirt as white as snow,
 After matutinal breakfast,
 To my daily desk I go ;
 First a fond salute bestowing
 On my Mary's ruby lips,
 Which perchance may be rewarded
 With a pair of playful nips.

All day long across the ledger,
 Still my patient pen I drive,
 Thinking what a feast awaits me,
 In my happy home at five ;
 In my small, one-storied Eden,
 Where my wife awaits my coming,
 And our solitary handmaid
 Mutton chops with care is crumbing.

When the clock proclaims my freedom,
 Then my hat I seize and vanish ;
 Every trouble from my bosom,
 Every anxious care I banish.
 Swiftly brushing o'er the pavement,
 At a furious pace I go,
 Till I reach my darling dwelling,
 In the wilds of Pimlico.

Mary, wife, where art thou, dearest ?
 Thus I cry while yet afar ;
 Ah ! what scent invades my nostrils ?
 'Tis the smoke of a cigar !
 Instantly into the parlour
 Like a maniac I haste ;
 And I find a young Life-Guardsman,
 With his arm round Mary's waist.

And his other hand is playing
 Most familiarly with hers ;
 And I think my Brussels' carpet
 Somewhat damaged by his spurs.
 " Fire and furies ! what the blazes ?"
 'Thus in frenzied wrath I call ;
 When my spouse her arms upraises,
 With a most astounding squall.

" Was there ever such a monster :
 Ever such a wretched wife ?
 Ah how long must I endure it :
 How protract this hateful life ?
 All day long quite unprotected,
 Does he leave his wife at home ;
 And she cannot see her cousins,
 Even when they kindly come !"

Then the young Life-Guardsman rising,
 Scarce vouchsafes a single word,
 But with look of deadly menace,
 Claps his hand upon his sword ;
 And in fear I faintly falter
 " This your cousin, then he's mine !
 Very glad, indeed, to see you,—
 Won't you stop with us, and dine ?"

Won't a ferret suck a rabbit ?
 As a thing of course he stops ;
 And with most voracious swallow
 Walks into my mutton chops.

In the twinkling of a bed-post,
Is each savoury platter clear,
And he shows uncommon science
In his estimate of beer.

Half-and-half goes down before him,
Gurgling from the pewter pot ;
And he moves a counter motion
For a glass of something hot.
Neither chops nor beer I grudge him,
Nor a moderate share of goes ;
But I know not why he's always
Treading upon Mary's toes.

Ever more when home returning,
From the counting-house I come,
Do I find the young Life-Guardsman
Smoking pipes and drinking rum.
Evermore he stays to dinner,
Evermore devours my meal ;
For I have a wholesome horror
Both of powder and of steel.

Yet I know he's Mary's cousin,
For my only son and heir
Much resembles that young Guardsman,
With the selfsame curly hair ;
But I wish he would not always
Spoil my carpet with his spurs ;
And I'd rather see his fingers
In the fire than touching hers.

Bon Gualtier's Ballads.

THE SPIRIT OF THE SUMMER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE PATRICIAN'S DAUGHTER.'

" Startle not my lonely gloom,
Shine not in my darkened room,
Spirit of the Summer !
Winter hoar and Autumn sere
Shall from me have warmer cheer
Than thou, radiant comer !

" Cold—with icicles for hair—
And Decay—who scarce can bear
Weight that inly presses—

Less do ye offend my sight
 Than this vision of delight
 With her false caresses !

“ Give me good that will endure,
 Or the grief that mocks at cure ;
 But no passing splendour—
 Cruel mother of a bliss
 Which when rising to her kiss
 She doth so surrender !

“ Hence then, Summer ! though thy breath
 Woo with fragrance, and thy wreath
 Ransack Nature's treasure,—
 Though the enamoured zephyrs creep
 Round thy robe until they sleep
 Swooning with the pleasure !

“ Scarce dost thou attain thy prime
 Ere thine envious servant, Time,
 Narrows daylight's glory :—
 Flowery meshes that entwine
 Thy feet, are but too apt a sign
 Of thy beauty's story.”

Then, with voice that did exhale
 Tenderness, She chid my wail :—
 “ Nought that's bright should perish !
 Though my form desert thine eyes,—
 Know the beauty never dies
 That the heart can cherish.

“ Love me !—Though I quit thy side,
 In thee shall my power abide ;
 And, my grace recalling,
 Thou shalt loveliness perceive
 In the October rose, and grieve
 Gently for its falling.

“ Friends that gather round thy hearth
 When the snows envelope earth,
 Shall have greeting fonder
 If in summer twilights ye
 Mutely strayed, and tenderly
 In their hush did ponder.

“ Angel faces Youth beholds
 When the veil of Time unfolds,
 Though so soon it closes,
 Once beheld are known till death ;
 And on Memory's bosom Faith
 Placidly reposes.

"Outward beauty thus awakes
Human love,—and but forsakes
That the inward yearning,
By its passion, may create
Glories rarer than await
Mortal sight's discerning.

"Bud of Light ! accept each ray
Would warm thee, though it slit away ;
That, thy bloom securing,
Whether come the sun or shower
Radiance thou around may'st pour
As thyself enduring !"

X.—MISCELLANEA.

Since the Potato disease has been attributed to the *aphis vastatoo*, great interest has been felt by the public upon the subject of this curious tribe of insects. Linnaeus assigned the term "aphis" to them, but he has left no derivation for that word. Notwithstanding various surmises upon the subject, nothing is known for certainty as to its probable derivation, and in fact even the pronunciation has been a matter of dispute. Some even dispute that the potato is destroyed by this aphis.

The popular story of "the Forty Thieves" turns out not to be a genuine "Arabian Nights Entertainment," though it is generally printed with them.

"Ph. D." denotes "Doctor of Physics," i. e. mixed Mathematics, Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, and Natural History.—The title of Physician or Student of nature has become in our language synonymous with one who investigates the origin of diseases and the means of cure—Thus in French—Physicien is a Natural Philosopher.

"Isometrical" is literally speaking equally measured. Isometrical perspective is so named from the peculiar circumstance of its exhibiting the lines in the three principal dimensions on the same scale.

The Philosophy of Drowning.

Man is the only animal that drowns naturally. He does so because he is endowed with reason, that is to say, with a large spherical brain with a skull on it, which rises above his nose. If he falls into deep water in spite of his great brain, he has not presence of mind enough to stick his nose out and keep it out, as he easily might do ; but his heavy head like a stone presses his nose under water. In this position he inhales and fills his chest with water,—so that he becomes on the whole so much heavier than water that he sinks.

While the lungs are filled with air, the body is lighter than its bulk of water, and of course swims just as an iron vessel does. All therefore that is necessary to keep a person from drowning in deep water is to keep the water out of the lungs. Suppose yourself a bottle. Your nose is the nozzle of the bottle and must be kept out of water. If it goes under, don't breathe at all till it comes out. Then to prevent its going down again, keep every other part under—head, legs, arms, all under water but your nose. Do that and you can't sink in any depth of water. All you need to do to secure this is to clasp your hands behind your back, and point your nose at the top of the heavens and keep perfectly still. Your nose will never go under water to the end of time, unless you raise your brain, hand, knee, or foot higher than it. Keep still with your nose turned up in perfect impudence, and you are safe. This will do in tolerably still water : in boisterous water you will need a little of the art of swimming—*Church and State Gazette.*

Diffidence.

That excessive diffidence, that insurmountable shyness, which is so apt to freeze the course of conversation in England, has been very correctly accounted for by Cowper, who says—

“ Our sensibilities are so acute,
The fear of being silent makes us mute.”

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[No. 3.

I.—SELECTED REVIEWS AND NOTICES OF
NEW BOOKS.

REVIEWS.

*The Indian Campaigns, Military Service and Adventures in the
Far East, &c. By a Cavalry Officer. 2 vols. London, C. Ollier.*

NOTWITHSTANDING all that has been written and published respecting the Indian campaigns, from 1839 to 1846, we have read this work with an almost unabated interest. Foreknowing all the results, we could not pay a higher tribute to the talent and spirit of the author; for he who can make not a twice, but a ten-times told tale, so attractive, must be owned to possess no common share of descriptive ability. His first landing in the East and the personal adventures of that early period, are painted in a lively manner; but when the serious business of the Afghan war in 1839 comes upon the *tapis*, the narrative naturally assumes a graver tone, yet without losing the vivacity of the previous sketches. A return home is lightly passed over, and the next operations which elicit the writer's powers, when he rejoins the service, include the momentous and sanguinary battles of Moodkee, Ferozeshuhur, Aliwal, and Sobraon. The work may, therefore, be said to consist of two parts, applying to two distinct periods—the Afghan and the Sikh wars. We open with the former, and select the termination of a skirmishing day, as we were bearing Shah Soojah towards his capital:

“At sunset, the forces were withdrawn to camp, having killed about sixty Afghans, and taken fifty prisoners, with a loss of only a few wounded on the side of the British.

“The prisoners being brought into the presence of Shah Soojah, declared they were Ghazees, or Crusaders, bound by a religious vow to take his head, and that the oath of the party would sooner or later be accomplished, although they had not been successful in the present attempt.

“‘I will, at all events, secure your head now,’ replied the indignant monarch; and beckoning to his executioner, (who was never far from his master's side, knowing the Shah's predilection for the office) the speaker's head rapidly disappeared.

“The comrades of the decapitated being loth to part with this useful article, showed signs of resistance, when the brave and zealous attendants of his majesty rushed upon the unarmed prisoners, unrestrained by word or gesture of their king, and massacred their victims.

"One old man, it is said, escaped to tell his comrades in the mountains the fate of the captives. And this act was perpetrated in the midst of the first Christian army which had set foot in Afghanistan since the creation of the world.

"Let it not be supposed that the suppression of the murder lay in the power of the British authorities; there was not, I believe, one British officer present, and the whole merit rests with Shah Soojah; but he was viewed as a mere puppet in our hands, and on us, throughout Asia, will rest the obloquy of this savage massacre. No doubt the Afghans have done as bloody deeds, but it became, therefore, more incumbent to show a better example."

After Shah Soojah was reinstated in Caubul, and Dost Mahomed sent prisoner to Bengal, the author lays before us the following stirring scene :

"The breaking up of a long-standing camp is a scene of no trifling bustle and confusion. The previous day is usually one of considerable trouble to those who have suffered their marching establishment to get out of order; and when it is requisite to replace a camel or a bullock, the new comer, even if found, (and that is generally at a ruinous price,) not unfrequently evinces the most marked repugnance to tents or bullock-trunks. Yet, however great the difficulty, the peremptory necessity of the habitation being moved before next morning, causes all to be prepared at sunset, either by a reduction of baggage, or increase of cattle, save the more provident campaigners, who rectify such deficiencies without delay. The earliest practicable hours are kept by all off duty, and two hours after sunset the camp (if well regulated) is quiet enough, unless a horse breaks loose and sets the whole brigade in a state of ferment; for all seem to take a deep interest in the progress of any mad animal who tears through the camp, with ropes and pegs flying in wild confusion about his heels. As night advances, even these stray madcaps betake themselves to rest, and the quiet is only disturbed by the hourly tramp of patrols, or the challenge of a sentry. This gloom and stillness are suddenly dissipated by the shrill startling blast of the trumpet, wakening all around to consciousness and activity. The loud and continued neigh from the pickets, and the angry remonstrances of the camels, amidst the extensive buzz of human voices and barking of dogs, tell that man and brute are both aware of the time having come for their allotted duties. Sticks and dry grass raked into pyramids are sending forth volumes of smoke in one place, and in another are rising into high crackling fires, round which may be seen groups of dusky figures squatted together, inhaling their morning hookahs, or spreading their long bony hands to the flames, and listlessly regarding their more assiduous brethren occupied in striking the tents, or fitting loads on the backs of the beasts of burden. But think not, my lazy fire-worshiper, this indolence is unobserved; the eye of the occupant of yonder tent is upon you: he advances softly towards the fire, his arm is raised, and the descending latic causes a momentary scene of flight and confusion which is immediately succeeded by a zealous attention to duty, proving the salutary force of the '*Argumentum ad baculum*.' Although this is not an orthodox, logical, or even legal argument, it is nevertheless, frequently used in India, and is generally conclusive. Next morning, the voice, unaccompanied by manual exercise, will produce the desired effect.

"The loads being packed, and all the tents save three or four lazy stragglers, having disappeared, the second trumpet sends its shrill echoes through the lines, and gives warning that the treadmill will soon be at work. Beware of that camel's mouth gaping close to your hand in the dark, or he will spoil it for holding a rein or a sabre; and beware the treacherous tent-peg, which lurks in savage gloom for the shins of the unwary. 'It is no use cursing the peg. Why did you not get out of its way when you found it was not inclined to get out of yours?' cries a facetious neighbour, as you stoop to rub the lacerated shin, and narrowly escape being trampled by an elephant, who is hustling off with a few hundred weight of canvas and tent-poles hanging about him.

"The third trumpet and a cup of *boiling coffee* generally accompany each other, if your khansamah belong to the right Dean Swift's breed; and it is no punishment to insist on his drinking it himself—the man would swallow a cup of cayenne and fire, without winking.

"The troops are formed in dusky masses on their alarm-posts; the commanding officer rides along the line; the word of command is given, and passed down the squadrons: the welcome note for the march is heard, and the tramping of the steeds raises an impenetrable cloud of dust around the column, as we cheerfully turn our backs on Caubul, most probably for ever; the band prophetically striking up, 'Hatil-mitulidh,' or something which I mistook for it."

We read the subjoined reflections with regret, as they more than corroborate the unfavourable picture of Mr. Chaplain Acland, on which we commented in reviewing his book:

"It is a strange sensation that interview which we are constrained to hold with death; yet, with all the imaginary terrors in which he is clad, the brave man readily meets him face to face. That those only who are, morally speaking, prepared to die, fear not death, is too wild a theory to be maintained: for many of us have seen the hardened malefactor advance, with unflinching step and fearless aspect to the scaffold, while in the ranks of the timid have been numbered some of the best of mankind.

"And my fellow-countrymen here, who have, at least been educated in the constant hearing of the word of God—are they more fitted to die than those miserable heathens were, whose carcases are now tainting the atmosphere? Let those who are more competent to judge of such matters decide. We, who, according to the declaration of our divines and the boast of government, are sent out to retain possession of this vast country, and to exhibit to the benighted natives the benefits and example of Christianity, have performed the latter part of our ministry in a singular manner, unless it is to be effected by daily instances of blasphemy, drunkenness, and debauchery, that the natives of India are enabled to witness. And yet they have been inapt scholars, for we have failed signally in propagating amongst them the two former accomplishments, and I question much if they have excelled us in the latter. And yet let it not be imputed to us that we are the only, or the greatest, transgressors. Let the traveller who has wandered through the bazaars of Cairo, Bombay, Caubul, Delhi, or Canton, and marked the character and occupation of the Mussulman, Gheber, and idolater, compare them with the gin-palaces, cafés, bull fights, and gardens or thoroughfares of London, Paris, Madrid, Vienna, and Naples, and exult (if candour will admit) in the moral advantages of civilized Europe."

Journeying across Peshawur we are informed:

"The government of this district was in the hands of General Avitabile, an Italian officer, who had served for a long time under Runjeet Singh, and had been raised by him to distinction and wealth. His government, although severe, was generally allowed to have kept the savage neighbours of the adjacent mountains in more terror and subjection than any former governor was enabled to attain. According to Runjeet's code, no capital punishment was inflicted on the Sikhs by law; but this was in no way applicable to the marauders dwelling in the hills which border Peshawur, on whom, as well as over the Mussulman population of Peshawur, the governor occasionally endeavoured to make up for Runjeet's misplaced leniency. Numerous examples of punishment were presented to our view near the city walls on the high palm-trees, to which were appended strings of such acorns as *Trois Echelles* and *Petit André* loved to adorn the oaks of Plessis les Tours with, in the days of Louis Onze. On every side of the city, were seen well-furnished gibbets, or frail and wasted relics of humanity, strung upon beams, nailed between the blighted palms. Those who had recently been promoted to their exalted situations were favourites with the kites and vultures, whose discordant screams of health and prosperity to Governor Avitabile, whilst circling round their hideous repast, were gloomily answered by the rattling and clatter of some well-picked skeletons, as they swung to and fro in the evening blast. Disgusting as these objects seemed, we must nevertheless, according to the opinion and quotation of an American traveller, hail them as testimonies of civilization. If an appeal to the worst passions of mankind be a test of civilization, Mr. Willis is in the right; but I confess I have felt much more gratified in seeing a rude and uneducated Hindoo turn with

loathing from the execution of a criminal about to be blown from a cannon than I have at the exhibition of thousands of my countrymen struggling for places, and paying high prices for seats, to witness the protracted dying struggles of a malefactor and fellow-sinner.

"In Afghanistan, no sooner is the light applied to the touchhole of the cannon, than the limbs of the victims are distributed to the winds of heaven; but in England, in Christian England, where societies for preventing cruelty to animals have been established, and rewards offered for the speediest method of ending the sufferings of beasts, the agonies and struggles of a fellow creature, whilst undergoing a death, (which according to the letter of the law, is not expected to be instantaneous,) are deemed a fit subject for the entertainment of the multitude; for it is notorious that Englishmen prefer attending an execution to any other resort of public amusement. Yet this disgusting spectacle, this barbarous relic of despotic authority, is to be exhibited and justified solely on the plea of example. I cannot bring myself to believe that one solitary mortal was ever deterred from committing a murder by the fact of his having witnessed a public execution; whereas the very notoriety has been known to excite men to earn the vile publicity.

"At Peshawur, the systematic method of suspension *by the neck* was not universally adopted, for the fancy of the executioner was occasionally shown by a varied figure of victims suspended alternately by the head and heels. At Peshawur, also, has been revived the nearly obsolete, but classical punishment of skinning alive. The executioner begins this operation by raising the skin on the soles of the feet, which is then torn in strips upwards, and the wretched creature is left vainly to wish for the relief which death sometimes does not afford within two hours of the infliction.

"Cutting off the arms and legs, and steeping the stumps in hot oil, putting out the eyes, or docking the ears of the culprits, are the milder corrections for minor delinquencies.

"I shall not attempt to deny that the daring atrocities which have been perpetrated require to be restrained with a strong hand, and punished with death, but the protraction of suffering cannot, I think, be excused. If life must be taken, let it be done without parade or procession, and, above all, let it be instantaneous."

To get rid of the painful subject, let us extract a passage connected with numismatics and other antiquities:

"According to the prevalent opinion, Jellalabad lays claim to considerable antiquity, as it has been supposed to represent the site of ancient Nysa. Numerous copper coins, as well as some curious antiques, have been from time to time collected in the vicinity of this place by the natives. Unfortunately, nearly all the gold and silver coins and reliques have been melted down as the natives themselves admitted, and converted into bangles, nose and ear-rings or other ornaments, for the dusky beauties of Jellalabad. Several copper coins, bearing the names of Hermæus, king of Nysa, distinctly legible, were bought amongst the country people. The inscription was in Greek letters, and as follows:

ΑΒΣΙΑΕΟΣ 'ΕΡΜΑΙΟΥ ΣΩΤΗΡΟΣ.

"Those of the Bactrian monarchs found in different parts of the country are also in Greek; and the figures and hieroglyphics on the coins have been converted, by erudite conjectures, into an endless variety of meanings. Heaven, earth, and sea have been ransacked to discover the symbolical allusions on a piece of gangrened copper; and the half-effaced toes of a Bactrian savage were successively mistaken for the signs of the Zodiac, the trident of Neptune, and a Barbarian coronet. By dint of much cleansing, the toes became apparent, then appeared the legs; and over them, the body and intellectual countenance of the tiresome Hermæus shone conspicuous, with a well-flattened nose, and a pair of monstrous eyes, one of which seemed to leer with a knowing expression of cunning on his indefatigable polishers."

We now come to the second division of the work, viz., the Sikh war and conquest of the Punjab; but these must be reserved for another paper.—*Athenæum*, Jan., 1848:

We have remarked that the author's battle-pieces are of a very striking character—the bulletin of Sobraon, is indeed admirable; and we must add, that the freedom and good sense with which all the great movements and struggles are discussed, reflect much credit upon the writer. He indicates faults and errors on several occasions, but we must leave these matters to military authorities, feeling that our *criticisms* must be impertinent upon the *criticisms* in the volume before us. Having left the sagacious and gallant proceedings of General Pollock, the saviour of our Indian empire at the most critical moment of its existence, when he took on himself the vast responsibility of delaying the order to retreat, and then marched on to victory through the dreaded mountain passes covered with desperate Khyberees, our guide transfers us to the banks of the Sutlej in 1845; but we must take a curious notice of the Cholera on our way:

“Early one morning, as we were sitting in the verandah of my friend's house, two inhabitants of a neighbouring village made their appearance, and began a most dolorous tale regarding the devastations committed among their kindred by a cruel ghost, to eject which they solicited the sahib's aid.

“‘It is well,’ replied the controller of spirits; ‘go, the ghost shall be caught.’

“With a submissive reverence due to such power, the two gentlemen in black took their departure, evidently satisfied with the success of their mission.

“The ghost complained of was the cholera, which pays frequent visits to this country, but rarely resides more than a few days in a village, when he takes wing in search of fresh victims.

“A chuprassie, or messenger, dressed in the belt and insignia of office, is sent to the village, and ordered to await until the scourge abates; and as imagination, beyond a doubt, has much influence in this disease, the arrival of the chuprassie, sent officially to catch the ghost, has no doubt a salutary effect on the superstition of the sufferers; and probably, on leaving, there is not a soul in the place foolhardy enough to doubt that the ghost has taken his departure under the chuprassie's belt.”

After the conflict at Moodkee we have the equally fierce and more bloody strife at Ferozeshuhur, to which the following remarkable episodes belong:

“Hoping that yet, ere night had fallen, the Sikhs might be driven from all their entrenchments, an order was issued for Colonel White's brigade of cavalry to charge the daring front which was still presented for defence. With alacrity was the order obeyed, and the exhausted British infantry rested for an interval on their arms, whilst a rushing sound, as of a suddenly bursting tempest, was heard approaching the fray, and onwards came H. M. 3rd Light Dragoons to the charge. The entrenchments and the batteries were equally futile obstacles to oppose those gallant cavaliers, though the former brought many a horse and rider to the ground, and the latter tore a deadly gap through their ranks. Onwards poured the glittering squadrons, in spite of all resistance, over the entrenchments, past the batteries, through the very heart of the enemy's camp, the Sikhs falling back bewildered at this unexpected mode of warfare.

“Though paralyzed for a time by the strange onslaught of these bold horsemen charging for a second time resolutely into the midst of their army, yet the Sikhs, recovering from their surprise, began to pour a destructive fire of musketry amongst the Dragoons, who had been much scattered, owing to the ground over which they had charged; and, as each saddle was emptied, countless knives and tulwars awaited the ill-fated soldier who was dismounted.

“Having ridden throughout the enemy's lines, and being much broken and thinned in numbers, they now charged back again, though scarcely bringing two-thirds of their numbers unwounded out of the enemy's lines.

“One officer, Lieut. Burton, having lost his charger amongst hordes of the enemy, and sought hopelessly for another, perceived a party of dragoons close to him, and, seizing the tail of a horse, was dragged by him at full speed through the camp, until,

on arriving at the entrenchments, the trooper, bounding over the ditch, dashed the officer with such violence against the counterescarp that he lost the hold he had so desperately retained, but still lives to confirm the tale.

"Darkness now caused the fire on each side to slacken, part of the enemy's camp and field-works being in our possession, whilst the Sikhs continued to hold the remainder; but darkness brought no rest to the brave and wearied soldier; for the enemy's expense magazines continued to explode in various parts of the works, the slow matches or burning cartridges falling amongst them, and several were blown up or scorched thereby. The main column of our troops were, in consequence of these disasters, ordered to withdraw outside the trenches, where they lay amongst the bodies of their dead and dying comrades, worn out with their almost unremitted exertions; faint from hunger, but, worse than all, parched with intolerable thirst, as few of the water-carriers who accompany an Indian army on active service had ventured to the ground where the Britons lay during that awful night.

"The enemy had no intention of allowing the time to pass unprofitably while darkness prevailed, but, on ascertaining the position occupied by our soldiers outside the entrenchments, they sent spies who indicated the direction by tinkling a bell and running off, or by affixing a blue light to a stick, which was placed in the ground and lighted to serve as a direction for the Sikh guns, which forthwith opened a galling fire. One cannon of heavy metal was plied with such effect that H. M. 80th Regiment, and 1st Europeans, were ordered to advance and take it, which duty they speedily accomplished.

"The night of the 21st of December, naturally the longest of the year, seemed almost an eternity to the "wearied army of the Sutlej," and unhappily proved so to many, for the Sikhs lost no opportunity of inflicting injury.

"The thirst which afflicted many was so oppressive, that it overcame all other considerations, and many of the soldiers strayed in search of water towards the village, heedless of the vicinity of the enemy. * * * *

"The casualties were, 694 killed, and 1721 wounded; but, of these, the British regiments suffered a heavy proportion, losing nearly 500 killed, and more than 1100 wounded. These losses, added to those at Moodkee, gave a sum total of 3287 *hors de combat*, out of an army amounting altogether to about 16,000 actually engaged.

"Those who had fallen in action were only partly interred in the trenches, for the wounded demanded all the attention that could be bestowed.

"The enemies' bodies were left to the disposal of the jackals and vultures, who fulfilled their task very imperfectly, satiety having made them epicures.

"The country, from the field of Ferozeshuhur to the fords of Hureeka, marked the track of the enemy's retreat by the corpses of soldiers wounded in the battle, who had died on the road, but the actual number of the enemy's loss could not have exceeded our own."

The author takes the most favourable notice possible of the first disastrous action under Sir Harry Smith at Bhodiwal, where even the hospital resources were cut off, and the hapless wounded consigned to intense suffering and death. This doubtful struggle was fortunately redeemed by the valour displayed at Aliwal, of which the subjoined notices pertain (for we avoid entering into the accounts of the general actions):

"A deserter from the Bengal Horse Artillery (John Porter, by name) fell into our hands during the enemy's retreat, and was recognised by some of his former associates. He had been some time in the Sikh service, and had been instrumental in directing the fire of the light guns upon his countrymen, for which employment he would have been speedily consigned to the tender mercies of the kites and vultures, had not the soldiers who captured him been restrained from carrying their resentment to such lengths, and the political agent, hoping to make some use of the renegade, saved his life. Mr. John Porter had apparently imbibed a strong predilection for his adopted country, and maintained that it would be impossible to subdue the Sikhs with the present forces which the British Government had assembled on the

north-western frontier; but his opinion on this and other matters was hardly of sufficient value to have saved his life.

"This man was more fortunate than another Englishman in the Sikh ranks at Ferozeshuhur who, during the storm of the works by the British infantry, fell amongst the assailants, crying aloud—'Spare me, lads! I am an Englishman, and belonged to the old 44th!' His appeal was answered by several bayonets and execrations.

"On the afternoon of the 29th of January, the field-hospital, with the wounded men, was removed into Loodiana. I rode over to see a brother-officer who had been seriously wounded, and shall never forget the sad scene of human suffering presented to view. Outside the hospital tents were laid the bodies of those who had recently died; many in the contorted positions in which the rigid hand of death had fixed them: others, more resembling sleep than death, had calmly passed away, struck down in full vigour and robust bodily health, when the human frame, it was natural to suppose, would have struggled more fiercely with its arch enemy; but the groans of the sufferers undergoing painful surgical operations were more grievous to the senses than the sight of those who needed no mortal aid. Pain, in all its degrees and hideous varieties was forcibly portrayed on every square yard of earth which surrounded me! and, passing from sufferer to sufferer, I felt, or fancied I felt, each patient's eye following wistfully the movements of such fortunate visitants as were exempted from the services of the knife or lancet, and sometimes dwelling reproachfully on the useless spectator of their sufferings. I felt it was almost a sacrilege to remain in such a place without being useful; but the medical officers and hospital assistants so zealously fulfilled every minute detail for the relief of their patients, that sympathy was the only offering we could present to our stricken comrades.

"Whilst raising the canvas door of a dark tent which I was entering, I stumbled, and nearly fell over the leg of some one stretched across the entrance. When I turned to make apologies to the owner, I found it had none, but, on a pallet beside it, lay its former possessor, who had just undergone amputation; beyond him lay a dead artilleryman; and further on, amongst stumps of arms protruding from the pallets, lay my wounded brother-officer, who appeared to suffer much more from the surrounding objects than from his own severe personal injuries. But the attention bestowed on those wounded at Aliwal, differed much from a preceding occasion, where the hospital stores and conveniences had been so far outworn, that only two rushlights were procurable to illuminate the hospital.

"In the course of the 29th, at Loodiana, better shelter was afforded; and its proximity to the sanatorium in the mountains gave a cheering prospect for the approaching hot season to those who were not qualified to become food for powder.

"On the evening of the 29th, the remains of all the officers who had fallen in action were interred in front of the standard guards, and amongst them were many deeply regretted by their comrades. All were young, and most had fallen in their first field; but a soldier's grave has, from the earliest records of mankind, been deemed the most honourable, and often the most desirable passage from this scene of trial."

But Sobraon claims the most awful impression of all. Witness the annexed quotations:

"As we lay under arms on our allotted posts, every ear was intently listening, in expectation of the first boom from the mortars and howitzers which were to announce the commencement of the work of death.

"All awaited in silent and earnest attention the appointed signal, and scarcely the clash of a sabre could be heard which might convey to the enemy's pickets an alarm of the approach of the formidable host which were preparing to assail the doomed garrison. Not even an expiring groan or shriek had been heard from the Sikh advanced posts, which had been marked for destruction, and we were speculating whether the misty appearance round the horizon would be dispelled by the increasing light of day, when a flash from our batteries, succeeded by the roar of one of the monster howitzers, and the rushing sound of the hissing mass of iron hurled forth and bursting over the Sikh entrenchments, was the long-expected herald of battle."

The battle rages, and a singular instance of heroism may be detached :

" Under General Gilbert's command were the Su Moor battalion, which had joined the force at Loodiana, and these fine little Gooikhas gave evidence that they had not degenerated in military prowess since the memorable Nepaulese war. The corps is composed of riflemen, carrying in their girdles a hooked knife (termed a 'kookery'), to give the coup-de-grace to the wounded and they used the hideous instrument with unaccountable zeal against the Sikhs. As they were known to possess relatives and connections amongst the Khalsa troops, it had been a matter of doubt with many that their hands would have been amongst the foremost in the field, but the battle-cry roused their hereditary ardour, and overcame every other consideration. Their gallant leader, Captain J. Fisher, whose exploits with the rifle are well known to those who have been his companions in the hunting-fields of the Dhoon, had just surmounted the parapet, when he perceived a battery not sixty yards distant from him, which continued to gail the assailants with incessant rounds of grape. Seizing a rifle from the hands of one of his Gooikhas, Fisher rested his arm on the parapet, and the next second pierced with a rifle-ball the artilleryman, who was about to apply the slow match to the touch-hole of a cannon. Receiving the loaded rifles from the hands of the soldiers, who handed them up to their commander, he continued to deal rapid destruction amongst the Sikh golundauze.

" A party of Sikh infantry, who were placed in defence of the battery, at last perceived the marksman, who was quickly silencing their cannon, and, pouring a volley in that direction, the gallant soldier rolled back amongst the corpses which strewed the exterior of the works.

" The field of Sohraon did not bear on its crimsoned surface a soldier more deeply regretted by all who knew him than the fallen chief of the Sirmoor battalion * * *

" Immediately the enemy had finally disappeared, parties were detached from each regiment to bury their dead, and the British army returned to the quarters which they had quitted on that memorable morning. The 10th of February brought no rest to our gallant chief, who hastened, after the enemy's defeat, to Ferozepore, to direct the passage of the Sutlej by Sir John Grey's division, on that very night, when it was natural to suppose, there was little likelihood of the Sikh army taking any measures to oppose our progress. The pontoon train under the direction of our engineers, was in readiness for this important movement, and the advanced guard of the army crossed without any accident on the bridge, which was finally completed within two days for the transit of the whole army.

" The wounded on the British side had been better provided for than on any former occasion, although the number of soldiers who had been struck down caused a scarcity of conveyances. All were as speedily as possible removed into Ferozepore, where the whole cantonment had been converted into a hospital, and every attention was bestowed which medical aid could afford or humanity suggest.

" On the day following the action, many Sikhs came across, unarmed, in search of their deceased comrades, and no interruption being offered to them in the discharge of these sacred duties, in a short time small fires were seen to arise on various parts of the field of battle, and many of the fallen warriors were consigned to the flames.

" Two days after the battle, the strange sight was witnessed of British and Sikhs, Hindoos and Mussulmen, wandering indiscriminately over the field where all had so recently been engaged in mortal contest."

With one more notice of our enemies we conclude our review of this animated and interesting publication :

" The loss of the Sikh sirdars, since Runjeet's death, has presented also a tragical catalogue: thirty-five have been murdered, seven died a natural death, eleven were killed in the late actions, twelve remain living at Lahore.

" Under the present reduced state of the Sikh army, it is not the least probable that the nation can ever become again the formidable enemy which they have lately been found."

Two light, airy, and attractive volumes; written in a flippant tone and dashing style, not unsuited to the compositions of one evidently more accustomed to handle the sword than the pen—to bridle the fury of a war-horse than to rein-in the suggestions of an impetuous fancy; exhibiting a pertness in the lighter passages, which, whether it tell against the writer or for him, is mostly amusing; and in the more serious portions—when recounting the dangers and difficulties of dreary marches through barren countries under a vertical sun and with enemies on every side, or describing the stirring incidents of the siege, the storm, the skirmish, and the battle,—having a direct and impetuous earnestness which pictures the scene with the reality of a no contemptible dramatic power. The work is marked with the peculiar idiosyncracies of the Englishman and the soldier—lively anecdote and curious remark: and altogether, although the ground has often been traversed and described before, it is written with so much spirit and freshness as to make it agreeable reading for an idle hour.

As a pleasant introduction to the volumes themselves, we extract a few random passages;—leaving the reader to turn to the continuous narrative or otherwise, as his relish for the kind of literary aliment may determine him.

The author thus describes his first night on the shores of Hindústan, and the nocturnal enemies which disturbed his repose.—

“We came to anchor, on the third morning after quitting Kedgerce, under the walls of Fort William, and found H.M.’s 3d Dragoons encamped on the glacis. About four in the afternoon, the heat having considerably abated, we disembarked, and marched into the Fort, where quarters had been provided for our men, though none for the officers, as the brigade-major informed us, at the same time stating, that as a difference of opinion existed on that subject between himself and the fort-major, we must wait until he (of the Queen’s) had craftily overcome him (of the Company’s), and induced the latter individual to house us. There is an old proverb about a man between two stools being likely to come to the ground, which was fully illustrated in our case, for, both of our supports for a night’s rest in Fort William having given way, we came to the earth, though fortunately in the tents of the 3d Dragoons, immediately under the walls of the Fort, where our fall was kindly broken by cloaks spread on the ground to receive us. I was composing myself to sleep as comfortably as circumstances would permit, when suddenly a volley of screams, as though proceeding from the lungs of ten thousand demons, caused me to start on my feet, supposing the camp to have been invaded by the infernal regions. My host, lying in the opposite recess of the tent, being a man of some days’ experience, begged me not to disturb myself, as it was only the jackals.—‘Only the jackals!’ but they are pretty nearly enough to murder sleep, I thought, as I laid myself down to await the cessation of their intolerable howls. Silence at length ensued, and I was just falling asleep, when a low gurgling noise arose close to my ears, and continued with the most monotonous regularity: ‘Good heaven!’ I cried, after listening intently for a few minutes, ‘that must come from the diabolical bandicoots, of which I have often heard from old Indians.’ I drew my sword, and awaited their advance in a violent perspiration, for I have an insuperable abhorrence to the whole rat tribe; but they had no intention of coming to close quarters. No, their cursed pipes sounded the advance, unheeded by the main body. My enemies, nevertheless, seemed to be musing; for the gurgle was taken up by a reinforcement from the opposite side of the tent, interrupted occasionally by a low, muttering sound:

Jam jam effiaci do manus scientie.

‘I submit; it is impossible to sleep through this interminable persecution, and a man’s days in this climate must be necessarily short without rest!’ Thus I exclaimed, as

jumping up, I threw my cloak aside, and paced the tent in a fever, saluted incessantly by the unearthly gurgle. My friend lay on the opposite side, sleeping as calmly as if there were no such things in the world to torture us as jackals or bandicoots. The morning was just breaking, and I stepped out of the tent, in hope of being taken for a ghost by the jackals, and thus retaliating by fright on a portion of my enemies—when, lo! the veil of mystery was withdrawn, and there sat two Hindoos smoking the pipe of the country, commonly known by the name of hubble-bubble, which noisy instruments I had mistaken all night for the bandicoots. This was too absurd. I burst into a fit of laughter, which awakened my friend, who hastily joined me, when I related my grievance. Having silenced the smokers, I soon enjoyed the rest I had almost despaired of attaining."

Our author was soon marched off to the north-western provinces, in the neighbourhood of the Himalayah mountains:—which of course he visited, and describes.—

"Our party, consisting of three officers of my regiment and myself, started on the evening of 1st of August, and having halted during the heat of the next day at a house on the road, erected for the convenience of travellers by government, we reached the foot of the hills at daybreak on the 3rd instant. We remained at a small inn recently established there, awaiting an interval in the torrents of rain which were descending, before we commenced our ascent. After the greater part of the day had passed without the occurrence of this lucid interval, I started with one of our party to mount the precipitous hills which towered above us, enveloped in mist. We procured two sturdy little mountain-ponies, that despised our weight, and dashing through the torrents of rain, breasted the rough acclivity. The mountains from Rajpore rise abruptly in a constant succession of sharp and lofty peaks, whose sides from beneath appear nearly perpendicular. The roads, which are about two yards in breadth, are cut round the sides of the mountains, and winding by a gradual ascent round some, conduct you slowly upwards; on others, the circuit being impeded, or too extensive for the former system, a zig-zag road is made, to bring you more rapidly, though much more laboriously, to their brow, whence a ridge frequently stretches across to the adjacent mountains. The spirited little hill-ponies carried us fearlessly across these narrow passes, on each side of which a yawning abyss frequently descends, till lost to sight amid the gloomy shade of the rocks and shrubs projecting from its sides; whilst the mountain torrents, roaring above and beneath and frequently dashing in their impetuous course across the path you are pursuing, present a wild and magnificent sight. Night had far advanced, and our ponies began to exhibit unequivocal symptoms of weariness from their severe toil, when we arrived at the hotel, then standing at Mussouri, for the reception of travellers. Here, we soon divested ourselves of our well-soaked garments, and enjoyed the unusual Eastern luxury of a blazing fire. Next morning, the weather having cleared up, I sallied forth to enjoy the varied and beautiful scenery, and scrambled to the summit of Landour, which stands about 7,000 feet above the level of the sea. On the front, towered the Tyne range, about 10,000 feet in height; and far beyond these, Junnootri and Gungootri, whence flow the sources of the Jumna and Ganges, are visible, their summits glittering with everlasting snow, from an elevation of 24,000 feet. On the right of this barrier of eternal snow, was dimly visible the peak of Dwalagiri, whose hoary heights, though untrodden by the foot of mortal man, have been measured by his ingenuity, and pronounced to be the loftiest in the world. Dazzled with the resplendent and gorgeous scene, whose reflection from the morning sun became too much for the eye to endure, I turned to look down on the beautiful and fertile valley of the Doone, which lay stretched beneath, and through which the Ganges, extricating itself from the mountains, rushed, in its turbid and meandering course, into the plains; whilst on the other side of the same fairy valley, the clear and stately Jumna flowed majestically onwards, to unite its crystal waters with its sister river at Allahabad. The scenery here is excessively striking to the traveller, on account of the miserably barren and uninteresting flats he must traverse ere reaching these mountains, which nature

why we cannot to a certain extent coin precious stones, land, houses, property as well as bullion, is a mystery we do not pretend to understand. We remember Sir I. Brunel calculating that there were as many gold watches amongst our population as if laid touching each other along the turnpike-road would reach some fifty miles ; why cannot we have them represented in circulation ? But truce to discussions upon what nobody seems to agree about ; and to the History of the Bank, which is blamed and praised for precisely the same acts, just as parties see them through the light of their own pursuits or wants.

Mr. Francis' early description of the money-lending classes in England shows us the Jews severely oppressed, first mouthed to be last swallowed, whenever king or feudal lord needed their riches ; but still not utterly destroyed, because they might be used again and again.

"It appears, then, (he says) from the slight sketch given of this remarkable body, that the writer is justified in terming them the compulsory bankers of the period. Their earliest known persecution occurred in 1189, during the reign of Richard Cœur de Leon, about the period that the first European bank, the bank of Venice, was established. While the rude barbarism of the north resorted to the policy shortly to be described, Venice, with all the grandeur of an advanced commercial knowledge, established, upon a scale so just that it has since served as a model for its successors, the earliest bank in Europe.

"Towards the end of the thirteenth century, the country ceased to receive support from the Hebrew. Edward I., unable to resist a grant from Parliament, and stimulated by the prospect of an immediate booty, consented to the expulsion of this people from England. With what circumstances of degradation and cruelty it was conducted, let the chronicles of the time repeat ; but from this period to their re-admission, during the government of the great and politic Cromwell, in the seventeenth century, they ceased to interfere with the monetary or commercial transactions of the English community.

"It is, we think, difficult to account, excepting by the bigotry of the age, for the intense hatred borne to this insulted race. It would, perhaps, be still more difficult to find a reason for the great folly which prompted their expulsion, at the expence of a revenue so easily obtained, were it not possible that some light may be thrown on, and some excuse made for, this great political error, by the fact, that, in the same century, the Lombards, by which general term the early Italian merchants of Genoa, Florence, and Venice were known, came over and established themselves in the street which still bears their name. With them came many of the arts and the skill of trade ; with them came the only knowledge of banking, then possessed ; with them came into more common use 'the wonderful invention' of bills of exchange, by the agency of which they remitted money to their own country. • Success followed exertion ; a firm footing was obtained by the skilful Lombard ; he was the first who, uniting to the art of the goldsmith the science of the banker, took the initiative in that business, which has since been the agency of so much good, and which has been found to increase with the trade and commerce of the country."

The Goldsmiths succeeded :

"They were a rich body ; and it was natural that the richest should be most trusted. Those servants, therefore, who yet remained in charge of their master's money, lent it, at 4d. per cent. per diem, to the Goldsmith, who saw a new branch of business opening, and caught the first glimpse of modern banking. The troubles of the time, which prevented country gentlemen from keeping their rents in their own mansions, made them glad to remit it to persons of responsibility. The Goldsmith was equally glad to pay a small interest, with the prospect of lending it at an increase of profit. The necessitous merchant applied for loans at a high usance. The rich deposited their cash, for security, without interest. The widow and the orphan

received four per cent. ; and, with the money thus obtained, the Goldsmith was able to increase his business by the somewhat new branch of discounting bills.

"They thus became money borrowers and receivers of rents. They lent money to the King on the security of the taxes. The receipts they issued for the money lodged at their houses, circulated from hand to hand, and were known by the name of Goldsmiths' Notes. These may be considered the first kind of bank notes issued in England."

Sir Thomas Gresham was the author of a great advance, but

"The celebrity of the first banking house belongs, by common consent, to Mr. Francis Child. This gentleman, who was the father of his profession, and possessed of large property, began business shortly after the restoration. He was originally apprentice to William Wheeler, goldsmith and banker, whose shop was on the site of the present banking house. The foundation of his importance arose from the good old fashion of marrying his master's daughter, and through this, he succeeded to the estate and business. The latter he subsequently confined entirely to the banking department."

Child's books date back to 1620 ; Messrs. Hoares' to 1680 ; and Messrs. Snows' to 1685.

William Paterson, within a few years from this period, schemed and founded the National Bank. Of him Mr. Francis observes :

"William Paterson, one of those men whose capacity is measured by failure or success, was the originator of the new Bank, and it is, perhaps, unfortunate for his fame, that no biography exists of this remarkable person. As the projector of the present bank of Scotland, as the very soul of the celebrated Darien Company, and as the founder of the Bank of England, he deserves notice. A speculative as well as an adventurous man, he proved his belief in the practicability of the Darien scheme by accompanying that unfortunate expedition ; and the formation of the bank of England was the object of his desires and the subject of his thoughts for a long time previous to its establishment.

"William Patterson was born in Traillflatt, in the county of Dumfries, in 1658. Having been educated for the church, he indulged a naturally adventurous disposition, by visiting the West Indian Islands under pretext of converting the Indians. His real occupation is stated however to have been very different, as he mingled with and perhaps formed part of those daring buccaneers, the exploits of whom form so romantic a chapter in the byeways of history. During this period Paterson made himself thoroughly acquainted with the capabilities of the Isthmus of Darien, better known as the Isthmus of Panama. 'This place, which is between Mexico and Peru,' says a modern writer, 'is within six weeks' sail of most parts of Europe, the East Indies, and a part of China. It is in the heart of the West India Islands, and not far from North America. It is one of the best situations for a colony for a trading and manufacturing country on the face of the earth. The same opinion was entertained by Paterson, who must have been thoroughly acquainted with the position and natural advantages of the place ; and from his youth contemplated its colonization.'

The attempt and its fatal results are well known ; they saddened the heart of Scotland for many a day. After much opposition from conflicting interests, Paterson achieved the foundation of the Bank by Royal charter, on the 27th of July, 1694.

"In Grocers' Hall, since razed for the erection of a more stately structure, the Bank of England commenced operations. Here, in one room, with almost primitive simplicity, were gathered all who performed the duties of the establishment. 'I looked into the great hall where the Bank is kept,' says the graceful essayist of the day, 'and was not a little pleased to see the directors, secretaries, and clerks, with all the other members of that wealthy Corporation, ranged in their several stations

according to the parts they hold in that just and regular economy. The secretaries and clerks altogether numbered but fifty-four, while their united salaries did not exceed £5,350. But the picture is a pleasant one, and though so much unlike present usages, it is a doubtful question whether our forefathers did not derive more benefit from intimate association with, and kindly feelings towards, their inferiors, than their descendants receive from the broad line of demarcation adopted at the present day."

In 1732 greater accommodations were required for carrying on the business, and it was unanimously resolved to erect a hall and office in Threadneedle Street; and the site chosen for the new edifice was that of the house and garden of Sir John Houblon, first governor of the Bank. The structure was contracted for by Dunn and Townshend, eminent builders of the day, after designs by Mr. George Sampson.

"On Thursday, the 3d of August, at one o'clock in the afternoon, the new building was commenced; a stone, on which the names of the directors were placed, being made the foundation for one of the pillars. Twenty guineas were presented to the workmen for distribution; and on the 5th of June, 1764, business was commenced in that edifice, the present importance of which is unparalleled in the history of monetary establishments. Notwithstanding the sagacity of those who governed its concerns, it may reasonably be questioned whether they imagined the time would ever arrive when its buildings would occupy acres; when the movements of its governors, in the words of the historiographer of London, would influence the whole body of the public, its offices expel a church from its site, and emulate the palaces of emperors.

* * * * *

"The total number employed at present is upwards of nine hundred, and their salaries exceed £210,000. * * * * *

"So early as 1697, in 'Some thoughts of the interest of England' a proposal was made 'that the Bank of England be branched into every city and market town in England, and that the several branches be accountable to the general Bank in London for the profits of the respective branches.' Had this plan been carried into effect, some of those crises which have borne ruin into many happy homes would have been averted. The entire circulation would have been in the hands of an establishment equal in stability to the government."

The bubble schemes which have plagued and shaken the country since then are described in their order of succession, as well as their effects upon the Bank and public credit. Besides the mighty ones, Mississippi, South Sea, &c., &c., some of the minor projects for extorting money from credulity are curious enough:

"Schemes were proposed which would have been extravagant in 1825, and which stamped the minds of those who entertained them with what may be truly termed a commercial lunacy. One was for the 'discovery of perpetual motion.' Another was for subscribing two millions and a half to 'a promising design hereafter to be promulgated.' A third was a 'Company for carrying on an undertaking of great advantage, but nobody to know what it is; every subscriber who deposits £2 per share, to be entitled to £100 per annum.' Even this insolent attempt on the credulity of the nation succeeded; and when the arch-rogue opened his shop, the house was beset with applicants. In five hours £2,000 were deposited in the hands of the projector, and from that day he ceased to be heard of in England. Projects like these enlisted the lowest with the highest. On some sixpence, and on others one shilling, per cent. was paid; and as no capital was required the comparative beggar might indulge in the same advantageous gambling, and enjoy the same bright castles in the air, which marked the dreams of the rich and the great. Some came so low as to ask only one shilling deposit on every thousand pounds. Persons of quality, of both sexes, were

engaged in these. Avarice triumphed over dignity; gentlemen met their brokers at taverns; ladies at their milliners' shops. The English historian says, 'All distinctions of party, religion, sex, character, and circumstances, were swallowed up in this universal concern, or in some such pecuniary project. Exchange Alley was filled with a strange concourse of statesmen and clergymen, churchmen and dissenters, Whigs and Tories, physicians, lawyers, tradesmen, and even multitudes of females. All other professions and employments were utterly rejected; the people's attention wholly engrossed by this and other chimerical schemes, which were known by the denomination of bubbles.'

"Among the schemes advertised in derision of the propensity of the day, was one 'for making butter from Beech trees'; another for 'an engine to remove the South Sea House to Moorfields'; a third 'for teaching wise men to cast nativities.' The clerks of the South Sea Company found it a prosperous period. As the lapse of a day might make 100 per cent. difference, a £20 note was frequently given to expedite the transaction. These perquisites were so great, that they wore lace dresses, and answered when remonstrated with, that 'if they did not put gold upon their clothes, they could not make away with half their earnings.'

"New companies started up every day under the countenance of the prime nobility. The prince of Wales was constituted governor of the Welsh Copper Company, (by which he made sixty thousand pounds, and then withdrew his name;) the Duke of Bridgewater formed an association for building houses in London and Westminster; and the Duke of Chandos appeared at the head of the York Buildings Company.

"Another ingenious fraud consisted of the 'Globe permits,' square bits of playing card, on which were impressed in wax the Globe tavern, and inscribed on them 'sail cloth permits.' These cards were merely permissions to subscribe to some futuro Sail Cloth Company, and were currently sold at sixty guineas each. The confusion and crowd were so great that the same shares were sometimes sold at the same moment £100 higher in one part of the Alley than another."

Another phenomenon was created by the Bank. Sixty-four years after its establishment the first forged note was presented for payment; and "to Richard William Vaughan, a Stafford linen-draper, belongs the melancholy celebrity of having led the van in this new phase of crime, in the year 1758. The records of his life do not show want, beggary, or starvation urging him, but a simple desire to seem greater than he was. By one of the artists employed, and there were several engaged on different parts of the notes, the discovery was made. The criminal had filled up to the number of twenty, and deposited them in the hands of a young lady to whom he was attached, as a proof of his wealth. There is no calculating how much longer Bank notes might have been free from imitation, had this man not shewn with what ease they might be counterfeited. From this period forged notes became common."

His execution did not deter others from the offence, and many a neck was forfeited to the halter before the late abolition of capital punishment for this crime. Some of the stories are very romantic, and some very ingenious, *ex. gr.* :

"In 1780, a gentleman of eminence in the mercantile world, was grieved by the contents of a letter which he received from a correspondent at Hamburgh, the post mark of which it bore. From the statement it contained, it appeared that a person most minutely described, had defrauded the writer, under extraordinary circumstances, of £3,000. The letter continued to say, information had been obtained that the defrauder—the dress and person of whom it described—was occasionally to be seen on the Dutch Walk of the Royal Exchange. The object of the writer was to induce his correspondent to invite the party to dinner; and by any moral force which could be used, compel him to return the money; adding, that if he should be found *amenable* to reason, and evince any signs of repentance, he might be dismissed with a friendly caution and five hundred pounds, as he was a near relation of the writer. As the gentleman

Whose name it bore was a profitable correspondent, the London merchant kept a keen watch on the Dutch Walk, and was at last successful in meeting, and being introduced to the cheat. The invitation to dine was accepted; and the host having previously given notice to his family to quit the table soon after dinner, acquainted his visitor with his knowledge of the fraud. Alarm and horror were depicted in the countenance of the young man, who, with tones apparently tremulous from emotion, begged his disgrace might not be made public. To this the merchant consented, provided the £3,000 were returned. The visitor sighed deeply, but said that to return all was impossible, as he had unfortunately spent part of the amount. The remainder, however, he proposed to yield instantly, and the notes were handed to the merchant, who after dilating upon the goodness of the man he had rebbed, concluded his moral lesson by handing a cheque for £500 as a proof of his beneficence. The following morning the gentleman went to the banker to deposit the money he had received, when, to his great surprise, he was told that the notes were counterfeit. His next inquiries were concerning the cheque, but that had been cashed shortly after the opening of the Bank. He immediately sent an express to his Hamburg correspondent, who replied that the letter was a forgery; and that no fraud had been committed upon him. The whole affair had been plotted by a gang, some of whom were on the continent, and some in England. * * * *

"Charles Price was one of those men whose whole abilities are employed in defrauding. At the age of seventeen he left his home to seek a fortune; and threw himself on the world with the determination to live by it. He soon learned to play many parts. Now a comedian; and now a gentleman's servant. At one time a rogue, and the companions of rogues; and then a fraudulent brewer or a fraudulent bankrupt. Great talent was employed in enormous crimes; and great evil was the result. After trying his hand as a lottery-office keeper, stock-broker, and gambler, he attained sufficient importance to grace a work entitled the 'Swindler's Chronicle.' From this the step was easy to the 'Newgate Calendar;' and he embarked in a bold, skilful, and resolute career of fraud on the bank. His only confidant was his mistress. He practised engraving till he became proficient. He made his own ink. He manufactured his own paper. With a private press he worked his own notes; and he counterfeited the signatures of the cashiers, until the resemblance was complete. Master of all that could successfully deceive, he defied alike fortune and the Bank directors; and even these operations in his own house were transacted in a disguise sufficient to baffle the most penetrating.

"About the year 1780 a note was brought to the Bank for payment. So complete were all its parts; so masterly the engraving; so correct the signatures; so skilful the water-mark, that it was promptly paid; and only discovered to be a forgery when it reached a particular department. From that period forged paper continued to be presented, especially at the time of lottery drawing. Consultations were held with the police. Plans were laid to ensure detection. Every effort was made to trace the forger. Clarke, the Forrester of his day, went like a slut-hound, on the track; for in those days the expressive word 'blood-money' was known. Up to a certain point there was little difficulty; but beyond this most consummate art defied the ingenuity of the officer. In whatever way the notes came, the train of discovery always paused at the lottery offices. Advertisements, offering large rewards, were circulated; but the unknown forger baffled detection, at the expense of the Corporation.

"Among other advertisements in the 'Daily Advertiser,' in 1780, might be seen one for a servant; to which an answer was sent by a young man, in the employment of a musical instrument maker, who, some time after, was called upon by a coachman and informed that the advertiser was waiting in a coach to see the candidate for the situation. The young man went; and was desired to enter the conveyance where he saw a person with something of the appearance of a foreigner sixty or seventy years old, apparently troubled with the gout, as some yards of flannel were wrapped around his legs. A camblet surtout was buttoned around his mouth; a large patch placed over his left eye; and nearly every part of his face was concealed. He affected much infirmity, and a faint hectic cough; and invariably presented the patched side to the view of the servant. After some conversation, in the course of which he represented himself as guardian to a young nobleman of great fortune, the interview concluded with the engagement of the applicant; and the new servant was directed to call on

Mr. Brank—the name by which he designated himself—at 29, Titchfield Street, Oxford Street. At this interview Brank inveighed against his whimsical ward for his love of speculating in lottery-tickets; and told the servant that his principal duty would be to purchase them. After one or two meetings, at each of which Brank kept his face muffled, he handed a £40 and £20 Bank note; told the servant to be very careful not to lose them; and directed him to buy lottery-tickets at separate offices. The young man went, fulfilled his instructions, and at the moment he was returning, was suddenly called by his employer from the other side of the street, congratulated on his rapidity, and then told to go to various offices in the neighbourhood of the Royal Exchange, and purchase more shares. To do this £400 in Bank of England notes were handed him, and the wishes of the mysterious Mr. Brank were satisfactorily effected. These scenes were continually enacted. Notes to a large amount were thus circulated; lottery-tickets purchased; and Mr. Brank, always in a coach, with his face studiously concealed, ready on the spot to receive them. The surprise of the servant was somewhat excited; but had he known that from the period he left his master to purchase the tickets, one female figure accompanied all his movements; that when he entered the offices, it waited at the door, peered cautiously in at the window, hovered around him like a second shadow, watched him carefully, and never left him until once more he was in the company of his employer, that surprise would have been greatly increased. Again and again were these extraordinary scenes rehearsed; again and again were lottery-tickets procured; and again and again was the servant allowed only to see the patched side of his master's face. At last the Bank obtained a clue, and the servant was taken into custody, his simple statement disregarded, and his person incarcerated. The directors imagined that at last they had secured the actor in so many parts; that the flood of forged notes which had inundated the establishment would cease. Their hopes proved fallacious, and it was found that 'old Patch' had been sufficiently clever to baffle the Bank directors. The house in Titchfield-street was searched; but Mr. Brank had deserted it. The servant was discharged from custody with a present of £20; the advertisements re-appeared; rewards were again freely offered; but in vain. The extraordinary Mr. Brank remained as inaccessible as ever, and the forgeries as usual became more plentiful about the period of the lotteries. But the mind of this man—a master in the art of crime—invented a new method of fraud. In 1785, the public prints report the following. 'On the 17th of December, £10 was paid into the Bank, for which the clerk, as usual, gave a ticket to receive a Bank note of equal value. This ticket ought to have been carried immediately to the cashier, instead of which the bearer took it home and curiously added an 0 to the original sum, and returning, presented it so altered to the cashier, for which he received a note of £100. In the evening, the clerks found a deficiency in the accounts; and on examining the tickets of the day, not only that but two others were discovered to have been obtained in the same manner. In the one, the figure 1 was altered to 4, and in another to 5, by which the artist received, upon the whole, near £1000.' The contriver of this ingenious fraud proved to be the same individual who had so long baffled the police; but in a short time his career was closed. One of the notes, given in pledge for costly articles of plate, with which he graced expensive entertainments, was traced to the silversmith, and after innumerable names, innumerable lodgings, and innumerable disguises, the end of Charles Price was fast approaching. With great ingenuity he procured the destruction of his implements, through the agency of his mistress, notwithstanding the acuteness of the police. The assurance of this man in the safety of his transformations had been complete. It has been seen that his accomplice in crime watched the person he employed, while Price was waiting close to the spot. Had any suspicious appearance occurred at the lottery-office, she would immediately have given a signal to Price, who would have torn off his dress as old Patch, and appeared in his own character. He seems to have been thoroughly known as 'Patch,' (from the covering over his eye,) but his identity with Price, the lottery-office keeper and stock-jobber, was not suspected. His end was worthy his life. He employed his son to procure the necessary implements of destruction; and the following morning he was found hanging. A jury sat upon the body, on which the old barbaric custom was enacted; and midnight witnessed the lonely cross-road receive the remains of the forger.

"The desire of the directors to discover the makers of forged notes, produced a considerable amount of anxiety to one whose name is indelibly associated with British art. George Morland—a name rarely mentioned but with feelings of admiration and regret—had, in his eagerness to avoid incarceration for debt, retired to an obscure hiding-place, in the suburbs of London. The description of Allan Cunningham is vivid ;—'On one occasion,' says this biographer, 'he hid himself in Hackney ; where his anxious looks and secluded manner of life induced some of his charitable neighbours to believe him a maker of forged notes. The directors of the Bank deputed two of their most dexterous emissaries to inquire, reconnoitre, search, and seize. The men arrived, and began to draw lines of circumvallation round the painter's retreat : he was not, however, to be surprised ; mistaking those agents of evil mien for bailiffs, he escaped from behind as they approached in front, fled into Hoxton, and never halted till he had hid himself in London. Nothing was found to justify suspicion ; and when Mrs. Morland, who was his companion in this retreat, told them who her husband was, and showed them some unfinished pictures, they made such a report at the Bank, that the directors presented him with a couple of Bank notes of twenty pounds each, by way of compensation for the alarm they had given him.' * * * * *

"In 1759, Bank notes, to a smaller amount than £20, were first circulated ; and the directors commenced issues of £15 and £10, to meet the necessity experienced by the community."

In 1790 the corporation commenced an issue of £5 notes ; and in March 1797, (a perilous period) notes of one and two pounds were put into circulation.

Sir Robert Peel's Act for returning to cash payments in 1819, appears to be approved of by the author, and the Railway Mania reprehended, and with this the present history closes ; and we will conclude with only one brief extract more.

"The curiosities of the Bank are few. It possesses, however, a collection of ancient coins, which, with the exceptions of those of the British Museum, and of Paris, is perhaps the finest in Europe. Visitors are occasionally shown some notes for large amounts, which have passed between the Bank and government ; but to the antiquarian there are not many attractive objects."

Lord Cochrane's £1,000 note, with which he paid his fine, and his protest written on the back of it, is one of them. The entire Establishment is an extraordinary sight.

We will begin by saying at once that this work has amused us. We have not often met with a greater quantity of entertaining gossip in the same number of pages. But a reader who should take up the book under the idea of getting a sustained monetary history of the Bank would be assuredly disappointed :—he had better go to M'Culloch's 'Commercial Dictionary.' The author does, indeed, every now and then plunge into the *mare magnum* of figures ; but he speedily emerges again : either dragging up a forger by the halter—or else with all the materials for a pleasant account of some mania of speculation, with its panic at the end.

Mr. Francis is an admirer of the Bank :—so are we. But our author admires it absolutely ; and we waive the question whether it has been—particularly of late years—the best thing that could have been ; confining our admiration to the conduct of the corporation as a whole in the circumstances which it has actually encountered. The Direction has often justly merited the praise of having seen its true position ; and has stood between the public and the proprietors with a sagacious sense of what was due to both, and plenty

of resolution to act upon it. So that, as times go—and still more as times have gone—we repeat that *we* admire the Bank. But Mr. Francis goes further than we can; and seems disposed to believe that it must have been immaculate—even where tradition tells ugly stories. Witness the following anecdote, preserved by Ireland, and commented on by our author.—

“It is well known that, in the year 1745, on account of the domestic confusion which prevailed in the northern part of this island, Bank notes were at a considerable discount. The notes, however, which were issued by Child’s house, as well as those of Hoare and Co., still maintained their credit, and were circulated at par.—The Bank directors, alarmed at the depreciation of their paper, and attributing it to the high estimation in which the house of Messrs. Child still remained, attempted, by very unfair artifices, to ruin their reputation. This plan they endeavoured to accomplish by collecting a very large quantity of their notes, and pouring them in all together for payment on the same day. Before the project was executed, the Duchess of Marlborough, who had received some intimation of it, imparted the information to Mr. Child, and supplied him with a sum of money, more than sufficient to answer the amplest demand that could be made upon them. In consequence of this scheme, the notes were sent by the Bank, and were paid in their own paper; a circumstance which occasioned considerable loss to that corporation; their paper being circulated considerably below par. Perhaps this anecdote will be confirmed by the well known circumstance of the hostility of her Grace to the administrators of that trust.’ The precision with which this account is given, must be accepted as a reason for its assertion. It is, however, most difficult of belief that any body of honourable men would act so disgraceful a part. The story has, in all probability, arisen out of some financial operation, the object of which was perverted by the opponents of the Bank, because it was beyond their comprehension.”

With this general admiration for the public Bank, there is a slight (let us be just—a very slight) bias against the private one. We cannot help thinking that when Mr. Francis, speaking of Fauntleroy, says that the public “evinced a most misplaced sympathy at the idea of hanging a banker,” he would have started with horror at the idea of a bank director undergoing such a fate. We do not exactly suppose that he would have described the little transaction which had led to such a result as “in all probability” arising out of “some financial operation” perverted by the judge and jury because it was “beyond their comprehension:”—still, we are not quite sure. The bias of biography, whether of men or of corporations, is wonderful. We cannot forget what a martyr the historian of Merchant Tailors’ School has made of Titus Oates, who was educated there.

Mr. Francis is an admirer of the style of T. B. Macaulay:—and so again are we. But he imitates it—and imitates it badly. The opening passage, for instance, of the *dénouement* in Fauntleroy’s case, is too ambitious by half.—

“In September 1824, Plank, the Bow Street officer, might be seen proceeding in the direction of the banking house of Marsh, Stracey and Co. A person, who accompanied him, entered first, and requesting an interview with Mr. Fauntleroy, was ushered into his private counting-house. Within a minute he was followed by Plank. The interior of a Bank is nearly sacred; but the officer pushed boldly by the clerk, who would have interrupted him, merely saying he wished to speak with Mr. Fauntleroy. On entering, he closed the door, announced his name, and produced a warrant for the apprehension of Henry Fauntleroy on a charge of forgery.”

The figure of description here chosen requires a distinct announcement of the day and hour. Poor Plank should not have been left through all September

on his way to Marsh and Co. Then, when we read of "Mr., now Sir Charles, Wood, in a speech which charmed by its elegance, while it delighted by its depth," we are more amused than the author intended—not merely by the pathos of "now Sir Charles," but by the notion of the *delights* of depths as opposed to the charms of elegance. In "the English language could scarcely be more explicit than the passage by which the great architect of the Bank Charter has been judged," we fancy we detect something like jumble: a language (semi-personified) contending for clearness with a passage written in that language—by which to judge the architect of a *Charter*! We do not like the following, as to either style or matter:—

"It is now the province of the writer to relate one of those occurrences which occasionally interest the somewhat uneventful hours of a commercial community. The union of rank, talent, and accomplishment, with fraud, dishonour, and dishonesty, forms, in the present instance, a relation sufficiently interesting to pass an hour by the winter fire-side, and sufficiently striking to demand the attention of the monetary man, and the notice of the observer of human nature."

Has the union of rank and fraud, talent and dishonour, accomplishment and dishonesty, such interest for the winter fire-side? Unfortunately, it has; Mr. Francis has evidently, in the course of his undertaking, picked up the love of narrating such things. Indeed, we may pronounce that his book gives a much clearer view and better history of the modes of defrauding the Bank than of the operations of that great institution—for which, we allow again, it is all the more amusing. We should not have been so particular in our notice of the style if it were not that the work is evidently intended to have a style. In our opinion, Mr. Francis had the elements of a good narrator; that there is in this book what we believe to be an adopted manner—throughout the first volume at least.

Mr. Francis goes back, in his narrative, to the time when the Jews were the only bankers, and when kings and barons drew upon them at pleasure—or, if the drafts were not duly honoured, upon their teeth. He gives a slight sketch of the happy state of our monetary system down to the time when the Bank of England was founded in 1694. Those halcyon days in which bad money was detected by the coiners forgetting, at first, to clip and file it into resemblance to the good money—not the only instance in which rascals have been detected by being more honest upon particular points than honest men—are touched with effect enough to make pictorially clear what we all know—namely, that the foundation of the Bank soon put the monetary relations of king and people on a much better footing than they had ever before been.

In the time of the South Sea speculation, it appears, the "wisdom of our ancestors" was of a kind which has been very faithfully reflected to-day.—

"Schemes were proposed which would have been extravagant in 1825, and which stamped the minds of those who entertained them with what may be truly termed a commercial lunacy. One was for the 'discovery of perpetual motion.' Another for subscribing two millions and a half to '*a promising design hereafter to be promulgated.*' A third was a 'Company for carrying on an undertaking of great advantage, but nobody to know what it is; every subscriber who deposits 2*l.* per share, to be entitled to 100*l.* per annum.' Even this insolent attempt on the credulity of the nation succeeded; and when the arch-rogué opened his shop, the house was beset with applicants. In five hours 2,000*l.* were deposited in the hands of the projector, and from that day he ceased to be heard of in England."

And again—

"The *London Journal* of 11th of June, says, 'The hurry of our stock-jobbing bubblers has been so great this week, that it has exceeded all that was ever known. There has been nothing but running about from one coffee-house to another, and from one tavern to another, to subscribe without examining what the proposals were. The general cry has been, 'For G——'s sake let us but subscribe to something, we don't care what it is.'"

The transition to highwaymen seems so natural, that it is well to attach it as a pendant to our quotations, as a help to the present use of the moral.—

"Amid these scenes of crime, that of robbing the mail was a favourite occupation, as it not only required, but also rewarded, boldness. These robberies grew to such a height by 1738, that the post-master made a representation to the Bank upon the subject; and the directors, in consequence, advertised an issue of bills, payable at seven days' sight, 'that in case of the mail being robbed, the proprietor may have time to give notice.'"

According to Mr. Francis, the first forger was instigated not by Mammon, but by Cupid.—

"To Richard William Vaughan, a Stafford linen-draper, belongs the melancholy celebrity of having led the van in this new phase of crime, in the year 1758. The records of his life do not show want, beggary or starvation urging him, but a simple desire to seem greater than he was. By one of the artists employed, and there were several engaged on different parts of the notes, the discovery was made. The criminal had filled up to the number of twenty; and deposited them in the hands of a young lady to whom he was attached, as a proof of his wealth."

Mr. Francis tells the story of George Morland, the painter, when hiding for debt, being taken for a forger. We have, ourselves, heard a yet more curious story—and we believe it to be true. Many years ago, there was a strong suspicion that platinum was employed to give weight to bad sovereigns. The solicitor of the Mint communicated with one of the Russian houses which imported platinum, and begged to know whether all their metal went into channels known to themselves to be respectable. They answered that there was an elderly gentleman who never gave his name, who came to them at intervals and took away considerable quantities. The solicitor begged them to detain this individual, the next time he came, in casual conversation,—and give *him* notice. This was done: and when the solicitor arrived, he found, to his surprise, the merchant talking to his own friend *Dr. Wollaston*—who had come for his usual supply of platinum, to be made malleable by his own secret, now made known. Of course, the matter ended with a hearty laugh.

One of Mr. Francis's literary devices is an affectation of the indefinite when his party feelings or prejudices are in question. "A man named Thomas Paine," he says, "possessed a certain degree of unenviable notoriety." A reader might really think that this was some other than the notorious Tom Paine. Again, mentioning a debate on cash payments, he observes: "The speaker was a Mr. Fuller; who said, 'I don't like this business at all. I think it is a humbug.' " Are not these words themselves enough to preserve *Jack Fuller*, so recently dead—and so completely himself as long as he lived—from being lost in a *Mr. Fuller*? At the end of his speech Jack says: "It grieves me to see so much labour and sweating about this bullion report.

Why, sir, it won't make a bit better appearance in the papers than that nonsensical dispute between you and me." On which Mr. Francis remarks that this allusion was to a scene of indecorous altercation, in which Jack, heated with wine, attempted to throw a chair at the Speaker. Powers that be!—an *indecorous altercation* between the Speaker and a member! By the way, we have always heard that Fuller got into custody for telling the Speaker that he would not be dictated to by a little man in a wig:—which is much more like Jack (who was a kind-hearted creature) than an attempt at deeds of violence.—Of Cobbett we find no mention at all in this work: an omission really unaccountable in a work professing to give a history of Currency theories. We presume Mr. Francis considers him too heterodox upon Bank politics to have particular notice:—but surely "a Mr. Cobbett" might have been alluded to!

The first volume of the work ends with the mania of 1825;—and the second begins with the panic. On the curious story of the box of one pound notes—not discovered by accident, Mr. Francis says, but remembered because it was believed by some that small change was really more wanted than gold—he has the following:—

"The delight with which these notes were received in the country, proved that the want of a secure small currency alone was felt. The knowledge that the provincial Banks were constantly breaking—that the parent banks in London were stopping almost as frequently—the fear that universally prevailed with regard to those that were really solvent—brought in the country notes with that rapidity which produced the fearful failures of so many of the body. But that the holders only required to be safe, and that they considered the notes of the Corporation eminently so, is proved from the fact of the run suddenly stopping after their introduction. In Norwich, the Messrs. Gurney are said to have staid the plague by merely placing a thick pile of one pound notes of the Bank of England on the counter. 'They worked wonders,' said Mr. Harman,—'as far as my judgment goes, they saved the country.' In most of the provinces they were received with acclamation. Within a week from their issue, the peril and the panic had passed away, and the monied interest had time to look around and count the terrible cost of the yet more terrible dangers to which they had been exposed."

Of the employment of Bank notes as a circulating medium in a novel sense, Mr. Francis furnishes a curious instance.—

"The uses of Bank notes are manifold; but the following is a novel mode of rendering them serviceable. One of these for 5*l.* came in the course of business to a mercantile house in Liverpool. On the back of it was written: 'If this note gets into the hands of John Dean, of Longhill, near Carlisle, his brother, Andrew, is a prisoner in Algiers.' The circumstance was interesting, and appeared in a newspaper, in which the paragraph was perused by a person in Carlisle, who had known in past years one Andrew Dean, and was still acquainted with his brother, John Dean, of the place named in the note. The son of the latter happened to be in Carlisle, and hearing the intelligence, gave such a report of his uncle that there was every reason to believe he was the Andrew Dean whose captivity became thus singularly known to his friends in England."

By this time, the volumes have brought us into well-known times:—and what is new to us refers mostly to internal arrangements. We subjoin the account of the first working of Mr. W. R. Smee's plan for remodelling the way of keeping accounts in the issue department.—

"On the day of its commencement, one hundred and twenty clerks were employed. From the novelty of the various operations, the balance, the great proof of success, was not arrived at till near eight o'clock. On the second day of its trial, the same

result was arrived at by five o'clock. On the third it was tried by three o'clock, but without the same success, being 5*l.* deficient. Every plan that could be imagined was tried to discover the supposed error. For seven hours were the clerks of the department employed in examining and re-examining the books. For seven hours were they detained investigating and re-investigating the notes, of which the books were a copy; and it was curious to witness a young man of three and twenty, with unchangeable confidence in the soundness of his system, directing, or attempting, all those experiments which a perfect knowledge of the accounts suggested as most likely to discover the presumed error. At ten o'clock the search was given up; and the ruin of the new system seemed complete. The information spread rapidly that the office had separated without a balance; and it could have been no pleasant task to Mr. Smee to meet the governor on the following morning with the news. The confidence of the latter was, however, complete; the plan went on; a mode of detection was adopted; and it is to be presumed that the dread of discovery produced the note, as the balance, a few days afterwards, was 5*l.* over, and the very note which had been proved to be missing was found to have been returned."

The Exchequer bill forgeries, the Burgess and Barber cases, the railway mania, &c., afford Mr. Francis good opportunities of narration—in which he improves as he proceeds. The story of the Will Forgery, in particular, is well told. We take leave of the work, finding that we may say we have "passed it on as directed." It was meant rather to amuse than to give a history of the Currency and its officials;—and we have treated it accordingly.—*Athenæum*, Oct. 9.

Mark's Reef; or, the Crater. A tale of the Pacific. By the Author of 'The Prairie,' &c. 3 vols. Bentley.

THE wide course of Mr. Cooper's literary wanderings has at length brought him on to the ground of DeFoe; and here we have a new Robinson Crusoe with the American "difference." The materials are such as the author would in his day of power have worked into a narrative of breathless interest; but the hand is growing feeble that held the spell. The artist's colouring, which was an important part of his mystery, grows pale; faults of style that were visible even through its fascination come out in prominence upon their colder ground; the arrogance of the writer wants the warmth of his romance for its justification; and frequent vulgarisms show as something more than local—as personal to the man—when removed from the scenes and accidents that gave them dramatic sanction. That overminuteness of detail which had its own peculiar charm when Mr. Cooper was a master of suspense—and wrote 'The Borderers,'—degenerates into prolixity where the human mystery no longer takes its part. It is with the passionate moods of *Nature* only that the author deals in the pages before us; and even of these while he traces graphically and didactically the physical effects,—he fails to present the natural passion itself and the actual phenomenon with the finger of power. The book, nevertheless, is a remarkable book,—like all Mr. Cooper's: and familiarity with the master's works enables us to picture some of the glow which it would have worn had it come from the author's pen in the day when he wrote at once with more care and with less need of it.

As we have said, the human interests go for almost nothing in this book. The hero of the tale, Mark Woolston, as mate of the good ship *Rancocus*, is wrecked among breakers somewhere in the Pacific; and finds refuge on a

reef for himself and Bob Betts, his nautical 'Friday.' Here, much useful information, having the Robinson Crusoe moral, is given as to the means by which human energy and intelligence may overcome the seeming hopelessness of situation, and the naked rock is made by due cultivation of its own slumbering means to smile like a fairy island.—There being no real ground in all the wide Pacific fitted for Mr. Cooper's plans, he takes the Shakspearian privilege of building one for himself,—and uses the phenomena of the tropics for the purpose. Accident having separated him from his companion—who is swept out to sea in a pinnacle which the two had put together as a means of escaping from their natural prison—Mark is left to the solitude of its volcanic walls; with a good wide exercising ground, nevertheless, among the channels and upon the reefs up and over which the Rancocous had driven, on the top of a gale, the night of her wreck. New structures and a wider range are, however, created for him, like Aladdin's palace and pleasure-grounds, in a night.—

"It was many hours ere Mark awoke, and when he did it was with a sense of suffocation. At first he thought the ship had taken fire, a lurid light gleaming in at the open door of the cabin, and he sprang to his feet in recollection of the danger he ran from the magazine as well as from being burned. But no cracking of flames reaching his ears, he dressed hastily and went out on the poop. He had just reached the deck, when he felt the whole ship tremble from her truck to her keel, and a rushing of water was heard on all sides of him as if a flood were coming. Hissing sounds were heard, and streams of fire, and gleams of lurid light were seen in the air. It was a terrible moment, and one that might well induce any man to imagine that time was drawing to its close. Mark Woolston now comprehended his situation, notwithstanding the intense darkness which prevailed, except in those brief intervals of lurid light. He had felt the shock of an earthquake, and the volcano had suddenly become active. Smoke and ashes certainly filled the air, and our poor hermit instinctively looked towards his crater, already so verdant and lively, in the expectation of seeing it vomit flames. Everything there was tranquil; the danger, if danger there was, was assuredly more remote. But the murky vapour which rendered breathing exceedingly difficult, also obstructed the view, and prevented his seeing where the explosion really was. * * At length, the usual signs of returning day became apparent to him, and he got on the bowsprit of the ship, as if to meet it in its approach. There he stood looking to the eastward, eager to have ray after ray shoot into the firmament, when he was suddenly struck with a change in that quarter of the ocean, which at once proclaimed the power of the effort which the earth had made in its subterranean throes. Naked rocks appeared in places where Mark was certain water in abundance had existed a few hours before. The sea-wall, directly ahead of the ship, and which never showed itself above the surface more than two or three inches, in any part of it, and that only at exceedingly neap tides, was now not only bare for a long distance, but parts rose ten and fifteen feet above the surrounding sea. This proved at once that the earthquake had thrust upward a vast surface of the reef, completely altering the whole appearance of the shoal! In a word, nature had made another effort, and islands had been created, as it might be in the twinkling of an eye. Mark was no sooner assured of this stupendous fact, than he hurried on to the poop, in order to ascertain what changes had occurred in, and about the, crater. It had been pushed upward in common with all the rocks for miles on every side of it, though without disturbing its surface! By the computation of our young man, the reef, which previously lay about six feet above the level of the ocean, was now fully twenty, so many cubits having been, by one single but mighty effort

of nature, added to its stature. The planks which led from the stern of the vessel to the shore, and which had formed a descent, were now nearly level, so much water having left the basin as to produce this change. Still the ship floated, enough remaining to keep her keel clear of the bottom. Impatient to learn all, Mark ran ashore, for by this time it was broad daylight, and hastened into the crater, with an intention to ascend at once to the summit. * * On reaching this our young man was enabled to form a better opinion of the vast changes which had been wrought around him, by this sudden elevation of the earth's crust. Everywhere the sea seemed to be converted into land, or, at least, into rock. All the white water had disappeared, and in its place arose islands of rocks, or mud, or sand. A good deal of the last was to be seen, and some quite near the Reef, as we shall still continue to call the island of the crater. Island, however, it could hardly be termed. It is true that ribands of water approached it on all sides, resembling creeks, and rivers and small sounds; but, as Mark stood there on the summit, it seemed to him that it was now possible to walk for leagues in every direction, commencing at the crater and following the lines of reefs, and rocks, and sands, that had been laid bare by the late upheaving. The extent of this change gave him confidence in its permanency, and the young man had hopes that what had thus been produced by the Providence of God, would be permitted to remain, to answer his own benevolent purposes. It certainly made an immense difference in his own situation. The boat could still be used, but it was now possible for him to ramble for hours, if not for days, along the necks, and banks, and hummocks, and swales that had been formed, and that with a dry foot. His limits were so much enlarged as to offer something like a new world to his enterprise and curiosity."

In a word, Mark, who began with a bare rock, is introduced by this volcano to an Eden in the Pacific; which he finally colonizes—and endows with the principles of political economy. He gets up a navy—fights with the savages—makes treaties—and mimics the less ephemeral states of the world after a fashion of which Mr. Cooper has, of course, here the prescription. The latter takes the opportunity to indoctrinate the world on many points of moral and political economy:—and, this, indeed, seems to have been a leading purpose for which the book was written. If so, the machinery is somewhat large for the littleness of the result. In the latter part of the work the novelist appears as the professor,—but we cannot say that his lectures have much originality either in the fact or in the form. Very hasty generalizations of mere particulars—that do not even take the pains to wear any other of the characters of wisdom than the air of infallibility with which they are propounded—make the philosophy of the third volume. And finally, having read his discourses and so done with his island, Mr. Cooper, like Prospero, breaks his wand and dissolves his spells—but after a yet more summary fashion: sinking the island itself again into the sea by the same device which he had employed to create it for his especial purpose!

Mark having tasted of the proverbial ingratitude of communities, and been deposed from his dictatorship by the establishment of a republic, had gone home with his family to Bristol (in America) in that disgust which deposed sovereigns may be expected very commonly to feel. Here, however, he seems to have been haunted by a yearning after the seat of his former power—the more that it offered yet a field for further commercial speculation.—For Mr. Cooper's hero has none of the proverbial improvidence of the sailor;—and has made a good thing of the short supra-marine lease of his deep-sea island.—

Accordingly, he and his friend Betts once more set sail for his ancient kingdom of "The Crater."

"The passages between Valparaiso and the crater had usually consumed about five weeks, though somewhat dependent on the state of the trades. On this occasion the run was rather long, it having been attempted to find a new course. Formerly, the vessels had fallen in with the crater between Betto's group and the Reef, which was bringing them somewhat to leeward, and Mr. Woolston now thought he would try a more southern route, and see if he could not make the Peak, which would not only bring him to windward, but which place was certainly giving him a more striking object to fall in with than the lower islands of the group. It was on the morning of one of the most brilliant days of those seas, that Captain Saunders met the ex-governor on the quarter-deck, as the latter appeared there for the first time since quitting his berth, and announced that he had just sent look-outs aloft to have a search for the land. By his reckoning they must be within twelve leagues of the Peak, and he was rather surprised that it was not yet visible from the deck. Make it they must very shortly; for he was quite certain of his latitude, and did not believe that he could be much out of the way, as respected his longitude. The cross-trees were next hailed, and the inquiry was made if the Peak could not be seen ahead. The answer was, that no land was in sight, in any part of the ocean! For several hours the ship ran down before the wind, and the same extraordinary vacancy existed on the waters! At length an island was seen, and the news was sent down on deck. Towards that island the ship steered, and about two in the afternoon she came up close under its lee, and backed her topsail. This island was a stranger to all on board! The navigators were confident they must be within a few leagues of the Peak, as well as of the volcano; yet nothing could be seen of either, while here was an unknown island in their places! This strange land was of very small dimensions, rising out of the sea about three hundred feet. Its extent was no great matter, half a mile in diameter, perhaps, and its form nearly circular. A boat was lowered, and a party pulled towards it. As Mr. Woolston approached this as yet strange spot, something in its outlines recurred to his memory. The boat moved a little further north, and he beheld a solitary tree. Then a cry escaped him, and the whole of the terrible truth flashed on his mind. He beheld the summit of the Peak, and the solitary tree was that which he had himself preserved as a signal. The remainder of his paradise had sunk beneath the ocean! On landing, and examining more minutely this awful catastrophe was fully confirmed. No part of Vulcan's Peak remained above water, but its rocky summit and its venerable deposit of guano. All the rest was submerged; and when soundings were made, the plain, that spot which had almost as much of heaven as of earth about it, according to the unenlightened minds of its inhabitants, was found to be nearly a hundred fathoms deep in the ocean! It is scarcely possible to describe the sickening awe which came over the party, when they had assured themselves of the fatal facts by further observation. Everything, however, went to confirm the existence of the dire catastrophe. These internal fires had wrought a new convulsion, and the labours and hopes of years had vanished in a moment. The crust of the earth had again been broken; and this time it was to destroy instead of to create. The lead gave fearful confirmation of the nature of the disaster, the soundings answering accurately to the known formation of the land in the neighbourhood of the Peak. But in the Peak itself, it was not possible to be mistaken: there it was in its familiar outline, just as it had stood in its more elevated position, when it crowned its charmed mountain, and overlooked the whole of that enchanting plain which had so lately stretched beneath. It might be said to resemble, in this respect, that sublime rock which is recog-

nised as a part of the 'everlasting hills,' in Cole's series of noble landscapes that is called 'The March of Empire;' ever the same amid the changes of time, and civilization, and decay, there it was, the apex of the Peak; naked, storm-beaten, and familiar to the eye, though surrounded no longer by the many delightful objects which had once been seen in its neighbourhood. * * The Rancocus next shaped her course in the direction of the group. Soundings were struck near the western roads, and it was easy enough to carry the vessel towards what had formerly been the centre of those pleasant isles. The lead was kept going, and a good look-out was had for shoals; for, by this time, Mr. Woolston was satisfied that the greatest change had occurred at the southward, as in the former convulsion, the group having sunk but a trifle compared with the Peak; nevertheless every person as well as thing would seem to have been engulfed. Towards evening, however, as the ship was feeling her way to windward with great caution, and when the ex-governor believed himself at the centre of the group, the look-outs proclaimed shoal water, and even small breakers, about half a mile on their larboard beam. The vessel was hove to, and a boat went to examine the place, Woolston and his friend Betts going in her. The shoal was made by the summit of the crater; breakers appearing in one or two places where the hill had been highest. The boat met with no difficulty, however, in passing over the spot, merely avoiding the white water. When the lead was dropped into the centre of the crater, it took out just twenty fathoms of line. That distance, then, below the surface of the sea, had the crater, and its town, and its people sunk! If any object had floated, as many must have done, it had long before drifted off in the currents of the ocean, so lately been tenanted by human beings. The Rancocus anchored in twenty-three fathoms, it being thought she lay nearly over the Colony House, and for eight-and-forty hours the exploration was continued. The sites of many a familiar spot were ascertained, but nothing could be found on which even a spar might be anchored, to buoy out a lost community."

This catastrophe serves Mr. Cooper for a twofold use. It gets quit of inconvenient geographical inquiry, and punishes the sins of an erring community. We hope his book may make the world wiser. The moral *may* have its use, —but should be read on both sides. It would be well if nations could be taught that all popular—as well as all governmental—crimes are enacted on the edge of potential volcanoes.—*Athenæum*, Oct. 9.

The greatest Plague of Life; or, The Adventures of a Lady in search of a Good Servant. By One who has been "almost worried to death." Edited by the Brothers Mayhew. Bogue.

THE relations between the Mistress and the Servant are perhaps among the most undefined things in modern English society; and the settlement is an important social question which must one day be answered. The Brothers Mayhew, ironical and sarcastic, bitter and extravagant, yet always writing with a mere purpose, have produced rather a one-sided book upon the subject. In their wish to demonstrate that "good mistresses make good servants," they have exclusively shown the mistress in the wrong as between the parties. In a word, they have dealt with an idea rather than a fact; and unfolded it through a variety of humorous evolutions whose combination could not have happened in one individual experience, though most of them may have happened individually in separate households. Some, however, are purely fantastic

—or such as would have occurred to none : and the fault of the whole is that the materials of a smart and significant essay are worn out by the extension to six numbers, and invention is tortured to supply their exhaustion. It is almost a necessity of the subject that the book should be seemingly vulgar ; but there is an occasional vulgarity beyond what the subject demanded—and which must be charged to the artist and his art. Its pages are, however, rich in the materials for laughter ; and in selecting specimens choice is perplexed. It is the more so because the vulgarity is more apparent in the individual instance than in the whole—the moral being in such case only proportionately brought out.

The heroine, Mrs. Sk—n—st—n, tells her own story. The second wife of an attorney, she commences housekeeping at a cottage ornée, near the Regent's Park, with one servant—gradually expands her establishment to eight—and ends with having none. All the sins personified which beset the genus Servant fall to the share of her experience. Her first adventure is with a drunkard—then follows a fraudulent charwoman—and next comes an Irish girl, a good hardworking creature, who, being misunderstood by her mistress, is soon discarded for a pretty maid and her red-coat follower from the Albany Street barracks. We will give a sample of the broad “bothering” humour of Norah Connor, the Irish maiden.—

“ But though Norah Connor went on very well just at first, still, after a time, she got so frightfully familiar and presuming, that really the woman used to speak to me as if I was her equal ; nor could I for the life of me get her to pay me the respect that I felt was due to me. Now, for instance, I remember, one morning, about two months before little Annie was born, I rang the parlour bell, and when the woman came into the room, I said, in a quiet voice, ‘ I want a glass of water to drink, Norah.’—‘ You want to drink a glass of wather ?’ she replied. ‘ Well, I’ve no objection. Drink away, darlin’ ! !’—‘ Then,’ I continued, blandly, ‘ I should feel obliged if you would be so good as to let me have one directly.’—‘ Let you have one ?’ she exclaimed. ‘ Faith, an’ didn’t I give you permission just now ?’ This was past all bearing ; but I restrained myself, and merely said, with becoming dignity, ‘ I didn’t have you up stairs, Norah, to know whether you would permit me to drink a glass of water in my own house, or not.’ To which she replied, as familiarly as if she were speaking to the servant next door, ‘ Well, by my sowl, when I heard you ask me if I’d let you have that same, I thought you mighty stupid at the time. An’ what is it you do want, then, mavourneen ?’—‘ Why,’ I returned, in measured terms, remembering my station, ‘ I want what I told you before, as plainly as a person could speak—a glass of water.’—‘ Well then,’ she cried, ‘ by the powers ! if I were you, I’d get it ! Isn’t there plenty down stairs, honey ?’—‘ But,’ I continued, calmly, ‘ perhaps you will be kind enough, Norah, to bring me a glass up here.’—‘ Och !’ she exclaimed, ‘ so, an’ it’s only a glass you’re wantin’ me to fetch you, after all ! A glass wid nothin’ in it, is it you mane ?’—‘ No,’ I replied, almost losing my temper, ‘ A glass of water, woman, and not a glass without anything in it ! Do you understand me now ?’—‘ Out an’ out,’ she cried, with a nasty low wink, ‘ You’d be havin’ a glass of wather wid somethin’ in it ! Oh, go along wid you—wanting a drop on the sly, now ! You’re takin’ to the bottle, though, betimes this mornin’, I’m thinkin.’”

Imagine that this threw me into such a passion told the fury to hold her tongue, and never dare go again. But the impudent hussey only made me worse, for she kept declaring, ‘ that I needn’t go flurrying myself about her findin’ out my sly tricks,’ and telling me to be ‘ asy, for that the master should never hear of it from herself.’ So that at last, I declare, I was positively obliged to run up stairs into my own bed-room, in order to get rid of the creature. There I threw myself on the sofa, in the most dreadful state of mind, I think, I ever was in all my life ; and, torn with al

kinds of horrid ideas, I said to myself, 'Norah washes very well, it is true—but alas ! what washing can compensate me for this !' What vexed me, though, even more than Norah, was, that when I went to tell my husband, on his return from business that evening, about how the woman had insulted me, he wouldn't hear a word of it, and said, like a wretch, he was sick and tired of my complaints against the maids, and he never set foot in the house but I had always got some long rigmorale tale about the servant's bad conduct ; adding that it was impossible they should be invariably in the wrong ; and he firmly believed it was quite as much, if not more, my fault than theirs. And he even had the impudence to declare, (I thought it best to let him have his own way for once, and go on till he was tired,) that he had quite worry and bother enough of his own at office, and that when he came home, fagged and worn out, to his own fireside, he was determined at least to enjoy peace and quiet at his hearth ; and then he asked what on earth I thought he had married me for, (as if I was going to tell him ;) when the cruel wretch said—it was only to have a happy home ! I told him that it was a nice insult to my own face, indeed, and that he seemed determined to find fault with everything that day, as nothing, however good it was, would please him ; whereupon Mr. Sk—n—st—n went on, I'm sure, without knowing what he said, for he declared that I was a millstone round his neck, and the torment of his life ; adding, that he begged me once for all to understand, that he would *not* be pestered every day with my bickerings with the servants ; and he had made up his mind that if ever I opened my mouth to him again on the subject, that he would put on his hat that very moment and go and spend his evening at some tavern, where at least he could enjoy himself. Besides, he told me, he could see that Norah was worth her weight in gold to any person who knew how to humour her ; for the house had never been so clean ever since we had been married ; and the way in which the girl dressed a potato made her so invaluable in his eyes, that he wasn't going, he could tell me, to have her driven out of the house by me. So that anybody might have seen, like myself, with half an eye, that my gentleman didn't care so much about 'his own fireside' after all, and instead of 'his hearth,' indeed, being uppermost in his mind, that really and truly his stomach was at the bottom of it."

The pretty servant-maid who succeeds brings with her, of course, that housekeepers' terror, the nuisance of a host of "followers": and one class of these kitchen depredators is thus comically held out by Mrs. Sk—n—st—n (as, with the affected and ineffectual mystery of the gossiping memoir, she writes herself) to the public indignation.—

"And here let me pause for a minute to remark upon the shameful nuisance that those barracks in Albany Street are to all persons living in that otherwise quiet and pretty neighbourhood—for I'm sure there's not a person whose house is within half-a-mile of the dreaded place that isn't wherritted out of their lives by them. Upon my word, the Life Guardsmen there are so frightfully handsome, that they ought not to be allowed by Government to wander at large in those fascinating red jackets, and with those large jet black mustachios of theirs, sticking out on each side of their face, just like two sticks of Spanish liquorice—nor be permitted to go about as they do, breaking, or at least cracking, the hearts of all the poor servant-girls in the neighbourhood, as if they were so much crockery. And what on earth the hearts of the good-looking wretches themselves can be made of is more than I can say ; for either they must be as impenetrable to Cupid's arrows as bags of sand, or I'm sure else they must be as full of holes as a rushlight-shade. I don't know what the regiment may cost the nation every year, (but of course it's no trifling sum, and what they do for it except make love to the maids, I can't see)—but this I do know for a positive fact, that the expense the Life Guardsmen are to the respectable inhabitants of Albany Street and its neighbourhood is actually frightful ; for they seem to be of opinion that love cannot live on air, and consequently always begin by paying their addresses to the cooks, and if the larder be good, I will do them the justice to say, that their constancy is wonderful ; and really the sum they cost poor Albany Street and its surrounding districts in the matter of cold meat alone is really so dreadful, that I really do think if a petition were got up, and the case properly represented to Go-

vernment, the Paymaster of the Forces could not refuse to make them a large allowance every year for the excellent rations served out to the soldiers every day by the maids. Really the amiable fellows' appetites seem to be as large as their hearts—and *they* are as big as the Waterloo omnibuses, Heaven knows, and will carry fourteen inside with perfect ease and comfort any day. Talk about locusts in the land—I'd back a regiment of Life Guardsmen for eating a respectable district out of house and home in half the time, for positively the fine-looking vagabonds seem to have nothing else to do but to walk about Albany Street, looking down every area like so many dealers in hare and rabbit skins, crying out—'Any affection or cold meat this morning, cook?' I don't know if any of my courteous readers have ever been in Albany Street when the bugle is sounded for the fellows to return to their barracks, but upon my word the scene is really heart-breaking to housekeepers, for there isn't an area down the whole street but from which you will see a Life Guardsman, with his mouth full, ascending the steps, and hurrying off to his quarters for the night. Anybody will agree with me that one Don Giovanni is quite enough to turn the fair heads of a whole parish; but upon my word, when a whole regiment of them are suddenly let loose upon one particular locality, the havoc among the hearts is positively frightful; and there isn't a man in the Life Guards, I know (unless he's afflicted with red mustachios) that isn't a regular six foot two Lothario. Besides, Mrs. Lockley, the wife of one of Edward's best clients, assures me that there was one fascinating monster of a Life Guardsman who, the day after his regiment was quartered in Albany Street Barracks, began bestowing his affection on the cook at the bottom of the street, near Trinity Church, and loved all up the right-hand side of the way, and then commenced loving down the left; and she says, she verily believes the amiable villain would have got right to the bottom of the street again, had he not been stopped by the Colosseum—so that the wretch was actually obliged to remain constant to the cook who lived at the house next to it for upwards of a month, at an expense of at least a guinea a-week to the master, and half-a-crown to the cook, for tobacco, for the gallant servant-killer."

Another specimen—and we must conclude. It is one of a different character. The lady having applied to a Servants' Institution for a nursery-maid, and to a nursery gardener for plants, mistakes the latter person for the clerk to the former; and accordingly misinterprets the man's talk about his flowers in a manner exceedingly grotesque.—

"When the man came in, I said to him, very naturally, 'My man-servant tells me that you have brought with you a few of the names of such as you think will suit me. They have all been in the nursery a long time, I believe; and what kind of places have they been accustomed to?' 'Oh, a very nice place,' he replied; 'about the same as yours might be, mum. They had a warmish bed, and have always been accustomed to be out in the open air.' 'Yes, I should want them to be out in the open air a great deal, I answered, though at the time I couldn't help fancying that it was very funny that the man should allude in particular to their *warm beds*. 'Now I should like you to recommend me one,' I continued, 'that's healthy and strong, and likely to remain with me for some time, for it is so distressing to have to provide yourself with a new one every year.' 'So it is, mum,' he returned. 'I think I know the very one you want, mum. It's a remarkable fine colour, mum.' 'That certainly is a recommendation. I like them to look healthy,' I replied, thinking, of course that the man was only talking about a nursery maid, and not of some trumpery rose he had got at home. 'It's a very dark coloured one, mum; indeed, very nearly a black,' he answered; 'and of a summer's evening smells wonderful, I can assure you, mum.' 'Lord a mercy!' I cried out, believing the man wanted to recommend me a negress. 'Oh la! all the blacks do, and I wouldn't have one of them about my house for all I'm worth.' 'Then may be, mum,' he continued, 'you'd like one a trifle gayer. Now, there's a Madame Pompadour we've got that I think would suit you. That's a remarkable showy one, to be sure, and likes a good deal of raking.' 'Oh, I see,' I replied; 'a French bit of goods. No, thank you; they are all of them a great deal too gay by half to please me.' 'Well, mum, if that wont suit

you,' he replied, 'what would you think of a nice Chinese? We've got a perfect beauty, I can assure you—just the very thing for you, mum—climb up anywhere—run all along the area-railings, mum—crawl right over your back-garden door—then up the house into your drawing-room balcony—almost like a wild one, mum.' 'Like a wild one!' I almost shrieked, horror-struck at the idea of intrusting my sweet, little, helpless angel of a Kate to the care of a creature with any such extraordinary propensities. 'Too like a wild one for me. I don't want any such things about my house.' 'But if you object to their running about so much, mum,' he went on, 'its very easy to tie them up and give them a good trimming occasionally, and then you can keep them under as much as you please.' 'I don't want one,' I replied, 'that will require so much looking after but one that you know could be trusted anywhere—especially as there will be a little baby to be taken care of.' 'A little baby! Oh! then, if that's the case, mum,' he had the impudence to say, 'I should think you had better have a monthly one while you are about it.' 'A monthly one!' I exclaimed, thinking he was referring to a second Mrs. Tooseypegs, instead of a rose; 'what can you be thinking of? I tell you I don't want anything of the kind.' 'Yes, but I am sure you don't know how hardy they are, mum,' he added, quite coolly. 'I can give you my word, we've got one that's out now, mum, that went through all the severe frosts of last winter with nothing more than a bit of matting as a covering at night-time. Though, for the matter of that, almost all our monthlies are the same, and don't seem to care where they are put, for really and truly I do think that they would go on just as well, mum, even if their beds were chock full of gravel.' 'I tell you I don't want anything of the kind,' I said, half offended at what (thanks to that blundering Mr. Dick Farden) I thought very like the man's impudence. 'I hope no offence, mum,' he replied; 'but you see I must run over what we've got. Now, there's polianthus, I'm sure you couldn't have anything much nicer or quieter than that, mum.' 'Polly who?' I inquired. 'Anthus, mum,' he replied. 'Well, what's that one like?' I asked. 'Oh! the sort is common enough, mum,' he continued—'not very tall, and rather delicate, and will generally have five or six flowers in a cluster at the head—wants a glass, though, if the weather sets in very cold, mum—and —' 'There, that's enough,' I interrupted, 'I'm sick and tired of those common kind of things—they wouldn't have a glass here, I can tell them.' 'May be, then, mum,' he went on, 'as it don't seem as we can suit you with any of those I've mentioned, —perhaps you don't want such a thing as an old man.' 'Old man!' I cried. 'No, what on earth should I ever do with any old man here, I should like to know?' of course little dreaming that he was alluding all the while to the plant of that name. 'Oh! I beg your pardon, mum,' he replied; 'but I thought yours was just the place for a very fine and remarkably handsome one that we've got, and it struck me that you might have a spare bed that you would like to fill, especially as it would be little or no extra expense for you.' 'No, no, no!' I answered; 'I tell you once for all, I've no room for any old man here; and, besides, if I had, a nice thing it would be to have him dying directly the cold weather set in.' 'Oh, bless you, mum,' he replied, 'a good healthy old man will never die, and look quite lively all the winter through. However, mum, perhaps you'd be kind enough to step round some day to our place, and then we could show you what we've got, and you could choose for yourself, mum.' 'Yes,' I answered; 'perhaps that would be best, and then I can please myself.'"

The work abounds in humour of this description—overlying something that is better than the humour—but generally coarse in the expression of its meanings. Under the coarseness of the forms, the meanings themselves are often fine enough. The malapropisms, verbal and intellectual, of Mrs. Sk—n—st—n are full of raciness and character; and the details are rich in invention and clever caricature. The latter is helped by twelve admirable illustrations from the pencil of George Cruikshank.—*Athenæum*, Oct. 9.

*The Slave Captain. A Legend of Liverpool. By John Dignan,
author of a Romance of Liverpool Life. pp. 288.*

THE "Slave Captain" is a story of great interest, and carried on by strongly-drawn characters which seem to be well studied from the life, and consequently naturally to belong to our social system in their various spheres of action. Captain Carlos is a forcible portrait of the old Guinea trader in human flesh, and the other figures move round this principal part in a manner to excite a lively curiosity in their fates and the desire (so *desirable* to the novelist) to learn how the whole is to end, and the good and evil be disposed of agreeably to poetical justice and moral example. The incidents, though remarkable, are not out of the circle of probabilities, and the style is unaffected and generally agreeable—though we were startled on the first page with "*shadowing forth a brilliancy.*" Let us say we found nothing of a like kind throughout all the rest of the volume.

The contrasted descriptions of Liverpool, sixty or seventy years ago, and at the present day, are very well done; and we may transcribe some general remarks (as the local are too long and minute for us) in evidence of the author's talent:

"The time was approaching when it became necessary that Captain Carlos should go to sea again. The voyages of ships were less frequent than at present, and the stay in port was more protracted. Less competition existed in the commercial world, and necessarily more sluggishness in the despatching of vessels. Fortunes were more speedily realised than in the present day. The collision of intellect, sharpened by the strongest of all stimulants, self-interest, which we daily see putting forth its powers in every trade and profession, did not influence, to the same extent, the lethargic spirit of our fathers. They were not insensible to the claims of interest or the value of money, but they lived less *fast* than we do in this bustling, mechanical, go-ahead age, when the race is won by the swift and the clear sighted; when all who desire to reach the goal of independence are obliged, like travellers in the desert, to sleep as it were with one eye open, for security.

"The slave trade was the staple traffic of Liverpool."

A bit of the habits of society may be added:

"There were times and occasions when Capt. Carlos deemed it necessary to unbend. During his hours of relaxation he was in the habit of visiting the 'Hare and Hounds' in Juggler-street, on the site of which stands the present Exchange-street East, known during its intermediate history as High-street. The changes which commerce makes in the value of property, and in its exterior beauty, have been nowhere so numerous, so extraordinary, as in Liverpool; but various and rapid as the transmutations have been in other parts of the towns, in the vicinity of the Exchange they have been by far the most marked. In this street, the ancient Townhall once stood, a building hardly superior to the one that now accommodates the prancing, high-mettled steeds of the mayor; while on the very spot where the deeds of England's greatest naval hero are commemorated in a manner becoming the glories of Trafalgar, 'Merlin's Cave' was long in the habit of furnishing beer and brandy to the Shylocks and Antonios of former days.

"The 'Hare and Hounds' was a comfortable enough hostelry in its way, frequented by the *bon-vivants* and lively sparks of a period when hard-drinking

and coarse sensuality had not been superseded by the more refined and delicate relaxations of modern life. In a tolerably large apartment a number of people were thrown together, in the enjoyment of boisterous conviviality. The tavern, at all times a kind of social Republic, where men meet on an equal footing, and where the distinctions of life are forgotten for the time in the ardour of excitement, might, without much exaggeration, be styled a congress of the world at the 'Hare and Hounds.' Representatives of every nation where there ; commanders of ships from every clime, and the confusion of tongues, as the topics of the day were mingled with the fumes of tobacco and the calls for grog, produced as queer a medley of sounds as ever shocked the nerves of the sensitive. Amongst the Foreign and English captains who frequented the place, were seated merchants' clerks, and sometimes merchants themselves ; for the heads of many firms thought it no compromise of their dignity to chat, and smoke, and drink in the tavern with their customers, and even with their servants. The merchant was not then as he almost invariably is now—a polished, intelligent gentleman. The morality of the age was low, the standard of refinement lower. Educated and superior men there were undoubtedly to be met with on 'Change ; but they were exceptions to the rule. Commerce was not then the dignified calling it has since become. A successful merchant now-a-days must possess in the extent of his commercial, financial, and political range of vision, the capacity of a statesman. To hit the taste of his own and foreign countries—to make his imports and exports *pay*—he must study the wants and the wishes of every clime, the characters of every people, and be gifted with an activity of intellect that permits nothing to pass unnoticed, abroad or at home."

A dialogue between two of the dramatis personæ, one a medical student, will exhibit the smartness with which the tale is varied :

" ' And so Mrs. Vernon has made a deep impression on you, eh ?'
 " ' Glorious creature ! ' said the elder. ' I have never seen a finer woman, in my life. Many I have dissected, but *her* equal in all the points that constitute female loveliness, I have never yet looked upon. What say you, Fred ?'

" ' I grant you, Tom,' said his companion, ' that the widow is a splendid specimen of the sex, but to my taste there is something repulsive in a union with a woman whose heart, soul, feelings, sympathies, have all been previously given to another. True, the daisies and the cowslips grow in luxurious fragrance over the departed, for the soil that covers him possesses qualities more than ordinarily nutritious. His very toes that point, like a note of admiration, to the moon, give out a richness to which meaner dust has no pretensions.'

" ' What ! was he so very fat ?'

" ' Fat ! a very ton of man. He was called the ' Walking feather bed ! ' I never think of him without being reminded of the anecdote of the two stout noblemen, who were related to each other, at the court of Louis XV.'

" ' What possible relationship can exist between fat Frenchman and the widow's first love ?'

" ' The king rallied one of the noblemen on his corpulency, and added, ' I suppose you take little or no exercise ? ' Your majesty will pardon me,' replied the bulky aristocrat, ' I generally walk two or three times every morning round my cousin ! ' Then there is the little ' Hottentot Venus' which threatens to rival its sire in its proportions—a gratifying *memento mori* of departed excellence !'

" ' Never mind, the ' Hottentot Venus,' it is a sweet little creature, and there is only one you know. But you forget the mother's wit, you forget her beauty,

you forget the indescribable archness and fascination of her manner—above all, you forget that her fortune is in keeping with her late husband's gigantic measurement. Besides, if she is fond of fat people, no one will say that *I* disgrace my father's larder. O you quizzing, critical rascal! you have no soul, and cannot appreciate the feelings of those who have. By Jove! the widow is the woman for my money, and I am vain enough to think, coquette as she is, that I have made an impression on——

“ ‘Her lips only,’ retorted his companion, interrupting the completion of the sentence; ‘nothing more. The widow is sly, and knows a thing or two. However much she may desire to be restored to that happy state which she lost through the dead man's fondness for *eau de vie*, she will pause and ponder before she is hooked again to another wet fish. You are mistaken in supposing that she is partial to obesity, *per se*. The Eastern prince, who had an officer to regulate the size of his subjects, and who compelled the unwieldy ones to be starved down to a reasonable standard, would have found the widow admirably qualified by her taste and her experience for the task of inspector. No, no! Tom, if you are really serious in aspiring to the widow's hand, you must sacrifice less to Bacchus and more to Minerva.’

“ ‘The young surgeon and his non-medical friend entered the vestibule of the infirmary, and passing through a number of apartments, at length reached the theatre in which the anatomical demonstrations were made.

“ ‘ ‘Tom,’ said the younger, ‘the air of this place is loaded with noisome vapours, with infection, with disease and death!’

“ ‘ ‘Nonsense, man, you're mad! There's not a sweeter or prettier place in existence.’

“ ‘ ‘I shudder as I reflect upon the disgusting deeds that have been perpetrated here. These are literally human shambles. I can fancy I see the death's head and cross bones shadowed by the rays of the sun, dancing in horrid glee, at this moment on the wall!’

“ ‘ ‘Well,’ cried the surgeon, ‘that *is* queer. How tastes differ! I have spent the happiest hours of my life here. I was always fond of exploring by means of the knife, the wonderful mysteries of nature. When a boy, to anatomise mice, rats, toads, frogs, anything living, in short, that chance threw into my way, was my delight, and I remember——’

“ ‘The conversation was interrupted by the entrance of the porter attached to the institution.

“ ‘ ‘The people have been here,’ said he, ‘for the young woman as died so unexpectedly yesterday, and as I knowed that you want her for dissection, I gave 'em the corpse of old Shakeshanks. He warn't much taller, you know, and he'd been ill so long that there warn't much difference in their weight, and I told 'em to be sure not to open the coffin, bekase if they did, it would breed disaffection in the house, and kill 'em all.’

“ ‘ ‘Well, Stephen,’ said the young surgeon, ‘and what said they? They promised, I hope, to obey the injunction.’

“ ‘ ‘Why,’ they said as how they wanted to *wake* the body.’ ‘Wake her!’ says I, ‘Why, she's as dead as a door nail! How can you expect to wake her when she's got no more life in her nor Alexander the Great or Peeping Tom of Coventry?’

“ ‘ ‘Well put, Stephen, that was certainly a poser. How did they get over it?’

“ ‘ ‘Why, sir,’ rejoined Stephen, ‘they took old Shakeshanks away, and said it was very hard if they couldn't *wake* the body?’

“ ‘ ‘You have done excellently well,’ said the student of anatomy, addressing himself to the porter, ‘and remember, Stephen, that if these good people return and stone you to death for the fraud, it will be some satisfaction to you to know that you die a martyr in the cause of medical science!’

From Liverpool the scene changes to the coast of Africa ; but we are withheld from betraying the secrets of the narrative, and circumstances spread over the period of twenty years. Suffice it to repeat that they continue to be deeply interesting to the close. One of the horrors of the slave trade is thus related :

" To the market-place they proceeded. Numbers of people were assembled. The *fetish*-man, or chief priest, had ordered a vestal female to be impaled. The ceremony was performed with unctuous barbarity. The body was pressed on a sharp spike, the extremities being fastened to two adjoining poles, and in this attitude the wretched creature expired. It was a sacrifice to the genius of trade—to the navigation of the river ! It was the ordeal, too, to which persons were brought charged with the heaviest crimes or the most trivial offences. In such superstitious fear were the natives taught to hold the *fetish*, that even if innocent, they generally confessed to some imaginary crime, and were sold to slavery.

" 'What are they doing now?' said the man to his female companion. She was well versed in the customs of the country, and known to every commander that frequented Lagos for slaves. Approaching the crowd and listening for an instant, she returned to him.

" 'They are trying that poor woman who is confronting the *fetish*. Hark ! a shriek—the trial is over ! I can guess the result.' She pressed forward, and in the *patois* of the country held a brief conversation with some of the bystanders, who appeared to answer her interrogatories with deference.

" 'Poor creature !' was her exclamation when she came back. 'This is law in Negroland ! Some years ago that poor woman, attracted by the screams of her child, struck a pig that had injured the infant. The pig died, and now, as the chiefs want a pretext for kidnapping some portion of the people, the alleged criminality is brought forward, the unhappy mother, whose cries you hear, and every one even distantly connected with her, to the number of thirty-two, some of them not born at the time, are sentenced to be sold as a remuneration for the loss of the pig ! Will there be any difficulty, think you, in procuring a cargo of human live stock where justice so pure and summary prevails ?'

" 'Not much, I fancy, with the skill and tact you possess.'

"Negotiations commenced—a good deal of higgling followed—sales were made—and the hapless victims of black and white cupidity were transferred to the craft which was to convey them to a far distant land—far from their native country, their homes, their kindred, manacled like felons, and treated like beasts of prey. The slave dealer has no compassion for age, or sex, or suffering. The captives take a last fond look of their native plains ; affectionately embrace their friends and relatives—for blacks are human, with souls, attachments, feelings,—and are speedily in the hold of the ship, to endure what no pencil has ever adequately painted,—the horrors of the middle passage."

We have said nothing of the female characters. The two daughters of Carlos are not only ably drawn but skilfully distinguished in minds and tempers ; and the heroine is a charming impersonation of all that is loveable in woman-kind. The public at large will therefore have to thank Mr. Dignan for his labours, and we should think they must be particularly popular at Liverpool, to which they so especially refer.—*Lit. Gaz.*

Now and Then. By SAMUEL WARREN, F. R. S. Blackwood.

MR. WARREN is one of those writers whose popularity and literary reputation are not precisely identical. While his two former works have been largely read and loudly praised, it is possible that nine out of ten persons making up a list of British novelties for the edification of a foreigner might overlook his name ; and this not merely because his 'Diary of a Physician,' and 'Ten Thousand a Year' first appeared in the pages of a magazine,—but because, with all their force, they retain, even when collected, a certain periodical character, which is ephemeral. To us they have always seemed to possess the extra glow of pictures touched up in an exhibition-room,—which fails not to produce a momentary effect there, but impairs their simplicity and value as works of Art when hung up in any select gallery containing specimens mellowed by time or painted without thought of the suffrages of the many. The present, if we mistake not, is the first entire and separate novel produced by Mr. Warren. It closely resembles its predecessors,—but with difference.

Let us first prove the family likeness. As in his former tales, Mr. Warren seems utterly to have disregarded any attempt at novelty of subject. The career of a drunkard—the afflicting decay of a consumptive lady—the struggles of a practitioner without patients—the horrors of a rake's death-bed—the loss of estate and income by their true possessors owing to legal chicanery and their recovery—such are, assuredly, among the commonest topics in the Romancer's stock of materials. This in itself is not exactly matter for blame. In a picture-show what is commoner as a subject than "The portrait of a Lady"?—and yet one specimen shall be a *Mona Lisa* and the other a *Lady Pentweazle* with her feathers and furbelows. It is the mind and the manner which make all the difference,—for the City Madam may have been *materially* more comely than her whose beauty Da Vinci elaborated so fondly ! To take another illustration from books, there can be nothing more inartificial than the inventions of Mr. Fenimore Cooper's good novels. An escape through the wilderness—a race betwixt *Shark* and *Dolphin*—a lone house in a clearing beleaguered by Indians—any one of these incidents sufficed the American writer for his three volumes of "breathless interest and suspense." We are never inclined to quarrel with the simplicity of an invention ; but we cannot forget that in proportion as a writer disdains contrivance, he has need of skilful execution.

Mr. Warren's skill is of a peculiar kind. He is earnest, emphatic,—but not a little inflated. He can hold his reader's attention,—although some of his expedients for heightening agony and protracting suspense seem to us most infelicitous. 'Now and Then' is the tale of castle and cottage,—in which we are once more told of a pious yeoman's family oppressed by my Lord's agent—of my Lord's eldest son murdered in a wood—of suspicion falling on the persecuted and half-ruined peasant—and of a capital clergyman, who moves Heaven and Earth for respite ; how justly, the reader is made to see and feel. But one case of conscience involved in his endeavours strikes us as almost farcical. Good Mr. Hylton discovers that at a grand dinner, just before the catastrophe, the murdered man had shown himself much agitated by some conversation among certain officers present. The speakers, too, remember the circumstance (in fact, the talk had run on *duelling*) ; but one and all agree that the circumstance is not to be brought forward without the leave of

my Lord in whose house it took place ! One among the highly-wrought scenes in the book is an interview between Captain Lutteridge and the owner of Milverstoke (who, to make the matter yet more suspicious, is full himself of mysteries), in which the officer begs the permission of the nobleman to speak out ; and—on this being melo-dramatically denied him, with as many *Burleigh* starts and head-shakings as would set the dullest stage audience wondering—retires with apologies,—sorry that fidelity to the Mahogany Tree forbids him “to do anything in the matter !” This is a somewhat extreme courtesy to the “convenience of *Lord Castlecomer*” (*vide* Walpole), when the Gallows Tree is waiting for its victim ! We shall presently quote an instance of clerical observance little less strange. Ere we have done with improbabilities, we must further say that the manner in which the father of the murdered lord and of the accused peasant forgive each other, at the close of the book—and, yet more, enter into a “*thee-and-thou*” reciprocation of spiritual good offices and confidences—is even yet more curious. Such embracings we know are to be found by the dozen in Tracts,—but the conjunction is new to the pages of a novel professing probability. In short, while we testify that the tale excites a strong interest, we must also declare that Mr. Warren is beaten hollow by many an artificer. Most especially may we recall Mrs. Crowe’s ‘Men and Women’ [see *Ath.* No. 844] ; where something of the same sort is done with a force, neatness, and employment of possible artifice in every respect more artistic and satisfactory. The nature of either tale precludes “surprise ;” —but betwixt suspense and suspense the distance is indeed considerable.

If we examine the execution of ‘Now and Then’ in another important point, we find yet greater cause for exception. Mr. Warren is at once cumbersome and weak in the management of dialogue. He has, like many other novelists who have the good luck to possess a style, his own stenography in reporting the utterances and accents of emotion. This, we admit, may catch them correctly,—but when his notes are written out for the public something results which is neither art nor nature. Here—to instance—are passages from a scene between the clergyman who believes the culprit innocent, and the father of the murdered nobleman.—

“ ‘What have you been doing, Sir ? You, having a sacred duty to me and my family, being at present one of my chaplains, Sir, have bestirred yourself—have busied yourself—have gone about—to save the life of the guilty—of him who did his endeavours to blast me and my house—him whose accursed body was forbidden to pollute the grave ! Yes, Sir, such was the voice of the laws of your country ! such the voice of justice ! and you—you forsooth !—have dared to step forward and disobey and defeat that law, and pervert that justice !’ ‘What, Sir !’ the Earl started forward a step or two nearer to Mr. Hylton, who moved not, ‘would you have that blood-stained monster let loose upon me ?—Am I—are I and mine—henceforth to skulk in terror from the light of day for fear of the assassin ! Oh ! hideous !—You ingrate ! you meddling priest !—There stand you, calm before my madness ! madness which you are bringing upon me !—which I feel coming upon me—and all at the bidding of one who was bound religiously to me and mine !’ The Earl stepped back and threw himself down on the couch ; the veins of his forehead were swollen ; he shook perceptibly, and uttered a groan that seemed rending open his breast, while his eyes were fixed upon those of Mr. Hylton, who stood in an attitude of respectful firmness. ‘Why speak you not, Sir ? Have you then no

defence?—no excuse? Do you stand there and defy me?'—'Oh no, my Lord! no! I take God to witness how my soul is torn at beholding you; fearful as is your language to be heard by a Christian, and a Christian minister.'—'Bah! talk not, Sir, to me of your Christian character!' thundered the Earl.—'Your Lordship means not to insult or outrage my sacred office; too well I know your Lordship's lofty character. When you are calmer, you possess a soul loving justice; to that soul I appeal; for that calmness I wait; I will then render full account of everything, even the smallest matter that I have done'—'Now, Sir! now! the present moment! You shall have no pretence, Sir, for contriving evasive answers or cunning subterfuges! Sir, there is a seat beside you! Mr. Hylton—I request you—I beg you to be seated—begin! begin, Sir!—I am calmer—I am calmer than I was—calm I never shall be again—my soul is shaken by your misconduct—your cruelty—your perfidy!'—'If, my Lord, you desire me, as calmly as I may, to give an account of my doings, I will at once'—'Well, Sir!—at last, then!—but remember, Sir, two things I want!—explain the *past*! forbear for the *future*! to those two, Sir, address your words!'—'Have I, then, my Lord, really free speech? Hear me first, my Lord, and afterwards, if you choose, dismiss me hence as you will, with whatever indignity, with whatever reproach!'—'Oh! I am all ear, Sir! all attention!' exclaimed Lord Milverstoke, with an exhausted look, his eyes fixed heavily on those of Mr. Hylton, who, with a composed presence of mind which had never for a moment deserted him, inclined towards Lord Milverstoke with a countenance full of respect and sympathy, believing now that the fearful storm had spent its chief violence.—'Having leave, my Lord,' he began with quiet deliberation, 'from one who never once broke his word, that I know of, and who, I verily believe, from his high nature, cannot, I will speak as becomes one man to another, in the presence of Him who made us both, and orders every event that ever happened or can happen, however mysterious and awful, His nature being such. I will speak as though I might never again speak here, nor enter this Castle. I acknowledge the duty I owe your Lordship, one that, humble and imperfect as may be my mode of doing it, I would earnestly desire to do, to the end of my days,—or to the end of your Lordship's will and pleasure. It was I that buried your dead out of your sight, my Lord, and in that awful moment was so moved by your majestic sorrow, that I scarce could perform my sacred functions.' Lord Milverstoke's eyes fell to the ground for a moment, and his lips quivered, but manifestly with no intention to speak, and Mr. Hylton's voice slightly trembled: 'When you quitted that burial-place, these eyes followed you, and I breathed an humble prayer to Almighty God, that He who had broken would heal your heart—a prayer that has seldom since been absent from me, or forgotten when I offered up my own supplications. My Lord, this most cruel, this barbarous and most bloody murder, is as hideous at this moment in my eyes as in your Lordship's: the vengeance of Heaven, of Him to whom vengeance belongs, will assuredly light upon the head of him who did this deed, be it sooner, be it later, than man may look for; and I pray God that such vengeance, if it be His will, may be swift. Now crave I your Lordship's most absolute word and promise to be performed, while I say but little more. I know not when I knowingly broke my own word, or spoke that which I knew to be false; and so I now tell your Lordship firmly, even though a thousand torturing racks were stretched in readiness before me, I believe in my soul, in my soul of souls, that this wretched man, Adam Alyffe, is innocent of this deed.' Lord Milverstoke started from his chair, his breast heaving suddenly and violently, and he walked to and fro for a few moments in silence, while Mr. Hylton proceeded:—'I believe that had he been able, and had had the opportunity, his giant strength would have slain a thousand who had raised a hand against the precious life of your son; ay, or of any one else.'—'Oh! insup-

portable!—intolerable!’ vehemently muttered the Earl through his closed teeth, as he paced to and fro before Mr. Hylton, looking, however, away from him, as if resolved not to interrupt him. * * ‘Ho, then at length my lips are loosed!—is it—even—so?’ said the Earl. ‘And I may speak? and am able to speak, not being choked with all the drivel that I have been hearing, and I hope, for your sake, Sir, that you have forgotten! So the idiot chatter of the convict-cell—but—the Earl with a great effort restrained himself—’ but state, Sir, such reasons, such grounds, as you have urged—state, I say, your pretences—false I know them!—Sir, Sir, I ask your forgiveness! Language unjustifiable and unbecoming has passed from these lips—I crave forgiveness, Sir! Scarce know I sometimes what I say or think. But, Sir, in mercy to me, tell me briefly why—why the law falters about this death, and so stultifies its most solemn doings in so few days, before all mankind?’—‘My Lord, such reasons as I alleged satisfied a reluctant Judge; but only so far as to grant delay. No glimpse of mercy—of pardon—was there in his gloomy face; but this brief delay he granted for inquiry.’ Here Mr. Hylton produced the copy he had made of the letter which he had forwarded that day to London, and explained briefly how and when he himself had received it. * * ‘Oh, how can I patiently hear you, Mr. Hylton,’—said the Earl, reproachfully, and with infinitely greater calmness than he had till then manifested, ‘seriously urging on me such despicable drivelling—for is it not such? Will that paper of yours bear an instant’s scrutiny? And is it to be the potent instrument of letting loose again on society—oh, I shudder! I sicken! Why, Sir, how long is justice to be thus befooled? How long must we wait till these persons—Sir, the mere stating of it shows the monstrous absurdity of your proceedings. Your feelings pervert your judgment and disturb your understanding, Sir. A false pity makes you credulous and cruel: credulous are you to the guilty: cruel are you to the living—cruel to the memory of the dead!’ ‘No, my Lord!—The dead may be in spirit present with us at this moment—hearing and seeing, or *knowing* how the truth is—oh, my Lord, my Lord!’—Mr. Hylton said all this very solemnly, and saw that the Earl was for a moment startled by the thought which had been suggested to him. ‘And beware, my Lord, lest you yourself be credulous of guilt where guilt is not. Is it not worse than being credulous of innocence where innocence is not, but guilt? This last is an error reparable; the other, irreparable; and an account thereof must be given hereafter. I speak with the liberty and authority of my office. I come not unbidden before you; I intrude not on the retirement of grief. But you call me hither; and, as a messenger from my Heavenly Master, I stand before you, and plead against this your precipitate judgment of your fellow-man. ‘If thou, Lord, shouldst mark iniquity, O Lord, who should stand?’ To Him all things are known, even our most secret sins; quite forgotten, it may be, by ourselves, unknown to any living; but marked and remembered by Him! all seen by the unsleeping Eye!’ The Earl remained silent; his face suddenly went of a ghastly whiteness. Mr. Hylton proceeded:—‘Awful is this visitation of His Providence—like a thunderbolt hath it fallen on your Lordship.’”

Will any one accept the above (not overlooking the precious touch of “the thunderbolt for *his Lordship*”) as a dialogue likely—possible even—to have taken place in a juncture of such excitement? There is a twang of the pulpit in it:—there is more than one tag of Old Bailey rhetoric and of Adelphi adjuration. Nicholas Nickleby when apostrophizing his uncle or Squeers—Mrs. Dombey the second, when reckoning with her mother or defying her husband underneath her “diamond arch”—are not more sonorous and long-winded than the two who act a long chapter of such persuasion,

rejoinder and menace as the above. What a difference if we turn to Scott,—who, if he did not always finish highly, rarely over-wrought his work. Think of the scene between the sisters in Effie Deans' dungeon!—of the last scene between Fergus and Edward, in 'Waverley,' with the inimitable touches of simple feeling thrown in by Evan Dhu Maccombich's unconscious devotedness!—Think of the passion on the terrace in 'Kenilworth,' when Queen Elizabeth dragged forward the ill-starred Lady of Leicester! Compared with these, the best lengths of passion and eloquence that our moderns measure out wane into the copper-gilt lace of a minor theatre beside the real gold with which real kings' robes are embroidered. We should not indeed have dwelt on matter so worthless, but that a general bewilderment seems creeping over our tale-tellers as to what may and may not be permitted in this most essential part of their duties. And a word and an illustration in season may perhaps persuade them out of their prevailing immoderate love of fustian,—when they see how ill it becomes their neighbours.

On closing 'Now and Then,' we must say that it is Mr. Warren's "past," not his "present," which has induced us to devote so much space to its consideration. There is little or nothing to distinguish this novel, either as to character, style or incident, from many a tale by a less esteemed hand, which the frequenters of the circulating library will hardly now take the trouble of reading—so multitudinous is the family.—*Athenæum*, Jan. 8.

The Principles of Nature, her Divine Revelations, and a Voice to Mankind. By and through Andrew Jackson Davis, the "Poughkeepsie Seer" and "Clairvoyant." 2 vols. Chapman.

THERE is a question which has been frequently asked,—and never, to our knowledge, satisfactorily answered. The circumstances of the time constantly revive it; and no sooner has it served one purpose than it is wanted for another. That question is,—What next?

We hardly know which most to wonder at,—the novelties of fact in our day, the novelties of opinion, or the adherence to old absurdity. We travel by an express train forty miles an hour;—which one of our fellow-voyagers remarks is rather slow. But even at this pace the news of our starting is almost instantaneously conveyed to our destination; and, two minutes after, a message is carried which passes us at the rate of some hundred thousand miles in a second along a line of parallel wires. One of our companions is an astrologer; who, after making a comfortable livelihood by telling fortunes from the stars, has been tempted a little further by some malignant planet,—and will find a couple of constables waiting for him. Another is a mesmerist; at whose side is a little boy who reads Greek with his shoulder blades, and gives directions how to cure complaints which he never heard of in persons whom he never saw. A gentleman returning from Egypt, is going to tell his mother how a magician at Cairo described her, the fireplace, and the old Bible, by looking into a black drop: for which the old lady will censure him as having dealt with those who have familiar spirits. An accident happens, and a poor man is left behind to the care of a surgeon, who forthwith throws him into a trance and takes off his leg as coolly as if he were a subject in the dissecting room, while he is dreaming

of being in Paradise. During the journey, the astrologer, the mesmerist, and the wizard-finder, discuss their experiences and delight us by their candour and philosophy. Nothing, they tell us, is so unworthy of a reasonable being as to reject what he cannot understand :—each has his unanswerable evidence for his miraculous narration. To be sure, we are rather shocked by the shout of laughter which they all three raise when an elderly man in the carriage, tempted by their professions of indulgence for all inquiries and calm toleration of apparent incredibilities, narrates how he always altered his luck at whist by blowing his nose and changing his chair. For ourselves, we wonder where serious inquiry is to end. We cannot see how, because it is beyond us, we are to deride the use of the pocket-handkerchief, when stars, shoulder blades, and drops of ink are capable of doing such extraordinary things. We think to ourselves,—if we were in a fog which prevented our seeing beyond our noses, and our three companions were to assure us that a mile off they could see, the first a steeple, the second a forest, and the third a river, it would puzzle us to know how they could decently laugh at the fourth who professed to espy a windmill. We get out of the carriage, however, and having seen the astrologer walk off with his new friends,—against whom the stars had given him no warning,—we determine to be very philosophical the next time an opportunity offers. Nor are we long without one ;—for we find waiting for us the book which we now take in hand. Well is it for us that we have received our lecture from the astrologer, the mesmerist, and the wizard finder :—we might have been disposed to quiz, Heaven knows, if such a thing had come in our way before the journey. But we take our whole lesson : and stand prepared for anything and everything,—from a gambler's nostril to the stars in heaven,—from pitch and toss to manslaughter.

Years ago, when religious excitement was stirred by the alarming state of politics which Mr. Hallam significantly alluded to as “ the gathering in the heavens” and made one of his reasons for winding up his History of Literature,—the disturbance propagated itself in a portion of the community which calls itself the *religious world* ;—a phrase at which certain recollections of the New Testament always make us smile. A sect arose which took screaming to be evidence of the presence of the Holy Spirit : and there are numbers alive who firmly believed in that presence, and dignified unintelligible language by the name of *revelation*.—The minds of men were then “ curiously stirred as if by hot air,” like the hair of Marley's ghost. If such things could be in England, what might we look for in America : where the vagaries which are sure to exhibit themselves in countries that are both earnest and free are said to take stranger forms than even among us ;—where men dig up gospels, and separate themselves and retire into the roomy parts of the States that they may be founders of sects, the distinction of which make Moravians and Quakers appear Roman Catholics slightly altered !—The Union has now sent us a new Swedenborg,—but not a man of acquired learning. He is to give us real *revelations*, derived from his own spirit : no screaming nor unknown language, but information upon mind, matter, and social life. An unlearned youth, who reached his twenty-first birthday only while his book of revelations—containing more bulk of matter than the whole New Testament—was being printed, is to prove by his knowledge of what is known the genuineness of his inspiration as to what is not. He is to give us a mixture of that which we can contradict

if it be false with that which we cannot either verify or contradict : and is to show us, by the impossibility of his having acquired the former by any human means, his claim to have the latter received with reverence if not with adoration. Nothing can be fairer. There is something downright about it. The process of hundreds of mystics, who thought they copied the apostles when they demanded blind faith in something unintelligible, is wholly avoided,—and the plan of the apostles themselves is imitated. Nor can we avoid noticing that it is so,—for a comparison is most obviously challenged. The ignorant youth is asserted, by men of education, to have performed feats in their presence which, if there be neither imposture nor delusion, prove intercourse with the supernatural world :—unless, indeed, there be natural means by which a mind can communicate with the stars. We proceed to describe the circumstances of the case. These are set forth in an introduction signed by William Fishbough,—the “Scribe,” as he is called, of this Revelation.

Andrew Jackson Davis is stated to be the son of a poor shoemaker, now residing at Poughkeepsie. He was born on the 11th of August 1826. “The boy’s school tuition was confined to about five months, during which time he learned to read imperfectly, to write a fair hand, and to simple sums in arithmetic.” Our readers will observe that this is very considerable progress for five months ; and it is essential to remark this, because Davis is represented by his Scribe as of very moderate talent. But to proceed. From early youth he was kept at manual operations. He was never known to frequent public libraries, and was seldom known to take up a book. His reading consisted at most of four or five hundred desultory pages of light matter. John Hinchman, an employer of his father, E. C. Southwick and S. S. Lapham, residents of Poughkeepsie, I. Armstrong, under whom Davis himself worked as a shoemaker, and the Rev. A. R. Bartlett, formerly of Poughkeepsie, testify to this effect :—but not all in the same degree. Mr. Hinchman testifies to an “inquiring disposition, which, however, was not remarkable to a great extent,” and Mr. Bartlett says that “he possessed an inquiring mind, loved books, especially controversial religious works, which he always preferred, whenever he could borrow them and obtain leisure for their perusal. Hence, he was indebted to his individual exertions for some creditable advances which he made in knowledge. He became a good thinker.” This is much at variance with the Scribe’s account.

In December, 1843, W. Levingston, a tailor of Poughkeepsie, was excited by certain lectures to try his power at mesmerizing. He succeeded with young Davis ; made him become clairvoyant, describe places he had never seen, read with eyes bandaged, &c. After some months, the latter resisted further experiments except for some practical end,—declared that he could cure diseases,—and was, we are informed, surprisingly successful. The next step is too important to be conveyed in any words but those of the Scribe himself.—

“On the 7th of March, 1844, he fell, without the assistance of the magnetic process, into a strange abnormal state, during which phenomena occurred of the most surprising character. For the greater part of the time during two days, he seemed to be entirely insensible to all external things, and to live wholly in the interior world. Possessing, however, an increased power over his physical system, he travelled a long distance during this time without any apparent fatigue. It was during this extraordinary state of his mental and physical

system that he received information of a very general character, of his future and peculiar mission to the world. The process by which this information was received, with many other things of intense interest, shall be made public after questions by which the phenomena may be rationalized shall have been more thoroughly discussed on independent grounds. By minds duly prepared, it may now be conceived on reading the portion of this volume which treats on the Spiritual Spheres."

Davis continued with Levingston from March, 1844, to August, 1845 ; during which period they made medical excursions to Bridgeport and other places. In February, 1845, the two being at Bridgeport, formed acquaintance with Dr. S. S. Lyon,—who was afterwards selected by young Davis as his revelation-mesmerizer. This Dr. Silas Lyon is represented as then an unbeliever in clairvoyance, subsequently convinced by Davis's case. The Scribe himself first met with Davis at Poughkeepsie, in July, 1844. He there, he declares, heard him when in the *abnormal state* employ the technical terms of anatomy, physiology, and *materia medica*, as familiarly as household words. From "infallible indications presented," he "saw that there could be no collusion nor deception, and no such thing as receiving his impressions sympathetically from the mind of the magnetizer."—What manner of man is this ? The mesmerists, we know, are of opinion that there may be, and are, singular communications between the minds of the mesmeric agent and patient. But we did not know that any one of them made it his boast to have arrived at the infallible indications in the absence of this communication.

In May, 1845, the Scribe, being then at Bridgeport, learned that a series of "lectures and revelations" were about to be undertaken ; but declares he had not the least idea of being the reporter till thirty hours before their actual commencement.

"About the first of the following August, Mr. Davis, while in the clairvoyant state, *voluntarily* chose Dr. Lyon to be his magnetizer during the delivery of this book, this choice neither having been solicited nor in the least degree anticipated by Dr. L., until it was announced. In obedience to the direction of the clairvoyant, Dr. Lyon immediately relinquished a remunerative and increasing practice in Bridgeport, and removed to New York, in which city the clairvoyant decided that the revelations should be delivered. The object of so early a removal to that city was, to establish, before the lectures commenced, a medical practice that might in some measure assist in sustaining them while said lectures were in progress."

This paragraph is significant. It connects the revelations with the removal of Dr. Lyon from Bridgeport to establish himself in New York. One of the explanations of the whole phenomenon hangs upon this sentence,—and one which must undergo discussion.—We will now make another extract. It is one proof, we presume, of the revelation that its apostles were one after another found to obey the first call,—

"On the 27th November, 1845, residing at the time in New Haven, Connecticut, we received per mail a note from Dr. Lyon, stating that we had been appointed by Mr. Davis, while in the clairvoyant state, as the scribe to report and prepare for the press his lectures which were to commence immediately. This appointment was entirely unsolicited (we will not say undesired) by ourselves ; and so far from anticipating such an honor, we were then busily engaged in

making arrangements to remove to Massachusetts. The next day, however, we embarked for New York, and in the evening wrote Mr. Davis's first lecture at his dictation—subsequently agreeing to write and prepare the whole for the press. Before Mr. Davis commenced his lectures, he voluntarily, while in the abnormal state, chose the three witnesses mentioned in his address to the world, to be present as their circumstances would allow, at the delivery of lectures, in order to be able to testify of the medium through which they were given. Rev. J. N. Parker has since removed to Boston; Theron R. Lapham resides at present at Poughkeepsie, New York; and T. Lea Smith, M. D., is in Bermuda."

There are twenty-three incidental witnesses named: but we are informed that "indiscriminate admittance" "would have been as impracticable as it was unnecessary." Why so?—Because "the presence of persons whose 'spheres' were uncongenial" always disturbed the revealer. "Yet such applicants as were actuated by a supreme desire to know the *truth* irrespective of their *previous opinions* were generally admitted, to a number ranging from one to six, whether they were believers or unbelievers in clairvoyance." How was it ascertained, we may ask, who was and who was not actuated by this "supreme desire"? What were the "infallible indications"? The *manuscripts*, we are informed, were always open to the inspection of the curious,—meaning, we suppose, the first manuscripts as taken from the revealer's mouth. As to the shape in which they come to us, we have the following information.—

"The time occupied in the delivery of a lecture varied from forty minutes to about four hours, and the quantity of matter delivered at a sitting varied from three to fifteen pages of foolscap closely written. There were one hundred and fifty-seven lectures in all, the first being delivered November 28, 1845, and the last, (viz., the 'address to the world,' which comes first in the book) was delivered on the 25th of January, 1847. On closing the address to the world, the author immediately proceeded to give general directions as to the corrections of the manuscripts, and the preparation of the work for the press. These directions (preserved in writing and subscribed by a witness) I have scrupulously followed to the best of my ability. With the exception of striking out a few sentences and supplying others, according to direction, I have only found it necessary to correct the grammar, to prune out verbal redundancies, and to clarify such sentences as would to the general reader appear obscure. All *ideas* have been most scrupulously preserved, and great care has been taken to give them to the reader in the precise aspect in which they appeared when received from the speaker. We have also conscientiously abstained from adding any ideas of our own. Also all comparisons, and technical and foreign terms and phrases, and all peculiarities of expression, are exclusively the speaker's. When we have found it necessary to reconstruct sentences, we have employed, as far as possible, only the verbal materials found in the sentence as it first stood, preserving the peculiarities of style and mode of expression. The *arrangement* of the works is the same as when delivered, except that in three instances contiguous paragraphs have been transposed for the sake of a closer connexion. With these unimportant qualifications, the work may be considered as paragraph for paragraph, sentence for sentence, and word for word, as it was delivered by the author."

Mr. Chapman, the English publisher, who seems to be a believer (to the extent, at least, of strongly inclining to the opinion of a spiritual agency), and who has written a recommendatory preface, cites one more witness, Prof. George Bush, of New York,—whose name is known in this country. This gentle-

man, in a letter to the *New York Tribune*, dated September 1, 1847, writes as follows :

"From a careful study of the whole matter, from its inception to its completion, I am perfectly satisfied that the work is the production of an ignorant young man, utterly and absolutely incompetent, in his natural state, to the utterances it embodies. I have not a shadow of doubt that it was given forth by him in a peculiar abnormal state, *for some portions of it I heard with my own ears, and can testify that what I now read printed accurately corresponds to what I have heard spoken.*"

We presume that by "accurate correspondence" Mr. Bush does not mean absolute verbal agreement. It would have been much to the purpose if Mr. Bush had given us reference to *those portions* ; for much of the book might have been spoken without miracle, though not without matter of surprise, by a dreamy young man who had read some controversial theology. Let our readers distinctly understand that we do not, on any supposition, regard this book and the proceedings attending it as common-place or easily explained. Be it fraud, delusion, or mixture,—be it mesmerism or newly-invented communication with the spiritual world, or downright revelation,—be it any one of these, or any thing else, it is very curious. As soon as the right name is found for it, we will be the first to call it, of that name, extraordinary—very extraordinary.

We shall proceed next week to the 'Revelation' itself—and our comment thereon ; and confine ourselves for the present to one or two preliminary remarks on a portion of the evidence on which, as above quoted, the revelation is made to rest. It is most unfortunate for the Scribe who has a document so extraordinary as this to offer for our acceptance, that he should have been compelled to admit any tampering with its terms at all. That a seer "commercing" with all the mysteries of Nature should have *needed* an editor in this technical sense is remarkable enough. It might have been supposed that the Revelation which brought to an uneducated man the secrets of Science might have brought him grammar, too, to express them in. At any rate, it left itself imperfect when it failed to do so. The first thing which *he* has to do who delivers to us a strange and incredible message, is to prove beyond cavil the integrity of his report. Let him confess to alteration in any sense or degree, and the authenticity of the document is destroyed. Who knows to what extent of perversion the corrective instrument may have been used by him who thought it lawful to use it at all ? In all translations we are nearly sure to have something of the translator himself. We have no notion of the uninspired Scribe correcting the inspired instructor. We can have no confidence, under such circumstances, that some of the inspiration itself may not be Mr. Fishbough's own—and have an earthly origin. When he talks of omitting sentences and supplying others, our faith in the genuineness of the message is gone. The Scribe assures us that he has given us the author's *ideas* :—since he chose to alter his words, we can have no assurance of any such thing. This is an unfortunate defect in the evidence—and comes of the higher intelligences not knowing American grammar. Mr. Davis's spiritual instructors seem to have had the power of teaching him everything but syntax.

There is one other curious consideration attending the forms—not the mere syntax—of this Revelation. Suppose the Supreme Governor of the Universe

should choose to make a communication to the world, by the mouth of a child in years or a child in knowledge—an infant or a Poughkeepsie Seer—it is scarcely probable that such communications should bear the mark of second-hand. The message would have the freshness of its origin upon it—the Almighty would not have needed to borrow from Fichte. A divine revelation would not have been indebted to a German philosopher for its matter and an American Scribe for its grammar. Our “young men” need not “dream dreams” to learn what has long been familiarly taught—nor our visionaries travel beyond the stars to read Fichte! These absurdities lie on the very surface of this matter—and the bearing them in mind will make our plunge into the mysteries of the Revelation itself, next week, the less bewildering.—*Athenæum, Jan. 1.*

[Second Notice.]

We now proceed to the Revelation itself,—as it is offered in these volumes. It opens with an address to the world, from which we quote passages.—

“Brethren: fear not, for Error is mortal and cannot live, and Truth is immortal and cannot die! * * * I have been impressed to speak the things contained in the following pages, not because truth was before undiscovered, but in order to give it a new and attractive form, and a power to instruct, purify, and elevate the race. The First Part, or Key, presents a general view of theories that exist, and unfolds the fountain of the philosophy that is presented in the Second Part, which is the soul or basis of the whole superstructure. The Third Part, or Application, consists of an analysis of human society, and an application of previously revealed principles to it, in order that a reformation like unto a new heaven and a new earth may legitimately flow therefrom. * * * Moreover, I was impressed to select three witnesses, who should be present at the lectures, so that the world through them might know from what source these revelations flow. * * * And also a scribe was necessary to preserve these sayings, and to prepare and present them to the general mind. And it was impossible, without a qualified manipulator, to enter the sphere of wisdom which was necessary to enable me to relate these things. The first witness chosen was Rev. J. N. Parker, whose physical and mental structure predisposed him to external observation and investigation. * * * Therefore he was qualified to that cognizance of each physical phenomenon—and thus corresponds to the principle of love, which the sequel will define. The second witness was Theron R. Lapham, who is physically and mentally qualified to perceive external manifestations, and to enter deeply into the interior of the subjects revealed. * * * Therefore he was chosen because he corresponds to the principle of will, or *executive power*, which also the sequel will define. The third witness chosen was Dr. T. Lea Smith, who was in a transition state between the artificial doctrines and philosophies of the world, and those high and more important truths which *Mind* only is capable of perceiving and associating with. * * * Therefore he corresponds to the principle of wisdom, which also the sequel will unfold. The scribe who was chosen is William Fishbough, who is physically and mentally constituted so as to preserve a harmony and dignity of outer, and a purity and goodness in his inner being. * * * Hence he is chosen to act in this capacity, because he corresponds to love, will, and wisdom, combined. * * * The manipulator, Dr. Silas Smith Lyon, is physically constituted so as to be able to impart a congenial influence to the system of the speaker, whereby the transition of

the natural faculties to the spiritual sphere has been accomplished. * * * He is earnestly engaged at all times in doing what those principles demand, desiring justice and a general good to all. * * * Of the physical and mental structure of the speaker, the world will know by a different process—one which will be suggested to the scribe, by whom all useful information concerning these things will be presented to the world.

Then follows Part I., "The Key, or the Principles of Nature."—This part is very metaphysical,—and therefore not very fit for our purpose of citation. For it is to be remembered that this pretended revelation has its asserted evidence in the possession of *known truth* by a person who could not have known it in the usual way. Now, as mankind are not agreed about the first views on most subjects, we should be puzzled to know what to bring forward as commanding anything like universal assent or dissent. Still, however, we think that mankind—educated mankind—are pretty nearly agreed not to talk or write such nonsense as the following ; which is, we are told, a "familiar illustration."—

"For a further and familiar illustration of the motive forces of internal existence, we will speak of the different *motions* which are developed in Nature, which act on geometrical and mechanical principles. These are particulars and minutiae, and vary exceedingly, according to the forms and circumstances of their outward manifestation ; yet they are all comprehended and contained in the First and only Great Law of Motion, known as positive and negative Forces. There is existing a motion termed *rectilinear*. This contains undeveloped, and progresses to, the *spiral* motion, which is an *ultimate* of the same principle. The first motion could not exist until there were *forms* capable of manifesting it : and when such motion became established, the *curvilinear* motion was next developed. And other motions legitimately followed, such as the vibratory, undulatory, excentric, and spiral or ultimate motions. * * First, the Great Law of Motion existed ; and lastly, as an ultimate developement, *spiral* motion was unfolded ; and between these, intermediate motions were developed and became visible : and then, and only then, could these motions be admitted or believed to be existing."

One more quotation, that our readers may judge of what they are to bow to.—

"The two great points, then, which it is the object to establish are, the original Cause of all things, and the ultimate of man, which is *Spirit*. The premiss is, the coexistence and universal action of Matter and Motion.—This establishes the existence of an *original Cause*, which latter it is the object to contemplate, so that from this, tracing secondary causes and effects through Nature, may be proved the existence and identical perpetuity of the principle of Spirit. Nature is the fulcrum upon which the *first* is established of necessity ; and the *second* as a consequence not only proved by the law of progression and association, but by the science of correspondencies, in the light of which all the combined sciences should be understood : for it is by correspondential investigation that we are led to universally-connected and kindred truths. Therefore, if Nature displays universal *motion*, such as is manifested in all substances and forms which are known to exist, does not this prove *progression* ? And progression develops the various spheres, which each substance and particle passes through. If universal association exists (as is proved to be the case), does there not exist a corresponding future invisible principle ? This must of necessity exist, as the result of motion and progression."

Let us, then, come to the second part, or "Nature's Divine Revelations." The origin of all material things is an ocean of liquid fire. The origin of all things, we are told in the preceding part, is the "Great Positive Mind." Power, Wisdom, Goodness, Justice, Mercy, and Truth are the gradual and successive developements of an eternal and internal principle, constituting the divine original essence. But matter and motion are co-eternal principles, *established by virtue of their own nature* (how very satisfactory !); and the great original mass was controlled, guided, and perfected *by virtue of its own omnipotent power*. Further on, we find that *matter* and *power* were the only principles developed;—that the power was the great positive mind, and its developement was eternal motion. And so, matter and motion constituted the original condition of all things.

This hovering between an intelligent First Cause and an *animus mundi* pervades the whole system,—which seems collected out of all manner of philosophies. Mr. Chapman notes one passage which is almost word for word from Fichte. The following is a specimen for the mathematician.—

"The original form was *angular*. This contained the principle and nature of all other forms: so that from the lowest and intermediate forms up to the highest, could be constantly produced other forms accompanied with, and controlled and acted upon by, the Great Positive Power. Progression of the angular evolved the *circular*. This assumed, not a spherical constitution, but it was a combination of angular and rectilinear plane. Therefore the continuance of the angular to the circular was only a perpetually progressive form, ascending towards the *spiral*. And this developed diameters, axes, and poles, containing the perpetual angular, and progressed to a still higher and more perfect form, that of the *vortical*, properly the celestial."

We find a long developement of something like the nebular hypothesis. But the author's astronomy may be judged of from the following quotation.—

"It is known that comets are from forty months to five hundred years in accomplishing their revolutions around the Sun. They move with increased velocity as they approach the Sun. But the calculations that are made in reference to the speed of these bodies are not to be depended on. For these calculations are founded on an angle formed by the apparent positions assumed by such bodies and the Sun. Presuming that these *appearances* vary but little from time to time in their relations to the reality, and not considering the refractions of light, involves an oversight which makes the above calculations exceedingly dubious, as have also been the calculations with reference to the speed of light. But by understanding that comets travel with a velocity in proportion to their density and magnitude, and by observing the appearance of one of these bodies, calculations may be made in reference to its re-appearance, inasmuch as they are not known to change their orbits, or to be any more excentric in their motions than any other planet, supposing the latter to be operated upon by the same influences that are brought to act upon these luminous and igneous bodies."

Let the chemists look to the following.—

"Chemistry will unfold the fact that *light* when confined in a certain condition, and condensed, will produce *water*: and that *water* thus formed, subjected to the vertical influence of light, will produce by its internal motion and further condensation, a gelatinous substance of the composition of the spirifer, the

motion of which indicates animal life. This again being decomposed and subjected to evaporation, the precipitated particles which still remain will produce putrified matter similar to earth, which will produce the plant known as the *fucoides*."

Out of a long commentary on the Mosaic account of the Creation, we have the following account of the gradual creation of the human race.—

"The degree of organization which subsequently took their place was the first form that approached or indicated in the least degree any of the peculiar characteristics of mankind; and these represented the Juloes and Mandigoes in their lower degree. These were upon the earth, without any essential modification, nearly eight hundred years. After this, three successive and distinct orders pressed in their stead. The highest of these approached in every particular the more perfect form of the human organization. These inhabited the Asiatic continent, while the other portions of the same class were in the south of these regions. Thus the three continents—the southern, western, and eastern—were inhabited by three distinct tribes, the highest of which, existing in Asia, came nearer to the unfolding of intellectual endowments. And this brings the period of the sixth day of the creation to a point three thousand and eight hundred years before the commencement of the race as referred to in the primitive, written record. The surface of the earth, particularly in Asia and Africa, was now much more progressed, and consequently more fertile and suitable to the requirements of the animal creation. And it was at this time that the inhabitants of Asia began to unfold a distinct and sensuous perception, and even to represent their perceptions to one another. Having no proper conception of higher beauties than those surrounding them, they consequently remained in their unintellectual state for nearly one thousand years, during which time the earth underwent a material change, which resulted in the destruction of nearly all the various tribes of the bimana type, and also materially altered the geographical and geological conditions of the whole earth. * * * But the most beautiful and complicated forms in the vegetable kingdom, as in the animal, become developed in a more perfect degree when they are not artificially cultivated. And it was at this time that a new tribe was introduced upon the earth—rising entirely above the undeveloped features of the lower forms. These constituted what may be properly termed a transition from the animal to man: and these were the first forms that could be properly termed *Man*. And the record which reveals the then-existing condition of the earth is distinctly proved and exemplified; for the beauties of creation, displayed in all the parts of Asia and Africa that were fertile, represented not only the interior qualities contained in the earth, but also the primitive conception of the *Garden of Eden*."

Enough of this; we have perhaps already tired the patience of our readers. We proceed to a distinct subject—our Revealer's *supernaturalisms*. These are of two kinds:—first, those in which he discovers to us the state of the planets and of their inhabitants; secondly, those in which he explains the phenomena of the revelation which, according to a very large majority of the unmesmerized community, preceded his.—We shall make some selections from the account given of the inhabitants of Jupiter.—

"They do not walk erect, but assume an inclined position, frequently using their hands and arms in walking, the lower extremities being rather shorter than the arms" according to our standard of proportion. And by a modest desire to be seen only in an inclined position, they have formed this habit,

which has become an established custom among them. * * Their form of countenance displays the qualities and workings of their inward principle. There is a peculiar prominence of the upper lip, this consisting of a complex and interwoven mass of fibres, the action of which gives great expression to inward thoughts and feelings ; which expression among them constitutes the peculiar mode of conversation. Therefore they cannot think one thing and speak another ; for their expression would betray their inward sentiments. * * Their constitutions being composed of light and changing particles, they soon change their form of existence. They do not die, but, rather sink into repose by an expansion of their interiors which seek more agreeable spheres. And regarding this as a mere metamorphosis, they escape with transports of delight ; and they are hence pleased with the evanescent existence of the body. * * They inhabit well-constructed edifices whose form corresponds to that of a *tent*, rather than a *house*, on Earth. These are lined with a blueish bark, taken from a tree of the second class ; and they are thus rendered impervious to cold, water, and light."

This is the sort of information given. If the reader want any more, he may buy the book—or, which will be more economical, he may reveal some to himself. It would be satisfactory to have all the witnesses carried to Jupiter, that they might there have the mechanism affixed to their lips by which we might see whether they speak their real minds.

In his theology, Mr. Davis (at least when clairvoyant) is a rationalist, in the sense in which the term is usually here received. He gives authority to no revelation but his own. The following surpasses Horne Tooke's notion that *truth* must be matter of opinion, because the word is originally derived from that which a man *troweth*.—

"In concluding my remarks upon the Bible, I will speak historically concerning its *origin and formation*. Let it first be observed that a great deal of veneration is attached to the word *BIBLE*—more, indeed, than should be attached to a large portion of its contents. The word *bible* signifies merely a *book*. It is derived from the Greek *biblos*, which signifies the soft bark of a tree upon which the ancients wrote their thoughts. To this was subsequently prefixed the word '*holy*,' which term was employed by the Jews to express *excellence*. Thus the terms '*Holy Bible*' might be rendered '*excellent soft bark*;' and then the world would understand their original signification."

We ought rather perhaps to say that Mr. Davis accepts many revelations. He admits David, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Zachariah, Malachi, Jesus, Confucius, Brama, Zoroaster, Mohammed, Swedenborg, Galen, the Seeress of Prevorst, Luther, Calvin, D'Holbach, Charles Fourier (whom he puts on a level with Christ), and many others, to the rank of revealers. He is, then, rather *omnifidel* than infidel. He gives what he calls the true life of Christ,—asserting that it is impressed upon him that the Saviour was not more than forty minutes in the manger. It is also revealed that the celebrated interpolation (as it is universally considered) in Josephus is genuine.—All that we have quoted, though there is enough of it, will give but a very faint idea of the multifarious contents of this most eclectic of all systems. We just take the pains to inform our readers that we do not intend seriously to discuss the claims of Andrew Jackson Davis to a communication with any world other than our own. Nor do we intend to enter upon the matter of his philosophy, simply

because it is due to those from whom the worthier part is taken not to argue their notions after filtration through a clairvoyant. As to the rest,

The things, we know, are neither rich nor rare,—
But wonder how the devil they got there !

And this is the real point of difficulty.

In arguing questions of this kind, the common and ordinary fallacy is to assume that those to whom an extraordinary narrative is presented must either explain or admit. Under certain circumstances this may be allowable. If it can be shown that, supposing there to be a fraud, it could have been detected—if those who had the means tried to detect it and could not—there arises a presumption, more or less strong, that the supposition of fraud is not the true one. With regard to ourselves, however, we are not, and cannot be, in a position to undertake the settlement of the question whether this story be fraud or a form of delusion. *We* have not access to the original papers,—which, it is admitted, have had their “grammar” and their “obscurities” corrected. *We* cannot tell what sort of men Dr. Silas Lyon and Mr. Fishbough have been. And most assuredly we may look with confidence to the educated portion of the dwellers in New York to find out for us to which of the possible categories the whole phenomenon is to be referred.

One excellent American contemporary, the New York *Literary World*, has given its opinion on the origin of this “delirious concoction,”—to use its phrase. Our contemporary, believing in some of the (to us) questionable phenomena of mesmerism, refers the power of A. J. Davis to the “sympathetic influence of one brain upon another in certain conditions of the system of operator and patient.” This is a high question. Nobody ought to say that such sympathy is impossible,—but it must be established before it can be used. To us it is not established :—to our New York contemporary it is. We should say, either establish it, and solve Andrew Davis by means of it— or establish Andrew Davis, and build the doctrine of sympathy upon him. That there has been some sort of sympathetic influence upon the mind of the revealer we do not doubt. But whether it be magnetic,—or whether the said Davis when in the mesmeric state produced curious combinations out of his reading and the lectures which he had heard, or had heard spoken of, which combinations were afterwards dressed up by the Scribe,—we cannot tell.

There is a great want of unity about the pretended revelations. Sometimes there is ratiocination, sometimes bombast—now truth, now falsehood—occasionally some known speculation, expressed in all the strength of its author’s mind—and then some puerile snatches from popular expositions of other theories. It would take much stronger evidence than we have before us to persuade us that the whole is not made up from various sources.

Dr. Lyon, and Dr. Lea Smith, the magnetizer and one of the witnesses, are physicians ; Mr. Fishbough, the Scribe, we also collect, is a third medical man. The Rev. J. Parker is, of course, a theologian,—and Davis himself is a theological reader. What Mr. Lapham may be is not mentioned. Now, the great staple of the revelations, so far as actual facts are stated, with some appearance of reading, is in the lines of the physician and the clergyman, direct and indirect. Anatomy, natural history, and geology are presented with

much more appearance of reading than astronomy ; and all the unrevealed astronomy (we pass no opinion on the inhabitants of Jupiter) is of the popular lecture character. Theology occupies a large portion of the whole. The evidence of Professor Bush, as we have seen, though good for all its states, amounts to nothing.

How then stands the case, as presented to us ? A magnetizing doctor, a scribe, (both of whom have had previous communication with the clairvoyant,) and three chosen witnesses, obey with a very suspicious readiness the call of a boy, who has wandered through the country with a tailor, curing diseases by mesmerism,—that is, prescribing remedies and explaining cases by his mesmeric clairvoyance. The magnetizer has it in view to establish himself in practice at New York, as he says, to obtain wherewith to carry on the revelations : it must be matter of opinion whether it was not the other way,—whether the revelations were not to establish him in practice. If this be harsh, it is not our fault. A man who offers a miracle must bear with those who discuss the question whether he was or was not an impostor. This boy in what they call his *abnormal state* is delivered of many words, not before any who would hear, but only before those of “ congenial spheres,”—only before those who in the opinion of the parties on their trial are seriously impressed with a love of truth. These words are taken down by the Scribe,—who corrects the grammar and obscurities, and publishes them. On this evidence, we are invited to believe that we obtain from the mesmerized boy accurate information on the shapes, characters, and habits of the inhabitants of all the planets. This we find we cannot do. As Mr. Davis very justly remarks, belief is not in our own power. All these defects are collected from the showing of the parties themselves :—we have had no opportunity of hearing anything said against the pretension. If the contents of the asserted revelations had been as sound as we believe them to be superficial in all their verifiable portions, still there would have been very suspicious circumstances about the presentation. We should not have been a bit more impressed with the idea of any supernatural communication if the *natural* portions had been good :—but in such a case we should have had one more difficulty. A man of sound knowledge is, *ceteris paribus*, less likely to be an impostor or a dupe than is a smatterer. But when we look at the piece of astronomy about comets which we have quoted, we feel quite relieved from this difficulty.

Having now put facts and specimens before our readers, we leave them to speculate on the case :—and shall conclude with an account of a notable argument presented by the adherents of the revealer.

He tells us that there are *nine* larger planets in our system. The recent discovery of Neptune gives us an eighth : and Prof. Bush offers to swear that he was made acquainted with this eighth planet months before news of Leverrier's discovery arrived in America. Mr. Chapman is very strongly of opinion that this is conclusive. Never was a better mare's nest. Not only was the opinion common enough ever since the discovery of Uranus seventy years ago that in all probability there might be more planets, but all the world now knows that the disturbances of Uranus had for some time created an impression on the minds of various astronomers that *nothing but* another planet would explain them. It was this impression that set both Leverrier and Adams to work. But what does Mr. Davis tell us ? Does he give the dis-

taunce of this eighth planet from the sun, as he does that of some of the known ones? Or does he give its period of revolution? Or does he give the distances of its satellites, or any numerical information at all about the orbits, as he does when speaking of known planets? Not a bit of it. "Its diameter it is unnecessary to determine. Its period of revolution can be inferred analogically from the period in which Uranus traverses its elliptic and almost inconceivable orbit." Again, "the respective distances of the latter [the satellites] from the planet, with their diameters and periods of revolution, are determined by their respective compositions and the relations they sustain to each other." If we were to set up in opposition to Mr. Davis, we should say that the elementary bodies are not yet all found out by the chemists,—but that more will be discovered, and that their atomic weights will be closely connected with their nature and properties.

Mr. Chapman, in his preface, observes that such things as the above will be a powerful lever in the hands of the sceptic. And most particularly does he observe this of the neglect of Mr. Davis to inform us of the number of the small planets,—of which eight are now known, though only four appear in our 'Revelation.' The worthy publisher thinks that Mr. Davis had the "benign purpose of letting us lose no object upon which the mind may exercise and unfold its powers." We are not joking :—it is actually so set down.

Time will roll on,—and the Revelations of Andrew Jackson Davis will be put on their proper shelf in that curious museum which men call human nature. One man, we foresee, will be treated with injustice—we mean Emanuel Swedenborg. Davis and he will be classed together. Against this we protest. We have read enough of Swedenborg to justify us to ourselves in declaring that we would rather believe his supernatural communications upon his own bare word than Davis's upon any possibly attainable amount of evidence.

Our American contemporary, already quoted, gives his opinion that works of this kind will sell better in America for some time to come than the best novels founded on the supernatural. "For," he says,—and we note the remark with interest,—“the general undervaluing of imagination which is a part of American education, necessarily ends in the growth of a fanciful and diseased rationalism.” He proceeds to observe that no intelligent youth who had enjoyed a fair share of legitimate novel reading at a time when the mind craves such aliment, would in his maturer years attach half the weight to such a publication as this that he once did to the *Arabian Nights*. If there be truth in this remark, we should prescribe throughout the Union an alternative course of 'Jack the Giant Killer' and a critical comparison of 'Tom Thumb.' As to more serious matters, we should advise our transatlantic friends not to abandon the *excellent soft bark* until at least they can find a better substitute for it than Davis's preparation of quinine.—*Athenæum*, Jan'y. 8.

"Our Street." By M. A. Titmarsh. Chapman and Hall.

AFTER the success which attended Michael Angelo's judgment of Mrs. Perkins's Ball, it was only in nature that he should continue his sketches. This time the writer is bold enough to depict the ins and outs, the ups and downs, the *high-s* and *low-s* of his "street;"—like true Charity, beginning at home—like well-tempered Justice, sparing no man, few women, and every child. To be serious for an instant,—Mr. Thackeray, though as reckless in his fun as most grown humourists, has a touch of the Poet in him which raises him far above the mere maker of a "fool-born jest." Ours are days when "*heart*" is so outrageously traded upon, that we wonder not to see so fine an observer and so lively a writer refusing to join the company; displaying his sympathies charily, and in an apologetic sort of way—as if "the vulgar things" ought to be taken for granted or kept out of sight. A little more courage in the matter, however, would do Mr. Titmarsh no harm—while it would still leave him at many a furlong's distance from the manufacturing sentimentalists whose writings are almost enough to drive decent persons into crusty cynicism.

We know where "Our Street" is, of course—and so will, every one else who reads the description. To those who do not, we say, "Take the second turning out of Westbourne Place, Hyde Park Gardens, and then"—but let Michael Angelo direct them.—

"We are being absorbed into the splendid new white-stuccoed, Doric-porticoed, genteel Pocklington quarter. Sir Thomas Gibbs Pocklington, M.P. for the borough of Lathanplaster, is the founder of the district and his own fortune. The Pocklington Estate Office is in the Square, on a line with Waddil—with Pocklington Gardens, I mean. The old inn, the Ram and Magpie, where the market-gardeners used to bait, came out this year with a new white face and title, the shield, &c., of the Pocklington Arms. Such a shield it is! Such quarterings! Howard Cavendish, De Ros, De la Zouche, all mingled together. * * Down the road is Pocklington Chapel, Rev. Oldham Slocum—in brick, with arched windows and a wooden belfry; sober, dingy, and hideous. In the centre of Pocklington Gardens rises St. Walthoef's, the Rev. Cyril Thuryfer and assistants—a splendid Anglo-Norman edifice, vast, rich, elaborate, bran new, and intensely old. Down Avemary Lane you may hear the tinkle of the little Romish Chapel bell. And hard by is a large broad-shouldered Ebenezer (Rev. Jonas Gronow), out of the windows of which the hymns come booming all Sunday long."

The first neighbour whom Titmarsh jots down is not one likely to win inhabitants to the vacant houses round about the one which he occupies. Captain Bragg is a portentous person; and, we fear, has never forgotten the great match which his lady made when he married her.—

"He scarcely gives any but men's parties, and invites the whole club home to dinner. What is the compliment of being asked when the whole club is asked too, I should like to know? Men's parties are only good for boys. I hate a dinner where there are no women. Bragg sits at the head of his table, and bullies the solitary Mrs. Bragg. He entertains us with stories of storms which he, Bragg, encountered—of dinners which he, Bragg, has received from the Governor-General of India—of jokes which he, Bragg, has heard; and however stale or odious they may be, poor Mrs. B. is always expected to laugh. Woe be to her if she doesn't, or if she laughs at anybody else's jokes. I have seen Bragg go up to her and squeeze her arm with a savage grind of his teeth, and

say, with an oath, 'Hang it, madam, how dare you laugh when any man but your husband speaks to you? I forbid you to grin in that way. I forbid you to look sulky. I forbid you to look happy, or to look up, or to keep your eyes down to the ground. I desire you will not be trapseing through the rooms. I order you not to sit still as a stone.' He curses her if the wine is corked, or if the dinner is spoiled, or if she comes a minute too soon to the club for him, or arrives at a minute too late. He forbids her to walk, except upon his arm. And the consequence of his ill-treatment is, that Mrs. Cammysole and Mrs. Bragg respect him beyend measure, and think him the first of human beings."

Neither are "the servants in Our Street," as here depicted, calculated to attract the serious family that is for ever advertising for cooks on the smallest Christian wages, &c. Hear, for one instant, this talk of a true groom :—

"Thomas Spavin, who commonly wears the above air of injured innocence, and is groom to Mr. Joseph Green, of Our Street. 'I tell why the Brougham oss is out of condition, and why Desperation broke out all in a lather! Osses will this eavy weather; and Desperation was always the most mystest oss I ever see.—I take him out with Mr. Anderson's ounds—I'm above it. I allis was too timid to ride to ounds by nature; and Colonel Sprigs' groom as says he saw me is a liar,' &c., &c. Such is the tenor of Mr. Spavin's remarks to his master. Whereas all the world in Our Street knows that Mr. Spavin spends at least a hundred a-year in beer; that he keeps a betting-book; that he has lent Mr. Green's black Brougham horse to the omnibus driver; and at a time when Mr. G. supposed him at the veterinary surgeon's, has lent him to a livery stable, which has let him out to that gentleman himself, and actually driven him to dinner behind his own horse."

Capital are the sketches by pen and pencil of "the lady whom nobody knows";—but as she has left Michael Angelo's neighbourhood, we need not make further mention of her. On the other hand, "the Lion" of "Our Street," Clarence Bulbul, will not object to having his roarings disseminated "from China to Peru."—

"'He has written an Eastern book of considerable merit,' Miss Clapperclaw says; but hang it, has not everybody written an Eastern book? I should like to meet anybody in society now who has not been up to the second cataract. An Eastern book, forsooth! My Lord Castleroyal has done one—an honest one; my Lord Youngent another—an amusing one; my Lord Woolsey another—a pious one; there is 'The Cutlet and the Cabob'—a sentimental one; 'Timbuctothen'—a humorous one, all ludicrously overrated, in my opinion, not including my own little book, of which a copy or two is still to be had by the way. Well, then, Clarence Bulbul, because he has made part of the little tour that all of us know, comes back and gives himself airs, forsooth, and howls as if he were just out of the great Libyan desert. * * He has coffee and pipes for everybody. I should like you to have seen the face of old Bowly, his college-tutor, called upon to sit cross-legged on a divan, a little cup of bitter black Mocha put into his hand, and a large amber-muzzled pipe stuck into his mouth by Spitfire, before he could so much as say it was a fine day. Bowly almost thought he had compromised his principles by consenting so far to this Turkish manner. Bulbul's dinners are, I own, very good; his pilaffs and curries excellent. He tried to make us eat rice with our fingers, it is true; but he scalded his own hands in the business, and invariably bedizened his shirt, so he has left off the Turkish practice, for dinner at least, and uses a fork like a Christian. But it is in society that he is most remarkable; and here he would, I own, be odious, but he becomes delightful, because all the men hate him so. A perfect chorus of abuse is raised round about him. 'Con-

founded imposter,' says one; 'Impudent jackass,' says another; 'Miserable puppy,' cries a third; 'I'd like to ring his neck,' says Bruff, scowling over his shoulder at him. Clarence meanwhile, nods, winks, smiles, and patronises them all with the easiest good-humour. He is a fellow who would poke an archbishop in the apron, or clap a duke on the shoulder, as coolly as he would address you and me. I saw him the other night, at Mrs. Bumpsher's grand let off. He flung himself down cross-legged upon a pink-satin sofa, so that you could see Mrs. Bumpsher quiver with rage in the distance, Bruff growl with fury from the further room, and Miss Pim, on whose frock Bulbul's feet rested, look up like a timid fawn. 'Fan me, Miss Pim,' said he of the cushion. 'You look like a perfect Peri to-night.'

We must have the Dove, too,—and the cooing of some of his constant Turtles.—

"If Bulbul is our lion, Young Oriel may be described as The Dove of our Colony. He is almost as great a pasha among the ladies as Bulbul. They crowd in flocks to see him at Saint Waltheof's, where the immense height of his forehead, the rigid asceticism of his surplice, the twang with which he intones the service, and the namby-pamby mysticism of his sermons, has turned all the dear girls' heads for some time past. While we were having a rubber at Mrs. Chauntry's, whose daughters are following the new mode, I heard the following talk (which made me revoke by the way) going on, in what was formerly called the young lady's room, but is now styled the Oratory.

THE ORATORY.—*Miss Chauntry*.—*Miss De L'Aisle*.—*Miss Isabel Chauntry*.—*Miss Pyx*.—*Rev. L. Oriel*.—*Rev. O. Slocum* (in the further room).

Miss Chauntry (sighing).—Is it wrong to be in the Guards, dear Mr. Oriel?

Miss Pyx.—She will make Frank de Boots sell out when he marries.

Mr. Oriel.—To be in the Guards, dear sister? The church has always encouraged the army; Saint Martin of Tours was in the army; Saint Louis was in the army; Saint Waltheof, our patron, Saint Witikind of Aldermanbury, Saint Wamba, and Saint Walloff were in the army. Saint Wapshot was captain of the guard of Queen Boadicea; and Saint Werewolf was a major in the Danish cavalry. The holy Saint Ignatius of Loyola carried a pike, as we know; and—

Miss De L'Aisle.—Will you take some tea, dear Mr. Oriel?

Oriel.—This is not one of my feast days, Sister Emma. It is the feast of Saint Wagstaff of Walthamstow.

The Young Ladies.—And we must not even take tea?

Oriel.—Dear sisters, I said not so. You may do as you list; but I am strong (with a heart-broken sigh); don't ply me (he reels). I took a little water and a parched pea after matins. To-morrow is a flesh day, and—and I shall be better then.

Rev. O. Slocum (from within).—Madam, I take your heart with my small trumpet.

Oriel.—Yes, better! dear sister; it is only a passing—a—weakness.

Miss I. Chauntry.—He's dying of fever.

Miss Chauntry.—I'm so glad De Boots need not leave the Blues.

Miss Pyx.—He wears sackcloth and cinders inside his waistcoat.

Miss De L'Aisle.—He's told me to-night he is going to—to—Ro-o-ome. [*Miss De L'Aisle bursts into tears.*]

Rev. O. Slocum.—My lord, I have the highest club, which gives the trick and two by honours."

Here we stop. What the public verdict may be, there, is no foretelling—but for ourselves, we think 'Our Street' in most respects a more enticing book than 'Mrs. Perkins's Ball.' Some of the illustrations, too, are full of character—most of them are better drawn than those of last year.—*Athenæum*, Jan. 8.

MAGAZINIANA.

Death of Mr. Isaac Disraeli.

WHEREVER the English language is spoken, or even made the subject of translation, the name of Disraeli is honourably known. The writings of father and son have rendered both celebrated, and each, in earning distinction for himself, has added to the fame of his relative. The matured reputation of Mr. Disraeli, sen., and the great celebrity of his son, make it difficult to say whether the latter has more reason to be proud of his descent than the former had to rejoice that the object of his natural affections was also the source of one of his highest honours. A man well versed in the history of our species has said that "the chief glory of every country arises from its authors;" and this he propounds, not as an axiom recommended by its novelty, but as a truth sanctioned by the universal consent of mankind. To the authorship of England, Isaac and Benjamin Disraeli have been in their respective walks of literature extensive and distinguished contributors. The pure and honourable career of the former reached its close on Wednesday last. He had attained the advanced age of 82 years, and a few weeks ago was in the full possession of his usual health, and in the complete enjoyment of his intellectual powers. The prevailing epidemic, however, suddenly assailing a constitution enfeebled by age, soon assumed an aggravated form, and at length this venerable gentleman sank under the attack. He was born at Enfield in the month of May, 1766, and was the only child of Benjamin Disraeli, a Venetian merchant, who had been many years settled in this country. He received some instruction at a school near the place of his nativity, but his father conceiving that his education could be more advantageously conducted in Holland, a considerable portion of his boyhood was spent in that country. Before his departure for the continent, however, he showed signs of a very precocious intellect, for he began to write verses at the age of 10, and in his 16th year addressed a poetical epistle to Dr. Johnson. After passing some time at Amsterdam and Leyden, where he acquired a knowledge of several modern languages, and where he applied himself to classical studies with some attention, but with no very extraordinary success, he proceeded to the French Metropolis. This visit to Paris took place in 1786, when the great revolution was impending, and when its doctrines seemed to have obtained entire possession of all men's minds; but to this very general characteristic of the period Mr. Disraeli proved an exception. He was then, and remained throughout his long life, a purely speculative philosopher—one who never mingled in political broils, or for a single moment knew what it was to be connected with political or religious parties. While in France he read French books, examined the literary treasures accumulated in that country, investigated the genius of its language, and cultivated acquaintance with its living authors and learned men; at this period of his life, therefore, did he imbibe that fondness for French literature which always clung to him, but which is more evident in his criticism than in his style or sentiments, for he wrote his vernacular English tongue with great purity, and identified himself in all things with the land in which he lived. On his return to England, after a course of continental travel, he published several poems, amongst which it is believed that "Lines on the Abuse of Satire" was one; it appeared in the 59th volume of the "Gentleman's Magazine," and was directed against Peter Pindar, who affected to believe that it was written by Hayley, and made it a pretext for his hostility to the author of "The Trials of Temper." But, whether he knew the real writer or not, there never was any hostility between Mr. Disraeli and Dr. Walcott. "The Defence of Poetry," by the learned gentleman just deceased, —who certainly was learned not only by courtesy,—appeared in 1791;

but, after a few copies had been sold, he suppressed the whole edition, his motive for which was not very apparent, the literary merit of that production being beyond dispute. In his 24th year he gave to the world a volume consisting of his common-place book, with critical remarks, under the title of "Curiosities of Literature." This single volume attracted attention in an age when men of genius abounded. Yet it was then merely an elegant and critical compilation, though it eventually became the origin of that celebrated miscellany in which, at a latter period of his life, and especially from the years 1817 to 1824, in successive volumes, he poured forth such a fund of original research of philosophical, entertaining speculation, expressed in so lively and agreeable a style, that the work has always remained one of the chief favourites of our literature. Mr. Disraeli's passion for literary history displayed itself at a very early period of life, and in his latest years it never deserted him. We therefore have his "Quarrels of Authors," in three volumes, his "Calamities of Authors," in two volumes, and his "Illustrations of the Literary Character," in one volume. The father of Mr. Disraeli being engaged in trade, the celebrated person whose death we now record naturally supposed, on his return from the continent, that his friends would expect him to engage in commercial pursuits; but, greatly to his satisfaction, they exonerated him from any such obligation, and, being placed in a position of pecuniary independence, he was free to indulge the tastes and exercise the talents which have enabled him to build up a reputation that will not speedily be forgotten. His twelve volumes, illustrative of the literary character, constitute in themselves a goodly collection, and yet they are understood to have been only chapters in the great work which it was said he was always preparing in the manner of Bayle. Of that well-known writer Mr. Disraeli was a warm admirer, and he certainly resembled him, not only in his curious and varied reading, but in many other respects. To the early numbers of the "Quarterly Review" Mr. Disraeli was a contributor. His review of "Spence's Anecdotes," in 1820, and a vindication both of the moral and poetical character of Pope, produced the famous Pope controversy, in which Mr. Bowles, Lord Byron, and others took part. But it was not in the criticism of English poetry—for the higher departments of which he seemed to have had no especial vocation—that Mr. Disraeli became most eminent; it was rather as a man of great historical research, and most especially as a writer who completely understood the feelings and idiosyncrasy of literary men. He was the first author who commenced research on an extensive scale amongst the manuscripts of the British Museum, and it must be acknowledged that his writings diffused a taste for historical inquiry and criticism beyond the limited sphere of mere literary men. Although this kind of investigation has been of late years carried to a very great extent, yet he who gave the example should be remembered with thanks and applause; and, notwithstanding that by some of his successors it may have been pursued in a profounder spirit, yet its results never have been rendered more popular than in the writings of Mr. Disraeli. Whatever may have been his attainments in other departments of literature, there can be no doubt that in British history he was very learned, and most especially so as regarded the time of the elder Stuarts. Of this the best evidence may be found in his inquiry into the life of James I., which takes a very different view of the character of that monarch from those in vogue thirty years ago. In the year 1828 his attention was diverted from his history of English literature—which he was always meditating—by the strong desire that he felt to publish his views respecting the all important age of Charles I. These, comprised in five volumes, he gave to the world at intervals in the course of seven years, under the title of "Commentaries on the Life and Reign of Charles I." It was in consequence of the success of this great historical effort that the University of Oxford conferred upon him the honorary degree of D. C. L., as a testimony of their respect—to use the language of their public orator—*optimi regis optimo idefensori*.

After the completion of his commentaries he returned with renewed zest to his literary history, and relying on his strong constitution, united with habits of unbroken study, he was sanguine enough, at the age of threescore and ten, to entertain a hope of completing this undertaking, which he had laid down on a scale of six volumes; but he was stricken with blindness in the year 1839, and, although he submitted to an operation of couching, he could obtain no relief from a calamity most grievous to an historical author. Nevertheless, he soon took heart, and with the aid of his daughter, whose services he has eloquently referred to in his preface, he gave the world some notices of the earlier period of our literary history, under the title of the "Amenities of Literature." It unfortunately happened that in the progress of this work he did not arrive at that period of our history in which lay Mr. Disraeli's great strength—the life of Pope. It has been pretty generally understood that he long intended to write a life of Pope, his times, and his contemporaries. The lovers of literary history have no slight cause to regret that that undertaking has not been accomplished. There is every reason to believe that he had made great collections for that favourite subject: and, if his sight had been spared, he would probably have appeared before the world as an octogenarian author. Unfortunately, even if (like Milton) he drew more on his imagination than on the resources of his library, he still could not have carried on the work of composition to any great extent; for it is said that he had never used an amanuensis till he lost his sight; and then, probably from want of practice, dictating the expression of his thoughts became laborious and even painful. Yet, at intervals, he contrived to complete the revision of his work on the reign of Charles I., as well as to improve and greatly amend it. The death of Mr. Disraeli took place at his country seat, Bradenham-house, in Buckinghamshire; and it may most truly be said, that few lives extending to upwards of 80 years have been passed with less vicissitude. It has been said of him, that "he seized a book in his cradle;" and it may be added, that he deposited one on his tomb. Early in life he obtained considerable reputation, which he continued to sustain and increase for more than sixty years, without violent effort, without quackery, and without the adventitious aid of social connexion. Besides the publications already referred to, and others which we have perhaps omitted to notice, Mr. Disraeli was the author, in his youth, of several works of fiction, some of which, published anonymously, obtained considerable reputation. Among these the more remarkable was "Mejnoun and Leila"—the earliest Oriental story in our literature which was composed with any reference to the propriety of costume. The author was in this production much assisted by Sir W. Ouseley, who first drew his attention to the riches of Persian poetry. The Rabelaisian romance of "Flim Flams," and the novel of "Vaurien," written in all the lurid blaze of French conventions and corresponding societies, have both, we believe with authority, been attributed to him. He died a widower, having lost his wife, to whom he had been united for more than forty years, in the spring of 1847. He has left one daughter and three sons, the eldest of whom is the member for Buckinghamshire.—*Times*.

Bornese Spiders.

THE spiders, so disgusting in appearance in many other countries, are here of quite a different nature, and are the most beautiful of the insect tribe. They have a skin of a shell-like texture, furnished with curious processes, in some long, in others short, in some few, in others numerous; but are found of this description only in thick woods and shaded places; their colours are of every hue, brilliant and metallic as the feathers of the humming bird, but are, unlike the bright colours of the beetle, totally dependent on the life of the insect which they beautify; so that it is impossible to preserve them.—*Low's Sarawak*.

Middle Class of Sarawak.

THE nakodahs of Sarawak are now men of wealth, and traders on a large scale, some of the boats recently built being as large as 100 tons. They sail annually to Singapore, carry sago and the other productions of the coast, which they exchange for European goods, Javanese cloths, and brass-work, and the coarse basins and earthenware manufactured in China, and brought down by the junks. Until within very recent times none of these people would have been known to possess money sufficient to build a boat, knowing that it would assuredly have been taken from them. Their improved condition is also seen in the appearance of their houses, which three years since were built on nibong posts and of atap leaves; but, finding that the European influence is likely to be permanent (which at first they feared might not be the case), all the better classes have within the abovenamed period raised houses on posts of balean, and with wooden sides, which would be considered palaces in the capital city of Bruni.—*Ibid.*

High Life in Borneo.

It is difficult to conceive how the women of the upper class pass their time confined in the harems of the great: the apartments allotted to them are small and dark, and each wife or concubine has a number of slaves of her own, with whom the other wives do not interfere; their cookery, and all their proceedings, appear to be carried on entirely independent of each other. The indolent enervated persons who now form the principal part of the nobles of Bruni and Sambas confine themselves to the apartments of the women during the whole of the day; what little business they transact being done about ten or eleven at night, which is to them what the day is to other people. They are fond of playing at chess; and those of them who are industrious, as were several of the murdered pangerans, employed themselves in the manufacture of krises, and the carving and polishing of their beautiful sheaths and handles: in this work they excelled all their subjects. The education of the existing nobles of Bruni has been much neglected; and the greater part of the young nobles, with the Sultan at their head, can neither read nor write. Of such a state of things the middle classes of Sarawak would, as has been already observed, be ashamed.—*Ibid.*

Carker Overtaken by Dombey.

ALL this time the people on the stairs were ringing at the bell, and knocking with their hands and feet. He was not a coward; but these sounds; what had gone before; the strangeness of the place, which had confused him, even in his return from the hall; the frustration of his schemes (for, strange to say, he would have been much bolder, if they had succeeded); the unseasonable time, the recollection of having no one near to whom he could appeal for any friendly office; above all, the sudden sense, which made even his heart beat like lead, that the man whose confidence he had outraged, and whom he had so treacherously deceived, was there to recognise and challenge him with his mask plucked off his face; struck a panic through him. He tried the door in which the veil was shut, but couldn't force it. He opened one of the windows, and looked down through the lattice of the blind, into the court-yard; but it was a high leap, and the stones were pitiless. The ringing and knocking still continuing—his panic too—he went back to the door in the bedchamber, and with some new efforts, each more stubborn than the last, wrenched it open. Seeing the little staircase not far off, and feeling the night-air coming up, he stole back for his hat and coat, made the door as secure after him as he could, crept down lamp in hand, extinguished it on seeing the street, and having put it in a corner, went out where the stars were shining.—*Dombey and Son.*

Children's Toys.

HE who has never dedicated an entire holiday to play in it the part of wandering Telemachus with a child for his Mentor, tracking, with docile feet, at the caprice of his guide, a labyrinthine career from street to street, and from shop to shop—defraying, as well as he can, a wilderness of miscellaneous estimates from an inexhaustible half-sovereign—distending with a museum of purchase all the pockets of his garments, from which protrude the mouths of tin trumpets, and the snouts of barking dogs, and the tails of elastic frogs, and the extremities of Noah's ark, as the horns of a goat have been seen to decorate the jaws of a gorged boa constrictor;—steering so freighted deviously homewards, with the consciousness that his identity has been long ago engulfed in his resemblance to a carrier's waggon—surrendering gradually the cargo to the rapine of a little nation of “young barbarians all at play,” and, ultimately losing all recollection of everything in the whirlwind of shouts of admiration and screams of envy—he who has never done all this, and never felt the keenest interest while he was doing it, has failed to study so as to decipher a pregnant page in the diaries of life and character. We cannot unriddle even our axioms to him. Out of the toys comes the passion, the reflection, the action which signify the child to be so infinitely above the beasts that perish; out of the child comes the man who may sway empires. These holidays of children, so full always of animation, yet such constant repetitions one of another, are they not like the pyramids of the Nile? Centuries make no change on them. But who has quite dug out the meaning which they keep embalmed?—*North British Review.*

The “National Defence Epidemic.”

THERE is one reflection consequent on this movement respecting the means and material of war. We are entered on the thirty-third year of European peace. During that long period, we have expended four to five hundred millions sterling on the means of warfare. The opportunity of teaching peace and pacific opinions to all our neighbours has been open, and has been neglected. In that neglect the present movement and the future danger, whatever that may be, have their origin. One per cent. or one-half per cent. of the war outlay expended in teaching peace, would, ere now, have rendered war impossible amongst European nations. Mr. Cobden argues, that, in making progress with Free-trade opinions, he and his friends have been raising a barrier against war. They undoubtedly have rendered war more difficult; but the barrier is principally on one side. When they teach European nations to adopt our present principles of trade, they will interpose an obstacle to war that even the most sanguinary will respect. Those who teach the propriety of peace, and the impropriety or wickedness of war, are in a similar position. They cannot secure peace by promulgating their opinions in one nation alone. Commerce can prosper only by consent of two or more parties. Peace can exist and be maintained only by a similar concurrence. One state may destroy trade or kindle war, but one state alone can neither increase commercial, nor maintain pacific, relations. —*Tait's Magazine.*

End of the Reign of George II.

SUCH was the state of the people and the country at this period, that we cannot be sorry to get out of their company, though it is not without some regret that we bid farewell for a time to our history. In the course of this work we have rowed in the same galley with Cæsar, stood up to our ankles in sea-water with

Canute, run after the Mussulman's daughter with Gilbert à Beckett, wielded a battle-axe with Richard on the field of Bosworth, smoked a pipe and eaten a potato with Sir Walter Raleigh, danced with Sir Christopher Hatton on Clerkenwell-green, and sailed round the bay that bears his name with honest Bill Baffin; all these advantages have we enjoyed in imagination, that *beau idéal* of a railway, with nothing to pay and no fear of accidents.—*Comic History of England.*

A Falling off at Paris.

As to the restaurants, cafés, and rôtisseurs, the falling off was lamentable. The Café de Virginie, in the Rue de la Paix, formerly so crowded between nine and twelve, and five and seven, with English, was deserted and abandoned by them; and you might find the *Galignani* newspaper, generally so much in request, for eleven hours out of the twelve unoccupied and unbespoken. So it was in a lesser degree, at the Café Anglaise on the Boulevards. The matutinal cutlet, steaks, and kidneys, *au vin de Compagne*, were no longer called for in such quantity; and one stout gentleman, known to the waiters by the name of Nuits—for he always drank a bottle of that particular Burgundy wine for breakfast, and who was called by the cook, in his way somewhat of a classicist, alternately Nox and Erebus—and who had been an *habitué* of the house since the days when the Vicomte St. Cricq, in 1830, played his pranks of beginning dinner there with a basin of skim milk,—was also (saddest tale of all!) found missing after what the Parisians call *la saison des eaux*. In wine alone this wealthy man used to spend at least 3,000 francs, or 120*l.*, a year at the Café Anglaise; and though few of his countrymen knew him, it has since transpired that he was a retired civil servant who lost the greatest part of a large fortune by the failure of two Indian houses. Poor fellow! he his now doomed to the obscurity of an English provincial town, and forced to drink Bass's beer instead of Beaume, and Charrington's XX. instead of Chateau Margaux.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

The Cup of Patience.

PATIENCE is the strongest of strong drinks—for it kills the giant Despair. And sweet it is to think there is no beggar so beggared who may not entertain his cup-bearer. Beautiful Hebes—dove-eyed, and clothed in woven light;—who unseen, minister to the widow and fatherless; who fill the strengthening cup for stumbling want; who glide through prison-bars, and, solacing the patriot with the draught, and hopeful music even in the clanking of his chains! Delicious drink! And there have been men, who, thinking so, have got so drunk upon patience, that the sweet intoxication has endured for their lives. Unlike the vinous drunkard, the knocks and bumps they suffer in the tipping they never feel. Therefore, doubly beautiful is the cup of patience, for there is no remorseful morrow at the bottom.—*Douglas Jerrold's Shilling Magazine.*

A Scene in Chambers.

WAS there ever such a sight! There stood a greasy gridiron, side by side with at least a dozen dirty, stale tobacco pipes. Here was a grubby tin saucepan, with a blacking bottle inside it. In one corner was a pile of dirty plates and dishes, and just over them, I should say, a pound of kitchen candles. In another corner was a trumpery Bachelor's Comfort, indeed! guaranteed to boil a

quart of water with a bundle of firewood, in less than five minutes. And on the shelf, just above it, stood a tin "Multum in Parvo," which was warranted to cook a steak, do an egg, steam potatoes, or boil water for shaving, with a spoonful or two of any spirits, British Brandy excepted. On the top shelf, all among the black lead and Bath brick stood three unwashed tea cups, and the knives and forks; whilst at the bottom there were, I should say, about half a peck of coals, and about a dozen potatoes, but they were so grimy, that really it required a practised eye to tell, at first sight, whether the potatoes were really kidneys or the best lord mayors.—*Whom to Marry and How to get Married.*

National Prejudices.

FROM the moment in which the exercise of certain expressions of good-will is exclusively directed to the body, the class, or nation to which we belong, and is denied to others—from the moment in which the fact that a fellow-man speaks a different language, or lives under a different government, constitutes him an object of contempt, abhorrence, or misdoings—from that moment it is maleficent. A toast, for example, in America has been given, 'Our country, right or wrong!' which is in itself a proclamation of maleficence, and if brought into operation might lead to crimes and follies in the widest conceivable field—to plunder, murder, and all the consequences of unjust wars. Not less blameworthy was the declaration of a prime minister of this country, 'That England—nothing but England—formed any portion of his care or concern.' An enlarged philanthropy indeed might have given to both expressions a Deontological meaning, since the true interests of nations, as the true interests of individuals are equally those of prudence and benevolence, but the phrases were employed solely to justify wrong; if that wrong were to be perpetrated by the land or government which we call our own. Suppose a man were to give as a toast, in serious earnest, 'Myself, right or wrong!' Yet, the above assumptions of false patriotism, both in America and England, are founded on no better principle.—*Bentham.*

LITTLE FOOLS AND GREAT ONES.—BY C. MACKAY.

When at the social board you sit
 And pass around the wine,
 Remember though abuse is vile,
 That use may be divine;
 That Heav'n in kindness gave the grape
 To cheer both great and small;—
 That little fools will drink too much,
 But great ones not at all.

And when in youth's too fleeting hours
 You roam the earth alone,
 And have not sought some loving heart
 That you may make your own,
 Remember woman's priceless worth,
 And think when pleasures pall,
 That little fools will love too much,
 And great ones not at all.

And if a friend deceived you once
 Absolve poor human kind,—
 Nor rail against your fellow-men,
 With malice in your mind ;
 But in your daily intercourse,
 Remember, lest you fall,
 That little fools confide too much,
 And great ones not at all.

In work or pleasure, love or drink,
 Your rule be still the same—
 Your work not toil, your pleasures pure,
 Your love a steady flame ;
 Your drink not mad'ning, but to cheer,
 So shall your bliss not pall,
 For little fools enjoy too much,
 But great ones not at all.—

From the Musical Treasury.

Mrs. Fry's Views of Quakerism.

I HAVE also some doubts whether our peculiar views in many little things much in the cross to young people, do not, in measure, turn them from religion itself; on the other hand, I see in others how imperceptibly the standard lowers when these minor scruples are given up. I am persuaded, in the education of youth there are two sides to the question. I have no doubt whatever of the utility of these things when adopted from conviction; my doubts are, how far they should be pressed through education. I see, feel, and know, that where these scruples are adopted from principle, they bring a blessing with them; but when they are adopted from only out of conformity to the views of others, I have very serious doubts whether they are not a stumbling-block. And again—I cannot deny that much as I love the principle, earnestly as I desire to uphold it, bitter experience has proved to me that Friends do rest too much on externals, and that valuable—indeed, jewels of the first water, as are many amongst them, yet there are also serious evils, in our society and amongst its members. I am certainly a thorough Friend, and have inexpressible unity with the principle, but I also see room for great improvement amongst us; may it take place. I want less love of money, less judging others, less tattling, less dependence upon external appearance. I am of opinion that parents are apt to exercise too much authority upon the subject of marriage, and that there would be really more happy unions if young persons were left more to their own feelings and discretion. Marriage is too much treated like a business concern, and love, that essential ingredient, too little respected in it.—*Memoirs of Elizabeth Fry.*

D'Aubigne's Impressions of London.

ON approaching the capital (on the Dover Railway) my wondering eyes looked down from the carriage into innumerable narrow streets of small houses, all of uniform and mean appearance, blackened with coal-dust and shrouded by a smoky atmosphere. Such is the gloomy avenue which leads to the delightful parks of the metropolis, its superb squares, magnificent bazaars, and rich palaces. What crowds in the streets,—what bustle, what hurry? These carriages, public and private, almost as numerous as the foot-passengers; that dazzling display of every production of British industry and of the most distant lands; those forests of ships, motionless in their immense docks; the steam-boats, which, like a weaver's shuttle, incessantly ply up and down the Thames with inconceivable rapidity, taking up and setting down at every pier a fresh cargo of breathless passengers;—everything you behold tells you that you are now in the capital of the commercial world. If the German feeds upon the ideal, the practical is the characteristic of Great Britain; I say Britain, because most of what I say of England is applicable to Scotland also. Reality, action, business, bear sway in the politics, the industry, the commerce, and, I will even say, in the religion, of the English; yet this practical tendency which characterises England is not selfish, as might have been expected. The large scale on which the people work gives a certain scope and grandeur to the imagination. The habit which the English have of forming into parties, and of looking constantly at themselves as a nation, is opposed to a narrow selfishness; and a more elevated sentiment struggles with this vice in a large portion of the people. Perhaps one of the things that strikes a stranger most on his arrival in London is, not the nobility, but the common people: their strength, their energy, their quickness, their skill, their civility, and, above all, their calmness and silence during their unceasing activity. They are all alive to what they are about, and they are clever at it: you can see this in the carriages, the ships, and specially the railroads. The skill with which an English coachman drives you through the streets of London, among thousands of vehicles, without ever jostling you, is inconceivable.

The Potentates and the Peasant.

WHEN the allied army were in possession of Paris, it was no unusual thing for the Emperors of Russia and Austria, and the King of Prussia, to walk out *incog*. In one of these rambles, they were accosted by a countryman, of rather superior address, who asked them to point out the way to the Tuilleries, to which the reply was that they were going that way, and should be glad of his company. The familiar tone of the Emperor Alexander soon brought out the stranger to converse, who, after some time, asked to whom he had the pleasure of talking, and the answer was, "I am the Emperor of Russia." This seeming to stagger his belief, he asked another. "And pray who are you, sir?" "I am the Emperor of Austria." Another, "And you, sir?" "I am the King of Prussia." This seeming the climax of absurdity, he burst out into a loud laugh, and was going away, when the Emperor of Russia begged he would tell him who he was. "Oh," said he, "I am the Emperor of China!" and then walked quickly away, evidently under the impression that he was "not to be done."—*Courrier de l'Europe*.

Dr. Johnson's Opinion of a Congé d'Élire.

"PERHAPS," said a gentleman, talking to Dr. Johnson on Church preferments, "after all, a *congé d'élire* has not the force of a positive command, but implies only a strong recommendation." "Very true, Sir," says Johnson, "but such a strong recommendation as if I should throw you out of a three pair of stairs' window, and recommend you to fall softly to the ground."

Mr. John Walter and the "Times" Newspaper.

MR. JOHN WALTER, the member for Nottingham, inherits his late father's difficulty. It matters not whether he is, or is not, responsible for the management of the newspaper; the political world, and the public in general, give him credit for it, and that is enough. Mr. Walter has, perhaps, already experienced a foretaste of the petty annoyance to which he is likely to be subjected. He has sat but a few weeks in Parliament, and already has he been assailed by vulgar partisans, who have charged him with what they conceive to be the offences of the *Times*. This more coarse shape of the difficulty will, doubtless, present itself in multiplying forms as Mr. Walter's public life progresses. Such attacks he could afford to despise. But not so easily disposed of is that silent, intangible, voiceless opinion prevalent in the house, which cannot be reasoned with, or extirpated, except by the most unequivocal denial. The dilemma resolves into this—that, when Mr. Walter's public course coincides with that of the newspaper, he will get but little credit for it; while, should he take an independent course, diverging ever so little from the line of the great public oracle, public opinion will more readily accuse him of rashness than want of forethought. Private, personal influence may be exercised to an unbounded extent by a gentleman so situated; but public influence and position are rendered less easy of attainment. Another drawback arises out of the same difficulty. *Omne ignotum pro magnifico*. Much of the peculiar power of the *Times* arose from the mystery which shrouded its management. It is scarcely possible for any individual, however great his powers, to embody the popular conception of the talent and sagacity required for the management of the *Times*. We do not say that Mr. Walter is not the man to break down this obstructive prejudice; quite the reverse. But we do say, that it will be for him a work of very great difficulty. The error of the late Mr. Walter was, his resolute determination to sit in Parliament. Even had he possessed great talents for speaking, he would still have stood at a disadvantage. Newspaper warfare allows of many manœuvres which could not, with the same propriety, be practised where the parties are face to face in a public assembly. The late Mr. Walter had on this score, a host of embittered enemies to combat. What made his difficulties greater was, that he had not mastered the art of commanding the attention of the House of Commons. His speeches, when read, were, like many of his writings, excellent. But his feeble and unemphatic delivery prevented their producing their due effect upon the house. There was a dramatic interest in the election of Mr. John Walter for Nottingham. His father had once, after a severe struggle, been elected for that immense constituency. He was deprived of his seat by means which did no honour to the House of Commons. The son then again contested Nottingham in 1843, but without success, and the idea that any member of the family would represent that place was given up as beyond probability. At length came the last general election. Mr. Walter was on his death-bed. At such a time it was, that one of those fine national instincts,

which it was the peculiar glory of Mr. Walter throughout his life to have fostered, urged into spontaneous activity the artisan thousands of Nottingham. It was a burst of gratitude which ought for ever to be put to the credit side in the national account with Chartism. "What!" said the honest, toil-worn men of Nottingham, "here is our old friend dying—he who has sacrificed so much for us, who has destroyed the accursed Poor-law, and fought our battle when we had no other friends. Shall we not do something to smoothe his passage from existence? Shall he die, and our debt remain unpaid?" Mr. John Walter was the first person in London to hear of his own nomination. Two or three days after he was the first to hear, to his utter astonishment, of his own election, and, to crown all, this act of becoming gratitude and retributive justice was accomplished on the very day of his father's death.—*Fraser's Magazine*.

"THE DIARY OF A PHYSICIAN was," says the author of it, "offered by me successively to the conductors of three leading magazines in London, but rejected 'as unsuitable for their pages,' and 'not likely to interest the public.' In despair, I bethought myself of the great northern magazine. I remember taking my packet to Mr. Cadell's, in the Strand, with a bad suspicion that I should never see or hear anything more of it; but at the close of the month I received a letter from Mr. Blackwood, informing me that he had inserted the chapter, and begging me to make arrangements for immediately proceeding regularly with the series. It expressed his cordial approval of the first chapter, and predicted that I was likely to produce a series of papers well suited for his magazine, and calculated to interest the public."

Chinese Agremens.

PUNCH is all in his glory, native and to the customs born, though his birth-place, like that of Homer, may be a subject of controversy. Yet I am afraid that to China belongs the glory of having produced Pun-tse,—that is, the son of an inch, from whence it seems he found his way into Italy under the name of Policinello, but resumed his old appellation on his further travels.

As soon as the effects of the war were over and the trades began to recollect, Punches in numbers flocked in, and were great favourites among the sailors. Gong and triangle answered the purposes of drum and pan-pipes. The twang of the voice, "roity toity," was the same that I have often heard on Ascot Heath; Judy, mad with the same harsh usage from her loving lord; Toby too was there: but the Devil introducing a huge green dragon to devour him, bones and all, was the only innovation of importance.

Immediately under a highly-painted scene of a battle stands a fellow with inflated cheeks, trying to out-sound a gong which he is beating with all his might; under the picture are small holes for ocular demonstrations of the mysteries within; and the bended form of some juveniles shows that all his wind and noise is not expended for nothing,—which may mean, "Look a little further, and you will see the discomfiture of the Barbarian Eye, by the son of Heaven's General, his Excellency How-now, Master-General of Ceremonies, Director of the Gabel, and Tamer of the Sons of the Western Ocean." * * *

In addition to the shops, the frequented streets and populous villages are supplied with travelling trades of every kind; besides the tea-gardens and squares are filled with astrologers, necromancers, fortune-tellers, peep-shows, jugglers, Punch, dentists, quacks—in short, all the drags on the purse to be found in other countries. The most useful of these is the walking restaurateur. His apparatus is of the most compact order, all lightly balanced on his back with one hand, while with the other he teazes a fire, and goes from place

to place carrying his various prepared dishes, until his progress be arrested by some hungry traveller. His whole apparatus, which may be six feet high by nine feet long, is almost entirely made of bamboo. Besides the one in which he walks, there are two perpendicular divisions: on the top of that before him are the basins, plates, &c., then the supply of wood, below which is the fire-place and the kitchen, consisting of an iron pan, covered over by a wooden tub, and let into light plaster-work upon the fire; thus he boils, stews, or fries, according to the taste of the customer: in the other division are the meats, vegetables, &c.; besides a quantity of gaudy china-ware, containing the dried herbs, peppers, &c., required. For a very trifling sum, the labourer can here procure a hearty meal without leaving his work, as the restaurateur hovers about all places where most needed. * * *

The dentist no sooner pitches his tent on arriving than he unfolds to the admiring crowd a huge scroll, on which, at the left side, are set forth his home, place of birth, &c.; the rest of the scroll speaks of his fame and skill in cleaning, curing, and extracting teeth, and knowledge of the mouth in general: if this fail to obtain a customer, he opens box after box, producing hundreds of human teeth, on which he lectures; declaring each large and more decayed tooth to have belonged to a prince, duke, or high mandarin, who honoured him with his patronage and saved himself from the most terrific tortures. Should a bystander at last be attracted and offer his mouth for inspection, the instruments are produced, and if extraction be required it is done with much expertness; he shows the instrument to the crowd, describes its use and power, and, as an illustration of it, draws the tooth, while the sufferer imagines he is merely going to show how he would do it; if cleaning is required, he exhibits his instruments one by one, and using each, keeps up a chant and lecture alternately. After the operation is performed, he recommends his powders; I tried several, and detected a strong mixture of camphor in all. Thus he continues; until, having remained a short space without a customer, he packs up and moves to another convenient spot. * * *

In a quiet little nook, perfectly apart from the noise of the street or garden sits under a tree or awning the chess-player; he either teaches the art or offers to play, and has much custom in both. The principles of the game are much the same as with us, though the board differs materially, and men are in shape like draughtsmen, bearing the characters indicating the rank of the pieces, thus—Ma, a horse, answers to a knight, and Ping, a soldier, to a pawn, &c. * * *

But the most novel travelling trade that I met with was that of the circulating librarian, with a box filled with little pamphlets of dramas, tales, and romances. He goes the circuit of the town, and leaves, brings away, or exchanges his books, as the case may be, bringing information and tittle-tattle home to every man's door. His trade is not a bad one, as his stock costs very little and is in some demand.—*Lieutenant Forbes's China and Labuan.*

A Chicken Stew.

SHUT up the door of the henroost, and throw in lighted fireworks. It is soon accomplished.—*TO ROAST A PIKE.*—Go to the toll-house on Waterloo-bridge, and chaff the toll-keeper respecting that valuable property. You can dish him at the same time, by riding through behind a coach.—*A Bowl of Punch.*

Fossil Conundrum.

WHY is the *Ornithorhyncus paradoxus* (See *Penny Cyclopædia*, Vol. 17, for you will never understand what it is without) like a tailor? Because it is a beast with a bill (which everybody will understand at once).—*Man in the Moon.*

Newton's Discovery.

It has been noticed as a very unaccountable circumstance, that Newton never made any important addition to scientific discovery after he had completed his forty-fifth year; though he lived to be eighty-four, and had therefore got beyond the period at which the poet's apostrophe, "*O Vir be-eighty*," might have been addressed to him. He was exceedingly fond of tobacco, and it is believed that he felt more at home in his astronomical reflections when he could envelope himself in a cloud of his own blowing. The old saying, that "There is no smoke without fire," received an apt confirmation from the fact that Newton was scarcely ever without a pipe in his mouth during the most brilliant and blazing period of his genius.—*Comic History of England*.

Gaunt House.

ALL the world knows that Lord Steyne's town palace stands in Gaunt-square. Peering over the railings, and through the black trees into the garden of the square, you see a few miserable governesses with wan-faced pupils wandering round and round it, and round the dreary grass-plot, in the centre of which rises the statue of Lord Gaunt, who fought at Minden, in a three-tailed wig, and otherwise habited like a Roman Emperor. Gaunt House occupies nearly a side of the square. The remaining three sides are composed of mansions that have passed away into dowagerism—tall, dark houses, with window-frames of stone, or picked out of a lighter red. Little light seems to be behind those lean, comfortless casements now; and hospitality to have passed away from those doors as much as the laced lacqueys and link boys of old times, who used to put out their torches in the blank iron extinguishers that still flank the lamps over the steps. Brass plates have penetrated into the square—Doctors, the Diddlesex Bank Western Branch—the English and European Re-union, &c.—it has a dreary look—nor is my Lord Steyne's palace less dreary. All I have ever seen of it is the vast wall in front, with the rustic columns at the great gate, through which an old porter peers sometimes with a fat and gloomy red face—and over the wall the garret and bed-room windows and the chimneys, out of which there seldom comes any smoke now. For the present Lord Steyne lives at Naples, preferring the view of the Bay and Capri and Vesuvius to the dreary aspect of the wall in Gaunt-square.—*Vanity Fair*.

Consumption.

SIR JAMES CLARK, physician to the Queen, enumerates, as the exciting causes of consumption, "long confinement in close ill-ventilated rooms, whether nurseries, school-rooms, or manufactories;" he also says, "if an infant, born in perfect health, and of the healthiest parents, be kept in close rooms, in which free ventilation and cleanliness are neglected, a few months will often suffice to induce tuberculous cachexia"—the beginning of a consumption. Persons engaged in confined close rooms or workshops, are the chief sufferers from consumption: thus, of the 233 tailors who died in one district in London, in 1839, 123 died of diseases of the lungs, of whom ninety-two died of consumption. Of fifty-two milliners, dying in the same year, thirty-three died from diseases of the lungs, of whom twenty-eight died from the consumption. Dr. Guy reports, that in a close printers' room, he found seventeen men at work, of whom three had spitting of blood, two had affections of the lungs, and five had constant and severe colds. After reading these sad facts, who can deny that the chief cause of consumption is the respiration of bad air?—*Ventilation*—*Illustrated Monthly Times*, Feby. 7.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS..

Rowland Bradshaw, his Struggles and Adventures on the way to Fane. By the author of Raby Rattler.

The review and extracts of this work, given in the *Athenæum*, give us such a poor idea of its merits, and are so commonplace and vulgar, as to be unsuitable to our pages.—*Editor P. M.*

Antwerp.

“A Journal kept there, including also notices of Brussels and of the Monastery of St. Bernard, near Westmalle.” This book, says the *Athenæum*, is a book for the lounge in distress, if it is a book for any body; it has no higher object, and can serve no more serious purpose. The incidental touches in the book have sometimes a pleasant sentiment about them—which induces us occasionally to a community of feeling with the writer, who appears to have been about six weeks at Antwerp, including a trip of a day or two to the Trappist Monastery of St. Bernard, and a run to Brussels, which even when eked out by a reminiscence of a visit in former years to the field of Waterloo, are but meagre materials for a book. They promise little either of novelty or of interest for the readers’ entertainment; especially as the author has not attempted to write a guide book, minute in description of Churches, Pictures and Libraries, nor ventured to be profound on history, politics or statistics. Neither we may venture to add, has he much to impart in the way of acute criticism upon the treasures of art with which the city of Rubens abounds.—*Abridged by the Editor P. M.*

Sketches of Popular Tumults; illustrative of the Effects of Social Ignorance.

THIS is an interesting and able little work, forming one of the series called *Knight’s Monthly Volume*, whence its interest is not perhaps precisely in the sense indicated in the title, since the tumults described are not of the kind to be especially referred to popular ignorance as their motive cause,—at least they have no greater claim to be so referred than war, violence and social offences, have in general. If as being striking episodes which line the by-ways of History, and are rarely noticed by ordinary historians, that their narration here claims a value. The little volume, however, is written with care, and on sound principles. The most interesting chapter is that on the movements of the Lazzaroni: also the notice of Calabria, a part of Italy least known to us Westerns, will be read with interest just now, in consequence of the events that are there summoning the attention of Europe. On the whole this book is a worthy addition to the series to which it belongs.—*Ibid.*

The Doctor, Vol. VII.

THIS is the last volume of the last selections from Dr. Southey's "*commonplace books*," prepared for his miscellany which the holders of the manuscript think it advisable to publish. The world of scholars has long since known how wide was the range of reading commanded by the deceased poet and historian; the fact almost amounting to a marvel when taken conjointly with the amount of his labours and productions. But on looking over these seven volumes, we apprehend that the vast diversity of Southey's studies as in them set forth, will strike the general reader more forcibly than the most pompous or emphatic announcement of the fact in obituary paragraphs or eulogy.—*Ibid.*

Chronicles of the Charter House, by a Carthusian.

THIS original, or Monastic Establishment, is of great antiquity, founded by Sir Walter Manny for friars of the Carthusian order, in 1370, under the title of "The House of Salutation of the Mother of God." This order of monks found no favour in England—of nine houses, this one only rose to any celebrity. Towards the end of the 15th century the Charter-house was honoured by being the temporary residence of Sir Thomas More, who gave himself to devotion and prayer, living religiously there without vow, about four years.

In 1534, its revenue was £1,100 or 1,200 a year, a sum equal to 9,000 of present money, which excited the cupidity of King Henry, who treated the brethren with very harsh and cruel measures. The Prior Houghton was hung at Tyburn, on a vain charge of treason. The Convent was now soon broken up, and the buildings dilapidated. The site was afterwards given to Mr. Speaker, Sir Thomas Audeley, and then became the property of Lord North, who built some of the older parts, still remaining.

Here, in 1558, Queen Elizabeth on her first arrival lodged for some days. Subsequently it was purchased by the Duke of Norfolk, who built many parts, among others the "Governor's Room;" he resided here till his committal to the Tower. The estates, though forfeited, were given to his second son, the Earl of Suffolk.

During James' accession he also paid a visit here "and to do abundant honour to his host he knighted more than 80 gentlemen."

The Charter-house now again changed hands and was purchased by Thomas Sutton for £13,000. This charitable person died on the 12th of December 1611. This is still annually kept up as the "*Founder's day*;" having executed a Will, at the suggestion of Bishop Hall, "Founding a Hospital for aged men, &c.: School for certain number of youths, whose parents had not sufficient means to instruct them." The Will was litigated; and it is amusing to see how anxious King James was to obtain the Lion's share, but melancholy to find Bacon volunteering in one of his usual servile letters, to aid the monarch in his rapacious endeavours. However the Charter-house was secured in its privileges by paying £10,000 towards repairing Berwick Bridge. Some of the original rules are amusing; Scholars sent to the Universities received £16 a year; and apprentices were to receive the like sum towards their setting out, "whereof 4 marks shall

be to apparel the apprentice, and 20 marks to his master." The physician is to have a yearly fee of £20 and "not to exceed the same sum of a year of physic bills." Similar rules for poor gentlemen, soldiers, and Royal servants; and the school masters and ushers "are to be careful and discreet."

The details of Charter-house are minute and must prove interesting to Carthusians, though we cannot follow the author in thinking that "this work of charity hath exceeded any foundation that ever was in the Christian World;" or, "that the eye of time did never see the like," which propositions are well enough as toasts on Founder's day.—*Ibid.*

History of the Ancient Britons from the Earliest Period to the Invasion of the Saxons. Compiled from the Original Authorities. By the REV. J. A. GILES, D. C. L. Bell.

THE histories of the ancient Britons hitherto produced, have been indigested, and fragmentary, rather than critical and complete—written for the most part either as contributions to the annals of the Christian Church, or to round off more elaborate works on subsequent periods into so-called Histories of England. Nor probably is there extant a sufficient, ample and accurate body of material out of which to reconstruct the social system—the laws, usages, the arts and domestic institutions, the religion and government of the aboriginal inhabitants of this island; the knowledge of which could alone give a modern significance and value to the history of their political revolutions. Possibly too we have the means of knowing as much concerning them as it is of any great importance to be acquainted with. The records of semi-barbarian nations are of a general uniformity of character, the history of one such is the type and key of the ordinary phenomena manifested in all. In certain stages of their development, nations, like individual men, only vary in as much as peculiar and local circumstances may determine some slight deviation from the normal condition produced by the operation of the natural laws:—and with all our predilection for the myths and traditions of our native land, it is not easy to discover what interest or instruction they could afford to a people highly advanced in the path of civilization.

Very few of the original elements have remained vital in our political laws and social institutions, or entered largely and actively into the composition of the national character.—*Ibid.*

Notes of a Residence in Rome, in '46. By a Protestant Clergyman.

WE have been struck with the candid and enlightened spirit in which Mr. Vicary has discussed so much at large the various ceremonies of the Catholic religion. He writes as a Protestant, but without bitterness. Few if any expressions escape him which could give reasonable ground of offence to any member of the Catholic community. His manner is that of one who feels that the time is come when differing Churches should learn to live in peace, and deal tenderly with the errors of one another. This feature

of the book before us we mention as its highest praise. But it abounds, besides with vivid and eloquent pictures of the festivals and processions of the Church, drawn with perfect freedom, and yet without the alloy of rancorous hostility. Even the disapprobation which a Protestant may feel is rather implied than expressed. On the whole, we are inclined to think, that this volume contains the most copious, interesting and unobjectionable description of Ecclesiastical Rome that has yet been produced. The book harmonizes well with the new tone of thought and feeling awakened in — and towards—Rome.—*Ibid.*

Political History of WILLIAM III.—[*Histoire Politique de Guillaume III.*] By M. FERDINAND GOLDSCHMIDT. Paris. Blondeau.

THE consideration of the phenomenon attendant on the rapid and decisive developement of English political life in the seventeenth century has many attractions for the French student and statesman of the present time. In those momentous events, they see the counterpart of the political and constitutional phases through which their country is now passing ; and in the history of these it is natural for them to seek for those elements of wisdom and of warning which it must necessarily involve. Hence, some of the greatest of modern French writers—Guizot, Villemain, Carrel, &c. have been led to the investigation of this period : whether they have succeeded in comprehending the ideas as well as the facts of the epoch is another question—the discussion of which would lead us too far away from our present purpose to be here entered into. Their reproductions of history have certainly a foreign appearance to the native student. In passing through the Alembic of French genius, character and incidents are alike changed. The dramatic points are seized on and forced into unnatural proportions. Every thing is calculated for effect. The aim is to produce a series of striking scenes. The art of the romance writer is applied to history ; and the materials of the work are selected accordingly. Whatever would interrupt the unity of the action is carefully eliminated ; common places are magnified ; and all thoughts and words are co-ordinated to the end in view. The result is books which have all the rapidity and intensity of the drama—exciting in perusal, but flimsy, incomplete, and calculated rather to mislead the judgment than to afford it any solid and permanent nourishment. History is not a romance according to the Parisian interpretation, nor can it be properly treated by the dramatic or any kindred method.

The author of 'The Political History of William III.' inherits all the literary vices of his age and country. For this there is in his case an excuse, which, though not admissible in the court of criticism in justification of the offence, may be fairly urged in mitigation of the penalty—he is very young, and he has time to repent. The melo-dramatic dominates throughout. After advertising the reader that the aim of his book is purely scientific—to spread the simple and unadorned truth—he opens his narrative thus :—"Chapter 1st, Dethronement of a King. It was the 23d of December 1688. London had learned the shameful flight of James II.,—of that pious monarch who, according to his contem-

poraries had sacrificed three kingdoms for a mass. The great question which, after these memorable events, occupied the minds of men, was the election of a provisional government," and so forth. We are introduced at once into the midst of the action, in the very crisis of his hero's fate. The story is carried forward in a successive series of scenes—such as are common in recent French historians, and familiar to the English reader in Carlyle's 'History of the French Revolution:'—a momentary lull in the action affording the writer an opportunity of glancing backward at the previous efforts in his hero's career. The author's age, we believe, is about twenty—a fact which would have been ample warrant to his friends for preventing his rushing into print. As we said his performance is a series of melo-dramatic scenes arbitrarily connected,—not a history: and we notice it less for what it is than for what it promises.—*Ibid.*

The Curate of Wildmere, 3 Vols.

EVIDENTLY the work of a young writer. The personages are of the commonest-place kind:—A doating father, a spoiled and wayward beauty, a meek dependent, and a silly lord—who so that he is insured of a good dinner and a comfortable doze after it every day, willingly surrenders the reins of domestic government to a parsimonious but consequential wife and three daughters. The characters of these, according to the peculiar science of natural history promulgated by novelists—are assigned to three distinct genera, the saint, the gad and the flirt. Then, there are the young, handsome and melancholy curate, with his mysterious sorrows—a source of considerable interest to the female portion of the *dramatis personæ*, but of excessive weariness to the reader; a handsome libertine, under the name of Captain Gordon; a deserted mistress breathing revenge; and other personages answering to the ordinary types. There is neither novelty in their conception, nor skill in their grouping. The diction is poor—the thought meagre—the sentiment puerile. Altogether the book is an indifferent book, and can interest no one but the inveterate novel reader.—*Athenæum.*

Harden Hall; or the Three Proposals. A Novel edited by the Hon'ble F. B.— 3 Vols. Smith, Elder and Co.

WHETHER editor or author, for the titles are somewhat confused, and whether an honourable or more humble incognito, the producer of this novel appears to be well acquainted with the circles he describes. The story relates to the most un auspicious debut of a beautiful and accomplished young lady into London fashionable life, goes through its varying scenes, mounts a creation of infamous intrigue, and finally deals out poetical justice with a severe moral hand, which even involves the innocent and worthy in the evil consequences caused by the heartless villainy and folly into contact with which they have been brought. The details of balls, fetes, amusements, and occupations of the fashionable world are given *con amore*; and we are taught that outward splendour may be poisoned by the

consciousness of impending ruin, that much of pain and suffering often taints seeming pleasure and gaiety, that cared anxieties beset the most apparently favoured and happy revellers in the world's gratifications, and that, in short, all is not gold that glitters, but losses, disappointments, crushed hopes, and heavy griefs, the common lot of all, and not less the lot of those who move in elevated society. The leading characters are drawn with considerable force and skill; witness Mr. and Lady Julia Read, Howell, Lord Sandford, &c., &c., and the bad and good, the vicious and virtuous, are well contrasted. On the whole Harden Hall is a very readable novel, and helps to begin the publishing season for such performances with a fair enough promise.—*Literary Gazette*.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

	£.	s.	d.
<i>Autobiography</i> of Rose Allen,
<i>Australia</i> —Journal of an Overland Expedition. By Dr. Leichhardt,	0 16 0
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II.—BIOGRAPHY.

The Lives of the Lord Chancellors and Keepers of the Great Seal of England, from the Earliest Times till the Reign of King George IV. By JOHN, LORD CAMPBELL. Third Series. Vols. VI. and VII.

[Second Notice.]

THE public are better acquainted with Lord Erskine than with Lord Loughborough. The former possessed those qualities that not only command the admiration but engage the affection of mankind; the force of his talents and character was not all exhausted in working out his own advancement. He rose by no selfish or vulgar arts, but by the exercise of the noblest of gifts upon the worthiest of objects—the defence of menaced liberty, the protection of innocence against the aggressions of power. Then, he was genial in private as he was great in public; social, cordial, humane, carrying the tenderesses to the verge of extravagance,—not without great weaknesses, but these springing from no ungenerous source, leading to no dishonourable practice. His early character was motley—sailor, soldier, pamphleteer, and almost a parson—before he adopted the profession of which he rapidly became the brightest ornament. If the life of Wedderburn has more entertained us, it is not because the author has executed the memoir of Erskine with less ability, but because the former subject contained more with which we were not familiar. The picture of Erskine is done admirably; but we pass over both his forensic glories and his parliamentary failures to follow him, with Lord Campbell, into the recesses of private life. Erskine was, our readers will remember, as great a patron of birds and beasts as Waterton,—and even reptiles were not beyond the pale of his favour. He was a gardener, too; but Lord Campbell seems to think there was some affectation in his devotion to horticulture,—that he only took up the spade when he expected to be surprised digging.—

“The garden was under the care of a Scotch gardener, who once coming to complain to him, as of a grievance to be remedied, that the ~~the~~ brought had burnt up all the vegetables and was killing the shrubs, he said to him, ‘Well, John, all that I can do for you is, to order the hay to be cut down to-morrow morning; and if that does not bring rain, nothing will.’—He encouraged the jokes of others when even a little at his expense. Boasting of his fine flock of Southdowns, he joined in the laugh when Colman exclaimed, ‘I perceive your Lordship has still an eye to the Woolsack.’”

The following homage to a monkey is an amusing story:—

“Soon after his resignation, he was invited to a *fête* at Oatlands, where the Duchess of York had upon the lawn a number of rare animals, and, among others, a remarkable black monkey with a long white hairy mantle flowing gracefully over his head and shoulders. Erskine was late in appearing; but, at last, while the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, and other royal personages, were standing in a group near the entrance to the court-yard, he arrived in a very mean-looking one-horse chaise. He immediately alighted; but, instead of paying his duty to the ‘Royalties’, before him, he suddenly stepped up to the monkey; and, taking off his hat in a very dignified manner, and making three *congéés*, he addressed the animal in these words amidst the hearty laugh of all present, ‘Sir, I sincerely wish you joy.—*You wear your wig for life!*’”

His fondness for animals showed itself in the frequency of his illustrations borrowed from natural history. As for instance, in this odd defence of sinecures :—

“ Thus he boldly censures the abolition of ancient sinecure offices :—‘ To say they are useless because they have no useful duties, may be a false conclusion. A critic of this description might reason in the same manner with nature, and accuse her of the most senseless profusion for dressing out a cock pheasant and a peacock quite differently from a jackdaw or a crow. How unmercifully those poor birds would be plucked ! Not a feather would be left in their *sinecure* tails.’ ”

He preserved the vigor and freshness of his feelings to the close of his career. So late as the autumn of 1822 he published a pamphlet in support of the Greek cause. Here is the note with which he presented a copy to Lady Morgan, and her account of him, as he appeared to her some years before.—

“ ‘ Dear Lady Morgan,—A long time ago, in one of your works (all of which I have read with great satisfaction), I remember you expressed your approbation of my style of writing, with a wish that I would lose no occasion of rendering it useful. I wish I could agree with your ladyship in your kind and partial opinion ; but as there never was an occasion in which it can be more useful to excite popular feeling than in the cause of the Greeks, I send your Ladyship a copy of the second edition, published a few days ago.—With regard and esteem, &c. E.’ ”

‘ No. 13, Arabella Row, Pimlico, London, October 11, 1822.’

“ Lady Morgan, when first introduced to him a good many years before, wrote this account of him to a friend : ‘ I was a little disappointed to find that Erskine spoke like other persons,—was a thin, middle-aged gentleman, and wore a brown wig ; but he was always delightful, always amusing, frequently incoherent ; and, I thought, sometimes affectedly wild, at least paradoxical.’ Now she wrote with great candour and kindness of heart : ‘ The pamphlet for the Greeks is worth citing as a testimony to prove that years do not make age, and that freshness of feeling and youthful ardour in a great cause may survive the corporeal decay which time never spares, even to protracted sensibility.’ ”

Erskine’s success in society, although his wit was of an inferior order, would have been much greater had he been less egotistic. He was as fond of talking of himself as old Montaigne ; and the “ I ” that is not offensive in an essay is often extremely disagreeable in social converse.

“ This propensity of Erskine drew down upon him much satire—without being at all repressed. A newspaper apologised for breaking off a speech of his at a public dinner in the middle because their stock of I’s was quite exhausted. Caricatures of him were published under the name of ‘ Counsellor Ego,’—and when he was to be raised to the peerage it was proposed that he should take the title of ‘ Baron Ego, of Eye, in the country of Suffolk.’ ”

But “ all impartial persons,” says Lord Campbell, “ allowed that, however excessive Erskine’s egotism might be, it was accompanied with much *bon-homme* and entirely free from arrogance or presumption. The women were severest on this fault of his ; he talked a great deal too much for Madame D’Arblay and Hannah More, the latter of whom” (observes the author slyly) “ was silenced, I suppose, when she wished to enlarge upon *her own writings and her own good deeds* ! ”

The most remarkable thing in the life of Erskine was his parliamentary ill success ; which, however, brought out into stronger relief the lustre of his

triumphs at the bar. He thus, at a late period of his life, accounted in the House of Lords for the inferiority of his senatorial to his forensic efforts.—

“ I despair altogether of making any impression by anything I can say—a feeling which disqualifies me from speaking as I ought. I have been accustomed during the greatest part of my life to be animated by the hope, and expectation that I might not be speaking in vain,—without which there can be no spirit in discourse. I have often heard it said, and I believe it to be true, that even the most eloquent man living (how then must I be disabled ?), and however deeply impressed with his subject, could scarcely find utterance if he were to be standing up alone and speaking only against a dead wall.”

But Sheridan was nearer to the mark when he said many years before—
“ I’ll tell you how it happens, Erskine ; you *are* afraid of Pitt, and that is the *flabby part of your character* !”

It is now nearly three years since we noticed the very entertaining, but rather too diffuse, *Life of Eldon* by Mr. Horace Twiss. The pictures of men who played so remarkable and influential a part on the stage of politics as John Scott did, should always be drawn by more painters than one. In either a Conservative or a Liberal portrait of Eldon errors of colouring or of delineation are naturally to be expected ; but between artists of the two great schools the public has a fair chance of arriving at a tolerably correct estimate of a character still the subject of much conflicting criticism, political and moral. There is, of course, a broad difference of view, as to the *morale* of Lord Eldon’s public life, between his present and his original biographer. Lord Campbell is a judge, not an advocate in the present case. He is not straining his eyes for apologies and favourable constructions—neither glossing nor disposed to gloss over questionable passages. He is inclined to scrutiny, not to panegyric ; dealing most respectfully with his subject, but very far indeed from feeling any enthusiasm, or even profound veneration, for it. Mr. Twiss, belonging to a school of which Eldon was an idol, had a tendency to genuflexion which did not at all surprise us. To compare his work with Lord Campbell’s, we should say that Mr. Twiss was more disposed to over-praise than Lord Campbell is to under-estimate. The admirers of John Scott have more reason to be pleased with the book before us than his political-opponents had to approve of the *Life* by Mr. Twiss. Lord Campbell has seen through and exposed the hollow parts of the character of Eldon—those parts which he was wont himself to mask with endless professions of conscience, loyalty and duty. He has not been deceived by that lip-service to humanity and religion of which no man was ever more profuse,—but he does not shut his eyes to what there was solid and worthy. He does not pronounce “all barren.” It is but justice to allow that he has faithfully redeemed his engagement to the reader,—“while I trust that I shall not deal only with his merits with a niggardly hand, dread of the imputation of party bias, nor deter me from pointing out his defects or censuring his misconduct.”

Intellectually, Lord Eldon was certainly very eminent in two ways :—he was great in law and great in political intrigue. He was not one of the Chancellors who made their way to the “marble chair” without legal knowledge or reputation. He studied his profession with an industry said to have been “gigantic,”—rose before day,—was equally abstemious in food and sleep,—and toiled at Coke upon Littleton with his brows diademed with wet towels. He

brought to the study of the law a head admirably constructed to receive and hoard it :

"Before he had ever pleaded a cause, he was fit to preside on the bench ; and there he would have given more satisfaction than most other members of the profession who could boast of their 'lucubrationes viginti annorum.' It must be remembered always that he had by nature an admirable head for law, and that he seemed almost by an intuitive glance to penetrate into its most obscure mysteries."

But to make room for law he turned out all other learning: discarded the little classical lore which he had acquired at Newcastle and Oxford,—took no interest in the literature of the day, or limited his roving in that flowery field to the pages of the Rambler. And after all, it was only in the municipal law that he earned the fame of a great lawyer. Even in the domain of jurisprudence his understanding took only a very narrow range.—

"Although endued with wonderful acuteness and subtlety of intellect, with a retentive memory, a logical understanding, and power of unwearied application, he was utterly devoid of imagination, and of all taste for what is elegant or refined. His acquirements, even as a jurist, were very limited. He was most familiarly acquainted with every nook of the municipal law of this realm, but all beyond was to him *terra incognita*. Could he have combined with his own stores of professional learning, his brother Lord Stowell's profound knowledge of the Civil and Canon Law, of the Law of Nations, and of the Codes of the Continental States, he would have been the most accomplished judge who ever sat on any British tribunal. But while he was reading Coke upon Littleton over and over again, and becoming thoroughly versed in all the doctrines laid down by Chief Justices and Chancellors in Westminster Hall, we are not told that he ever dipped into the Code, the Pandects, or the Institutes of Justinian ; or that he found any pleasure in Puffendorf or Grotius, or that he ever formed the slightest acquaintance with D'Aguesseau or Pothier. Nor, in any of his arguments at the bar, or judgments from the bench, does he, as far as I am aware, ever refer to the Civil Law, or any foreign writer, as authority, or by way of illustration. Considering that our system of Equity is essentially derived from the Civil Law, when any doubtful question in it arises, we rejoice to see it traced to its source. Sir William Grant—'sanctus anus recludero fontes'—by this practice gives force and beauty to his judgments—which in travelling through the dreary tomes of Vesey, we now and then encounter with delight, like oases in the desert."

To a man thus deficient in the sources of pleasure which flow from general intellectual cultivation, to be out of office was to be miserable,—even without the additional pangs of diminished emolument and power, Lord Eldon accordingly made a wretched Ex-Chancellor.—

"I could have wished to relate that our Ex-Chancellor now eagerly resumed his classical studies, and tried to discover what had been going on during the last thirty years in the literary world ; but he spent his time in poring over the newspapers and gossiping with attorneys—in whose society he ever took great delight. The form of the Ex-Chancellor was then often seen to haunt the Inns of Court, the scenes of his departed glory : and often would he drop in to the chambers of his old friends ; and in the enjoyment of his pleasing conversation, make others as idle as himself. He says that he now again read over 'Coke upon Littleton ;' but he certainly did nothing more, while he remained out of office, to enlarge his mind or to improve his taste. He found no pleasure in leisure, even for a little month, and he was more and more eager for his return to office."

Once, indeed, he amazed the Bar by stating that he had read the *Paradise Lost* during a long vocation. Lord Campbell tells a story of a famous Chancery pleader who, having said that he read all the new novels, and being asked

how he found time, answered—"I soon find out all *the charging parts*"—wherein lies the virtue of a bill in Chancery. The Bar was strongly of opinion that Lord Eldon only read *the charging parts* in Milton.

The author analyzes in a masterly style the judicial character of Lord Eldon, —about which there has been so much controversy amongst legal critics. The following leaves an unquestionable stigma on his memory.—

"He did not think, like one of his successors, that the Chancellor alone was able, with proper vigour, to do all the business of the Court, but often truly declared that its judicial strength was wholly insufficient. Yet he took no adequate measures to remedy the deficiency. Although aware of all the facts proved before the Commission appointed in 1824, which showed that all the procedure in a cause,—from the filing of the Bill to the execution of the decree,—was calculated to occasion delay and expense,—he never even attempted to supply a remedy, either by his own authority or by Act of Parliament. It is a curious fact that, having held the Great Seal longer than any Chancellor since the foundation of the monarchy, he left the Court exactly as he found it, and that the 'New Orders,' framed on the suggestion of the Chancery Commissioners, were not published till the accession of Lord Lyndhurst. The only bills he ever brought into Parliament, or cordially supported, were for suspending the Habeas Corpus—putting down public meetings—rendering persons convicted a second time for a political libel subject to transportation beyond the seas,—and extending the laws against high treason."

Many were the squibs in prose and verse of which the Fabius of Chancellors was the subject. To one by Sir George Rose a happy retort was made by Lord Eldon.—

"My most valued and witty friend, Sir George Rose, when at the bar, having the note-book of the regular reporter of Lord Eldon's decisions put into his hand with a request that he would take a note for him of any decision which should be given, entered in it the following lines as a full record of all that was material which had occurred during the day :

Mr. Leach
Made a speech,
Angry, peat, but wrong :
Mr. Hart.
On the other part,
Was heavy, dull, and long :
Mr. Parker
Made the case darker,
Which was dark enough without :
Mr. Cooke
Cited his book,
And the Chancellor said—"I DOUBT."

This *jeu d'esprit*, flying about Westminster Hall, reached the Chancellor, who was very much amused with it, notwithstanding the allusion to his doubting propensity. Soon after, Mr. Rose having to argue before him a very untenable proposition, he gave his opinion very gravely, and with infinite grace and felicity thus concluded :—
"For these reasons the judgment must be against your clients ; and here, Mr. Rose, the Chancellor, DOES NOT DOUBT."

Having estimated all his defects, Lord Campbell does not hesitate to place Eldon as a judge above all the judges of his time. To a natural genius for law he added profound learning, particularly in the law of real property. In the absence of political intrigue his soul was in his profession. His temper was only too good ; and when he did pronounce a decree he was sure to be in the

right. His judgments (of which only two were ever reversed) never wronged a suitor or perverted a principle. "I begin to think," said Romilly, after the creation of the Vice-Chancellor's Court, "that the tardy justice of the Chancellor is better than the swift injustice of his deputy." We have seen that he had no literary tastes to seduce him from his professional duties. He never went to theatres. Unlike his brother, Lord Stowell, he cared nothing for sights and exhibitions, never visited dioramas or panoramas, giants or dwarfs, Indian chiefs or mermaids. His only private enjoyments (exclusive of the conjugal and parental) were the society of his dog Pincher, "frighening partridges for a few weeks in autumn," eating liver and bacon, and drinking port wine. We prefer quoting the author's account of those interesting traits of a great Chancellor to giving extracts from his most celebrated judgments.—

"He retained his early taste for homely fare. Sir John Leach, aiming at high fashion, having engaged a French cook of great celebrity, invited the Lord Chancellor to dine with him, and begged that he would name any 'plat' of which he was particularly fond. The reply was, 'Liver and bacon.' Sir John was highly incensed, thinking that this was a premeditated insult on him and his article; but was much soothed, though still a little shocked to be accessory to such vulgarity, when told that this same 'plat' had been provided for the Lord Chancellor by the Prince Regent at Brighton :

"So there he sat stuck, like a horse in a pound,
While the bacon and liver went merrily round."

Lord Eldon disliked French wines almost as much as French principles; and abjuring such thin potations as claret and champagne, he stuck to *Port*, preferring a growth remarkably rough and strong, which he called 'Newcastle Port.' Of this he drank very copiously; but he cannot be considered as intemperate, for his liquor never disturbed his understanding, or impaired his health, or interfered with the discharge of any of his duties. Among the Persians he would have almost received divine honours. Lord Sidmouth related that he once talked to Lord Stowell, his father-in-law, about the practice of himself and the future Lord Chancellor at an early period of their lives dining together on the first day of term at one of the coffee-houses near the Temple :— "You drank some wine together, I dare say!" "Yes." "Two bottles?" "More." "What! three bottles?" "More." "What! four bottles?" "More,—do not ask any more questions."

In another place Lord Campbell tells us that "for sixty years Lord Eldon drank as much port as would disable any two ordinary men for intellectual occupation;" and adds, that "it only stimulated him to see abstruse legal distinctions with more acuteness and accuracy."

One of the Judicial virtues which the author mentions with not more praise than it deserves was "his unsullied purity on the bench." Upon one occasion, when a Welch woman attempted to corrupt him with a goose, Lord Eldon maintained his integrity unspotted. It is curious to speculate whether a bribe of "liver and bacon" might not have shaken his virtue.

There never was such a proficient in cant as he was. The cant of loyalty, the cant of duty, or the cant of the Constitution and Protestantism was for ever on his lips. Though the most miserable of beings when in retirement, he yet returns to office only to serve others—accepts the Great Seal purely out of a sense of duty. Here is a letter to his brother-in-law, written on the day that he entered upon his second Chancellorship.—

"The occurrence of again taking the Great Seal, Harry, gives me but one sentiment of comfort,—that it is possible I may be of use to others. The death of my friend

Mr. Pitt, the loss of my poor dear John, the anguish of mind in which I have been, and ever must be, when that loss occurs to me,—these have extinguished all ambition and almost every wish of every kind in my breast. *I had become inured to, and fond of, retirement.* My mind had been busied in the contemplation of my best interests,—those which are connected with nothing here. To me, therefore, the change is no joy: I write that from my heart. But I cannot disobey my old and gracious Master struggling for the established religion of my country; and I hope all good men will join in our efforts, and pray for the peace of Jerusalem. But all good men must join in his support, ~~and~~ and our establishments will fall together. I am to receive the Great Seal to-morrow. Whether party will allow me to keep it a fortnight, I know not. On my own account I care not."

Well may Lord Campbell indignantly remark,—

"While excluded from office, he had been the most discontented, and restless, and turbulent, and impatient of his whole party. I do not presume to criticise his feelings, or blame his activity, while in opposition, although I may wish that he had discovered more creditable subjects for his intrigues than the 'Delicate Investigation,' and the 'Danger to the Church;' but when, by good luck and skilful conduct, he had gained the object so near his heart, it is too bad that in writing to his bosom friends—having nothing to gain by dissimulation—he should pretend that he considered his resumption of the Woolsack as a grievous calamity, to which he never would have submitted had it not been for the promise extorted from him by George III. at the time he was raised to the office of Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, and the peremptory manner in which that promise was enforced."

His political attachments even to royalty were, however, of a pliability the most commodious,—always seconding, never thwarting, his advancement. He transferred his duty with marvellous alacrity from the old King to the young Prince; and no conscientious scruple prevented him from cutting the Princess when the object he had at heart was the favor of the Regent. What was his conduct at the period when, the recovery of George the Third being hopeless, the eyes of all expectants of place and power were fixed upon his virtual successor to the throne of England? In the annals of littleness there is nothing smaller than the part acted by Lord Eldon.—

"Lord Eldon, with his usual sagacity, at once saw that the way to win his affections was by taking part against his wife. It was not very easy for the authors of 'the Book' to do so; but soon after Lord Eldon and Mr. Perceval were in the situation of Chancellor and Prime Minister to the Regent, they refused to dine with the Princess at Blackheath,—they cut off all correspondence with her,—and they bought up at large prices the few copies of 'the Book' which had got into circulation."

When annoyed by the enquiries set on foot by Mr. Michael Angelo Taylor, here is one of his dignified consolations:

"However, he was greatly comforted by having the honour, at the prorogation, of entertaining at dinner his Royal Highness the Regent; with whom he was now a special favourite, and who, enjoying the splendid hospitality and gay good humour of Bedford Square, forgot that the Princess of Wales had sat in the same room—at the same table—on the same chair—had drunk of the same wine—out of the same cup,—while the conversation had turned on her barbarous usage from her husband, and the best means of publishing to the world *her* wrongs and *his* misconduct."

Lord Campbell discountenances the current stories of Eldon's passion for money and unwillingness to part with it.—

"In truth, there was no foundation either for the one charge or the other, beyond the advice he once jocularly gave to a gentleman at the Bar, who, being appointed a

Master in Chancery, consulted him as to whether he should resign the valuable appointment of counsel to Queen Anne's Bounty. 'I should advise you to do no such thing : the true rule, I fancy, is to get what you can, and keep what you have.' In his own practice, he never did anything unfairly to increase his profits, and he gave away money with great liberality. Like all men in eminent station, he had many more demands upon him for pecuniary assistance than it was possible for any fortune to supply. 'I have received letters from strangers,' said he, 'asking relief on every imaginable ground. One man from a prison candidly stated that he had behaved so excessively ill that nobody who knew him, and none of his relations would assist him ; and therefore he hoped that I would.' But he did not refuse assistance to those who had peculiar claims upon him, and he would be generous without any solicitation."

But it is true that he neglected dinner-giving,—and, with all his reverence for the Great Seal, would carry it to a court in a hackney-coach. We think Lord Campbell is too lenient with John Scott on the dinner question. But we cannot longer protract this notice—though the subject is one that suggests and might excuse "delay." Honestly and fearlessly, with sound judgment and good feeling, has Lord Campbell executed this most arduous part of his extensive undertaking. His work, and particularly this concluding part of it, is an excellent specimen of the judicial faculties, exercised in the field of literature. The summing up of evidence upon the case of a long and complicated life, embracing so many interesting details, legal, political, and social—capable of being viewed in so many ways, and raising such a variety of questions—is a no less difficult task than that which the bench has to perform when the advocates upon both sides have sat down leaving a great cause to the adjudication of the court. It is no less praiseworthy in the biographer than in the judge to pronounce an impartial decree :—and we think the public will be of opinion that Lord Campbell has fully entitled himself to this as well as to other commendations.—*Athenæum*, Dec. 25.

Sketch of Robespierre from Lamartine's Girondists.

STILL deeper in the shade, and behind the chief of the National Assembly, a man almost unknown began to move, agitated by uneasy thoughts which seemed to forbid him to be silent and unmoved ; he spoke on all occasions, and attacked all speakers indifferently, including Mirabeau himself. Driven from the tribune, he ascended it next day : overwhelmed with sarcasm, coughed down, disowned by all parties, lost amongst the eloquent champions who fixed public attention, he was incessantly beaten, but never dispirited. It might have been said, that an inward and prophetic genius revealed to him the vanity of all talent, and the omnipotence of a firm will and unwearied patience, and that an inward voice said to him, "These men who despise thee are thine : all the changes of this Revolution which now will not deign to look upon thee, will eventually terminate in thee, for thou hast placed thyself in the way like the inevitable excess, in which all impulse ends."

This man was Robespierre.

There are abysses that we dare not sound, and characters we desire not to fathom, for fear of finding in them too great darkness ; too much horror ; but history which has the unflinching eye of time must not be chilled by these terrors ; she must understand while she undertakes to recount. Maximilian Robespierre was born at Arras, of a poor family,

honest and respectable; his father, who died in Germany, was of English origin. This may explain the shade of puritanism in his character. The bishop of Arras had defrayed the cost of his education. Young Maximilian had distinguished himself on leaving college by a studious life and austere manners. Literature and the Bar shared his time. The philosophy of Jean Jacques Rousseau had made a profound impression on his understanding; the philosophy falling on an active imagination, had not remained a dead letter; it had become in him a leading principle, a faith, a fanaticism. In the strong mind of a sectarian, all conviction becomes a thing apart. Robespierre was the Luther of politics: and in obscurity he brooded over the confused thoughts of renovation of the social world, and the religious world, as a dream which unavailingly beset his youth, when the Revolution came to offer him what destiny always offers to those who watch her progress—opportunity. He seized on it. He was named deputy of the third estate in the States General. Alone perhaps among all those men who opened at Versailles the first scene of this vast drama, he foresaw the termination; like the soul whose seat in the human frame philosophers have not discovered, the thought of an entire people sometimes concentrates itself in the individual the least known in the great mass. We should not despise any, for the finger of destiny marks in the soul, and not upon the brow. Robespierre had nothing: neither birth, nor genius, nor exterior which should point him out to men's notice. There was nothing conspicuous about him; his limited talent had only shewn at the bar or in provincial academies; a few verbal harangues filled with a tame and almost rustic philosophy; some bits of cold and affected poetry had vainly displayed his name in the insignificance of the literary productions of the day: he was more than unknown, he was mediocre and contemned. His features presented nothing which could attract attention, when gazing round in a large assembly; there was no sign in visible characters of his power which was all within; he was the last word of the Revolution, but no one could read him.

Robespierre's figure was small, his limbs feeble and angular, his step irresolute, his attitudes affected, the gestures destitute of harmony or grace; his voice rather shrill, aimed at oratorical inflections, but only produced fatigue and monotony; his forehead was good, but small and extremely projecting above the temples, as if the massed and embarrassed movement of his thoughts had enlarged it by their efforts; his eyes much covered by their lids, and very sharp at the extremities, were deeply buried in the cavities of their orbits; they gave out a soft blue hue, but it was vague and unfixed like a steel reflector on which a light glances; his nose straight and small, was very wide at the nostrils, which were high and too expanded; his mouth was large, his lips thin and pointed, his complexion yellow and livid like that of an invalid, or a man worn out by vigils and meditations. The habitual expression of his visage was that of superficial serenity on a serious mind, and a smile wavering betwixt sarcasm and condescension. There was softness, but of a sinister character. The prevailing characteristic of this countenance was the prodigious and continual tension of brow, eyes, mouth, and all the facial muscles; in regard-

ing him it was perceptible that the whole of his features, like the labour of his mind, converged incessantly on a single point with such power that there was a waste of will in his temperament, and he appeared to foresee all he desired to accomplish, as though he had already the reality before his eyes.

Such then was the man destined to absorb in himself all those men, and make them his victims after he had used them as his instruments.

He was of no party but of all parties which in their turn served his ideal of the Revolution. In this his power consisted, for parties paused, but he never did. He placed this ideal as an end to be reached in every revolutionary movement, and advanced towards it with those who sought to attain it; then, this goal reached, he placed it still further off, and again marched forward with other men, continually advancing without ever deviating, ever pausing, ever retreating. The Revolution decimated in its progress, must inevitably one day or other arrive at a last stage, and he desired it should end in himself. He was the entire incorporation of the Revolution,—principles, thoughts, impulses. Thus incorporating himself wholly with it, he compelled it one day to incorporate itself in him—that day was a distant one.

Robespierre, who had often struggled against Mirabeau with Dupont, the Lameths, and Barnave, began to separate himself from them as soon as they appeared to predominate in the assembly. He formed with Pétion and some others of small note, a band of opposition, radically democratic, who encouraged the Jacobins without, and menaced Barnave and the Lameths whenever they ventured to pause. Pétion and Robespierre in the assembly, Brissot and Danton at the Jacobin club, formed the nucleus of the new party which was destined to accelerate the movement, and speedily to convert it into convulsions and catastrophes.

Pétion was a popular La Fayette: popularity was his aim, and he acquired it earlier than Robespierre. A barrister without talent but upright, he had imbibed no more of philosophy than the social contract; young, good-looking and a patriot, he was destined to become one of those complaisant idols of whom the people make what they please except a man; his credit in the streets and amongst the Jacobins gave him a certain amount of authority in the assembly, where he was listened to as the significant echo of the will out of doors. Robespierre affected to respect him.

* * * * *

The growing hatred of Robespierre and Brissot became daily more deadly. The sittings of the Jacobins and the newspapers were the continual theatre of the struggles and reconciliations of these men. Equal in strength in the nation—equal in talent in the tribune—it was evident that they were afraid of each other in their attacks. They affected mutual respect, even when most offensive; but this repressed animosity only corroded their hearts more deeply, and it burst forth occasionally beneath the politeness of their language, like death beneath the glance of steel.

All these fermentations of division, rivalry and hatred, boiled over in the April sittings. They were like a general review of two great parties who were about to destroy the empire in disputing their own ascendancy, the Feuillants, or moderate constitutionalists, were the victims that each of

the two popular parties mutually immolated to the suspicion and rage of the parties. Rœderer, a moderate Jacobin, was accused of having dined with the Feuillants, friends of La Fayette. "I do not only inculpate Rœderer," exclaimed Tallien, "I denounce Condorcet and Brissot. Let us drive from our society the ambitious and the Cromwellites."

"The moment for unmasking traitors will soon arrive," said Robespierre in his turn. "I do not desire to unmask them to-day. The blow when struck must be decisive: I wish that all France heard me now. I wish that the culpable chief of these factions, La Fayette, were here with all his army; I would say to his soldiers, whilst I presented my breast,—Strike! That moment would be the last of La Fayette and the *intrigants*," (this name has been invented by Robespierre for the Girondists.) Fauchet excused himself for having said that Guadet, Vergniaud, Gensonné, and Brissot might be advantageously for the country, placed at the head of the government. The Girondists were accused of dreaming of a *protector*, the Jacobins, a *tribune* of the people.

At last, Brissot rose to reply, "I am here to defend myself," he said. "What are my crimes? I am said to have made seven ministers. I keep up a connection with La Fayette. I desire to make a protector of him. Certainly great power is thus assigned to me by those who think that from my fourth story I have dictated laws to the Chateau of the Tuilleries. But if it even were true that I had made ministers, how long has it been a crime to have confided the interests of the people to the hands of the people? This minister is about, it is said, to distribute all his favours to the Jacobins! Ah! would to heaven that all places were filled by Jacobins!"

At these words, Camille Desmoulin, Brissot's enemy, concealed in the chamber, bowing towards his neighbour, said aloud with a sneering laugh, "What a cunning rogue! Cicero and Demosthenes never uttered more eloquent insinuations." Cries of angry feelings burst from the ranks of Brissot's friends, who clamoured for Camille Desmoulin's expulsion. A censor of the chamber declared that the remarks of the pamphleteer were disgraceful, and order was restored. Brissot proceeded. "Denunciation is the weapon of the people: I do not complain of this. Do you know who are its bitterest enemies? Those who prostitute denunciation. Yes; but where are the proofs? I treat with the deepest contempt him who denounces, but does not prove. How long have a protector and a protectorate been talked of? Do you know why? It is to accustom the ear to the name of tribuneship and tribune. They do not see that a tribuneship can never exist. Who would dare to dethrone the constitutional king? Who would dare to place the crown on his head? Who can imagine that the race of Brutus is extinct? And if there were no Brutus, where is the man who has ten times the ability of Cromwell? Do you believe that Cromwell himself would have succeeded in a revolution like ours? There were for him two easy roads for usurpation, which are to-day closed—ignorance and fanaticism. You think you see a Cromwell in a La Fayette. You neither know La Fayette nor your times. Cromwell had character—La Fayette has none. A man does not become a protector without boldness

and decision ; and when he has both, this society comprises a crowd of friends of liberty, who would rather perish than support him. I first make the oath that either equality shall reign, or I will die contending against protectors and tribunes. Tribunes ! they are the worst enemies of the people. They flatter to enchain it. They spread suspicions of virtue, which will not debase itself. Remember who were Aristides and Phocion,—they did not always sit in the tribune.”

Brissot as he darted this sarcasm looked towards Robespierre, for whom he meant it ; Robespierre turned pale and raised his head suddenly. “They did not always sit in the tribune,” continued Brissot ; they were at their posts in the camp, or at the tribunals (a sneering laugh came from the Girondist benches, accusing Robespierre of abandoning his post at the moment of danger.) “They did not disdain any charge, however humble it might be, when it was assigned them by the people : they spoke seldom ; they did not flatter demagogues ; they never denounced without proofs. The calumniators did not spare Phocion. He was the victim of an adulator of the people ! Ah ! this reminds me of the horrible calumny uttered against Candorcet ! Who are you who dare to slander this great man ? What have you done ? What are your labours, your writings ? Can you quote as he can, so many assaults during three years by himself with Voltaire and D’Ahembert against the throne, superstition, prejudices, and the aristocracy ? Where would you be, where this tribune, were it not for these gentlemen ? They are your masters ; and you insult those who gain you the voices of the people. You assail Condorcet, as though his life had not been a series of sacrifices ! A philosopher, he became a politician, academician, he became a newspaper writer ; a courtier, he became one of the people, noble, he became a jacobin ! Beware ! you are following the concealed impulses of the court. Ah, I will not imitate my adversaries, I would not repeat those rumours which assert they are paid by the civil list.” (There was a report that Robespierre had been gained over to oppose the war. “I shall not say a word of a secret committee which they frequent, and in which are concerted the means of influencing this society ; but I will say that they follow in the track of the promoters of civil war. I will say, that without meaning it, they do more harm to the patriots than the court. And at what moment do they throw division amongst us ? At the moment when we have a foreign war, and when an intestine war threatens us. Let us put an end to these disputes, and let us go to the order of the day, leaving our contempt for odious and injurious denunciation.”

At this Robespierre and Guadet, equally provoked, wished to enter the tribune. “It is forty-eight hours,” said Guadet, “that the desire of justifying myself has weighed upon my heart ; it is only a few minutes that this want has affected Robespierre. I request to be heard.” Leave was granted, and he briefly exculpated himself. “Be especially on your guard,” he said, as he concluded and pointed to Robespierre “against empirical orators, who have incessantly in their mouths the words of liberty, tyranny, conspiracy,—always mixing up their own praises with the deceit they impose upon the people. Do justice to such men !”

"Order!" cried Freron, Robespierre's friend; "this is insult and sarcasm." The tribune resounded with applause and hooting. The chamber itself was divided into two camps, separated by a wide space. Harsh names were exchanged; threatening gesticulations used, and hats were raised and shaken about on the tops of canes. "I am called a wretch (*scelerat*)," continued Guadet, "and yet I am allowed to denounce a man who invariably thrusts his personal pride in advance of the public welfare. A man who incessantly talking of patriotism abandons the post to which he was called! Yes, I denounce to you a man, who either from ambition or misfortune, has become the idol of the people"! Here the tumult reached its height, and drowned the voice of Guadet.

Robespierre himself requested silence for his enemy. "Well," added Guadet alarmed or softened by Robespierre's feigned generosity, "I denounce to you a man who, from love of the liberty of his country, ought perhaps to impose upon himself the law of ostracism: for to remove him from his own idolatry is to serve the people!" These words were smothered under peals of affected laughter. Robespierre ascended the steps of the tribune with studied calmness. His impassive brow involuntarily brightened at the smiles and applauses of the Jacobins. "This speech meets all my wishes," said he looking towards Brissot and his friends. It includes in itself all the inculpations which the enemies by whom I am surrounded have brought against me. In replying to M. Guadet I shall reply to all. I am invited to have recourse to ostracism; there would no doubt be some excess of vanity in my condemning myself—that is the punishment of great men, and it is only for M. Brissot to class them. I am reproached for being so constantly in the tribune. Ah! let liberty be assured, let equality be confirmed; let the *Intriguants* disappear, and you will see me as anxious to fly from this tribune, and even this place, as you now see me desirous to be in them. Thus in effect my dearest wishes will be accomplished. Happy in the public liberty I shall pass my peaceful days in the delights of a sweet and obscure privacy."

Robespierre confined himself to these few words, frequently interrupted by the murmurs of fanatical enthusiasm, and then adjourned his answer to the following sittings, when Danton was seated in the arm chair, and presided over this struggle between his enemies, and his rival. Robespierre begun by elevating his own cause to the height of a national one. He defended himself for having first provoked his adversaries. He quoted the accusations made and the injurious things uttered against him by the Brissot party. "Chief of a party, agitator of the people; secret agent of the Austrian committee," he said, "these are the names thrown in my teeth, and to which they urge me to reply! I shall not make the answer of Scipio or La Fayette, who when accused in the tribune of the crime of *leze-nation*, only replied by their silence. I shall reply by my life.

"A pupil of Jean Jacques Rousseau, his doctrines have inspired my soul for the people. The spectacles of the great assemblies in the first days of our revolution have filled me with hope. I soon understood the difference which exists in those limited assemblies, composed of men of ambitious views, or egotists, and the nation itself. My voice was stifled there; but I

preferred rather to excite murmurs of the enemies of truth, than to obtain applauses that were disgraceful. I threw my glance beyond this limited circle, and my aim was to make myself heard by the nation and the whole human race. It is for this that I have so much frequented the tribune. I have done more than this. It was I who gave Brissot and Condorcet to France. These great philosophers have undoubtedly ridiculed and opposed the priests; but they have not the less courted kings and grandees, out of whom they have made a pretty good thing, (laughter) you do not forget with what eagerness they persecuted the genius of liberty in the person of Jean Jacques Rousseau, the only philosopher that in my opinion, has deserved the public honours lavished for a long time on so many political charlatans, and so many contemptible heroes. Brissot at least should feel well inclined towards me. Where was he when I was defending this society from the Jacobins against the Constituent assembly itself? But for what I did at this epoch, you would not have insulted me in this tribune; for it would not have existed. I the corrupter, the agitator, the tribune of the people! I am none of these, I am the people myself. You reproach me for having quitted my place as public accuser. I did so when I saw that place gave me no other right than that of accusing citizens of civil offences and would deprive me of the right of accusing political enemies, and it is for this that the people love me; and yet you desire that I sentence myself to ostracism, in order to withdraw myself from its confidence. Exile! how can you dare to propose it to me? Whither would you have me retire? Amongst the people should I be received? Who is the tyrant who would give me asylum?—Ah we may abandon a happy, free, and triumphant country; but a country threatened, rent by convulsions, oppressed; we do not flee from that, we save, or perish with it! Heaven which gave me a soul impassioned for liberty, and gave me birth in a land trampled upon by tyrants—Heaven, which placed my life in the midst of the reign of factions and crimes, perhaps calls me to trace with my blood the road to happiness, and the liberty of my fellow men! Do you require from me any other sacrifice? If you would have my good name, I surrender it to you; I only wish for reputation in order to do good to my fellow creatures. If to preserve it, it be necessary to betray by a cowardly silence the cause of the truth and of the people, take it, sully it,—I will no longer defend it. Now that I have defended myself, I may attack you. I will not do it; I offer you peace. I forget your injuries; I put up with your insults; but on one condition, that is, you join me in opposing the factions which distract our country, and, the most dangerous of all, that of La Fayette: this pseudo hero of the two worlds, who, after having been present at the revolution of the new world, has only exerted himself here in arresting the progress of liberty in the old hemisphere: You Brissot, did not you agree with me that this chief was the executioner and assassin of the people, that the massacre of the Champ de Mars had caused the revolution to retrograde for twenty years? Is this man less redoubtable because he is at this time at the head of the army? No. Hasten then! Let the sword of the laws strike horizontally at the heads of great conspirators. The news which has arrived to us from the army is of threatening import. Already it sows division among the na-

tional guards, and the troops of the line; already the blood of citizens has flowed at Metz; already the best patriots are incarcerated at Strasburg. I tell you, you are accused of all these evils, wipe out these suspicions by uniting with us, and let us be reconciled; but let it be for the sake of saving our common country."

A sketch of another popular character will be given in our next.—
Editor P. M.

. (*To be continued when the remaining volumes arrive from England.*)

III.—FINE ARTS.

The Frescoes in the new House of Lords. Four Frescoes have already been executed by four different artists, Messrs. Cope, Dyce, Horsley and Maclise.

Mr. Cope's "Edward the Black Prince receiving the Order of the Garter."

A MORE difficult subject of which to make a picture, historical, can scarcely be conceived.

The elements presented to the painter for his combination offered him scarcely an escape from the Category of the costume tableaux. What dignity could be imparted to such a situation as that of the buckling on the garter of the hero? Mr. Cope then has had the disadvantage of the worst subject of the four; yet he has done much. The king is a grand personification; but the queen is injured by a bad choice of drapery, as unhappy in hue as in form. The individual in the act of investing occupies a space which no ground plan would justify in respect to situation. But the whole picture is executed in a bold and vigorous style; and if here and there wanting in refinement, it yet bespeaks independence and honesty of view.

Mr. Maclise's "Spirit of Chivalry."

THIS fresco has been much improved by the simplification of the original design. All the less important matter has been omitted: and the great portion of such detail has been dispensed with as either interfered with the lucidness of the general plan, or would have been ineffective at a distance.

In the execution of the whole the same readiness is apparent, which Mr. Maclise displayed in his first trial fresco. That facility and habit of executing *al primo* which distinguishes his efforts in the more agreeable oil material are here so many advantages, while in the other material they betray him into an absence of quality and amenity both in surface and in tone. In execution Mr. Maclise's fresco may be pronounced the best of the four:—while in plan or scheme, either as regards arrangement of form or colour, Mr. Dyce's is the most perspicuous.

Mr. Horsley's "Religion"

WAS one which might well have inspired the painter like the others, his is here much more modified from the Cartoon previously exhibited—the celestial group being omitted, and several figures and details either changed or transposed. Though in many respects improved as a whole, it cannot be said to be in unison with either of the others; here the want of direction—of consentaneous feeling—of correspondence—is felt. To look to it from Mr. Dyce's is like looking from Florentine to Bolognese art. It shows none of that grand and rigid severity which marks such subjects in great hands; but an obvious and *frappant* taste, even to the planning of the light and shade—artifice, and that palpable rather than subtle art whose object is to hide the cause whereby the effect is produced. As a piece of fresco painting, it is the weak point of the set—unsolid in execution, in colour exaggerated, in the flesh tints untrue.

Mr. Dyce's "Baptism of Ethelbert."

THIS fresco differs little from the Cartoon. It is however placed so high to prevent minute inspection; too high to permit of the spectator appreciating the delicacies of execution—a general impression of the composition and colours is all that can be obtained from the floor. The vividness, gradation of tone, aerial perspective, and reflected lights in the fresco appear quite as successful, as they would have been in the more familiar medium of oil; he has quite mastered the art—though surrounded by a frame of intense gilding and colour, its tints maintain a pre-eminence on which the eye gratefully reposes. Mr. Dyce deserves every praise.

The result of the whole proceeding regarding the frescoes is however unsatisfactory. The Commissioners, architect, decorator and painter, are all working independently of each other. Mr. Barry has made his house of Lords in forgetfulness or disregard of the fresco painter. The Commissioners, *who would* have frescoes, took any surfaces for the purpose which they could find,—and then gave the mere geometrical dimensions of the spaces to artists, who of necessity designed in ignorance of the circumstances of site, &c. under which their productions would be used. Is it therefore to be wondered at, that every one who looks at Mr. Dyce's fresco feels that it is out of place, almost out of sight;—and that the composition is of a character unsuitable to such an altitude?—*Abridged from the Athenæum.*

Gray's Elegy in a Country Churchyard. Illustrated by the Etching Club. Cundall.

TAKEN as a whole, this series presents a body of effort creditable alike to the taste that selected the subject and the talent which has illustrated it. The poem is one well adapted to this species of combined pencil illustration—each verse yielding separate themes to the separate artists. No mean portion of the interest of the present work consists in the fact that the artists engaged—shunning the melo-dramatic illustrating taste of the present German school—

have, in each instance, represented their own styles, in the language of the *eau-forte*,—so that the work is to some extent an intelligible exponent of British powers. To Messrs. Creswick, Redgrave, and Cope, the palm of superiority must be given :—yet we would caution those gentlemen against being betrayed by the limited nature of the dimensions on which they employ themselves into littleness of manner or prettiness of detail. The great master of etching, Marc Antonio—whose operations were at times on a scale of very moderate extent—never lost sight of largeness of look and grandeur of style. In the same manner, Rembrandt in his light and shade treatments always preserved simplicity of air and breadth of effect. Both with etching and wood-engraving, the tendency of the day has been—and is—to give up the simplicity and severity of treatment characteristic of the times when both arts were first practised, and in their stead to offer beauty of detail and elaborateness of finish. Against such a temptation would we warn the members of an association which has—now and on other occasions—shown both spirit and ability.

Evening, Night, and Morning have each been admirably represented by Mr. Creswick as illustrations of

The lowing herds wind slowly o'er the lea—
The ivy-mantled tower—

and

Those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade—

The painter's observation of the varied effects of Nature is shown in each. Great truth and delicacy are also exhibited in his—

Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn :

and the sentiment of solitude and vacancy is well expressed in

 the 'customed hill,
Along the heath, and near his fav'rite tree.

Mr. Redgrave has caught admirably the spirit of the line,

Or busy housewife ply her evening care.

All that detail of which he is so fond is here combined with a nice perception of effect,—while its management is artless and probable. The design is excellent.—In

Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor,

he has rendered with much feeling the indifference of affluence to the claims of honest poverty—the merit of this illustration consisting in its reliance on form and individual character. In contrast is that of

Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery sooth the dull cold ear of death ?—

where the herald in many-coloured tabard proclaims the style and titles of the noble dead, and the mourners are seated around in dignified array. Here *effect* constitutes the chief feature. In his School-master, embodying

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll,

the same artist has presented a touching specimen of that class of labourers in the intellectual field. Disappointment and depression have possession of the schoolmaster's soul, as he is listlessly seated at his desk, while his scholars take advantage of his temporary abstraction to suspend their tasks. The figure is excellently drawn and beautifully etched ; but the idea is somewhat far-fetched—and inexpressive as an illustration of the text.

Mr. Cope has succeeded in imparting to his illustrations a truly English air. In

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
men and maidens are busy carrying the golden grain : and the

Homely joys and destiny obscure,
are figured in the woodman's wife and child offering him the noon-day repast. The "village Hampden,"—by the same—is one of the best things in the volume. Here the artist has displayed much of that variety of character which distinguishes his picture of 'The Poor Law Guardians.' The design is remarkable for its probability and for the absence of convention ; though the choice of pose and the truth of proportion may be questioned in more than one instance.—The

Struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
embodied in the couple making avowal of their loves while sauntering through the glade,—and

drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
hard by the wood,—complete Mr. Cope's contributions, and show his power and versatility.

Mr. Townsend has been peculiarly fortunate in his

children run to kiss their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

The picture is full of life and happiness ; and if not as elaborately wrought as some others, it compensates for the absence of finish by excellence of design, character, and picturesque composition.—The text,

Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
scarcely finds representation in the recumbent female figure,—the studied nature of whose action is not in conformity with the spirit of the line.—Laying the body of Charles the First in his coffin after his decapitation has served the same artist to illustrate the stanza beginning

Their lot forbade—nor circumscribed alone.

The subject is well-intentioned and well designed ; but suffers by incompleteness of execution. This is the more to be regretted, seeing that it is the only one of a strictly historical character in the volume.

Mr. Horsley has taken advantage of the order of things when a dedication, in the time of John Dryden, compelled its author to

heap the shrine of luxury and pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

His work is conceived with great judgment. The characters of author and peer are well discriminated in the patronizing and self-sufficient noble and the timid and sycophantic scribbler. The lines

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires,

have supplied the same artist with one of his religious sentimental groups : and the funeral,

The next, with dirges due in sad array,
is another of the same class,—exhibiting the painter in true moralizing mood. The latter illustration is especially good as a composition—unhacknosed and real-looking.

By Mr. Frederick Taylor we regret to see but one subject,—

The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

It is well-intentioned as far as incident is concerned—but inferior in drawing, and indifferently etched—Mr. Stonhouse has three pretty landscapes—suffering, however, beside the practised hand of Mr. Creswick.—Mr. Bell has a medallion of the Poet himself; and a small outline of an angel.—Mr. Redgrave winds up the volume by a picturesque tombstone,—on which the three concluding stanzas beginning

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth,

are inscribed by way of epitaph :—a good termination to the volume.

The New Art-Union Publication.

A SELECTION has here been made of seven of the best cartoons submitted in competition for the prize of five hundred pounds offered by the Art-Union of London for an historical picture. The prize itself, as our readers know, fell to the share of Mr. Selous for his Cartoon of ‘Queen Philippa interceding for the Burghers of Calais.’ Of the merits of that work as a drawing, we spoke at the time—and again more lately, when it was presented in its *coloured* version among the pictures selected by the prize-holders of the Society for the past year.

That it would be well for this Society if the Committee would avail themselves of professional opinion each succeeding year's proceedings more clearly manifest—and none more than the present. We have often had occasion to lament that melodramatic disposition among our artists which even in Germany itself the schools condemn and avoid. The manner of a Moritz Retzsch, however well imitated, can never exercise an ennobling influence on modern painting. The mannerisms which such imitation generates needs no better evidence than Retzsch's own works :—whomay say, with Perugino, “If I am a plagiarist, I am so from myself.” Those simple means which were relied on for decorations of the Etruscan vase or for the illustrations of Flaxman—nice accuracy of outline, largeness of style, and beauty of expression, are rejected in the seven outlines patronized by the Art Society and now before us.—What the ordinary publisher is prevented from doing (be his taste ever so good) by a sense of the necessity of such returns as will give him a fair compensation for the employment of his capital—what he cannot be expected to do for the improvement of public taste at his own risk—is precisely what it is the province and vocation of an Art Union committee to accomplish : to foster the best classes of Art, on the severest principles, in the purest taste. The annual presentation of works possessing such qualities to its subscribers could not fail to make its due impression : a power of appreciation would be gradually cultivated, which would re-act in its turn on professional energy,—and the supply would be generally improved to meet the expectations of the improved demand. If it be urged that allowance should be made for inaccuracy in a series of outlines made from *chiaro-scuro* drawings, the plea itself admits the unfitness of the originals for submission to such a test. Deficiencies of proportion or contour are made more obvious when thus rendered—denuded of all accessory and adventitious aid.

The one of these seven outlines best capable of sustaining such scrutiny is Mr. Noel Paton's ‘Seizure of Roger Mortimer by Edward the Third in Nottingham Castle.’ Our opinion of its merits is confirmed on beholding it thus deprived of the picturesque aids of light and shade, and reduced in size; and it is due to the painter to make it an exception from some of the foregoing observations. Its re-appearance in its present form adds to our regret that it had

not its due reward in the competition. Time will show its author the value of simplification of forms in a full composition. The queen's drapery, the fallen figure in the foreground, and much of the accessorial matter would have been more impressive if given in a more simple and less rotund line.—Next in merit to this, are Mr. Corbould's 'Welcome of the Boy King Henry the Sixth into London after his Coronation'—a capital modern-looking version of such pageant illustration as abounds in the illuminated Froissart or 'Romaun de la Rose' in our Museum—and given with some excellent drawing in the costume figures; and Mr. Salter's 'Alfred, surrounded by his Family, addressing Edward, his son and Successor.' This is designed with a sense of historic treatment:—and is as simple in its details as Mr. Corbould's design is intricate.—For the four remaining subjects little can be said. What our continental brethren may think of them as specimens of the powers of the British student, it is no pleasant thing to anticipate.

In addition to these outlines, two line engravings are distributed to the subscribers for the current year from pictures by Mr. Uwins—'The last Embrace,' engraved by Mr. Charles Rolls; and 'A Neapolitan Wedding,' engraved by Mr. F. A. Heath. Having spoken of the merits of the pictures when they appeared, we have nothing to add on that score. We cannot think the style of their execution as engravings calculated to advance the reputation of the country in this branch of Art—while the printing we are sorry to add, is rotten and grey.

V.—SCIENTIFIC.

Abstract Report of the 17th Meeting of the British Association for the advancement of Science.

(Abridged for the Picnic Magazine. Continued from No. 2.)

[We are in hopes, that by giving short reports of this meeting in each succeeding number until they are complete, we shall best meet the wishes of our readers, and tempt them to peruse what we feel sure will prove highly interesting and instructive.]—ED. P. M.

"On the cause of Evaporation, Rain, Hailstorms, and the Winds of temperate regions." By G. A. ROWELL. He shewed that the phenomenon of evaporation, clouds, rain, lightning, hail, winds of the temperate regions, and storms of lower latitudes, were thus explained—"electricity having no weight and diffusing itself equally over the surface of bodies, the minute particles of water, even in their most condensed state being completely enveloped in their natural coating of electricity, occupy together with their electricity, nearly the space of an equal weight of air, and are thus rendered sufficiently buoyant to be carried away by the wind; but that

when expanded by heat their specific gravity being then reduced, and their capacity for electricity being increased by the increase of surface, they are then buoyed up into the air by their electrical coatings; and when the rising particle is condensed it becomes surcharged by the contraction of its surface: if this takes place near the surface of the earth, the surcharge escapes and the particle falls as dew; but if it is condensed when above the electrical attraction of the earth, it is still buoyed up by the electricity, and on the escape of the surcharge the particles attract each other and form clouds and rain. Hills and mountains cause clouds and rain by conducting the electricity from the vapour, and not by condensing it; and on these grounds he again suggests, as a test of the theory, the experiments he proposed to the British Association in 1840, i. e. "To cause rain by raising electrical conductors to the clouds by the aid of balloons." In support of the proposition, he read an extract from a letter he received from Mr. W. H. Weeks, of Sandwich, dated Dec. 27th, 1842, in which that gentleman assures him that "it has several times happened that when his electrical kite has been raised immediately under a distended, light, fleecy cloud at a moderate elevation! and a *free current of sparks* has passed from the apparatus for some 10 or 12 minutes, he has suddenly found himself bedewed with a descent of fine misty rain, and on looking up has seen the cloud upon which he was operating surprisingly reduced in magnitude." Electrical kites cannot reach the clouds, and can only be raised in windy weather, when the clouds must be every instant passing away from the influence of such apparatus: and if they have such effects, what may we not anticipate from the use of conductors which would reach the clouds and could be raised in calm weather? Mr. Rowell considered that from the reduction of the temperature at the height of the clouds, the vapour in those regions must be always condensed, but invisible from being so diffused; and that the formation of clouds is not owing to condensation, but to the escape of electricity allowing the particles of vapour to attract each other. In support of these views, and also to show that the ascent and support of vapour at great heights must depend on some agent which is independent of heat or cold, he exhibits the table following:

Heights.	Temperature of the Air.	Water heavier than Air.
Level of the sea,.....	+ 60°,.....	860 times.
1 mile,.....	+ 43°,.....	1,083 "
2 "	+ 26°,.....	1,363 "
3 "	+ 9°,.....	1,716 "
4 "	— 8°,.....	2,160 "
5 "	— 25°,.....	2,719 "

Another cause of rain is the pressure of particles of vapour on each other: for if a cloud be of great depth, say the lower part one mile high and the upper part two miles, as the electricity of the particles would be equal, those in the

upper part would not have sufficient for their support, and would therefore press downwards, whilst those in the lower part would have more than enough to support them at that height, and would therefore press upwards, and thus press the particles in the middle of such cloud into contact and form rain, while the electricity being pressed out of the cloud, would accumulate on the surface till it could force its way to the earth or other clouds and thus cause lightning. Violent hailstorms he attributed to the sudden equalization of the electricity of large masses of vapour floating at different heights in the air, and brought by currents and various circumstances the one over the other.

The difference between the lowest mass and the top of the upper mass of clouds may amount to two or three miles. The violence of storms in such cases depends on the density of the clouds and the height of their upper strata ; as, the greater the height at which the hailstones begin to form, the greater will be the degree of cold they will acquire, and consequently the more powerfully they will act in freezing the vapour with which they come in contact during their fall ; the greater also they will become by the accumulation of vapour in falling ; and the greater will be the velocity with which they will arrive at the earth. The lightning accompanying such storms may be caused by the lower clouds forming conductors for the electricity from the highly charged upper clouds to the earth. The diminution of the pressure of the atmosphere previous to and during rain, he ascribed to the escape of electricity from the invisible vapour or clouds ; thus causing a vacuum or rarefaction in the regions of the clouds : and the air from its elasticity rising to fill the space, decreases the pressure on the mercury.

Allowing that the trade winds, land and sea breezes, &c. are caused by changes of temperature, yet he contended that the more irregular winds are owing in a much greater degree to the fall of rain and the escape of electricity from the clouds, than to any change of temperature ; for each particle of water to be buoyant must, together with its electrical coating, occupy the space of an equal weight of air, as water is 860 times heavier than air at the level of the sea, every particle of water that falls to the earth must have occupied 860 times more space when suspended in the air ; therefore if in a given time one inch of rain falls to the earth, it must, during that time, have caused a vacuum or rarefaction in the space above to the extent of 860 inches : the vacuum would in fact be greater than this, for vapour to be buoyant must occupy a greater space according to its elevation ; but as the density of the air decreases according to the elevation, the effect must be the same, that is, for every inch of rain that falls the vacuum would be equal to the gradual abstraction of the whole of the air to upwards of 70 feet in height over the whole district where the rain falls ; which rarefaction must be filled up during the time the rain is falling by a rush of air from the surrounding districts, although such wind may not always be felt in the same locality in which the rain falls. He supports his views by referring to the storms of wind which swept over England from North West and West last autumn, at which time France and other parts of the continent were deluged by rain. He exhibited the following table of heavy rains (mentioned by Professor Forbes in his report on Meteorology in 1840) to show that they are sufficient to account for violent storms : and had no doubt that if we had accurate accounts of the *extraordinary* rains which

sometimes fall within the tropics they would be found sufficient to account for the most tremendous hurricane :—

Place.	Date.	Depth of rain in inches.	Time.	Average vacuum per square mile per second in cubic feet.
Catskill, U. S.	26th July, 1819,	18 inches.	7½ hours.	{ 1,331,968 cubic feet.
Genoa,.....	25th Oct. 1822,...	30 "	24 "	693,733
Joyeuse,.....	9th Oct. 1827, ...	31 "	22 "	780,027
Geneva,.....	20th May 1827,	6 "	3 "	1,109,973
Gibraltar, ...	27th Nov. 1826,	32 "	26 "	704,406
Naples,	22d Nov. 1826,	35th "	37 minutes.	809,980
Perth,.....	3d Aug. 1829,..	5th "	30 "	887,978

"On the cause of the Aurora, and the declination of the Needle," by G. A. ROWELL. As the trade winds are caused by the flowing of the denser air from the polar regions to the tropics, the superior trade winds in the higher regions of the air must be from the tropical to the coldest parts of the earth, to keep up the equilibrium of the air; then as more vapour arises from tropical seas than falls there, and that more falls in polar regions than rises in those parts; and as it is proved by the experiments of Volta and others, that whenever evaporation takes place positive electricity is carried off, it follows that there are electrical currents similar to the currents of air: the vapour with its electricity rising in the tropics (thus rendering those parts negatively charged) is carried thence by the *superior* trade winds to the colder parts of the earth, where the vapour falls; and its electricity escaping to the earth, renders those parts positively charged, whence the electricity rushes off along the earth's surface, towards the more negative parts of the earth, and is again carried off by the rising vapour. Mr. Rowell ascribes the direction of the Needle to the currents of electricity from the positive to the negative parts of the earth, and the Aurora to the interruption of these currents of electricity, by the dry and non-conducting state of the air in the *frigid regions* during *severe frosts* insulating the electricity of the clouds, when it accumulates till it flashes back through the higher and rarer air towards the more temperate regions, thus exhibiting the Aurora and at the same time causing a disturbance of the magnetic Needle. The author thinks that many writers have fallen into error in supposing the height of the Aurora to be far above the limits of our atmosphere: which error may have arisen from some mistake in their observations, or from some other luminous meteor being mistaken for the Aurora; for as the observations of Parry, Franklin, Richardson and others distinctly prove that the Aurora does take place near the surface of the earth, and is in some way

connected with the formation of clouds, the arches which are sometimes seen at such great altitudes may arise from totally different causes. He considers that the diurnal variation of the Needle tells in favour of the opinion that the direction of the needle is dependent on evaporation ; as very early in the morning, when to the eastward of our meridian, evaporation must be at a minimum, the declination is least ; the declination then *increases* till about the time when the evaporation must be most rapid, and then decreases till in the evening, it reaches its medium position ; and the fact that the diurnal variation is more than double in summer what it is in winter, tells in favor of this view.

The cause of magnetic poles in this hemisphere he ascribes to the quantities of ice blocked up both in winter and summer in the high latitudes above the two continents, thus causing those parts to be the coldest in this hemisphere, and therefore the magnetic poles ; for, as the density of the air from the frigid regions is the cause of the trade winds, and as the density of the air increases with the degree of cold, it follows that more air must flow from the coldest parts of the earth towards the warmer regions than from any other parts, and, consequently, there must be the greatest flow of the superior currents of air from the warmer to those colder parts, thus bringing more vapour and electricity there than to any other parts in this hemisphere. Now, if the greatest degree of cold be at the pole of the earth, and evaporation increased regularly thence to the equator there would then be no declination of the Needle, as the electricity would pass off from the coldest or positive parts towards the more negative parts of the earth in the direct lines of longitude ; but as the magnetic poles are at a distance from the terrestrial pole, and as those parts are more positively charged with electricity than other parts in the same latitude, the electricity must diverge eastward and westward of the direct lines of longitude in passing off to the more negative parts of the earth, and thus cause the declination of the Needle. The author contends that the fact that the Aurora did not affect the Needle at Port Bowen in 73° north latitude, whilst it had great effect at Fort Franklin in 65° north, tells in favour of his views that the direction of the Needle is owing to currents of electricity from the magnetic pole to the more negative parts of the earth, as the American magnetic pole is in 70° north. Mr. Rowell exhibited a large diagram of the earth from the north pole to 40° north latitude, showing at one view the situation of the American magnetic pole according to Sir James Ross, and the Siberian pole according to Hansteen, the lines of equal intensity from Col. Sabine's maps, the lines of equal temperature from Humboldt, the direction of the Needle shewn by arrows, &c. By the diagram he shewed that in the meridian of the American pole the lines of equal temperature descend to a much lower latitude than in any part of this hemisphere, which he ascribed to the Polar seas there being land-locked and causing a great accumulation of ice in those regions both winter and summer, whilst the magnetic force, also, is greater in that meridian. In the meridian of the Siberian pole, the Polar sea is far more open, the temperature is higher, and the magnetic intensity less. In the neighbourhood of Behring's Straits, where the Polar sea is open to the Pacific Ocean, the intensity is still less ; but in the meridian of London, or rather to the east of it, the line of equal temperature rises to a much higher latitude than in any other part of this hemisphere, the intensity of magnetism is the least, and the Polar sea is there open from Greenland to Nova Zembla, and the ice formed in those regions is liable at all times to be broken up and dispersed by the storms

of the Atlantic Ocean. He considers the magnetic poles not to be mere points on the earth, but extensive districts in the coldest parts, and that even mountains, which, from their elevation are continually conducting electricity from the higher regions of the air must have some local effect upon the Needle. He contends that the opinion is erroneous which ascribes the changes of declination to a rotation of the magnetic poles round the pole of the earth : as we have no proof that the magnetic poles in this hemisphere were ever situated otherwise than in the high latitudes above the two continents ; and that the change of declination may fairly be explained on the supposition that the American pole has *increased* in strength or the Siberian pole has *decreased* in strength, and the line of no variation where the influence of the two poles are equal, has receded during the last two centuries from some point west of England to its present position eastward of St. Petersburg, thus bringing parts which formerly had an eastward variation to be under the influence of the American pole. He suggests that any geological change which has made the Siberian Polar Sea more open, would tend to weaken that magnetic pole ; or any change which may have blocked up the American Polar Sea, would increase the strength of that pole. He concludes by again suggesting the experiment of raising electrical conductors to the height of the clouds in the frigid regions during severe frosts, which he believes would cause the Aurora, and also throw some light on terrestrial magnetism.

"On the defects of, and danger arising from the use of the corrective magnets for local attraction on the compasses of iron built vessels," by DR. SCORESBY.

"On improvements in Chronometers," by M. ULRICH.

"On an Extraordinary Mirage," by DR. THOMSON.

"On the self-registering Apparatus of the Magnetical Declination at Munich," by M. LAMONT.

"On a new proof of the Principle of Vertical Velocities," by the REV. B. PRICE.

"On the Fundamental Laws of Motion and Equilibrium," by W. SPOTTISWOODE.

This paper consists of an *à priori* deduction of the laws of motion and equilibrium, and an explanation of a fundamental connexion between the sciences of dynamics and statics.

"Example of an Isoperimetrical Problem, treated by the Calculus of Quaternions," by SIR W. R. HAMILTON. No report was given.

MR. RONALDS presented his 4th vol. of "Observations and Experiments made at the Kew Observatory." No report of this paper.

"On the existence of Elementary Diurnal Currents of Electricity at the Terrestrial Surface," by MR. BARLOWE. No report.

"On the Electric Currents by which the Phenomena of Terrestrial Magnetism may be produced," by PROF. THOMSON. Whatever may be the form of the earth and its magnetic contents, the same force as that which it exerts upon any exterior point may actually be produced by means of a distribution of closed electric currents on the surface.

"On Galvanic Connexion," by MR. HARPER. Instead of connecting the poles of a battery by binding screws and wires, he uses a thin wire spirally formed, at each end of which is a helix of three or four turns ; which helices being slipped on a piece of brass soldered, or fixed by a screw, to the battery, or other instrument, which forms a sufficient contact. By this method balls of

wood have been covered with copper in the Electrotype process for knobs of Leyden Jars, &c.

"On the diffraction Bands produced by the edges of thin plates whether solid or fluid," by Sir D. BREWSTER.

"On the Dark Lines in the red space beyond the red termination of Fraunhofer's Spectrum," by the same.

"On the functions of the parts of the membranes corresponding with the foramen centrale of Sommering," by the same.

"On the conversion of Relief in a drawing by inverting the drawing, seen by a Lens," by the same.

"On the method of Definite Integration," by MR. BOOLE.

"On the Summation of certain circular functions," by PROF. JARRETT.

"On simplifying and improving our national Measures, Weights and Money," by Major General Sir C. PASLEY. He said no body could guess how many rods or yards there were in a statute mile, or how many acres or square yards in any number of square miles; without going into tedious calculations: but in his new measure, 173 miles would be known at once to contain 173,000 fathoms; and 248 square miles to be equal to 248,000 imperial acres, and to 248,000,000 square fathoms. In like manner with a number of cubic feet in a gallon, &c. by establishing the cubic foot as the only standard both of solidity and capacity.

In short, in all computations of artificers' work, and reductions of pounds sterling into shillings, pence and farthings and *vice versa*, tedious calculations will be avoided, and will be an immense saving of time and risk of error. He had investigated the history of our national weights and measures from the time of Alfred to the present day, and found our present standards by no means ancient, but they had been subject to much greater changes than any he now proposes; and all those hitherto had originated from accident, error, bad workmanship or neglect.

"On the defect of Elasticity in Metals subject to compression," by Prof. HODGKINSON.

"On the height of Auroral Arches," by Prof. T. CHEVALLIERS. By observations made in various parts of the Kingdom in March 1841, March and September 1847, the average height of the arches were respectively 160, 106, and 175 miles.

"On Observed Auroræ," by the Revd. T. RANKINS.

"Proofs of the Antagonism of Heat and Electricity," by Sir G. HOUGHTON.

"On the Times of Occurrence of the Daily Atmospheric Disturbances at Bombay," by T. HOPKINS. No report.

Prof. POWELL exhibited a Triple Differential Wheel, the invention of Prof. SMYTH.

We give the speech of thanks delivered by M. LEVERRIER at the concluding General Meeting of the Association.

Mr. President and Gentlemen,—In its seventeen years of existence, the British Association has achieved great and deserved celebrity throughout the whole extent not only of Europe but of all the civilized world. The important services which it has rendered, and promises to render, to science are eagerly recognised to-day by every true friend to the progress of the human mind; and the tribute of gratitude which we [the foreigners present] now pay, is but a faint echo of the great voice of public opinion.

The truth is, Sir, that the scientific titles of the Association are many and of many kinds. It has acquired an auspicious influence over the study of the Sciences which it will retain and extend. Shall I speak of the labours which have been brought together here from all the corners of the world to make themselves known, analyzed, and accepted by means of discussion, calm but profound, friendly yet severe and impartial, in the several Sections. The recollection of these discussions alone will suffice to assure all those who had the satisfaction to be here present of the great importance of this Association.

But this is not all. By the institution of your published 'Transactions' you have extended the benefits of the Association to all the scientific world ; —to those who, less favoured than ourselves, have not had the advantage of being personally amongst you —This brotherly union, in which for a week of every year the members of the Association are met as if they formed a single family, cannot fail to produce a diffusion of ideas and encourage a cordiality of sentiments which must have a wholesome action on the cultivation of the sciences. From the conflict of personal opinions is struck light, stronger in proportion as the several bodies producing it approach more nearly to each other ; while on the other side, those asperities which are apt to be the accompaniments of personal contradiction disappear completely from the arguments which men discuss with clasped hands. Again—all the natural and mathematical sciences are sisters :—and while each one demands the particular and constant worship of him to whom especially she opens up her treasures, none can be separated from the others without the loss of important aid, and the sacrifice of that poetry which resides in the connexion and *ensemble* of the many branches of human knowledge. The British Association may well be proud to see thus bound together, under its auspices, Geology, Astronomy, Anatomy, Natural History, Chemistry and Botany—represented by Buckland, Herschell and Airy—names which are the honour of England—Struve, Hamilton, Adams, Owen, Bonaparte, Ehrenberg, Faraday and Robert Brown. These advantages have not been overlooked by the Minister who is at the head of Public Instruction in my own country. The Grand Master of the University of France—whose firm and enlightened support has never been wanting to science—charged my comrade Milne Edwards and myself on coming amongst you to offer you the homage of his private sympathy, as well as to make an exact report to him of the proceedings of the Association. May the spirit of warm appreciation which has animated us in the fulfilment of our scientific mission have been responded to by your approval ! The sympathy on our side can only be increased by the reception which we have had from all the members of the Association and the heads of the University of Oxford. Accept, Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Association, the thanks which we offer in the name of the University of France. Permit, too, my friend Mr. Milne Edwards and myself to express in our individual names the sentiments with which your cordiality has penetrated us. The memory of the Oxford meeting will ever be to us a precious one—More than any other man, Gentlemen, I should rejoice, to have come amongst you ; since here I have had the satisfaction to make the personal acquaintance of Mr. Adams—who will, I hope, let me call him *my friend*. Like you, I shall delight in all occasions of rendering homage to his talent—sure that his zeal and devotion to science will furnish me with many an opportunity of so doing.—*Athenæum*.

Observations made at the Magnetical and Meteorological Observatory at St. Helena, during the Years 1840—3. Printed under the Superintendence of Col. Sabine. Longman and Co.

THIS is the first volume of a projected series intended to elucidate the phenomena of terrestrial magnetism at St. Helena ;—and forms a link of the great chain of magnetical and meteorological records publishing by the Government and the Royal Society.

The instruments employed in the Observatory are of the more approved construction ; those used for meteorological observations were carefully compared with the standard instruments belonging to the Royal Society. The diurnal variation of the magnet in St. Helena presents the remarkable features of an opposite movement at the different seasons of the year, according as the sun is north or south of the terrestrial equator. The diurnal variation of the horizontal force, says Col. Sabine, is remarkable for the simplicity of its character. The force is greatest about noon, and least about nine or ten o'clock, in the evening ; and the progression between the maximum and the minimum is continuous and uninterrupted. The precise hour of the maximum may be considered to be midway between 23^h and 0^h generally, and the hour of the minimum 9^h or 10^h, except in May, June, and July when it occurs at 11^h. The increase of force from the hour of minimum is slow during the hours of the night, but becomes accelerated about 18^h, and continues so until about 23^h. The decrease is nearly as rapid from 1^h to 7^h.

“ The remarkable difference which takes place in the diurnal variation of the declination at this station at opposite seasons of the year gives a more than usual interest to the examination of the influence of season on the periodical variations of all the magnetic elements ; and, accordingly separate means have been taken for the horizontal force for the months from April to September inclusive, and from October to March. The increase of force about the hour of noon is greatest, on the average, in the half year from April to September : this peculiarity is most marked in the months of April and May, and appears also to be partaken in by March, though in a somewhat less degree, whilst November and December are the months in which the increase of force about the hour of noon is least.”

The meteorological observations embraced in this volume extend over a period of five years, from 1841 to 1845 inclusive. They present some features of considerable interest. It is important to premise that the Observatory situated at Longwood is 1765 feet above low water mark. The mean temperature, deduced from the observations of five years is 61°·4 : a maximum is attained about the middle of March, and a minimum early in September. The progression from the maximum to the minimum, and from the minimum to the maximum, is continuous ; the mean is passed through at nearly equal intervals, —viz., early in June and about the middle of December. The mean height of the thermometer in the different months ranged from 57°·07 in September to 66°·24 in March ; being a difference in the average of only 9°·17 between the hottest and coldest months. The lowest recorded height of the thermometer in the five years was 52°·0 in September 1845,—and the highest 77°·6 in

March 1842. By a series of hourly observations the temperature was found to be $7^{\circ}07$ higher at the sea side than at the Observatory.

The barometer pressure derived from the five years of observation has a minimum in the beginning of March and a maximum towards the end of July ; and between those periods the progression from the maximum to the minimum and from the minimum to the maximum is continuous and uninterrupted. The mean pressure in the five years was 28.278 in.—or, with the correction of $+0.007$ to the Royal Society's flint glass standard barometer applied 28.285 in. The mean in March, which is the lowest month, was 28.232 in.—and in July, which is the highest month, 28.367 in. The range in the different months was, therefore, 0.135 in. The greatest depression which occurred at any observation hour during the five years was 28.094 in. on March 14, 1843 ; and of the greatest elevation 28.497 in. on July 9, 1842 :—extreme range in five years, 0.403 in. Although the annual variation is very small, it is very systematic and regular. The months during which the barometer is highest are those in which the temperature is lowest ; and conversely, the months in which the barometer is lowest are those in which the temperature is highest. The annual barometric variation, therefore, corresponds in character with that of the gaseous pressure,—and has its maximum and minimum at opposite seasons to those of the elasticity of the aqueous vapour. It is worthy of remark, that the strength of the wind at St. Helena is at all times so small that Osler's anemometer, furnished even with the improved delicate springs, does not afford means to measure its variations. An anemometer invented by Dr. Robinson, which records the velocity of even the slightest winds, has been sent out,—and is expected to furnish a true and exact measure of the current of the trade wind. As far as the recorded observations go, it appears that the force of the wind has a decided maximum between 22^h and 23^h , and a minimum about 4^h . From 5^h or 6^h to 15^h it remains nearly stationary ; except that there is a tendency to a second maximum at 11^h shown in both years, followed by a maximum also of inferior character, at 13^h . At 0^h and 16^h the pressure coincides with the mean of the twenty-four hours. The direction of the wind varies but little from the S.E. The amount of rain recorded by the rain gauge was in 1841, 68.92 ; in 1842, 90.46 ; in 1843, 37.18 ; in 1844, 20.02 ; in 1845, 19.41. In 1841 Capt. Lefroy established rain-gauges at three other points of the island for the purpose of obtaining a comparative estimate of the quantity of rain. The stations were:—1. Near the highest pinnacle of the island, on a very narrow ridge of rock. 2. Lower down on the same ridge of hills. 3. Longwood Observatory. 4. James Valley. The first three stations might be comprehended in a circle of one mile radius, and the fourth is but a little more distant. The quantities of rain received at these stations during nine months of 1841, were as follows:—1. at 2,644 feet elevation 22.63 in. ; 2. at 1991 ft. 27.11 in. ; 3. at 1782 ft. 43.42 in. ; 4. at 414 ft. 7.63 in.

By far the greater portion of this important volume is occupied by the magnetical and meteorological term observations,—which the inquirer into these sciences may consult with advantage. As the book is of too costly a nature for scientific men generally, it is important to state that copies of it have been liberally presented by government to the leading scientific societies and institutions.—*Athenæum*, Oct. 23.

Fig. 1.

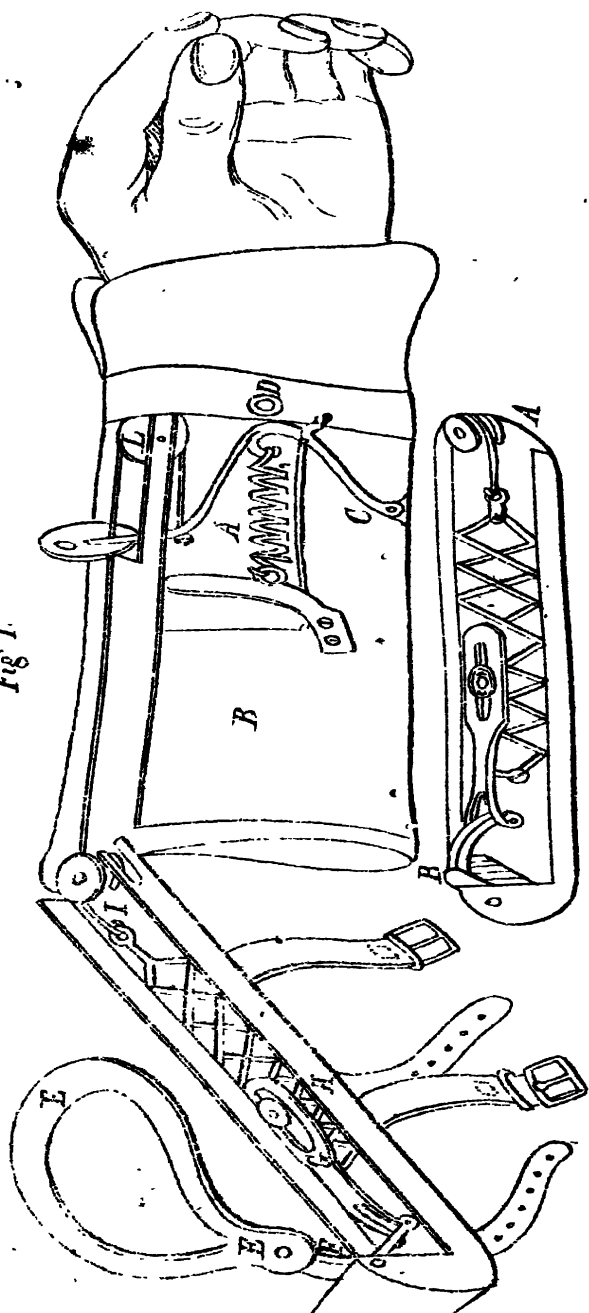
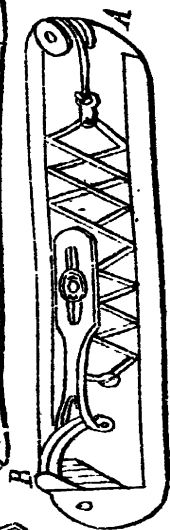


Fig. 2.



Description of an Artificial Hand. By SIR GEORGE CAYLEY, Bart.

SIR,—I promised to send you a description and drawing of an artificial hand, lately made under my directions for a gentleman residing near Exeter. Those hands formerly published in your valuable Magazine were all made to produce a grasp by the action of the stump, the hand being fixed to the steel rods braced to the upper part of the arm, above the elbow-joint. In the present arrangement, the grasp is *constant* by means of a spring, A, fig. 1,* attached to the end of the case, B, which contains the stump, and also to the bent lever, C, which carries an eye, shown by dots at D, connecting its movements with any of the methods of grasp described in my former papers, (vol. lxii., page 152.) The lever, C, near its termination, passes through a groove in the cover, and is flattened into a thumb-piece above it. When this thumb-piece is pressed forward towards the wrist, the fingers and thumb open to receive any object they may be intended to grasp; and when this pressure from the other hand is taken off, the grasp takes effect, without further effort, till released by the same process.

For this purpose, there is no necessity for any part of the apparatus, as here shown, being attached to the upper arm; the usual leathern cap strapped on to the stump will be sufficient. There is, however, one defect in applying it: the sound hand must be taken from anything it has to perform, at the time the artificial one is thus put to its work.

To obviate this, and to make the act voluntary by the artificial hand alone, I have added the upper portion of the apparatus. In this a sort of scapular flat extension, covered with leather, E, is jointed on to the shank of a small bent lever, F, the other end of which carries a grooved connecting-rod, G, (see fig. 2,) beneath this, in a long, thin, light metallic box, H, are placed several steel parallelograms, jointed, as in the instrument called the lazy-tongs. When one of these joints is elongated, the rest follow the movement: the top joint is fastened by its pin to the bottom of the box, II, and from the third joint the pin passes up through the grooved connecting-rod, G, and is there secured by a nut. The other extremity carries a steel hook, I, to which a strong piece of catgut is tied:—this catgut, as a tendon, passes over the pulley, K, at the elbow-joint, and then through a groove in the thumb-piece, C, thence round a pulley at the wrist, L, and ultimately terminates in the lever, C. By this construction it is evident, that, when the flat scapular piece, E, which is placed through the arm-hole of the waistcoat, projecting from the frame or box at about an angle of 30 to 40 degrees, is forcibly compressed by the upper arm so as to bring it parallel to the box, the catgut tendon, by the elongated action of the parallelogram, opens the hand, and when that pressure ceases the grasp commences, and continues till the pressure again releases it. The work within the box is protected by a light tin cover, and the whole apparatus weighs two pounds and two ounces. This method of moving a tendon may also be applied to a *direct* grasp, by having a light opposing spring to open the hand till so closed.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.,
GEO. CAYLEY.

Brompton, Sept. 1, 1847.

* The figure is inverted, to show the construction more distinctly.

How to raise the Britannia Tubular Bridge.

SIR,—As doubts have been expressed by high authority respecting the practicability of raising the Britannia Tubular Bridge to its position in the line of railway, I beg to send you a rough outline of a plan for effecting that purpose, and which plan will, I think, be admitted to combine safety, economy, and expedition.

It will no doubt be granted that where there is motion there is power, and where there is natural motion which can be made available in furtherance of engineering projects, and which may be had gratuitously, it is unwise not to make use of it.

The principal feature of the proposed plan consists in making use of the rise and fall of the tide as a moving power to place the tube in its position.

The tube being placed upon a raft at the foot of the piers, connect a sufficient number of chains to each end of the tube, in such a manner that the strain would not collapse the ends of the tube. Pass these chains over the top of the piers, and connect them to rafts, dumb barges, or vessels of sufficient weight at the other side of the piers. It will, of course, be necessary that the chains shall pass over friction-rollers on the top of the piers.

These arrangements being made, and the chains stretched tight when the tide is at the height, the receding of the tide would leave the tube and the counterpoising rafts or vessels at an elevation equal to the lift of the tide (which may be supposed 20 feet,) but by giving a sufficient preponderance to the counterpoising weights, the tube would ascend to the height of 40 feet, and the counterpoising weights would descend with the tide.

The next operation would be to support the tube in its elevated position until the chains are again tightened at the next high tide. For this purpose it would be necessary, during the construction of the piers and abutments, to build into the masonry several rings (perhaps the shanks of anchors, or something similar, with rings attached,) and to these rings might be attached, by short connecting chains and hooks, the various chains employed in supporting the tube. By this means the connection of the chains with the counterpoising weights would be set at liberty as the tide rose, and the tube would be supported by the short connecting chains attached to the rings. When the next tide rose to the highest point, the chains would again be attached to the counterpoising weights, and by the descent of these weights with the fall of the tide, the short chains would be disengaged, and the tube would be elevated 20 feet more.

This process would be carried on alternately, until the tube was brought to the required height, by simply using the rise and fall of the tide as a mechanical agent; an agent, too, which can be had for nothing.

As it is intended to carry the piers considerably higher than the level of the roadway, there will be no difficulty experienced in the execution of the above plan from a want of height in the supporting chains above the rise of the roadway.

Time will show whether the plans about to be adopted will be more efficient and more economical than the above.

I am, Sir, yours truly,

A. D.

Ibid.

Science in 1847.

January 12.

Useful Application is the name of the great engine working on the railway of civilization, and by its mighty power large masses are moved forward. Men, however, often, bestride the colossal machine, turn on the steam, and in ignorance sit upon the safety valve, proud of their elevated position. Impelled by the high pressure power which they know not how to control, they are carried onward with precipitous speed; and in delirious joy, resulting from their rapid motion, they fancy they are moving a world,—when, as a lesson to themselves, they learn eventually, by some miserable wreck, that they have only been exhibiting their own imprudence.

The advancement of the Arts—Fine and Industrial—the improvement of manufactures tending to diffuse habits of a refined character and lift mankind above the debasing influences of mere sensualities, demand encouragement by every legitimate means; and all the resources of science should be brought to bear on these important purposes. It is, however, to be regretted that so much industry and mental energy should have been applied to this end so injudiciously as has been the case in numberless instances during the past year. Owing to the want of that cautious habit of examination which is required to elicit truth, we find our patent lists crowded with abortive schemes, and fortunes wrecked in speculation which in the hurry of the age have been stamped as genuine where the smallest effort of logical reasoning would have disclosed their deceptive character. From this wild career a mischief has extended itself beyond the individual actors; a sympathetic influence has spread on all sides, and the desire to achieve a flight has infected all society. To think slowly and steadily has become a difficulty; and ill-matured fancies are, in the guise of ascertained truths, constantly offered to the world.

If we ask what additions have been made by science to the sum of human knowledge during 1847, there will be considerable difficulty in obtaining a satisfactory reply. The Earth has made one revolution, during which man can give no registration of any *upward* progress. There has been no want of energy in the minds of the inhabitants on either side of the Atlantic. Industry has been tasked to the utmost,—the stir and anxieties of the time rousing every intelligent dweller in the homes of civilization to a state of feverish impatience; and we have the somewhat remarkable phenomenon of mental powers exhausting themselves in a struggle to ascend while they are rivetting more firmly the chains of their own forging by which they are bound to the soil. The desire, stimulated to an ardent passion, of applying known truths to human uses—of moulding Nature's works into new forms, that they may minister to the real or fancied wants of society—of reducing the great truths of Nature to the scale of Mammon—has been the absorbing object of human thought; and to this Golden Calf the civilized world has bowed in almost servile adoration. Knowledge has been diffused—but not increased; and the power which it gives has certainly gained no strength. Original research, except in a few rare instances, has been entirely neglected; and in many cases experimental inquiry has been carried on under the pervading influences of the day. The consequences are that in Physics and in Chemistry we have scarcely anything to record, beyond the fact that magnetism is more extended in its influences than has hitherto been proved, although its universality has long been suspected—and that the elements of organization are capable of still more numerous transmutations than those which have been already produced. Astronomy can tell of the discovery of two small planets; and some of the results of Experimental Philosophy are suggestive—pointing evidently towards

the development of great natural truths which are most intimately connected with phenomena that have hitherto baffled human research. Of this class are the experiments which have proved that flame is deflected by a magnet,—and those still more remarkable results which show that the magnetic conditions of gases and vapours vary with change of temperature. May we not expect that the science of Meteorology, with its most complicated phenomena, will receive much light from the extension of these investigations? The organic chemist will possibly lay claim to progress on the strength of Liebig's discovery of kreatinine and sarcossine; to which, abandoning his proteine theory, the German chemist now refers the formation of flesh in animals. But already a British chemist has thrown much doubt upon this view; and shown the probability that this kreatinine is only produced by the decomposition of kreatine, an animal substance long since discovered—to which also is possibly due the laboratory formation of sarcossine. There has been some careful investigation of organic compounds,—and new organic bases have been found; but all the results obtained by this most industrious class of chemists only go to prove the correctness of Homberg's idea,—“The wonder is not that God out of few elements created so many things—but, seeing how man transmutes them, that He did not make many more.” These recombinations of carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen may have in some few cases a practical value; but it is to be regretted that they should be allowed to absorb the attention as they do without reference to any of those great generalizations which advance our knowledge of Nature's ever wonderful workings—and raise man in the scale of intelligence.

The characteristic peculiarity of the science of the present day is its delight in details. A mass of pebbles are collected together—each one, perhaps, being cursorily examined and named; but they remain useless lumber by which the highway of science is obstructed—whereas by the exercise of industrious thought and by enlarged views they might have been moulded to form at once beautiful,—as illustrating Nature's design; and useful,—as facilitating the further progress of man. No great application of any scientific principle has ever been made without the investigation of the laws by which it is regulated having been pursued with caution and a certain amount of completeness attained. The researches of Black and the exceedingly accurate investigations of Watt, enabled the latter to apply steam as a motive power; and it is only through the long-continued and searching inquiries of modern electricians that the most subtle of the elements has been employed in the wonder-working telegraph.

To each particular branch of science these remarks apply with greater or less force. We fancy, however, that there are indications of better things. The public mind seems returning to a more healthful condition; and we may fairly hope that the industry and intelligence of men, being now applied more undisturbedly to their labours, will soon give evidence of efforts of thoughts which may have a higher value than their mere instant utility.—*Athenæum*, Jan. 16.

SCIENTIFIC NOTICES.

Suspension Bridges.

THE actual construction of a Suspension Bridge is by no means of modern date. Such bridges made of rope and other similar materials, have been employed by the Chinese and the Asiatic Nations, from the earliest historical period : but these were all of very inferior strength, and intended and fitted only for foot passengers or very light loads ; whereas our present Suspension Bridges are capable of bearing the heaviest loads that the most frequented roads of the kingdom require.—*Mahan Civil Engineering.*

Rail Roads.

A GREAT portion of the resistance to the force of traction arises from the friction and shocks occasioned by the irregularities of the road's surface ; and as these causes of retardation to the motion of vehicles are found in a greater or less degree, in all ordinary road coverings, it seemed natural to seek a remedy for them by supplying some other material not liable to the same objections.

Various means have accordingly been tried with greater or less success : in some cases a way or *track* has been prepared for each wheel to roll on, formed of long narrow blocks of stone, presenting a uniform even surface ; in others large beams of timber have been applied in a similar manner, with an occasional coating of sheet iron on the surface where the wear and tear was greatest ; finally iron was substituted for wood, and that system of road covering, now so well known as the *Railroad*, resulted from this last improvement.

Railroads consist then of two ways or tracks for the carriage wheels, the surface of which are slightly raised above the general surface of the roadway ; the rails of each track being firmly attached to solid supports imbedded below the roadway surface.

The Barometer.

A COLUMN of mercury the height of the barometer, and whose base is a square inch, will weigh 15 lbs. avoirdupois, therefore when the barometer stands at 30 inches, the atmosphere exerts a pressure equivalent to 15 lbs. on every square inch of mercury in the cistern ; taking therefore the barometer column at 30 inches, it follows that all bodies at the surface of the Earth sustain a pressure of 15 lbs. on every square inch of surface ; and consequently if the body of a man contains 1500 square inches, he sustains the enormous pressure of 22,500 pounds.

The following experiment may be performed to test the truth of this assertion, that the column of mercury is sustained by the atmospheric pressure.

Procure a glass tube 30 inches long, and having accurately closed one end by tying over it pieces of wet bladder, fill it with mercury, and carefully closing the other with the finger so as to exclude the air, plunge it into a vessel of

mercury ; the mercury will be sustained in its position so long as the surface within the tube is protected from the atmospheric pressure ; if the pieces of bladder are now pierced with a penknife or pin, and the atmosphere admitted, the mercury will instantly fall in the tube, shewing that the action of the Barometer depends upon the atmospheric pressure.—*The Chemist.*

Indian Masonry.

THE masonry of the dome of the Temple of Vishnapud is extremely curious and of a kind unknown in Europe. It is built without any centre, and instead of being arched consists of horizontal rows of stone, each row forming a circle, and each circle being of less diameter than the one immediately below. The horizontal thickness of the stones in each row is the same throughout. Each row is defined by two concentric circles, and the ends of each stone are defined by two of the radii. The stones of each row are therefore firmly wedged together so that no power could force them inwards, and each joining of the same row is united by three clamps of iron let into both stones. The clamp in the middle is quadrangular, and passes through the whole depth of the row. The other two reach about 6 inches into the upper surface of the stone ; the outer clamp being in form of a dovetail, the inner is that of a parallelogram. The keystone is circular with a shoulder projecting over the edge of the uppermost horizontal row.—*Montgomery Martin's Eastern India.*

An Electrical Lady.

DURING an extraordinary display of the Northern lights, this lady became so highly charged with electricity, as to give out vivid sparks from the end of each finger to the face of each of the company present. This did not cease with the heavenly phenomenon, but continued for several months, during which time she was constantly charged, and giving electrical sparks to every conductor she approached. This was extremely vexatious, as she could not touch the stone nor any metallic utensil without first giving off an electric spark, with the consequent twinge.

The state most favorable to this phenomenon was an atmosphere of about 80° Fahrenheit, moderate exercise and social enjoyment. It disappeared in an atmosphere approaching zero, and under the debilitating effects of fear. When seated by the stove reading, with her feet upon the fender, she gave sparks at the rate of three or more in a minute, and under the most favorable circumstances a spark that could be seen, heard, or felt, passed every second, she could charge others in the same way, when insulated, who could then give sparks to others. To make it satisfactory that her dress did not produce it, it was changed to cotton and woollen without altering the phenomenon. The lady is about thirty, of sedentary pursuits and a delicate state of health, having for two years previous suffered from acute rheumatism and neuralgic affections, with peculiar symptoms.—*Silleman's Journal.*

A few years ago the above would have been quizzed, as an Americanism—but at “this time of day,” there is no denying that, in many scientific improvements, &c. the Americans “have gone a-head” of the poor “Britishers.”—*Ed. P. M.*

The Resolution of the Nebula of Orion.

THE following extract of a letter from Mr. Bond to President Everett, of Harvard University, announces the resolution of the Nebula of Orion :

"You will rejoice with me that the great Nebula of Orion has yielded to the power of our incomparable telescope which was set upon the trapezium in the great Nebula of Orion, under a power of 200, the fifth star was immediately conspicuous ; but our attention was directly absorbed with the splendid revelations made in its immediate neighbourhood. This part of the Nebula was resolved into bright points of light. The number of stars was too great to attempt counting them ; many were, however, readily located and mapped. The double character of the brightest star in the trapezium was readily recognized with a power of 600. This is "Struve's sixth star ;" and certain of the stars composing the Nebula were seen as double stars under the power. It should be borne in mind that this Nebula and that of Andromeda have been the last stronghold of the nebular theory ; that is of the idea first thrown out by the elder Herschell ; of masses of nebulous matter in process of condensation into systems. The nebula in Orion yielded not to the unrivalled skill of both of the Herschells, armed with their excellent reflectors. Steven defied the power of Lord Rosse's three foot mirrors, giving not the slightest trace of "resolvability," or separation into a number of single sparkling points. And even for the first time Lord Rosse's grand reflector, of six foot speculum, was directed to this object "not the veriest trace of a star was to be seen." Subsequently his Lordship communicated the result of his further examination of Orion, as follows :—"I think I may safely say, that there can be little, if any, doubt as to resolvability of the Nebula. We could plainly see that all about the Trapezium is a mass of stars, the rest of the Nebula also abounding in stars, and exhibiting the characteristics of resolvability strongly marked." This has hitherto been considered as the greatest effort of the largest reflecting Telescope in the world, and this our own Telescope has accomplished."

Earl's Goniometricon.

THIS is a contrivance to enable persons unskilled in drawing to find the perspective direction of the vanishing or receding lines of objects. The mode of using the instrument is thus described by Mr. Earl. Place the instrument between the eye and the object to be outlined, which is done by holding it with the finger and the thumb of the left hand at a point between the top of the arc and the universal joint. It is then fixed in that position at an angle of 60° with the line of vision, a task accomplished by taking a small ivory acorn attached to the instrument by a string, and placing it firmly between the teeth when the connecting string is stretched to its fullest tension. This done the instrument is moved till one of the indicators coincides with the line whose downward or upward direction it is sought to ascertain. That point discovered, the instrument is laid flat on the drawing paper with the horizontal bar parallel with its lower line, and gently moved to the required position, when the line of direction is ruled off from the edge of the indicator. The bottom of the instrument is set with divisional points, to assist in sketching the proportions of figures, trees or objects of irregular form or outline. The Goniometricon is much used by artists and travellers, and recommended for general use by the Astronomer Royal.—*Year Book of Facts.*

Bridge over the Ohio.

THE plan of a bridge across the Ohio, at Wheeling, has been agreed upon. It is to be supported by two towers on each bank 1,610 feet from centre to centre, 100 feet above the bed of the river, and 6 feet above the floor of the bridge !—*Mechanic.*

Marine Glue.

THE mainmast of the *Curacoa*, 24, having been made in 1843, and composed of several pieces of timber joined together with Marine Glue for the purpose of testing the qualities of that invention, proceeded to the South American station, and after serving the usual period was ordered home and recently paid off at Sheerness. The vessel having been dismasted, the Lords of the Admiralty ordered that the mast should be opened as is usual after 4 years' service, to ascertain its present condition : eight men were set to work with sledge hammers and wedges to separate the timbers, but their whole united efforts at one time failed in separating the joints, and only split the solid timber into large pieces, thus fully proving the invention of this glue to be the most valuable discovery for ship-building purposes of modern days. Were all lower masts for the Navy to be made the same as the *Curacoa*'s, it would be, it is said, a great saving to the government. The length of the *Curacoa*'s mast was 66 feet, and when put up with the top-mast 90 feet 10 inches. Its diameter was 28 inches. We suppose the Marine Glue is patented, as we regret to say the recipe is not given in the *Mechanics' Magazine*.—*Ed. P. M.*

Composition Ornaments.

THOUSANDS have admired the perfection of the figures produced by the looking glass and picture-frame manufacturers, on the corners and other parts of their elegant gilt frames ; but the art has been kept so close a secret among the craft that not even the apprentices of the trade have been allowed to know the secret of this peculiar art till near the expiration of their term of apprenticeship. We shall therefore describe the whole process as practised by the best burnish guilders at the present time.

The composition becomes nearly as hard as stone, and the art will furnish an agreeable amusement to many, who are not connected with that branch of business.

Process.

DISSOLVE one pound of glue in one gallon of water ; in another kettle boil together one gill of Venice turpentine, one pint of linseed oil ; mix all together in one kettle and continue the boiling, stirring them together till the water has evaporated from the other ingredients : then add finely pulverised whiting till the mass is brought to the consistency of soft putty. This composition will be hard when cold : but being warmed it may be moulded to any shape by carved stamps or prints ; and the moulded figures will soon become dry and hard, and will retain their shape and form more permanently than carvings of wood. They may be fastened with common glue on either plain surfaces, or mouldings.—*Mechanics' Magazine.*

Improvements in Photography.

M. NIEPCE DE ST. VICTOR finds, that if a sheet of paper on which there is written or printed characters, or a drawing, be exposed for a few minutes to the vapour of iodine, and there be applied immediately after a coating of starch, moistened by slightly acidulated water, a faithful tracing of the writing, printing or drawing will be obtained. M. Niepce has also discovered that a great number of substances, such as nitric acid, phosphoric acid, chlorurets of lime, and mercury, &c., act in a similar manner, and that various vapours, particularly those of ammonia, have the effect of vivifying the images obtained by photography.—*Ibid.*

The Satellite of Neptune.

MR. LASSELL has written to the *Times* fully confirming his discovery of the above body—as announced in that paper of the 12th ult., and by us reported ante p. 764. He says—“Repeated surveys of the sky surrounding the stars *a* & *b*, mentioned in my previous letter, have satisfied me that no star exists in the place where the point *c* appeared on the morning of the 8th of July. Since then I have repeated the observation by ascertaining that a presumed satellite accompanying the planet in one day became verified on a subsequent day by its no longer occupying the place in the sky which it filled when in the close neighbourhood of the planet. *But the fullest confirmation I obtained this morning*, when watching the planet together with its satellite for about two hours I found that Neptune in his orbital motion had sensibly carried away the satellite from the position in the sky it occupied when I first saw it. Altogether during the last month I have seen the planet accompanied by its satellite five or six times; and in every instance the satellite has been with respect to Neptune either in the north following or south preceding quadrant,—generally forming a moderate angle about 40 or 50 degrees with the parallel. From this it would appear that the plane of its orbit is not very greatly inclined to the plane of the ecliptic. The difficulties of the observation are, however, so great, that I fear some considerable time must elapse before the most interesting phenomena respecting this remote and minute body can be satisfactorily ascertained.—*Athenæum.*

The Tidal Mill.

FOR some weeks past a “queer looking craft,” as Jack would call it, has been moored a little below Southwark Bridge, on the Borough side, and the attention of the curious and scientific has been considerably excited towards it by the novelty of machinery without any visible motive power, being constantly in operation on deck. That craft is the experimental vessel belonging to the “Tidal Mill Company.” It is constructed as shewn in the diagram—a section across midships—in two parts; the space between is for the reception of a wheel 7 feet in diameter, with 6 vanes, each 5 feet 6 inches broad at the periphery, and tapering to 7 inches near the centre: it is like a screw propeller—is placed at right angles to the current, which gives it motion, the speed of which, it has been calculated, communicates power in the following ratio:

Tide—miles per hour, 23456

Wheel 7 ft. diameter working horse power, 23456

Ditto 14 ditto ditto ditto, 8,12,16,20,24

On the circumference of the wheel is a rim of thin iron, carrying a band which drives a pulley on deck, and to which may be attached apparatus for sawing or any other purpose.

On the Rhine, Siene, and other continental rivers, floating Tide-Mills have been most successfully adopted; whilst in this country only two instances occur of their having been attempted, and these, owing to the want of simplicity in their arrangements, failed to produce any useful effect.

If we can rely on the correctness of the above table, which is said to be the result of *actual* experiment with the 7 feet wheel—there can be no doubt, but that at no very distant period, the public will avail itself largely of this cheap and enduring motive power, specially in the vicinity of the more rapid rivers, such as the Thames, Mersey and Severn.—*Illustrated News*.

Simpson's Submerged Propeller.

WHEN the first innovation was made upon the rights of Ancient Wicker Fan by the introduction of the four-vaned blower on the floor of the barn to create an artificial current of air, and when afterwards that same simple agent was enclosed in the drum of a Wincrowing Machine, where a direction was given to the current by a volute form of casing simple and cheap in its construction and application, giving out a gentle and diffuse breeze, just sufficient to drive off the chaff and nothing more, it was regarded as a mere apology for the sturdy old bellows, but now after the lapse of upwards of a century, we find the whole troop of blowing apparatus, from the forge to the smelting furnace, rapidly retiring from their powerful though diminutive rival, which having triumphed in one element, is now seeking to win fresh laurels in another; and that, too, with good chance of success, if we may judge from the results of a trial trip, made by Mr. T. B. Simpson, in a Steam Vessel built and fitted at his own expence, with his patent Submerged Propeller, and reported in the *Times* to have acquired a speed of from ten to twelve knots per hour.

This Propeller is as before remarked, the old blowing machine immersed in water, and acting on that element precisely the same with air, *i. e.* collecting it in the centre, and throwing it off at the circumference of the vanes, from whence it impinges on a segment of a circle, placed so as to form a volute to the centre, and is by that made to leave the opening in a strong current parallel to the side of the vessel; a reference to figure 1 (will explain this, and also the contrivance for reversing the action, A. A. A. A. or four vanes, each) one foot in length and 18 inches broad, made to revolve either way. B. B. B. is the segment of a circle, made of thin metal, and forming the barrel to the drum inside of which the vanes revolve, and which guides the projected water in the direction *b* or *c* by merely changing its position when the vanes are reversed, the action of the water against the inside of the segment E. E. throws it over to the position shown by the dotted lines C. C. C. and the levers F. F.

Fig. 2 is a midship plan with the deck broken away to shew the position of the propellers E E, and the direction of the current F F.

Fig. 3 is a section through midships, shewing the elevation of the propeller and the arrangement for communicating motion to the engine. Altogether this is a most important problem; and whether solved or not by the labours of Mr. Simpson, he is entitled to a niche in the temple of fame, for the indomitable perseverance and talent he has displayed in endeavouring to carry out a principle which he believes to be true, and which he has spared neither pains nor expence to prove. We heartily wish him success.—*Ibid.*

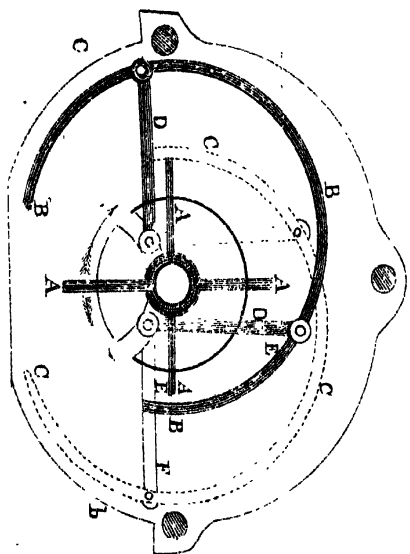


Fig. 1.

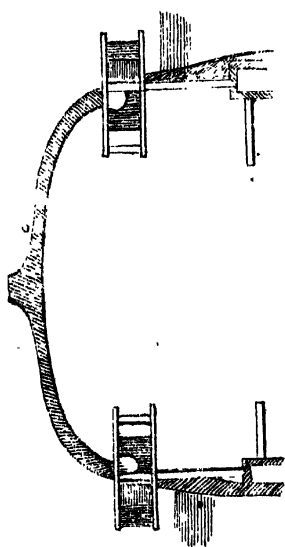


Fig. 3.

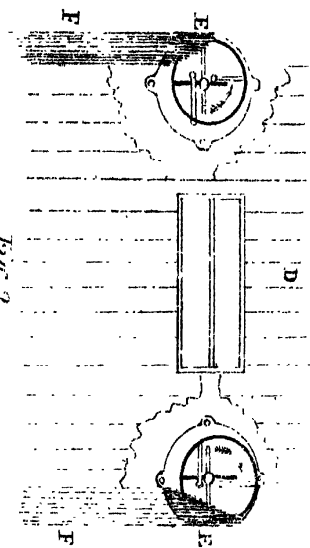


Fig. 2.

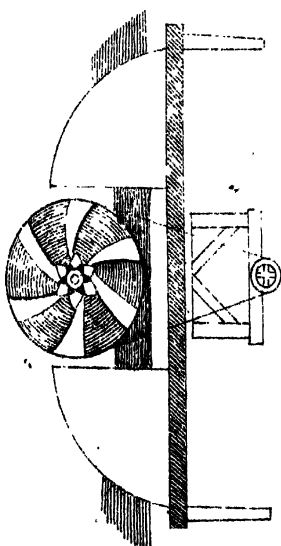


Fig. 4.

V.—TALES.

"Marie," by Count D'Orsay.

"(Continued from our last Number.)"

CHAPTER IV.

DESPITE THE COLD.

LITTLE PIERRE sat up, and looked around him with a pensive air.

"Ah, he never does otherwise when he hears anything of eating going on!" said Germain; "the sound of a cannon would not wake him, but when one moves one's jaws near him, he opens his eyes at once."

"You must have been just so at his age," said Marie, with a mischievous smile. "Ah, Pierre, you are looking for the top of your bed; it is made of verdure this night my child, but your father sups all the same. Will you sup with him? I have not eaten your share; I suspected you would be calling for it!"

"Marie you *must* eat!" exclaimed Germain. "I'll eat no more,—I am a glutton—a devourer,—you deprive yourself for us: it's not fair, and I am ashamed of myself! There, all my appetite is gone now; my son shall not sup unless you do."

"Let us alone," said Marie, "you have not the key of our appetites: mine is locked up to-day, but your Pierre's is as open as a little wolf's: see how he falls to! Ah, he'll be a hearty labourer too, one day!"

Indeed Petit Pierre soon shewed whose son he was, and, hardly awake, not understanding where he was, or how he came there, he began to devour. Then when his hunger was satisfied, becoming excited, as children do when they break through their ordinary habits, he was more sprightly, more curious, and more sensible than usual. He made them explain to him where he was, and when he found he was in the wood he began to feel somewhat alarmed.

"Are there any wild beasts in this wood?" he asked of his father.

"No, my son,—don't be afraid," was the reply.

"Ah, then, you told a story when you said that if I went with you to the great woods, the wolves would eat me up."

"Do you hear this reasoner?" said Germain, embarrassed.

"He is right," said Marie; "you said so: he has a good memory,—he remembers it. But you must learn, my child, that your father never tells stories. We passed the great woods while you were asleep, and now we are in the little woods, where there are no wild beasts."

"Are the little woods far from the great ones?"

"Far enough. Besides, the wolves never come out of the great woods; and even if they did come here, your father would kill them."

"And you too Marie?"

"Yes, you and I both. You could help us, Pierre: you would not be frightened? You would hit them hard?"

"Yes, yes," exclaimed the child, proudly, and assuming an heroic attitude; "we would kill them!"

"There's nobody like you for talking to children," said Germain to Marie; "and for making them understand reason. It's true, it is not long since you were a child yourself; and you remember what your mother said to you. I think the younger one is, the better one understands those who are so. I am greatly

afraid that a woman of thirty, who has never been a mother, too, would find it difficult to learn to prattle and reason with babies."

"Why so, Germain? I don't know why you think ill of that woman. You should have done with that!"

"To the deuce with the woman!" exclaimed Germain. "I wish I had done with *her* for good and all. What I want with a wife I don't know!"

"*Mon petit père*," said the child, "why do you keep talking of your wife to-day, since she is dead?"

"Ah, then, you have not forgotten her,—your poor dear mother?"

"No, for I saw her put into a nice white wooden box, and grandmother took me to kiss her, and bid her good by! She was quite pale and cold, and every night my aunt makes me pray to God to take her and warm her in heaven with Him. Do you think she's there now?"

"I hope so, my child. But you must always pray, for that shews your mother that you love her."

"I'll say my prayers now," said the child. "I did not think of it this evening. But I can't say them by myself; I always forget a little. Marie must help me."

"Yes, my Pierre, I will help you; come and kneel by me."

The child knelt down on the petticoat of the young girl, joined his little hands, and began to recite a prayer, at first with attention and fervour, for he knew the commencement well; then, with slowness and hesitation; and, finally, repeating, word by word, what Marie dictated to him, till he arrived at that part of his orison where sleep overtook him every night, and beyond which point he never could learn a syllable. As usual, the labour of fixing his attention, and the monotony of his own voice, produced their accustomed effect; with difficulty he pronounced the last words, after they had been repeated to him three or four times over; his head drooped upon Marie's breast, and his hands unclasped, separated, and fell open on his knees. By the light of the fire Germain gazed at his little angel sleeping on the bosom of the girl, who, supporting him in her arms, and stirring his fair locks with her pure breath, had fallen into a pious reverie, and was praying mentally for the soul of Catherine.

Germain, deeply touched, sought for words to express to Marie the esteem and gratitude with which she inspired him; but found none which could express his feelings. He approached her to embrace his son, whom she still held pressed to her breast, and scarcely could he detach his lips from the child's brow.

"You embrace him too closely," said Marie, gently pushing away the head of the father; "you will wake him. Let me lay him down; he is gone off again to dream of paradise."

The child suffered himself to be put down, but as he stretched his limbs on the goat-skin he asked if he were on *la Grise*; then opening his large blue eyes, and fixing them on the boughs above, for a minute he appeared as if dreaming awake, or struck by an idea which had passed through his mind in the day, and now took a more definite form at the approach of sleep.

"*Mon petit père*," he said, "if you give me another mother, I want it to be little Marie;" and without waiting for a reply, he closed his eyes and slept again.

Marie appeared to pay no more attention to the strange words of the child than to regard them merely as a proof of affection; she covered him with care, made up the fire, and as the fog hanging over the pond close by, shewed no symptoms of clearing, she advised Germain to settle himself by the fire to sleep.

"I see it is coming upon you already," she said, "for you don't speak a word, and you gaze at the embers as your son did just now. There, go to sleep, and I'll watch the child and the fire."

"No, you must sleep," replied Germain, "and I will watch over you both, for I never felt less disposed to sleep:—I have fifty ideas in my head."

"Fifty!" said the girl, archly; "there are so many who would be happy to have one!"

"Well! if I have not fifty, I have at least one, which I can't rid of for the last hour."

"And I'll tell it you, as well as that you had before it."

"Ah, yes!—Say it, if you can guess it, Marie!—tell it me yourself. I should like that!"

"Well, an hour ago, you had an idea of eating, and now you have an idea of sleeping."

"Marie! I am only an ox-driver, but really you take me for an ox. You are an unfeeling girl, and I see you don't want to talk to me. Sleep, then; that is better than to make game of a man who is sad."

"Well, if you want to talk, let us talk," said the girl, half reclining beside the child, and resting her head against the saddle. "You have taken a fancy to torment yourself, Germain; and that does not shew much fortitude in a man. What should I do, if I did not bear up against my troubles as well as I could?"

"Yes, and it is just that which occupies me, my poor child. You will have to live away from your relations, in a horrid country full of flats and marshes, where you will catch the autumn fever; where the sheep will not thrive, which always vexes a careful shepherdess; and you will be among strangers, who, perhaps, will not be good to you—who will not feel all your value. I tell you that vexes me more than I can express; and I have a great mind to take you back to your mother, instead of going on to Fourche."

"You speak with much kindness, but little reason, my poor Germain: one must not be weak for one's friends. And instead of shewing me the dark side of my lot, you ought to point out the bright one, as you did when we stopped at the *cabaret*."

"Well, well; true enough. I looked at the thing that way then, now I see it in another light. You would do much better to find a husband!"

"That can't be, Germain—I told you so before; and as it can't be, I don't think of it."

"But if it could be? Perhaps if you told me what you would wish him to be like, I might think of somebody."

"To think of some one is not to find him. I think nothing about it, as it is useless."

"You would not have the idea of finding a rich one?"

"No, certainly; as I am as poor as Job."

"But if he were well off, it would not do you any harm to be well lodged, well fed, well clothed, and in a family of worthy people who would allow you to assist your mother?"

"Oh, as for that—yes! To assist my mother is all I desire."

"And if you found all that, even if the man were not very young, you would not be too hard to please?"

"Ah, pardon me, Germain! That's exactly the thing I should consider the most. I could not like an old man!"

"Not an old man, of course; but, for example, a man of my age?"

"Your age is old for me, Germain. I should like better the age of Bastien, though Bastien is not so good-looking as you."

"You would like better Bastien, the swineherd!" said Germain indignantly; "a fellow with eyes like the beasts he drives!"

"I would overlook his eyes, in consideration of his eighteen years."

Germain felt horribly jealous.

"Well, I see you have set your heart on Bastien; it's a queer fancy, nevertheless."

"Yes, it would be a queer fancy," said Marie, with a burst of laughter, "and that would be a queer husband. You can make him believe any thing. The other day I picked up a tomato in the garden of Monsieur le Curé; I told him it was a beautiful red apple, and he took a great bite of it, like a glutton. If you'd seen the face he made!—what a fright!"

"You don't love him, then, since you make fun of him?"

"Oh, that would be no reason. But I don't love him,—he is brutal with his little sister, and he is dirty."

"Well, and you don't feel disposed towards any one else?"

"What can it signify to you, Germain?"

"Oh, nothing to me, but only for something to talk of, I see, well enough, you have an admirer in your head!"

"No, Germain, you are mistaken: I have nobody yet; that may come by and bye. But as I shall not marry till I have laid by something, I am fated to marry late and an old man."

"Well, but why can't you take an old man at once?"

"No, no, when I am no longer young myself I shan't mind, but now it's a different thing."

"I see, Marie, that you don't like me,—that's clear enough!" said Germain, with vexation, and without weighing his words.

Marie made no reply; Germain bent towards her; her eyes had closed, completely overcome by sleep, like children who drop into slumber in the midst of their prattle.

Germain was glad that she had not heard his last words; he was conscious that they were not wise, and he turned his back to her that he might distract his thoughts from the subject that occupied them.

But it was in vain: he could neither sleep nor think of anything else. He passed backwards and forwards before the fire twenty times; he left the spot, he returned; and at last, finding himself agitated almost beyond the power of control, he leant against the tree which sheltered the two children, and watched them sleeping.

"I wonder how it was that I never perceived that that little Marie is the prettiest girl in the country!" he pursued, as he gazed. "She has not much colour, but she has a little face as fresh as a hedge-rose. What a pretty mouth! and what a nice little nose! She's not tall for her age, but she is as round as a quail and gay as a lark! I don't know why our people think so much of a great big woman with red cheeks. My Catherine was rather slight and pale, but I thought her quite charming. This one is delicate-looking, but she is none the less healthy for that; and she is as pretty as white kid! And then, what a soft and winning air she has! How one reads her heart in her eyes—ay, even when she's asleep! As for cleverness, she has more than my poor Catherine had, I must own; and one never could be bored while with her. She is gay, she is sensible, she is industrious, she is affectionate, and she is amusing! I should like to know what more could be wished for!"

"But what have I to do with all that?" he continued, trying to look another way; "my father-in-law would not hear of it, and all the family would think me mad. Besides, she would not have me, the poor child! she finds me too old!—she has told me so. She has no interested motives; she does not fear to encounter poverty and want, to be ill-clothed, and to suffer hunger for so many months of the year, provided she can one day satisfy the wishes of her heart, and bestow herself on the husband of her choice. She is right; I would do the same in her place, and even at this moment, if I could follow my own desires, instead of embarking in a marriage, the idea of which entirely dissatisfies me, I would choose whatever girl pleased me!"

The more Germain sought to calm and reason with himself, the less he succeeded in his object. He walked off some twenty steps, lost his way in the fog, and then suddenly found himself on his knees beside the two children. Once even in wishing to kiss little Pierre, whose arm was clasped round Marie's neck, he mistook so far, that the girl, feeling a warm breath pass over her lips, awoke, and looked up with a wild and startled air, understanding nothing of what was passing in his heart. •

"I did not see you, my poor children," said Germain, drawing back hastily. "I nearly fell over you, and might have hurt you."

Marie's own candour induced her to believe him, and she composed herself to sleep again.

Germain retreated to the other side of the fire, swearing within himself that he would not move from the spot till she awoke. He kept his word, but it was not without extreme difficulty, for this inaction almost maddened him.

At length, towards midnight, the fog began to dissipate, and soon Germain could see the stars through the foliage. The moon disengaged herself from the vapours which had covered her, and began to sow diamonds on the damp moss; the trunks of the oaks remained in majestic obscurity; but a little further on, the white stems of the birches looked like a range of phantoms in their shrouds. The fire threw its reflections on the pool, and the frogs, accustomed themselves to the blaze, uttered a few hoarse and timid notes. The angular branches of the old trees, bristling with pale lichens, extended and interlaced like gaunt arms over the heads of the travellers.

It was a grand scene, but so lonely, so melancholy, that Germain, overpowered by the sensation of gloom, began to sing and throw stones into the water, to distract the intense *ennui* the solitude inspired in him. He wished also to waken Marie, and when he saw her rise and look around, he proposed that they should resume their route.

"In a couple of hours," he said, "the approach of day will make the air so cold, that we shall not be able to stand it, in spite of our fire. Now we can see to guide ourselves, and we shall be sure to find a house where they will let us in, or at least a barn where we may pass the rest of the night under cover."

Marie made no objection; and though she would have been well content to sleep longer, she prepared to follow Germain. He, taking his son in his arms without waking him, invited Marie to shelter herself under his cloak, as she would not take her own, which was wrapped round the child. When he felt the girl thus near him, Germain, who had begun to brighten up a little, found all his agitation return. Two or three times he left her abruptly, and let her walk alone; then, seeing that she followed with difficulty, he waited for her, drew her towards him, and pressed her so closely, that she was astonished and even displeased, without daring to own it.

As they were utterly ignorant of the direction from which they started, they were no better informed as to that which they were following.

So far astray were they, that they recrossed the wood, found themselves again in the open plain, retraced their steps, and having turned and walked about for a length of time, they perceived a light through the trees.

"Ah, here's a house!" said Germain, "and the people already awake, as the fire is lighted: it must be very late, then."

But it was no house; it was the fire they had covered up when they left it, but which the wind had raised again. They had walked for two hours to find themselves at the spot whence they started.

CHAPTER V.

THE "LIONNE" OF THE VILLAGE.

"I GIVE it up!" said Germain, stamping his foot. "It seems fated that we shall not leave this spot before daylight. The place must be bewitched!"

"Come, come, do not let us get angry," said Marie, "but make up our minds to it. We must make a larger fire; the child is so well wrapped up that there is no danger for him, and to pass one night in the open air will not kill us. Where have you hidden the saddle, Germain? In the midst of the holly, heedless fellow? That will be convenient to get at!"

"Here, hold the child, while I take his bed from the briars; I do not want that you should have your hands torn."

"It is done; here is the bed, and a few scratches are not sabre-wounds," replied the hardy little girl. She again proceeded to put little Pierre to bed, who was now so sound asleep that he was quite unconscious of this last journey. Germain put such a quantity of wood on the fire that it lighted up all the forest around; but Marie was quite exhausted and although she never complained, she could no longer support herself on her legs: she was pale, and her teeth chattered from cold and weakness.

Germain took her in his arms to warm her; and uneasiness, compassion, and irresistible tenderness filling his heart, silenced his senses. His tongue seemed set loose as by a miracle, and all shyness was at an end.

"I love you, Marie," he said, "and I am most unfortunate in not pleasing you. If you would accept me for your husband, neither father-in-law, relations, neighbours, nor advice, should prevent my being yours. I know that you would render my children happy, that you would teach them to respect the memory of their mother, and my conscience thus at rest, I might satisfy my heart. I have always had a friendship for you, and I now feel so much love for you, that if you asked me to follow all my life, your every wish, I would swear to do so from this hour. Consider, I implore you, how I love you, and try to forget my age. After all, I am only twenty-eight! A young girl fears the criticisms to which she may be subjected for marrying a man some ten or twelve years older than herself, because it is not the custom of the country; but I have heard that in other places parents do not regard that as an objection, but, on the contrary, prefer giving a young person to a sensible man of proved courage, who will be her protector, than to a youth who may change from being what he promised, and become a worthless profligate. For that matter, years do not always make the age: that depends on the strength and health one has. When a man is exhausted by too much labour, by privations, or an evil course of life, he is old at twenty-five; whereas I—but you do not listen to me, Marie!"

"Yes, yes, Germain, I hear you very well," replied Marie, "but I am thinking of what my mother has so frequently told me; which is, that a woman of sixty is greatly to be pitied when her husband is seventy or seventy-five, and can no longer work for his bread. He becomes infirm, and she must nurse and take care of him when she herself begins to require great attention and rest, and so they die in distress and poverty."

"Relations are right in saying so, I acknowledge, Marie," said Germain; "but then they sacrifice their youth, which is their best time, in looking forward to what may happen in their old age, when life is no longer worth having, and when it signifies little how it ends. But I am in no danger of dying of hunger in my old age; I am even in a position to lay by money, since, living with my wife's family, I spend nothing, and work hard. Besides, I should love you so much, I could not grow old. People say that when a man is happy he continues young, and I feel that in affection for you I am younger than Bastien. He does not love you: he is too stupid, too childish, to understand how good, how

pretty you are, and how formed to be sought after. Come, Marie, do not hate me; I am not a bad man; I made poor Catherine happy: she vowed before God on her deathbed, that she had never been otherwise than contented with me, and she recommended me to marry again. It seemed as if her spirit had spoken to her child this evening at the moment when he was falling asleep. Did you not hear what he said? and did you not see how his little mouth trembled, while his eyes sought something hardly visible in the air! You may be sure he saw his mother, and that it was her who made him say he wished you to replace her."

"Germain," answered Marie, surprised and thoughtful, "you speak like an honest man, and all you say is true. I am sure that I should do well in loving you, if it did not displease your family; but what would you have me do? My heart does not speak for you; I like you very well; but though your age does not disfigure you, it alarms me: it seems as if you were to me something like an uncle or a godfather, that I ought to respect you, and that at moments you would treat me as a child rather than as an equal and your wife. My companions, also, would laugh at me, perhaps; and though it may be nonsense to mind that, I believe I should feel ashamed and unhappy on my wedding-day."

"This is the reasoning of a child, Marie."

"Oh, yes, I am a child!" she said; "and, for that reason, I should fear a man who has too much sense. Do you not see that I am too young for you, if you are not too old for me, since already you reproach me for talking nonsense? I cannot have more sense than suits my age."

"Alas! how unfortunate I am in being so awkward and expressing so ill what I feel!" exclaimed Germain. "Marie, you do not love me, that is the fact; you find me too simple, too dull. If you loved me ever so little, you would not see my faults so clearly; but you do not."

"Well, and is that my fault?" answered she, wounded that he no longer used the familiar *tutoiment*. "I do as much as I can in listening to you, but the more I try, the more difficult I find it to persuade myself that we ought to be man and wife."

Germain did not answer, but sat with his head resting between his hands, and it was impossible for Marie to guess whether he was weeping, sullen, or asleep.

She was uneasy at seeing him so mournful, and at not being able to discover his thoughts; but she dared not speak to him again, and as she was too much surprised at what had passed to have any desire to sleep, she waited impatiently for daylight, still taking care of the fire and watching the child, whom Germain seemed to have forgotten. However, Germain was not sleeping; he was not thinking on his fate, nor was he making projects of courage, or plans to change her determination. He suffered intensely; he felt a mountain of cares on his breast—he wished for death. Every thing seemed to be turning against him, and he could have wept with all his heart. But there was anger against himself mingled with his grief, and he stifled his feelings without wishing or being able to complain.

When daylight had come, and that the sounds in the neighbourhood had announced the fact to Germain, he removed his hands from his face, and got up. He saw that Marie had not been sleeping, but he did not know how to express to her his solicitude. He again hid the saddle of la Grise in the bushes, took his *sac* on his shoulder, and his child by the hand.

"Now Marie," said he, "let us try and finish our journey; shall I take you to the Elms?"

"We will leave the wood together," she answered, "and when we know where we are, we can each proceed on our different ways."

Germain did not reply. He was hurt at the girl's not asking him to conduct her to the Elms, and he did not perceive that he had made the offer in a tone calculated to provoke a refusal.

A woodman, whom they met when they had walked a few yards, directed them how to advance, and told them that, after passing the great meadow, they must turn, the one to the right, the other to the left, to gain their different destinations, which were so near together, that the houses of Fourche and the farm of the Elms could be distinctly seen from each other. Then, when they had thanked the woodman, and were passing on, he called them back to ask if they had not lost a horse. "I have found," said he, "a fine grey mare in my yard, where, perhaps, she was driven to seek refuge from a wolf. My dogs were barking all night, and at daylight I found the beast in my shed, where she still is; let us go there, and if you recognise her as being yours, take her."

Germain, having first described her, and being convinced that it was *la Grise*, set off to get the saddle. Marie offered to take his child with her to the Elms, where he could come for him after having visited Fourche.

"He is not very tidy," said she, "after the night we have passed. I will clean his clothes, wash his pretty face, and comb his hair, and then, when he is fresh and handsome, you can present him to your new family."

"How do you know that I am going to Fourche?" replied Germain, ill-humouredly: "perhaps I won't go."

"Oh, yes, Germain, you must—you will go," answered she.

"You seem in a great hurry to have me married to another, in order to be quite sure of my not troubling you any more."

"Come, come, Germain, do not think of that any more; 'twas only an idea that entered your head last night, because this adventure had confused your mind a little: but now that you have recovered your senses, I promise to forget all about it, and never to mention to any one what you have said to me."

"Speak of it, if you like, I am not in the habit of denying my words; what I said was the honest truth, and can never make me blush before any one."

"Yes, but if your future bride knew that at the moment of your arrival you were thinking of another, it would not dispose her in your favour. Remember the Père Maurice, who counts on your obedience, and who will be angry with me if I turn you from following his advice. Good-bye, Germain; I take little Pierre in order to force you to go to Fourche: 'tis a pledge I keep for you."

"You will go with *her*, then?" said the labourer to his son, seeing him take Marie's hand and following her resolutely.

"Yes, father," replied the child, who had heard and understood, to a certain extent, what had been said unsuspectingly before him, "I am going with my darling Marie: you will come for me when you have finished being married; but I wish to have Marie for my little mother."

"You see how he wishes it!" said Germain to the girl. "Listen, Pierre," continued he, "I wish also that she should be your mother, and remain always with you, but she will not; try to make her grant to you what she has refused me."

"Never fear, *mon petit père*; I'll make her say Yes: little Marie always does what I want."

He went away with her, leaving Germain more sad, more irresolute, than ever. However, when he had repaired the disorder caused by the journey to his clothes and the equipments of his horse—when he was mounted on *la Grise*, and his way had been indicated to him, he thought it was too late to turn back, and that he must forget last night and its agitation as a dream.

He found le Père Léonard near the door of his white house, seated on a wooden bench painted green, close by the six stone steps, which shewed that the dwelling had a cellar; the garden-wall, and that of the hemp-field, were rough-cast in lime and sand; altogether, it was a good house, and might easily have been taken for that of a *bourgeois*.

The father-in-law elect of Germain came forward to meet him, and after having spent five minutes in making enquiries after all his family, he added the phrase commonly used on such occasions when persons wish civilly to ask those they meet the object of their journey.

"And so you are taking a trip in this direction?"

"I am come to see you," replied the labourer, "and have brought you this little present of game from my father-in-law, who desired me to tell you from him, that you would know my intention in visiting you."

"Ah! ah!" said Père Léonard, laughing, and tapping him on the back; "I see, I understand." Then winking, he added, "You will not be the only one to pay your compliments, my young man. There are already three in the house on the same errand. For my part I dismiss no one, and should find it difficult to choose, for they are all excellent matches. However, in consideration of le Père Maurice and the quality of the land you cultivate, I should prefer you. But my daughter is of age and mistress of her property; she will follow her own inclinations. Enter, make yourself known; I wish you luck."

"Pardon—excuse me," replied Germain, a good deal surprised to find himself a supernumerary where he had counted on being alone. "I did not know that your daughter was already provided with suitors. I am not come to compete with others."

"If you thought that because you were not in a hurry to come," answered Père Léonard, without in any degree losing his good temper, "my daughter would be unprovided for, you were greatly mistaken. Catherine has sufficient attractions to gain wooers,—she will only be puzzled to choose among so many. But come into the house, I tell you: do not lose courage. She is a woman who is worth being disputed for." And pushing Germain, by the shoulders with rude gaiety, he exclaimed, "Here, Catherine! here is another!"

This jocular, but rather coarse mode of introduction to the widow in the midst of her other suitors, completed the displeasure and vexation of Germain. He felt awkward, and remained some moments without daring to raise his eyes to the lady and her admirers.

The widow Guérin had a good figure, and did not want for freshness; but the expression of her face and her dress were displeasing to Germain at the first glance. She had a bold and self-satisfied air, and the triple row of lace bordering her cap, her silk apron, and neckerchief of black blonde, did not harmonise with the idea he had formed of a staid, serious widow.

This affectation in her dress and freedom of manner, made him think her old and ugly, although she was neither the one nor the other. He thought that such a gay toilet and sprightly demeanour would be suitable to the youth and beauty of little Marie, but that this widow's gaiety was heavy, and that her finery sat ill on her.

The three suitors were seated at a table covered with wine and meat, which were always there for any one during the Sunday morning; for the Père Léonard was fond of exhibiting his opulence, and the widow was not sorry to display her plate, and to shew what a good table she could keep.

Germain, simple and confiding as he was, observed all these things clearly enough, and for the first time in his life, he felt mistrustful of those with whom he found himself in company. The Père Léonard had forced him to take his place with his rivals, and sitting down himself opposite to him, shewed him every attention, and treated him with evident partiality. The present of game, in spite of the breach made in it by Germain on his own account, was still sufficient to produce a good effect: the widow seemed sensible of it, and the rivals looked at it with disdain. Germain felt ill at ease, and did not eat heartily.

Père Léonard bantered him on his reserve. "You seem low," he said, "and you quarrel with your glass in consequence; love must not take away

your appetite, for a fasting gallant can never find pretty speeches like him whose wits are brightened by wine."

Germain was mortified at being thus supposed to be already in love, and the affected manner of the widow, who cast down her eyes and smiled like one conscious of her charms, made him feel disposed to deny her supposed conquest: but he feared to appear uncivil, so he said nothing, and resolved to take patience. The widow's admirers appeared to him three clowns, and he thought they ought to be very rich for her to admit their pretensions. One was more than fifty years of age, and almost as stout as le Père Léonard; another was blind of an eye, and had drank till he was stupified. The third was young and rather good-looking; but he wished to say clever things, and uttered such absurdities that he became an object of ridicule. However, the widow laughed at his sallies as if she admired his folly, which did not prove much for her taste. Germain, at first, believed that this was the favoured one; but he soon perceived that it was himself whom she particularly encouraged and sought to bring forward, which was for him quite a sufficient reason to feel and appear colder and graver than ever.

The hour for mass had now arrived, and they all rose to repair to the church together. They had to go as far as Mers, a good league and a half from where they were, and Germain was so tired, that he would have desired nothing so much as to have a sleep first: but he was not in the habit of failing to attend mass, so he set out with the others. The way was crowded with people, and the widow walked proudly, escorted by her three suitors, taking the arm of each alternately, bristling and holding up her head. She wished exceedingly to have displayed a fourth to the eyes of the passers by, but Germain found the position of thus forming one of her train before all the world, too ridiculous, so he loitered behind in conversation with le Père Léonard, finding means so to occupy him and distract his attention from the rest of the party, that they did not appear to belong to it.

CHAPTER VI.

THE MASTER.

WHEN they gained the village, the widow stopped to wait for them. She wished of all things to make her entry with all her train; but Germain, refusing her this satisfaction, quitted Léonard, and accosting some of his acquaintances, entered the church by another door, to her great vexation. After the service, however, she shewed herself in triumph on the green, where she joined in the dance with her three adorers successively. Germain looked on, and found that she moved well, but with affectation.

"Well!" said the Père Léonard to him slapping him on the shoulder, "you do not dance with my daughter? you are too timid!"

"I have never danced since I lost my wife," replied Germain.

"But since you are in search of another, the mourning is over in the heart as well as in the dress."

"That does not follow, Père Léonard; at any rate, I find myself too old. I no longer like it."

"Listen!" returned the old man, drawing him away to a more retired spot; "you were vexed on entering my house to find the place already surrounded by besiegers, and I see that you are very proud. But this is unreasonable, *mon garçon*. My daughter is accustomed to be courted, more especially during the last two years, since she has left off her mourning, and it is not for her to make advances to you."

"It is then two years since your daughter became free to marry, and she has not yet made her choice?" said Germain.

"She is in no hurry, and she is right. Although she looks gay, and does not appear reflective, she is a woman of great good sense, and one who knows very well what she is about."

"It does not seem so," said Germain ingenuously, "for she has three suitors in her train; and if she knew which she preferred, she would have given the others their dismissals."

"Why so? You do not understand, Germain. She does not want the old one, nor he who has but one eye, nor yet the young fellow, I am almost certain; but if she dismissed them, people would think that she wished to remain a widow, and no more would come."

"Ah, yes! these are to be hung out by way of a sign then?"

"As you say: where is the harm if that suits them?"

"Every one to his taste!" said Germain.

"I see that such is not yours; but we may come to an understanding. Suppose you are preferred, the others must resign to you."

"Yes, supposing!—But during the time taken to consider the subject, how long am I to remain in expectation?"

"That depends on yourself, I think; if you know how to speak and how to persuade her. As yet, my daughter has felt that the best part of her life is that during which she is courted, and she is in no hurry to become the servant of one man when she can command many. Thus, while the game pleases her, she will amuse herself; but if you please more than the game, she will give it up. All you have to do is not to let yourself be discouraged. Return every Sunday, dance with her, let it be known that you have entered the lists, and if you are found more agreeable than the others, you will some fine day be informed of it, without doubt."

"Pardon me, Père Léonard; your daughter has, of course, a right to do as she pleases, and I have no business to blame her. In her place I should act with more frankness, and I would not let men, who have probably something better to do, lose their time about a woman who laughs in her sleeve at them. However, if her amusement and happiness consist in that line of conduct it is nothing to me. But it is time I should explain to you the real object of my visit, which is far other than the one you imagine, for I have not come here with the intention of proposing to your daughter, but with that of buying a pair of oxen from you which you intended to send to the fair next week, and which my father-in-law thinks would suit him."

"I understand, Germain," replied Père Léonard, very quietly; "you have changed your mind since seeing my daughter with her lovers. But as you please; it seems that what attracts some, deters others: you have the right to withdraw, particularly as you have not spoken on the subject. If you wish seriously to buy my oxen, come and see them at pasture: we will talk it over, and, whether or not we make a bargain, you must come and dine with us before you return."

"I do not wish to put you out of your way," said Germain; "you have business here, perhaps: for myself, as I find it rather dull doing nothing but watching the dancers, I will go and look at your beasts and join you again at your house."

Thus saying, Germain went away in the direction of the meadow where, Léonard had pointed out to him some of his cattle. It was true that le Père Maurice wished to buy the oxen, and Germain thought that if he took back to him a fine pair at a moderate price, he would be sooner pardoned for having voluntarily failed in the principal object of his journey.

He walked quickly, and soon found himself near the Elms. He wished to go to embrace his child, and even to see la petite Marie, although he had lost the

hope and driven away all thoughts of owing his happiness to her. All that he had just seen and heard—this vain coquettish woman—the father, at once cunning and narrow-minded, encouraging his daughter in habits of pride and perfidy—the luxury of a town, seeming an infringement on the dignity of the customs of the country—the time lost in idle and senseless words—the family interior, so different from his own—and above all, the great uneasiness always experienced by the rural labourer when he quits his habits of industry; in short, all the *ennui* and confusion he had gone through during the last few hours, inspired Germain with the ardent desire of finding himself once more with his child and his little neighbour.

Even had he not been attached to the latter, he would still have sought her society to distract his thoughts, and restore his spirits to their usual tone. But he looked for them in vain in the fields around him; neither Marie nor petit Pierre were to be found, although it was the hour when the shepherds were usually in the fields. There was a large flock in the *chome*, and he asked the boy who was guarding them if they belonged to the farm of the Elms? The child replied in the affirmative.

"And are you the shepherd? are the sheep here kept by boys?"

"No, I watch them to-day because the shepherdess is gone; she is ill."

"But did not another arrive this morning?"

"Oh, yes! but she is gone, too."

"How, gone! had not she a child with her?"

"Yes, a little boy, who was crying; they both went away after staying two hours."

"Gone away! where?"

"From whence they came, I suppose; I did not ask them."

"But why did they go away?" said Germain, becoming more and more uneasy.

"How should I know? Perhaps, they did not agree about the terms."

"But that ought to have been settled beforehand."

"I can tell you nothing on the subject. I saw them come and I saw them go, that is all."

Germain went towards the farm, and questioned the labourers. No one could explain the matter to him; but one thing was certain, that after having spoken with the farmer, the young girl had gone away, taking with her the child, who was crying.

"Had they ill-treated my son?" exclaimed Germain, his eyes sparkling with anger.

"Was he your son? How did it happen that he was with the little girl? Where do you come from? What is your name?"

Germain seeing that, according to the custom of the country, they only answered his questions by others, stamped his foot impatiently, and asked to speak to the master. The master was not there—he was not in the habit of remaining all day when he came there; he had mounted his horse and set out, they did not know to which of his other farms.

"But," said Germain, a prey to the most lively anxiety, "do not you know the reason of the young girl's departure?"

The man to whom he spoke, exchanging a strange smile with his wife, answered that "he knew nothing about the matter—that it did not concern him." All that Germain could learn was, that the young girl and the child had gone in the direction of Fourche: he ran to Fourche; the widow and her lovers had not returned, neither had le Père Léonard. The servant told him that a girl, accompanied by a child, had been there asking for him, but not knowing them she did not like to receive them, and had advised them to go to Mers.

"And why did you refuse to receive them?" said Germain, angrily. "The people here seem very distrustful, that they cannot open their doors to their neighbour."

"Ah! dame," replied the servant, "in a rich house like this it is quite necessary to be cautious. I am answerable for every thing when the masters are absent, and I cannot open to the first person who comes."

"Tis a bad custom," said Germain, "and I should prefer being poor to living in that state of fear. Adieu, girl! adieu to your vile country!"

He inquired at the neighbouring houses. They had seen the shepherdess, and as the child had left Belair unexpectedly with his blouse torn, and his little lambskin on his body, and as poor Marie was, for a good reason, always meanly dressed, they had taken them for beggars. They had offered them some bread, and the girl accepted a piece, which she gave to the child, who was hungry, and then starting immediately they gained the wood.

Germain reflected a moment; he then asked if the farmer of the Elms had not come to Fourche?

"Yes," they said; "he had passed on horseback a few minutes after the little girl."

"Was he pursuing her?"

"Ah! you know then?" said the innkeeper of the place, to whom he addressed himself, laughing. "Yes, certainly, he is well known for running after the girls: but I don't think he caught this one—though, after all, if he saw her——"

"That is enough—thank you," said Germain, and flying, rather than running, to the stable of Léonard, he saddled la Grise, sprang on her back, and set off full gallop towards the forest of Chantlose. His heart beat tumultuously with anxiety and anger, and the perspiration ran from his brow; he drew blood from the flanks of la Grise, who, seeing she was on the way to her stable, was quite ready to advance. Germain soon found himself at the place where he had passed the night beside the pond; the fire was still smoking, and an old woman was picking up the provision of dead wood made by Marie. Germain stopped to question her; she was deaf, and, misunderstanding all his interrogations, answered.

"Yes, *mon garçon*, this is the Mare au Diable. 'Tis a bad place; you must not approach it without throwing in three stones with the left hand, and making the sign of the cross with the right: that drives away the evil spirits, otherwise misfortunes come on whoever goes round it."

"I am not asking you about that," said Germain, coming nearer to her, and speaking at the top of his voice. "Did you see a girl pass here with a child?"

"Yes," replied the old woman, "he was drowned here,—the little child." Germain trembled from head to foot, but happily the old woman continued,—
"It is a long time since that happened; in memory of the accident a fine cross was put up, but during a stormy night the evil spirits threw it into the water. You can still see one end of it. If any one had the misfortune to rest here at night, it would be impossible for him to quit it before daylight; he might walk and walk, he might travel a hundred leagues in the wood, and find himself still in the same place."

The imagination of the labourer was struck, in spite of himself, by what he heard, and the idea of the misfortune which, to justify the assertions of the old woman, must happen to him, so completely took possession of his mind that he felt himself grow cold with fear. Despairing of obtaining other intelligence, he remounted his horse, and began to traverse the forest, calling Pierre with all his force, and whistling, cracking his whip, and breaking branches of the trees, to fill the forest with the noise of his movements,—then listening for a voice to answer him; but he heard nothing but the bells of the cows wandering among the underwood, and the wild cry of the pigs disputing for the acorns. At last the sound of a horse's footsteps going in the same direction as himself, struck upon his ear, and a middle-aged man, dark and robust, dressed like a person of the middle class, called to him to stop. Germain had never seen the

farmer of the Ellms, but an instinctive feeling of rage made him guess immediately that this was him; he turned round, and measuring him from head to foot, waited to hear what he had to say.

"Have you not seen a girl of about fifteen or sixteen, with a little boy, pass by here?" said the farmer, affecting an air of indifference, though he was visibly agitated.

"And what do you want with her?" answered Germain, without trying to disguise his anger.

"I might tell you that that does not regard you, friend; but as I have no reason for hiding it, I will tell you that she is a shepherdess whom I had hired for the year without having seen her. When she arrived, she appeared to me too young, too weak, for the work of a farm; I told her so, and wished to pay for the expenses of her journey, but she went off in anger while my back was turned. She was in such a hurry that she even forgot some of her things, and her purse, which does not contain much—a few pence, perhaps. But as I had to pass by here I thought I might meet with her, and restore to her what she had forgotten, and what I owe her."

Germain's heart was too honest for him not to hesitate on hearing this story, which, if not very probable, was at least possible. He fixed a piercing look on the farmer, who supported this investigation with great boldness or great candour.

"I wish to have nothing to reproach myself with," said Germain, containing his agitation. "She is a neighbour of mine, I know her, and she is probably hereabouts; we can remain together, and we shall undoubtedly find her."

"You are right," said the farmer; "let us continue our search: however, if we do not find her when we come to the end of this path, I give it up, for I must take the road to Ardentès."

"Oh, ho!" thought the labourer, "I will not quit you, though I were to turn with you for the next twenty-four hours round the Mare au Diable."

"Stop!" said Germain, suddenly fixing his eyes on a tuft of broom, which was singularly agitated. "Hola! oh! *petit Pierre*! is it you, my child?"

The boy, on recognising his father's voice, quitted the shrubs as nimbly as a kid, but perceiving that he was accompanied by the farmer, he stopped as if frightened, and stood uncertain.

"Come, my Pierre, come; it is me!" cried the labourer, leaping off his horse, and running to raise him in his arms. "Where is *la petite Marie*?"

"She is there hiding herself, because she is afraid of that ugly dark-looking man: and so am I."

"Never fear, I am here? Marie, Marie, it is me!"

Marie approached, and when she saw Germain, whom the farmer followed closely, she ran to him, and throwing herself in his arms, clung to him as a daughter would to her father.

"Ah, good Germain!" said she to him, "you will defend me; I am not afraid with you!"

Germain looked at her; she was pale, her clothes were torn by the thorns where she had been running, seeking the thicket like the hunted hind. But there was neither shame nor despair on her face.

"Your master wishes to speak to you," said he, still observing her features.

"My master!" replied she, proudly; "that man is not my master, and never shall be. It is you, Germain, who are my master! I wish you to take me back with you. I will serve you for nothing."

The farmer advanced, feigning a slight impatience.

"Here, girl!" said he; "you had forgotten at my house something which I have brought you."

"No, sir," answered Marie, "I have forgotten nothing, and I have nothing to ask of you."

"Listen for a moment," returned the farmer, "I have something to say to you; do not be afraid,—two words only!"

"You may say them aloud, I have no secrets with you."

"Come, at least take your money!"

"My money! You owe me nothing, thank God!"

"I thought so," said Germain, in an under tone. "But 'tis no matter, Marie; listen to what he has to say to you; for my part I am curious to know it—you will tell me afterwards. I have my reasons for this: go up to his horse, I will not lose sight of you."

Marie took three steps towards the farmer, who, stooping on the pommel of his saddle, and lowering his voice, said to her,—

"Here is a louis d'or for you. You need not tell what has passed,—you understand! I will say that I have found you too weak for the work of the farm; and some of these days, when I am passing by where you live, I'll give you something more, if you have held your tongue. Perhaps you may be more reasonable by that time, in which case I will take you back with me. Or, if you like, I will go and talk to you about it this evening in the meadow, and bring you a present. What shall it be?"

"There, sir, is the present I make you!" replied Marie aloud, throwing his louis d'or in his face with some violence. "I thank you, and I beg of you to let me know when you pass by where I live; all the young men will go to receive you, because amongst us they admire the *bourgeois* who come to deceive poor girls. You will see that they will be ready for you!"

"You are a liar, and have an impudent tongue!" said the farmer, fiercely, raising his stick with a threatening air. "You wish to make people believe what is not the case: but you shall not obtain money from me; I know what such as you are capable of!"

Marie drew back terrified; but Germain seized the bridle of the farmer's horse, and shaking it violently, said,—

"I understand now, and I see what he is at. Dismount, my man, dismount; you and I have an account to settle."

The farmer was not very anxious to engage in the struggle; he put spurs to his horse to free himself, and tried to strike the labourer's hands in order to make him quit his hold; but Germain avoided the blow, and taking him by the leg, pulled him from his saddle upon the green, where he threw him to the earth. The farmer got on his feet and defended himself vigorously; but his antagonist getting him under him, exclaimed,—

"Heartless wretch! I could now thrash you soundly if I chose; but I do not wish to harm you, and, besides, no correction could amend your conscience. However, you stir not from here till you have, on your knees, begged pardon of this young girl!"

The farmer, who was well acquainted with these sort of affairs, wished to make a joke of the matter. He declared that his sin was not so great, since it consisted only in words; that he was quite willing to ask pardon, on condition that he might afterwards kiss the girl. He proposed that they should go to the next tavern, drink together a pint of wine, and part friends.

"You are too contemptible!" exclaimed Germain, pushing his head to the earth. "Blush if you can, and try to follow the path *des affronteux** when you pass by us."

He then picked up the holly stick of the farmer, broke it on his knee to shew him the strength of his arm, and throwing from him the pieces with disdain, he took his son and Marie by either hand and went away, trembling with indignation.

* A by-way which turns off from the principal street at the entrance of a village, and which borders the exterior. It is supposed to be taken by those who fear to meet a merited insult, and wish to avoid being seen.

CHAPTER VII.

LA MERE MAURICE.

At the end of a quarter of an hour they had traversed the heath, and were trotting along the high road, la Grise neighing at each object which she recognised. Pierre related to his father all he had understood of what had occurred.

"When we arrived," he said, "*that man* came to speak to my Marie in the sheepfold, where we had gone at once to see the fine sheep. I had got up into the manger to play, and *that man* did not see me; so he bid good-day to my Marie, and kissed her."

"You allowed him to kiss you, Marie?" said Germain, trembling with rage.

"I thought it was in token of good-will and welcome,—a custom of the country, as with us, the grandmother kisses the young girls who enter her service, as a sign that she adopts them, and intends to be as a mother to them," replied Marie.

"And then," pursued Pierre, proud of having an adventure to relate, "*that man* said something bad, something that she told me never to repeat nor remember, therefore I forgot it as quick as I could; but still, if my *petit père* wishes me to tell him what it was —"

"No, no, Pierre, I don't want to hear it, and you must never remember it."

"Very well, I'll forget it again," replied the child. "Well, then, *that man* seemed to be vexed, because Marie said she would go away. He told her he would give her whatever she liked—a hundred francs! And then my Marie was angry, too; so he came up to her as if he would hurt her, and I was frightened and ran to her, crying out: then he said, 'What's this? Where does this child come from? Put him out!' and he took up his stick to beat me, but my Marie would not let him, and said to him, 'We will converse afterwards, sir; I must now take this child to Fourche, and I can come back;' and the moment he went out of the sheepfold my Marie said, 'Come along, my Pierre, let us get away as fast as we can, for that is a bad man, and he will only do us harm.' So we passed along behind the granges and through a little meadow, and went to Fourche to look for you; but you were not there, and they would not let us wait for you; and then we saw *that man*, on his black horse, following us, and we went on further and hid in the wood: he kept coming on, and each time we heard him we hid again, and when he passed we began running to get home; and then, at last, you came and found us, and that's the way it all happened. I have not forgotten anything, have I, my Marie?"

"No, Pierre, and that is all true. Now, Germain, you will bear witness for me to all our people, that if I could not remain there, it was not for want of good will and inclination to work."

"And you, Marie," said Germain, "I appeal to you if, when it is necessary to defend a woman and punish a scoundrel, a man of eight-and-twenty is too old. I should like to know if Bastien, or any other charming youth ten years younger than me, would not have been crushed by '*that man*,' as Pierre calls him. What do you think?"

"I think, Germain, you have rendered me a great service, and I shall thank you for it all my life."

"And that is all?"

"*Mon petit père*," said the child, "I never thought of saying what you told me to Marie. I had no time; but I'll say it to her at home, and to grandmother, too."

This promise of the child recalled Germain's thoughts. He must have an explanation with his family, and in relating his complaints against the widow Guerin, must avoid telling them what other ideas had given him such clear-sightedness and inclination to severity of judgment. When we are happy and

proud, the courage to make others accept our happiness seems easily acquired; but rejected on one side, blamed on the other, the situation becomes far from agreeable.

Fortunately little Pierre was asleep when they reached the farm, and Germain laid him, without waking him, on his bed. He then entered upon all the explanations it was necessary to give. The Pere Maurice, seated on his three-legged stool at the entrance of the house, listened to him gravely, and though he was disappointed at the result of the journey, when Germain, relating to him the widow's system of coquetry, asked his father-in-law if he had the time to go the fifty-two Sundays of the year to pay his court, at the risk of being rejected in the end, the old man replied with an approving nod,—

"You are right, Germain; that could not be."

And when he detailed how he had been obliged to bring back Marie, in order to save her from the insults of an unworthy master, le Pere Maurice again nodded and repeated.

"You were right, Germain; it had ~~to~~ be done."

When Germain finished his recital, and had given all his reasons, the father and mother-in-law exchanged a look and a sigh of resignation, and the head of the family arose, saying,—

"Well, well! the will of God be done: liking cannot be controlled!"

"Come to supper, Germain," said the mother-in-law. "It is a pity it can't come about; but God has willed it otherwise, it seems, and we must look elsewhere."

"Yes," added the old man, "as my wife says, 'we must look elsewhere.'"

Nothing more was said in the house on the subject, and when, on the next day, little Pierre rose with the lark, being no longer excited by the extraordinary events of the preceding days, he fell once more into the apathy usual to young peasants of his age, and forgetting all that occupied his mind, thought of nothing but playing with his brother and sister, and acting the man with the oxen and horses.

Germain sought to forget, too, and began to work with double energy; but he became so sad and so pre-occupied, that every one remarked the change. He did not speak to Marie, or even look at her, and yet if he were asked in what meadow she was, or by what road she had passed, there was not an hour of the day in which he could not have answered for her, if he had been disposed. He dared not ask the old couple to bring her to the farm during the winter, and yet he knew how badly she was circumstanced. But she did not suffer, and la Mère Guillette never could comprehend how it was that her little provision of wood did not diminish, and how her shed was found filled in the morning when she had left it empty at night. It was the same with the barley and potatoes. Some one crept through the window of the loft and emptied a sack upon the floor, without awakening a soul or leaving a trace.

The old woman was at once uneasy and rejoiced. She bid her daughter be silent on the subject; saying, that if the miracle were known, she would be considered as a witch. She shrewdly suspected that the devil had something to do with the matter; but she was in no anxiety to quarrel with him by calling in the curé to exorcise him. She thought it would be time enough when Satan came to demand her soul in exchange for his benefits.

Marie better understood the truth; but she dared not speak of the subject to Germain, fearful of his recurring to his former ideas, and therefore affected to take no notice of the matter.

One day, la Mère Maurice, finding herself alone in the orchard with Germain, said to him in a kindly tone,—*"My poor son, I think you must be ill; you do not eat, you do not laugh, you speak less and less. Is it any one here, or ourselves, who, without knowing, and without intending it, have given you pain?"*

"No, mother," replied Germain; "you have always been as good to me as the mother who brought me into the world, and I should be an ingrate if I complained of you or your husband, or any one in the house."

"Then it must be that the grief for your wife has returned. Instead of passing away with time, your sorrow overcomes you, and you must really do what your father-in-law advises very wisely,—you must marry again."

"Yes, mother, I should be very well disposed, but the women you have proposed do not please me. When I see them, instead of forgetting my Catherine, I think of her more and more."

"It seems, Germain, that we have not been able to guess your taste. You must help us then, and tell us the truth. Surely there must be somewhere a woman made for you, for God never created one person without forming another to constitute his happiness. If, therefore, you know where to find the wife that will suit you, be she handsome or ugly, old or young, rich or poor, we have determined, my old man and me, to give our consent; for we are tired of seeing you sad, and we cannot be happy if you are not."

"Mother, you are too good, and my father too," replied Germain; "but your compassion can bring no remedy to my sorrow: the girl I love will not have me."

"Then she is too young! To attach yourself to a young thing is a folly."

"Well, mother, I have the folly to attach myself to a young thing, and I blame myself for it. I do all I can not to think of it; but whether I work or whether I rest, whether at mass or in my bed, with my children or with you, I think of it always, and of nothing else."

"Then it is fated, Germain! There is but one remedy,—that this girl changes her mind and listens to you. I suppose I must meddle in the affair myself, and see if the thing be possible. You must tell me then who she is, and what is her name."

"Alas! dear mother, I dare not, for you would laugh at me," replied Germain.

"I will not laugh at you, Germain; because you are in sorrow, and I would not add to it. Is it Franchette?"

"No, mother, it is not."

"Or Rosette?"

"No."

"Tell me, then, for I shall never have done, if I must name all the girls in the country."

Germain bent his head without reply.

"Well," said la Mère Maurice, "I will leave you alone for to-day, Germain. Perhaps you will have more confidence in me; or your sister-in-law may know better how to question you."

And taking up her basket, she proceeded to hang out her linen on the bushes. Germain did as children do, who make up their minds as soon as they see they are no longer taken notice of. He followed his mother-in-law, and tremblingly named "la Guillette's little Marie."

Great was the surprise of la Mère Maurice. It was the last she would have thought of; but she had the delicacy not to express her astonishment, and to make her reflection in silence. Then, perceiving that this silence overwhelmed Germain, she held out her basket to him, saying,—

"Come, is that any reason you should not help me in my work? Carry this, and come and talk to me. Have you well considered this, Germain? Are you quite decided?"

"Alas! dear mother, it is no use to ask that. I should be indeed decided if I thought I could succeed; but as I should not be listened to, I can only decide to cure myself as I best may."

"But if you cannot?"

"Everything has an end, Mère Maurice. When the horse is too heavily laden, he falls. When the ox has nothing to eat, he dies."

"That means to say that you will die if you do not succeed. God forbid, Germain! I don't like for a man like you to say such things, for when he says them he thinks them. You have great courage, and weakness is dangerous to the strong. Come, take hope! I can't conceive that a girl in such poverty, and to whom you do honour in seeking her, can refuse you."

"Nevertheless, it is true; she does refuse me."

"And what reasons does she give?"

"That you have always been good to her, that her family owes much to yours, and that she would not displease you by turning me from a rich marriage."

"If she says that, it proves that she has good feeling, and it is very creditable to her. But in telling you that, Germain, she does not cure you; for she tells you, I suppose, that she loves you, and that she would marry you if we consented."

"Ah, that's the worst of it! She says her heart is not disposed towards me."

"If she says what she does not feel, the better to divert your thoughts from her, she is a girl that we should love, and we should pass over her youth in consideration of her great good sense."

"Yes!" exclaimed Germain, struck with a hope which he had not yet conceived, "that would be very sensible—very right in her! But if she is so reasonable, I fear it is because she does not love me."

"Germain," said la Mère Maurice, "promise me that you will keep quiet all the week, that you will not torment yourself, that you will eat, sleep, and be gay, as you used to be. I will speak to my old man, and if I can get him to consent, you will then learn the real sentiments of the girl towards you."

Germain promised, and the week passed without Père Maurice addressing him on the subject or appearing to suspect anything of the matter. His son-in-law endeavoured to seem to be at ease, but he became still paler and more anxious.

At last, on the Sunday morning in leaving mass, his mother-in-law asked him what he had obtained from his *bonne amie* since their conversation in the orchard.

"Nothing at all," he replied: "I have not spoken to her."

"How then can you hope to persuade her if you do not speak to her?"

"I never spoke to her but once," replied Germain. "It was when we were together at Fourche, and since that I have never said a word to her. Her refusal pained me so deeply that I had rather not again hear her tell me she does not love me."

"Well, my son, you must speak to her now; your father-in-law authorises you. Come! make up your mind! I tell you it must be so, I will have it so; for you must not remain in this state of doubt!"

Germain obeyed. He arrived at la Guillette's house with drooping head and discouraged mien. Marie was alone by the fireside, so pensive that she did not hear him enter. When she saw him before her, she sprang from her chair with surprise, and blushed deeply.

"Marie," said he, seating himself near her, "I come to tease and annoy you, I know; but '*our man and woman*' (designating, according to the custom of the country, the heads of the family) wish that I should speak to you, and ask you to be my wife. You will not, I know; I do not expect it."

"Germain," replied Marie, "you do really love me then?"

"It displeases you, I know, but I cannot help it; if I could change my mind, I should be only too glad. Look at me, Marie; am I then so frightful?"

"No, Germain," she replied, with a smile, "you are much handsomer than I am."

"Do not laugh at me; look at me with indulgence; I have not yet lost a hair or a tooth. My eyes tell you that I love you. Look into my eyes then, it is written there, and every girl can read that writing."

Marie looked into his eyes with her usual frank innocence; then suddenly turning away her head, she began to tremble.

"What, then, I frighten you?" exclaimed Germain. "You look at me as if I were the farmer of the Elms. Do not fear me, I entreat of you—that is too hard! I will say no bad word to you, I will not embrace you; and when you wish me gone you have only to point to the door. Come, must I go that you may cease to tremble?"

Marie offered him her hand, but without turning her averted head, or speaking.

"I understand," said Germain: "you are kind, you pity me, you are sorry to make me unhappy, but you cannot love me?"

"Why do you say such things to me, Germain?" said Marie, at length: "you want to make me weep!"

"Poor girl! I know your good heart! but you do not love me, and you hide your face that I may not see your dislike, your repugnance. And I dare not even press your hand! In the wood, when my boy slept, and you beside him, I nearly embraced you. But I should rather have died of shame than have asked you to let me, and I suffered martyrdom that night. Since then, I have dreamt of you always!—in my dreams I embraced you, Marie! And you—all that time you slept without a thought of me! And now, do you know what I think of? I think, that if you turned and looked at me as I look at you—if your face approached mine, I should fall dead with joy. And you, you think that if such a thing happened, you would die of shame and anger."

Germain spoke as if in a dream, without knowing what he said. Marie still trembled; but as he trembled still more, he was unconscious of it. Suddenly she turned; her eyes were filled with tears, and she looked at him reproachfully. Poor Germain believed this was the finishing blow, and without waiting for his sentence he rose to depart; but the girl stopped him, and throwing her arms round him, and hiding her face on his breast, she sobbed forth—

"Ah, Germain! you did not guess, then, that I loved you?"

At that moment his son, who had been seeking him, entered the cottage at full gallop on a stick, with his little sister *en croupe*, who with an osier switch urged on this imaginary courser. Germain, thus recalled to himself, lifted him in his arms, and placing him in those of his betrothed, exclaimed—

"You have made more than one heart happy by loving me!"

The Breadfinder. By EDWARD YOU'L.

CHAPTER I.

IN the month of April, 1831, a gentleman waited upon Mr. Ross, of No. —, Bedford-square, the referee of a young man, who had replied to an advertisement inserted in the *Times*, for a person qualified to instruct the advertiser's son in the higher branches of the classics and mathematics.

"I am very particular in the matter of testimonials," said Mr. Duncan, the gentleman, who had advertised, "for I intend to give a liberal salary; and the party with whom I make an engagement must be quite respectable, and fully competent for the very responsible situation which he aspires to fill."

"The young man, William Harding," said Mr. Ross, "is very estimable. I am sure that I greatly respect him. His attainments are of no ordinary character, but he has one fault."

"And that, sir?—"

"Casts his virtues and excellencies into the shade," replied Mr. Ross. "He has the misfortune to be a visionary."

"Ah!" said Mr. Duncan, "that is, indeed, a fault. A—a Radical politician, I presume?"

"Socially and politically, he is a visionary," said Mr. Ross. "He speaks at low Radical meetings, and talks Utopias."

"I must apologise for troubling you, Sir," said Mr. Duncan. "I wish you good morning. The salary I shall give will be liberal; the party, therefore, must be respectable. I am your servant, Sir."

William Harding, who, at the age of twenty-one, had married, for love, a portionless girl of twenty, sat that evening in the little back parlour which he rented at Islington. A very little back parlour—eleven feet by nine. In popular phrase, you could not have swung a cat therein. When his wife urged that circumstance as an objection to their longer remaining in it, he replied that he did not wish to swing a cat. To which, she never failed to rejoin, that she did not suppose him capable of hurting a dumb animal; still her objection was valid—a cat could not be swung there.

"When I get Mr. Duncan's son to teach—" said William, on the night in question.

"If you do get him!" interrupted the young wife.

"Well; if I do!" continued Harding. "And I have little doubt of being well recommended, Emma; for I did justice to Ross's stupid boy—I will buy you a satin dress with my first quarter's salary."

"I don't want a satin dress, William," said the young wife. "I am quite content with my present wardrobe."

"Which contains two cotton gowns, and a worn-out silk one," said Harding, laughing.

"You forget, William," remarked Emma, "that a satin dress is but one expense, and that I should want a suitable bonnet and shawl to wear with it."

"There are bonnets and shawls to be bought, I suppose," said her husband.

"Oh, plenty of them, William dear," she replied, gaily. "One only wants the money."

"Which I will earn," said William. "I am to have eighty guineas a-year from Duncan——"

The postman's double knock resounded through the house. Shortly afterwards a note was brought in. It ran :—

"Mr. Duncan presents his compliments to Mr. Harding, and regrets that, owing to the political opinions entertained by Mr. H., he must break off the negotiation pending between them"

Harding suffered the note to drop from his hand.

"This is Ross's doing," he said.

"Blame yourself," replied his wife, peevishly. "This comes of your opinions about hanging. You know that Mr. Ross was more shocked at them than at anything."

"My dear," said poor William, "I only echoed the opinions of wiser men than myself."

"And very wise you are," said Emmy; "your wisdom has lost you eighty guineas a year; and I might have had a satin dress, and a shawl and bonnet."

"My love," began Harding.

"Don't *love* me," retorted his wife. "What had you to do with who was hung and who wasn't? Eighty guineas a year, and now you haven't eighty farthings, and people will be hung just the same. You have done a fine thing for yourself, upon my word."

"Beccaria," said William, "was of opinion——"

"Oh, don't talk to me, of your Beccarias: send to them for eighty guineas a-year, and see what they will say. You are always picking up some fine name or other, but send to any one of them, and ask them for a shilling."

"But, my love," pleaded poor William.

"I am not your love, Mr. Harding," rejoined the young wife, majestically. "I might have gone to Mrs. Peasnap's next party—you may be sure she will invite us, and a pretty figure I should cut in a cotton gown, and my silk one is worn out, as you observed,—but your absurd notions, Mr. Harding, will blight my prospects everywhere; and I declare that Julia Copperbolt passed me in the street only last Monday was a week, and it was only because you talked so stupidly about every man's having a vote,—as if every man wanted a vote, and as if I wanted one; and if I'm only a woman, haven't I as much right as a man? And it was only because you talked so like a fool—and I could see with half an eye what a fool you were—that Julia Copperbolt turned her head, and looked right into the baker's shop that we were passing, because she wouldn't acknowledge me."

"My dear Emma," began Harding.

"Mr. Harding, Sir, your Emma—yes, ill-luck to her, she is your Emma—is not dear to you. Her purse at this moment holds nine shillings; that is all, Mr. Harding, that your Emma's purse holds; and this night you might have been engaged upon eighty guineas a year, which," added Mrs. Harding, snapping her little fingers contemptuously, "you have flung away."

"But, my love," said Harding, "It isn't my fault if this Mr. Duncan is so absurd as to believe that I can't teach his children Latin, and Greek, and Algebra, without thinking just as he does."

"A man who has his bread to earn," observed the young wife, "has no business to think at all. It is a luxury, Mr. Harding, which he can't afford."

She sank into a chair, and burst into a paroxysm of tears. What was poor Harding to do? This was the first scene that had occurred since their marriage. All had gone on so smoothly hitherto. But it was a sad disappointment, and William felt for the poor girl—she was but a girl, whose heart had sunk under it.

The next morning, as he was about to quit the house, the landlady accosted him in the passage.

"If you could settle my little matter, Sir," she said—she well knew that he could not;—"I am sure that I wouldn't have troubled you, but I have a bill myself to meet to-day, and where can we go for money, as my dear late husband used to say, but where 'tis owing?"

"You must give me till to-morrow, Mrs. Brandy-wine," said Harding.

"If you could do it to-day, Sir," urged the woman, who had overheard the conversation of the previous night, and knew that only nine shillings was left in Mrs. Harding's purse, of which elevenpence-halfpenny went that morning for a loaf and butter.

"Upon my word, I couldn't," answered Harding.

"Because, if you remember, Sir, the agreement, when I consented to let you the apartments, was punctuality—you must recollect that, and the week is three days over, which is irregular."

Poor Harding, with dismay upon his countenance, backed towards the door.

"And if you could make it convenient to suit yourself with other lodgings in a week, I should be obliged, Mr. Harding."

"Very well, Mrs. Brandy-wine, I will," said William, escaping into the street.

When he returned home, he was afraid to meet his wife. He felt like a guilty man, because Mr. Duncan had rejected his services. But she met him kindly, and told him that she had paid the week's rent, and had money enough to last them a month longer.

"You have, Emma?" cried Harding, astonished.

"Don't scold me," she continued, looking into his face, with a sweet smile, "I—bend your ear lower, William—I pawned my gold ear-rings during your absence. But we must seek a cheaper lodging, William dear,—we must have only one room. And indeed, and indeed, I shall not fret. You don't know how brave I can be, for all my foolishness last night."

He caught her to his breast and kissed her. He knew not till that moment how dear she was.

It was the time immediately preceding the passing of the Reform Bill. England was convulsed to the remotest extremities, and London was especially agitated. The news had gone abroad that the iron railings in front of houses in the suburbs had been forcibly torn up, and that the men in the manufacturing districts, and the Cornish miners, were preparing to march to the metropolis. Pawnbrokers, it was said, had experienced a run upon their establishments for second-hand guns and pistols. The crowd that was daily congregated in Parliament-street, and in the vicinity of both Houses, was so great, that members with difficulty reached the Senate. Meetings of the working classes, and of reformers generally, were every where held. Openly in Lincoln's Inn-fields, where the eloquence of the orators electrified the multitude.

"You will join us to-night, Harding," said one of the popular speakers, who visited him that afternoon.

He dared not reply that he was engaged, for that would be a lie, and he was ashamed to confess that his defection must be attributed to his wife's influence.

"I will attend, if I can," he contented himself with saying.

"How! are you growing lukewarm, Harding?" said the other, reproachfully.

"I am not, indeed," replied Harding, stung by the accents of his friend. "And, to convince you that I am as earnest as ever in the cause, I will join you to-night, and speak bolder things than any of you."

He returned from that meeting with elated spirits. His speech had gained him the notice of a member of Parliament, who was present on the platform, and who made him his secretary, there and then. With the first quarter's salary his wife was to have—it was a bargain between them—a new satin dress, and a suitable shawl and bonnet. The behaviour of Julia Copperbolt no longer preyed upon her mind, and she looked forward to Mrs. Peasnap's party with a stout heart.

But what hope is there of human nature? The member of Parliament had sundry conferences with an influential statesman, and voted against the Reform Bill at the next division. He wrote a very polite note to Harding, declining his future services, and enclosing a cheque for five pounds.

"We have made a mistake," ran the note. "We cannot get reform in the present state of the nation, without revolution and subsequent anarchy, and to this I cannot consent, or be a party. Perhaps, in thirty or forty years, the country will be prepared for the change. In the meantime, I should recommend you, my dear young friend, to moderate your political opinions. Take the good with the bad, and ours is a glorious constitution."

Harding sat dismayed. His wife read the note many times.

"Well, William," she said, at last, "you must follow Mr. Weathervane's advice; you must moderate your opinions. You ain't rich enough to have opinions. Oh, you're going to be cross, I can see. Poor me must never speak a word. But I will think as I like, and that's all about it."

He pooh-poohed her gently, and with a faint attempt at pleasantry, reminded her of a favourite apophthegm of her own about the good fish that the sea always contained.

"But they won't come to your net, William," she replied, "while you go on as you do. What are Gatton and old Sarum to you?"

The fish in the sea seemed, indeed, to shun William Harding, for not an advertisement did he answer that produced him anything;—not a situation that he sought for, did he get. The winter was coming on, too, and the strange fowl that were shot off the Battersea fields, told, according to the prophets, that it would be a severe one. They were now in one little room, and poor Emma was reduced to the greatest strait in housekeeping. Moreover, she expected a small stranger, and what provision could she make?

"I haven't even stuff for one little cap," she said, pettishly, "and where are the socks and frocks to come from?"

"They are sold ready-made, ain't they?" said William.

"Oh, what a foolish thing you are, William?" his young wife replied. "As if money wasn't wanted to buy them with."

"I forgot that necessary part of the business," observed Harding; "but perhaps, before many days——"

"You may catch a fish," said Emma, finishing the sentence for him.

CHAPTER II.

Harding's father was yet living, but his wife's relations were dead, except one brother, who was in Australia, trying his fortunes there. Harding's father was a money-lender by profession, and dwelt in Finsbury. They parted to each other's satisfaction about two months before Harding married the lonely little girl, who was yet in mourning for her mother. He loved her certainly, but her loneliness won him more than her beauty. If he had been prudent, the world said, he would have remained single, for how could a young man, whose father would not advance him one penny, keep a wife, when it was only with difficulty, and by many privations, that he supported himself?

Harding's difference with his father had respect to the profession of the latter. The youth's notions were strange and unsuited to the world. Have there not always been usurers? But Harding, one day, read some letters of his father's, which he should not, for his soul's peace, have read. You may efface the stain of blood, but widows' and orphans' tears are indelible. When he had read these letters, he asked his father how many creditors he had in prison.

"Three," replied the old man, without a twinge.

"And how many post-obits do you hold?" proceeded the youth.

"Not many now, Bill," was the answer. "Only two."

"What is your interest?" demanded the son, growing bolder.

"It depends upon the value of the security," said his father. "As low as twenty per cent.; as high as one hundred and fifty. In Snooks's case, I had two hundred."

"Snooks is ruined, ain't he?" queried Harding.

"He is, the spendthrift," answered the usurer.

"And how many more have you ruined, father?"

"I ruined? They ruined themselves, Bill. They only came to me when the game went against them."

Harding retired from that conversation sick at heart. He began to despise his father. He could not sit at meat in the house without choking. Was he squeamish in his virtue? Let the world judge; for he would now have been in no strait if he had not come to an open rupture with the old man.

The winter had set in with more than its accustomed severity. Harding and his wife had managed to exist by parting with all they possessed to the pawn-brokers. They had nothing left to part with, and the little stranger was daily expected, with no provision made for the reception.

How very hard and cold and selfish is the world, especially the world of London, to the poor! Everything, from the splendour of fine houses to the gaudiness of shop-windows in the better streets, seems to twit them with their poverty, as though it were a heinous crime, and they stood without the pale of humanity. I will ever say that our social evils are greater than our political ones. We bow before the well-cut coat and the flounced silk dress, but the warm manhood, fresh from the Great Maker's fashioning, we look down on *that*, we despise *that*, unless the tailor or the milliner has covered it with flimsy trappings and dexterously tricked it out. Fearfully and wonderfully is this man made. He has quick sensibilities and tender affections. His head aches as yours does, and his heart too. He loves his wife and children. His rough, coarse, honest, horny palm, has offered laborious worship in the early morning, when you, with head buried in pillow, were the hero of absurd

adventures in a stupid dream. He is your brother—your better, though your rent-roll dates back for centuries—YOUR better, too, O radical reformer, who with coat of superfine Saxony babblest at London Tavern and elsewhere about Universal Suffrage, alteration of the currency, and shun-nest, with eye askance, thy fellow-reformer, clad in fustian. Alter the currency? Yes, but alter thy heart first: and know this, that of a truth, never was a proud man, or a man who scorned his fellow, the model of a good republic.

We are all guilty, for which of us will take the artisan, in mechanic's dress, by the arm? And will the artisan on good wages hail the mere doer of errands? Let us not fume about aristocracy. There is no aristocracy so repulsive in its tone as that which exists among the working-classes.

Harding, now that he was poor and ill-clad,—for his better garments were in the pawnbroker's keeping, was browbeaten in turn by the butcher, the baker, the greengrocer, and by the man who sold coals and wood. The pot-boy at the neighbouring tavern treated him with insolence. Fine dames, the wives of tradesmen, scowled at him. The shoemaker who mended his boot tossed his shilling into the till, as if it were bad money, and stared at him as if he were a suspicious character. The policeman turned on his heel as he passed, to scrutinise him; and if he loitered at a shopwindow, bade him move on. The crossing-sweeper bespattered him with mud, and did not ask his pardon. The very dogs, so Harding thought, copied the churlish-ness of their masters, and met him with teeth displayed. It was no fancy,—the dog reflects, as a mirror, the character of his owner, and will chase a beggar till his legs are weary.

"To-day there will be three of us," said the young wife, one morning. "I feel too ill to get up. William, dear, light the fire, will you, and spread the breakfast things?"

Harding obeyed, almost sullenly.

"There is no butter," he said presently.

"No, love; only dry bread. I am not hungry."

"I am!" cried the young man, with a frown. "You think of nobody but yourself, Emma."

"Yes, I do," she replied, meekly; "but I can't make butter."

"Hav'n't you anything," he said, "that will get it?"

"There isn't one halfpenny in the room, William," was the response.

"I know that," he said; "but something convertible?—something to pawn? You know what I mean."

"There are my boots," she answered, "I shan't want them for a month. You can get a shilling on them."

He caught them from the floor and went out. Was the butter wholesome that morning, purchased with the young wife's boots?

Such scenes as these are frequent!—seek them in the next street. But, great God! how they demoralise! Preach away, priest, with "forty parson power;"—preach away, and duly take thy tithe! Art thou harassed in the attainment of the difficult bread? O bread-finding is stern work to the most of us, believe me. Dost hunger and thirst? Art cold o' nights?—o' days, too? Eats into thy heart the acid poverty, souring the milk of human kindness? Turn the brightness of thy countenance from the well-cushioned pews to the hard seats of wood, where the poor sit!

CHAPTER III.

THE breakfast finished, and the young wife's boots, in part, consumed as butter, William Harding lighted his pipe, and seated himself before the fire, placing a foot upon each hob of the stove.

"Am I to remain here and die, William?" said Emma, presently. "I have already told you that there will be three of us before the morning."

"Would you have me beg or steal, which?" he retorted, hastily. "Will any doctor come into such a hole as this, or a nurse either, without first having their money paid down to them?"

"Then I am to die," said the poor girl, beginning to weep. "O William, I would have made the man ashamed of himself who would have said such a thing of you."

"Don't grumble, don't Emma," he replied. "What am I to do? I declare that I could hang myself as readily as I could look at a rope."

"I will pray to God for both of us, then," she said, "But oh! William, if you should ever marry again—"

"That's it—that's her way," cried Harding. "I had need be patient. Fine consolation she gives me! Such a helpmate as I have got."

Strange contradiction! He had left his father because he had made widows destitute, and had eaten orphans' bread; and now he could treat a young wife, a young mother almost, in a manner so brutally selfish.

He started up presently, and vowing that he would get money somehow and somewhere, left the room without further explanation of his intentions.

Through the streets, threading the crowd, tearing along as if for a wager. It came on to snow. Children gazing through windows in snug apartments, clapped their little hands at the pretty white feathers that the heavens were shedding on the earth. People well wrapped in coats and shawls only hurried home the faster, anticipating warm fire, and tea and toast at nightfall. But the poor gnashed their teeth, and the rheumatism gnawed their limbs.

So thick and fast, that the light of day being intercepted by the falling flakes, tradesmen lighted the gas in their shops, and muttered that profits had need be great. So thick and fast, that drivers of vehicles moderated their speed lest they should run down adventurous individuals, who were bent upon crossing the streets at all hazards. So thick and fast, that churches and large edifices loomed through the mist in half-chaotic shape, or seemed about to fade away altogether, as in a dissolving view.

Whither bent? He knew not. Only to get money somehow and somewhere. A strange notion that he might find a purse upon the pavement took possession of him, and he walked and walked till every thread in his garments was soaked by the wet, cold, penetrating snow.

We do not know when we talk of the trials of poverty what those trials are. We but faintly appreciate the sufferings of the poor. It is not the bodily pain that is the real evil. The wound that the soul gets in the unequal conflict with the world is the only enduring pain. *That endures; that lingers.* The hunger of to-day, the cold and pain of to-day, are forgotten in the feasting and warmth of to-morrow; but the slight and insult that lacerate the soul, in too many cases, yield hideous harvest in after years.

Except in the noblest natures, which are rare in any class: but with such natures, "poverty," to use the words of a great German, "is but as the pain

which attends the piercing of the young maiden's ears, who hangs beautiful jewels in the wound."

It could not have been wholly by chance—for is there in the universe such a thing as chance?—and certainly it was not by intention, that Harding found himself in Finsbury, near to where his father dwelt. The old house where his childhood and youth and dawning manhood had been spent, stood before him. It rather seemed to have risen up before him in his walk than to have waited in the old spot for his approach. But there it was, the house where his mother died—he was not a twelvemonth old then—and where his father had reaped such gains, as, when society is improved, will be offered to no man's sickle. But even usurers' wealth is not always tangible, and will not unfrequently resolve itself into waste paper.

How he found himself with his finger on the knocker he did not clearly know. The startled servant let him pass without a note of recognition, and he was immediately in his father's presence.

"Zounds, Bill!—the carpet—you'll spoil the carpet with the snow, boy. Havn't you got an umbrella?"

He had been, mentally, in a fog up to this point; but now he perceived that he was everywhere whitened, like a twelfth cake.

"It's a Brussels, and nearly new," the usurer continued. "You can't hurt the oil-cloth in the kitchen. Run down there, and dismiss the girl. So you are come back to the old man," he added, when they were alone in the lower region of the hour. "I expected it. Well, I'm forgiving. Shall I kill the fatted calf, eh?"

"I want some money, father," said the young man, doggedly.

"No? Do you now? Dear me!" cried the elder Harding, with feigned surprise.

"Getting it from you is better than stealing, perhaps," the son proceeded, "and I shall rob if you don't let me have it. I know what you will say—that I once affected to be squeamish about the way you got your money. Well, I did. But I am cured of that, I hope. I see that we should all be honest if we could, but when we can't—"

"Aye, when we can't," said his father, taking up the sentence, "what then?"

"Why," said William, we make the best of circumstances. I have made the best of mine, and come to you to aid me."

"To aid you? Just what other people do. They come to me to aid *them*," said the usurer. "But there's the wrong I do them. I do aid them, and my son cuts me for my inhumanity, though I've had them here before now ready to go down on their knees for help."

"I am not going down upon my knees, father; but I want fifty pounds.—Let me have it," said the young man.

"Fifty pounds;—that's a large sum. On—on good security, Bill?"

"On the devil," replied William, pettishly, "or," he added, with a grim smile, "YOU MAY TAKE A POSTOBIT."

"Which means that you will pay principal and interest after my death," said the money-lender. "I'll do it."

"Eh?" said the son, rising his eyelids.

"I'll do it," repeated the usurer. "That is," he added, "at two hundred per cent.—not a farthing less, Bill, because it may turn out that there will be no assets. At a cool two hundred, payable at my death."

The young man looked at his father's feet. "Well," he said, presently—for he thought of the young wife at home—"as you will. I'll sign to it."

He was about to follow the old man for the purpose, but the latter motioned him back, and said that the Brussels carpet was nearly new.

"Won't you take a little of something, Bill? A glass of sherry and a biscuit," he said, when the requisite forms had been complied with. "Do let me prevail upon you."

The other counted the gold before he replied.

"If you will give me a fresh bottle, and let me draw the cork, and fill for myself, I will take two or three glasses," he said.

The usurer seemed puzzled.

"Why a fresh bottle?" he asked.

"Because you may poison the decanter, dear father," returned his son.

"Ha, ha!" chuckled the old man. "Tizzy," calling the servant, "bring a bottle of sherry from the cellar; we'll drink," he added, when the woman had executed the order, "to the health of Mrs. Harding. Eh? Shall we?"

His son tossed off four glasses of wine without replying, and with a rough farewell, left the house. He took a cab, at the first stand, and having called to treat with a doctor on the way, rejoined his wife after three hours' absence. She had not been left alone all this while. Harding found a woman, the wife of a fellow-lodger, in the room, who was employed in airing some baby-linen before the fire, while the contents of a small saucepan were simmering away upon the hob.

"I've made bold, sir," she said, when he entered, "to look in upon your good lady."

She seemed half afraid of him, as if her Samaritan deed had merited reproach. Bending first over the bed to kiss the little enduring creature, whose heart had been so full for many and many a long day, and whisper his adventures in her ear, he advanced and shook the friendly neighbour by the hand.

"It's so good of you, Mrs. Merrythought," he said; "but you women are always so considerate. I don't know what we men should do without you."

She had something to say to him, of which she did not know how to acquit herself in his wife's hearing; so, feigning to believe that she heard her husband's voice in the passage, she opened the door and went out upon the landing-place, where she stood coughing and beckoning to attract his notice. He had stepped across to the bedside, however, to kiss his little wife once more, and she was obliged to call him by his name.

"There's a nice doctor," she said, when he had joined her without the apartment, "as did for me when my last was born. If you don't mind going to him, and using my husband's name, sir, I'm sure he would come, and wait for his money till it was quite convenient. And then," she added, checking his disposition to speak, "as for a nurse, I've sent my eldest son over to Poplar for Mrs. Boss—may be you've heard of Mrs. Boss, sir? I once was housemaid to a lady she attended, and then she said—I wasn't married then, sir, or even keeping company—'Cheekey,' she said—Cheekey was my maiden name, sir—when it comes to your turn, my girl, my name is Boss, and I lives, when I'm at home, which ain't often to be sure, in Tozer-street, Poplar.' And every one of my eight, sir, she has been the nurse to; and a good nurse she is, which I can put my oath to if you wish."

"My good Mrs. Merrythought," said Harding touched by her kindness, "I have already provided a doctor, but I am greatly your debtor for Mrs. Boss."

CHAPTER IV.

We are the slaves of stone and wood and iron, I wish we could import somewhat of the Hindoo philosophy into our religion. This apparently solid earth—these clouds that go tearing along in a strong wind, an hundred miles an hour they say—that sun and moon, those stars, how we are cheated into a belief of their real existence ! When the fact is, that the landscape I saw last night, in that foolish dream I had, was just as real as they. I awoke, and the landscape was nought. But I passed from that delusion to another, and fancied the bed and the chair and the window to be real, when, like the landscape in my dream, they were only apparitions. We are the slaves of matter—of substance (forgetting the meaning of that word SUBSTANCE, which implies *that which stands, or exists, under appearances.*) But in all ages, there have been seers among the men, whose names endure as household memories, who have discerned the truth, and have roundly asserted it. Others, venturing half-way, admit Time to be a delusion : but if Time, then also must Space be a delusion, for I can only traverse from one point of space to another in Time, and it would require many years for a cannon ball to reach the sun. And that Time is a delusion, let every one know who can remember how short the hour seemed that was passed with a pleasant friend, and how long it was when he spent it upon the rack of anxiety. Sixty minutes, being real and independent of the mind, must be always of the same length in all circumstances. But we perceive that an hour may be as a day, a week, when we spend it in terrible expectancy, and the messenger delays. And for Space—yesterday the journey appeared to me so short, and to-day it was so long, yet I did not lengthen it by ten paces. Yet if the distance were real, and independent of my mental condition, it must have been on both occasions of the same extent. We are the slaves of matter ; but this matter is an arrant cheat, and we are the constant dupes of its imposition.

Is it not so with us, when God sends a new ray of his Divinity upon earth, and we say a child is born ? We are the slaves of Matter again in those little human limbs *which are only the form that our thought has taken*, and are as unreal as Time and Space. The miniature man or woman is two spans long. I can measure its length by extending my hand twice, but that act of extension implies Space, and is done in Time. I say we are the dupes of matter.

Quitting the region of metaphysics, however,—which is no dim haze, as divers persons would have us believe,—let us see whether the baby-clothes which had swathed the limbs of Mrs. Merrythought's last, required any mending before they were ready for their new office. No ; in no one instance ; so good had baby Merrythought been. Very soon the doctor arrived in a cab, and Mrs. Boss was dropped at the end of the street, by an omnibus. Very fat Mrs. Boss, and very good-natured and obliging. Her warm heart, moreover, like her body, seemed ever on the increase, and she daily became greater, in two senses.

"It will be the death of me," she said, as she followed Mrs. Merrythought up the stairs, which were by mishap very narrow. "I never can do it. I never can—that's for certain."

"Eh ?" said Mrs. Merrythought, "What's amiss ?"

"Can it be expected of me?" proceeded Mrs. Boss, halting to pant more at her ease. "Is any one so ridiculous as to suppose I could do it? If the doorway is as narrow as the stairs, when I once get into the room, I shall be like a cork in a bottle, and as difficult to get out again."

"Ah!" remarked Mrs. Merrythought, gravely. "I see."

"See, child! Yes, and so do I see it. It can't be done. Positively, I'm stuck fast already," said Mrs. Boss, "and tighter lacing would be of no use, bless you."

"I suppose it wouldn't," returned Mrs. Merrythought.

"Not a bit of it," said the nurse. "You may as well ask me to creep through a key-hole, as to get up and down these stairs half-a-dozen times a-day."

"Well, I must wait upon you—you shan't have to leave the room," said Mrs. Merrythought, who always did her best to diminish difficulties.

"Is the room a large one?" gasped Mrs. Boss.

"Not a very large one," replied Mrs. Merrythought, faltering.

"It's small,—isn't it? don't deceive me," said the nurse anxiously.

"Well, it is smallish," answered her friend.

"I never can,—It's of no use," said Mrs. Boss. "I want air. I must have air, or perish,—its my nature."

"But you must come up," said Mrs. Merrythought, "now you are got so far. You can't turn upon the stairs, and you can't go down backwards. You must come up, if it's only to turn in the room and go down again."

The good, unwieldy woman seemed struck with this suggestion, and applied herself anew to the task of mounting. Once in the room, and recovered in some measure, she turned her eyes upon the little wife she had come to tend.

"Pretty lamb," she said, compassionately, to Mrs. Merrythought, "and is it her first? Deary me, what a many ladies I have nursed, whose first it was, and hoped to be the last; and I said,—No, please God; for Scripture says, they shall be like olive-branches round about your table."

"You won't go home again,—promise you won't," said Mrs. Merrythought, who saw that with the increased facility of breathing, she was waxing into the best of humours.

Mrs. Boss did not reply, but set herself to survey the room, the walls of which she swept with her eyes, and rested her gaze upon the window.

It was a very small window. If wishing could have made it larger, Mrs. Merrythought would have had it as big as a shop-front.

"You can try how you feel for one night, at least, nurse," she said.

"Don't leave me, please don't," said Emma Harding, "I see you are kind and good, and you shall be made as comfortable as possible."

"And I won't leave you, my pretty dear, said Mrs. Boss; "make up your mind to that. As, many a time, the doctor has said to me,—Boss, you're worth your weight in gold,—which it's not for me to say that I am; but I won't leave you, my lamb, till you can go strong about the house."

The doctor, who had been talking with Harding below-stairs, now came in. Harding remained in Mrs. Merrythought's room, surrounded by an army of children, and took a cup of tea and a mutton chop with her husband, who, being the father of eight, did his best to entertain his fellow-lodger, whom he now met for the first time.

"A man," he said, "is naturally pulled down at these times. I was, myself, with all my eight. Jack, you dog, let the cat alone—(this, parenthetically, to

the third, who was always a graceless urchin with a cat.) Tom, if you suck your thumb, I'll put you to bed,—(this to the seventh). You know, Mr. Harding, a man that can feel at all, must feel on such occasions. What do you say to a pipe?"

"Thank'ye," returned Harding, "I'll smoke one."

"I think," remarked Merrythought, reaching his tobacco, "that of all animals,—and they tell us that man is an animal,—we are the most dependent. There's my Joe, there, the eldest,—he's twelve years old, and not able to help himself yet, and won't properly these four or five years." Joseph Merrythought hung down his head, as if his helplessness were a crime. "But, there, for that matter," his father added, "if you come to philosophy, I don't know where you may end. That philosophy bothers me, Mr. Harding."

"Yes, very likely," said Harding, who was not much interested.

"Oh, but it does, though," proceeded Merrythought, who wished to consider himself contradicted. "How shall we account for a whale's not being a fish, eh? And yet, they tell us, it isn't one. Now, can you answer that?"

"I can't, indeed," replied Harding, who was disinclined to talk.

"If we come to philosophy, we had need light two candles, for we shan't see with one, I can tell you. I have dipped into these things, I have. Have you been much of a reader, Mr. Harding?"

"Yes,—pretty well—tolerable," yawned poor William, who was getting sadly tired of his host's conversation.

But he had to endure it for an hour longer, at the expiration of which period Mrs. Merrythought ran into the room, and bade him bless his stars, for it was all over, and the girl—a girl it was—was such a little love. The young father hurried off to see his baby, and then bethought himself of getting a bed out.

After deducting recent expenses, and redeeming his own and wife's garments from the pawnbroker's, Harding found himself, in a month's time, possessed of thirty-eight pounds. With thirty-eight pounds, you may go, on seven hundred and sixty occasions, to the pit of Sadler's Wells Theatre, and see Shakespeare played from the restored text. If you have only thirty-eight pounds in the world, I don't think that would be the best way of spending it. Harding proposed twenty schemes for profitably investing that very moderate sum, but he could not satisfy himself with any one of them. He at last determined to advertise in the newspapers for an engagement as a Classical Tutor; and while awaiting the result, to fall back upon his fortune.

Accordingly, the readers of the *Times* were one morning informed that a gentleman, thoroughly competent to instruct in the advanced classics, and conversant with the higher mathematics, was open to an engagement. The next day, Harding, calling at the library to which, as signified in the advertisement, letters were to be addressed, found a letter, which, upon perusal, he pronounced to be satisfactory. He was yet more satisfied, when he visited the writer on the following morning, and was engaged as an instructor in the Classics, without preamble or delay. The party with whom he treated was a youth of nineteen or thereabouts, who announced himself as his own master, and independent of all control.

"I am an aspirant, Mr. Harding," he said. "I have not been badly educated, but I want finishing off. I think you are just the person I want. Don't think me rude, if at this early stage of our acquaintance, I ask you what your politics are, and what are your views of humanity?"

Harding did not immediately reply, for he was puzzled. There was about this youth, who proclaimed himself independent of all authority, such a coolness of procedure,—such an assumption of superiority, which, while it did not offend him—it was too delicate and refined for that,—took him greatly aback when he looked at the other's beardless face.

"I am liberal in my opinions," he said, presently, "but I never speak of my politics where they are not agreeable."

"You are liberal in your opinions," returned the youth. "Then we are friends, I am a Radical, and something more, Mr. Harding."

Harding replied that he was glad ;—he did not know what to say.

"I write," proceeded the youth.

"Indeed," remarked Harding.

"And publish," the other rejoined, "under the signature of Philo-Junius."

"I—I am not familiar with your—"

"With my writings. I suppose not. They appear in a penny weekly publication, called 'The Startler.' It isn't much, but it possesses a merit, as being the herald of the People's Press. Startling publications will appear in scores by-and-by. We have no People's Newspaper yet ;—we shall, hereafter, have one. There may be a hard struggle to establish it, but it will come, and it will utter stern truths."

Harding had been distressed for the bread that is so difficult to get, and his young wife had hungered for it, and they had known much sorrow. He had almost denied principles, and forsaken honesty in his trials. He had confessed to his father, that honesty was good, while it could be adhered to, but must be parted with on an emergency. In the presence of this young enthusiast he felt shame and contrition. Boldero,—for such was the youth's name, only needed encouragement to enter, at length, into his views of the future. The tutor and the pupil had much rich discourse that day, and at parting, they believed each other's destination to be that of a glorious Reformer. One had been twenty-two years in the world, and the other nineteen, and they believed in the perfectibility of human nature. Fools !

Which was to be the pupil, and which the tutor ?

CHAPTER V.

MRS. PEASNAP'S Christmas party had proved a failure. The beef was over-roasted—burnt, as Mrs. Peasnap avowed, even to tears, to a kitchen cinder ; and the pudding, owing to an accident it met with in the pot, was broken into fragments and watery. The guests, not relishing their dinner, were gloomy. Peasnap's jokes scarcely excited a smile. The port was muddy, and the brandy, obtained in lieu of a debt, was British and fiery. The sherry was pronounced thin, and even the veteran drinkers preferred gooseberry negus, of which they sipped a thimbleful every half-hour till tea-time. The holly-berries were pale contrasted with the hue of Mrs. Peasnap's indignant cheeks.

Hence it was that Mrs. Peasnap resolved to give another party, which should prove a triumph, and efface all remembrance of the Christmas mishap. Her husband went into the city and made a treaty with a wine-

merchant. Claret and Champagne, in limited quantities, was the result; and Peasnap, encouraged by his wife, even went to such lengths as to hire a frosted silver claret-jug and finger-glasses. Moreover, he engaged Chimpanzee, the celebrated comic singer, and Maudlin, who excelled in sentimental recitative.

Emma Harding was a proud little woman when she received a note sealed with two beak-embracing doves, and containing an invitation to Mrs. Peasnap's ladyday party for herself and husband. Going indeed, was out of the question, unless William hinted at the long-promised satin dress, which he did that night, and bade her buy it the next morning.

The satin purchased, and "made-up" by a second-rate hand, the next consideration was the baby. Could Mrs. Boss spare one night from her ordinary avocations?

The afternoon of the Peasnap party arrived, and brought with it Mrs. Boss. It was not without some irresolution, however, that Emma resigned the infant to her care. She stood wavering—Should she, or should she not? The dear, good, motherly Boss would take golden care of the jewel, she knew well.

"As my own, I will," said Mrs. Boss, "and my own I have, thank God, who ploughs the salt, salt ocean at this moment, in one of his blessed Majesty's ships."

"I have soaked the tops and bottoms," said Emma, "and you will only have to keep the saucepan simmering. And if you should want it, the Godfrey's on the mantleshelf."

"No, my dear," replied Mrs. Boss, "I won't hear of it. That's not my plan. Some may, but I never do. Godfrey, I always will maintain, is unnatural."

When Emma joined her husband, she found him engaged in reading a note, which a lad had just delivered to him.

"Emma," he said, "you must go alone to Peasnap's."

"Eh?" she exclaimed. "William, dear?"

"You must go alone to Peasnap's," he repeated.

"Why cannot you come?" she anxiously inquired.

"I can't," he curtly answered, "Remember me kindly, and say that sudden business—particular business—there, you know what to say."

"I don't, indeed," she replied innocently. "And you frighten me, William. For God's sake tell me what you mean! Are you going to prison?"

"To prison," he rejoined, laughing. "No, no. Say at Peasnap's that I couldn't come. There is no need to be more explicit."

She looked at the lad, who had retired to a little distance, but his face revealed nothing.

"I will call and fetch you home," added Harding.

"Very well," she said, dolefully. "You know best."

"And act for the best," he returned. "Come, I will see you to Peasnap's."

He spoke apart to the lad, who immediately shot forward with boyish alacrity. Then he walked with his wife, in silence, to the corner of the street where Peasnap dwelt, and quitting her there, hurried in the direction of Boldero's residence.

In the front of the house where Boldero lodged, a man was standing dressed like an artisan, who, when he saw Harding approaching, advanced and met him.

"Mr. Harding?" he said.

"That is my name," replied William.

"Secretary of the P. F. D.?"

"What motive have you in questioning me?"

"You have just received a note from Mr. Boldero?"

"I have."

"You were about to visit him when I accosted you."

"I was."

"Mr. Boldero has been suddenly called from home. He will see you at the usual hour at the usual place."

"You,"—said Harding, "are you of the P. F. D.?"

"I joined last Monday. Mr. Boldero knows me well. I have already been trusted."

"I am glad of it. I like your face. Give me your hand."

"With pleasure. I hear of you everywhere. My motto, like yours, is *Death to the Tyrants*."

Harding slightly frowned.

"I shall perhaps meet you to-night," he said.

"Undoubtedly, I shall be present."

"I will then talk further of this *Death to the Tyrants*."

It was now five o'clock, and Harding had three hours to wait before he could join Boldero. He thought, at first, of retracing his steps, and sitting down to Peasnap's dinner. But he re-considered. Whom should he meet there? What was Peasnap himself but a witless jester? He would be plagued to death with his host's conundrums. He shuddered as he thought of dull addled brains which the wine would heat into unnatural activity. He walked irresolutely down two or three streets. It began to rain, and he had no umbrella. Should he return home to Mrs. Boss? Her gossip would distract him. He turned into a better sort of tavern, and ordered a glass of brandy and water and a cigar. The parlour was filled with people, but as he was not spoken to, he felt himself alone. The newspaper was engaged, but the waiter offered him the Black Book—the Newgate Calendar of the priests and the aristocracy. He turned over its well-thumbed pages. Its contents he already knew well,—its column after column of legalised depredation in the shape of pensions. He read and read. His hair almost stood erect. Has not yours over the same pages? Mine has.

"Death to the tyrants," cried a voice near him. The speaker was seated at the next table.

"We of the P. F. D. say so," added another voice.

Harding looked at these men. They were unknown to him. But the P. F. D. had augmented their numbers greatly during the last week, for the popular commotion was at its highest.

At half-past seven, he directed his course towards Westminster. It had ceased to rain, and the stars shone down brightly, beautifully. People were gathered in the streets, talking sedition. Above, the sky was

calm, holy. But there were perhaps miserable beings in those distant worlds—if they were worlds—and wretched girls, who driven to crime for want of the difficult bread drowned themselves. The great God knew.

"The Bill will be again thrown out," said a man, addressing a group of his fellows, as Harding passed.

"Then———" The speaker made a noise with his tongue resembling the cocking of a gun.

"Yes, Death to the Tyrants," added a third. "We of the P. F. D. say so."

Harding hurried on.

Into a lighted room, where hundreds of men were assembled. On a raised platform were the committee of the P. F. D., and amongst them Boldero. Harding was greeted by the whole assemblage with a loud clapping of hands. Every moment the numbers increased. The room presently became densely thronged.

"We shall move in three months from this time," said Boldero apart to Harding. "The delegates have made their returns. Birmingham alone has added nine thousand since our last meeting."

"You intend to move then?" said Harding.

"Undoubtedly," replied Boldero, looking astonishment. "Otherwise we have wasted our time and money."

"But this *death to the tyrants*—is it so well, then, to use violence? We seek, do we not, to make men better?"

"Do you shrink," said Boldero.

"From violence I do. From blood I do," replied Harding.

"Are you afraid?"

"No, no; but when have the people ever won their cause by an appeal to arms?"

"In Cromwell's time," said Boldero; "you are a coward, Harding."

"I am not—you do me wrong. But let us try what Moral Force can do."

"Moral Force!" returned Boldero, fiercely. "We are P. F. D., Physical Force Democrats."

"You profane that holy word, Democracy. Yours will be Mob Law and Mob Strength,—the law and strength of brutes."

"You knew our resolution when you accepted my invitation to join us. Why are you a turncoat?"

"I knew it; yes, I believed it was the will of God. But I erred. I blasphemed. Love, my friend, is the Law of the Supreme. We must conquer only through love. We must be better men than our oppressors. I have thought deeply of what I now utter. Elevated natures rely on the moral law. The weapon and the fist are left to ruder beings, as we see the dog worry with his teeth, and do not wish to imitate him."

"And do you think to prevail with our oppressors by persuasion—by entreaty?" returned Boldero, with a sneer. "Will they give us our rights because we ask them, and behave ourselves like good children? When they yield to the pressure from without, as it is called, is it not because they fear the growing discontent, and know what tough and stubborn sinews knit the frames of Englishmen? It is the fear of a resort to physical force that makes them yield, when they do yield, to moral force."

"Legislators are amenable, as we all are, to the law of progress," replied Harding. "You will find that as the age moves forward, legislation, though it may lag in the rear, and will never anticipate, will yet be obliged to follow at a respectable distance."

The business of the meeting commenced, and they talked no more. The speakers were noisy, for they were demagogues, and appealed to the coarser passions of their audience.

"Better," said one, "that the pavement should run blood than the people be oppressed. The people? Say rather, the slaves: for we are slaves. (Cries of "We are, we are!") Our tyrants ride roughshod over us. They bow our necks to the ground. But we will crouch no longer. We will teach them our strength," etc. etc. etc.

They all spoke after the same fashion.

But one said, in addition, that they must never stop till they had community of property. 'Mine must be thine,' he said, 'and thine must be mine. The grapes must not be mine or yours—they must be *ours*.'

"And you would soon be quarrelling for the ripest bunch," thought Harding.

"I am the Secretary of the P. F. D.," he said to the committee, when the meeting was broken up. "I wish to resign the office. I dissent from your doctrines, and with the same hatred of oppression, and the same ardent desire for reform,—a more thorough reform,—I think, than we shall get—I am a convert to moral force and the law of love."

"A coward!—a traitor!" cried Boldero, striking the table with his fist.

"Hush?" said the Chairman of the evening. "These are words that we should pay attention to. Our friend may be mistaken, but he is neither a traitor nor a coward."

"You say that the people are oppressed," said Harding, "I grant it." Are you indignant at the servile condition of the masses? So am I. But let us be sure that we do not aid to keep them servile. Let us ask ourselves if we are free from the cursed leaven of aristocracy.

"I saw, to-day, a tradesman, whose business produces him, perhaps, from two to three hundred a-year, treat a mechanic with rudeness. The mechanic fumed at the insult. His course was also mine, and we passed down Holborn together. A vendor of some trifling articles begged him to purchase. There was as much conventional difference between him and the ragged creature who supplicated him, as between himself and the rude tradesman. He was suffering from the tradesman's insolence; but, mark you, he did not hesitate to insult the vendor of these trifling articles. Now each of these individuals—the tradesman in his way, and the mechanic in his, was an aristocrat. '*I am better than thou*' was the spirit in which each addressed his supposed inferior. The wearer of a superfine coat, my friends, treats with scorn the wearer of fustian; and the artisan holds himself superior to the owner of a smock-frock or a fantail hat.

"Abolish rotten boroughs? Abolish, I say, the rotten heart!"

"It is this—*this* which keeps the masses servile, and leaves them an easy prey to corrupt legislation. We have no love amongst ourselves. Each seeks to vaunt it over his fellow. The aristocrat in his ducal hall, is not prouder than the aristocrat of the counter."

"I will go even further. I will say that the duke is less imperious, less arrogant, less insulting to a presumed inferior than the opulent shopkeeper."

"I have known an aristocrat among the dwellers in a row of small tenements, the rent of which, paid weekly to the landlord, was five or six shillings a-week. A man, living in one of those tenements, earned five-and-twenty shillings a-week, while his neighbours earned only sixteen or seventeen. They looked up to him, and he looked down upon them. He would not associate with them; and when he spoke to any of them, there was condescension in his tones."

"Your political grievances are great, but your social ills are greater. Root out—root out this cursed pride. O my friends, let us reform ourselves! All reform of corrupt institutions in Church and State will be easy after that. Let us be better men than our rulers."

"Do you trace our personal corruption to the example which the great have set us? So do I. We have been inoculated by their virus. But let us now set *them* an example, and inoculate them with our love. Love, my friends, is mighty; love, my friends, is omnipotent."

"We are politically oppressed. Let us begin a political agitation; but let it be, also, a peaceful one. Never abating one jot of our just demands,—never being cajoled, never intimidated, let us press onward and onward. Shall we the soonest obtain our triumph by the appeal to arms which you recommend, or by crowded rooms in every town of England, by reason, friends,—by argument? By eloquent human speech you shall better persuade your opponent than by dealing him a buffet on the face."

"There is reason in what you say," observed the Chairman, "and I, for one, fear violence. I——"

A general hiss drowned the remainder of his speech.

"From this moment I wash my hands of your counsels," said Harding, when the noise had subsided. Boldero and two or three others, renewed the hissing as he passed out of the room.

"I am quite alarmed, William," said his wife, when he joined her at Peasnap's door; "they say the Asiatic cholera is coming to England."

"It is," replied her husband. "It has been on its mysterious march for nearly two years."

CHAPTER VI.

Scarcely had Harding finished his breakfast on the following morning, when the late Chairman of the P. F. D., accompanied by two members of the committee, paid him a visit.

"For the purpose," said the former, "of conferring with you respecting the formation of a league for carrying on a Moral Force Agitation. We are converts to your opinions, Mr. Harding, and believe that all violence would be destructive of the ends we have in view."

"I am but a young man, Mr. Headcorn," replied William, "and do not pretend to teach my elders. But the error of the P. F. D. seems to me now so glaring, that I am ready to contest it anywhere and at any season. Of the league you speak of, I could not, however, be a member."

They had evidently reckoned on his instant acquiescence in their scheme, for they were taken aback by this announcement.

"And why, pray?" asked Headcorn. "Why, in the name of consistency, Mr. Harding?"

"Because," replied Harding, "I have learned of late to look upon mere politics with less interest than formerly. I told you last night that our social evils far outweighed our political ones. They do. The evil of which we have to rid ourselves dwells in ourselves."

"That may be true, but——"

"It *is* true. Beside that evil, all others shrink into insignificance. That which fetters my manhood is not my political disqualification, but my spiritual incapacity. I am ruled by meat and drink and house-rent and coals. I am the servant of these things, and not their master."

"You would not, then, fan the flame of political discontent?"

"Tell me, can bad men make good laws?"

"I can't say,—perhaps not."

"Go on and get a reform in parliament. You will then send into the House men who were never there before, and who under the present system of representation could not get there. Do you think that in ten or twenty years' time, the people—the masses—the 'hewers of wood and drawers of water,' will be improved, even in worldly condition—will be better off, in short, than they are now in this year 1832?"

"Of course we think so," replied Mr. Lynchpin, one of Headcorn's associates.

"You are mistaken," said Harding. "They will be worse off in twenty years' time. And for this reason. The hideous cancer of our immoral social system is ever increasing. You do not attempt to heal *that*. You are trying to mend a gap in the hedge, while the gate stands wide open."

"Your meaning is not very clear, Mr. Harding," remarked Headcorn.

"A. is a great Radical," said William. "He is to be met with at all public meetings, and is foremost in rebuking the pride of the aristocracy. He plumes himself upon his republican opinions. He asserts the natural equality of man. He talks much of human brotherhood. A. is well to-do. The world has smiled on him. He ordinarily takes, after his dinner, his half-pint of port, that has been twelve years in the wood, he tells you, and is mild as maternal milk. Well B. is also a great Radical, but a poor, striving man, finding bread by strenuous six days' toil. His wife takes in washing, and his children are taught by charity. B. never tastes port. A. meets B. They are equal,—they are brothers. B. is honest, clean, sober, intelligent, a good father, a good husband, a good neighbour, a good citizen. Now, tell me, will A. shake hands with B.?"

"Why, perhaps not—"

"And why not? Because B. is poor. There is no other reason. A. is the servant of meat, drink, house-rent, and of wine that is old in the wood."

"But would you carry this practice of equality so far as to shake hands with your servant?" demanded Mr. Meadowgrass, who had hitherto listened in silence.

"Why not?" asked Harding.

"Well, really," said Headcorn, "I go as far as most men, but I wouldn't demean myself to that extent, neither. I can understand A., as you call him, giving B. a 'Good morning!' or a 'How d'ye do?' but as to shaking hands with a servant—"

"You wouldn't do it?"

"Well, frankly, Mr. Harding, I wouldn't."

"And why?"

Headcorn moved in his chair, but did not reply.

"B., resumed Harding, receives, one fine morning a letter, which apprises him that he is the unexpected heir to a goodly estate. The news gets spread abroad. It is told to A. Does he think better of B. than he did before? Does he remark to his wife that he always had a good opinion of B., who really would be quite presentable in a good coat? He meets B. a day or two afterwards. Does he shake hands with him on this occasion?" There was no reply.

"Yes; he does," proceeded Harding. "And why? Because B. is rich. So again A. is the servant of meat, drink, house-rent, and a good coat."

"I don't see how this bears upon our project of a Moral Force Agitation for Political Rights," observed Headcorn, who was unprepared for the turn which the conversation had taken.

"C. and D. are tradesmen," continued Harding, without heeding his guest's remark. "They are both in one line, and dwell in the same neighbourhood. 'Ho! ho!' says C., 'D. is getting more custom than I am; I must sell cheaper

than he does.' So C. announces his stock at reduced prices; but in order to obtain a profit, he adulterates his goods. 'Is it so?' says D. 'I must cheapen my stock likewise.' But, to secure a livelihood, he gives short weight. Now C. and D. are great Reformers, and lament corruption and extortion in Church and State. When tradesmen are aristocrats and speculators, the commonwealth is in danger, not from bad laws, but from bad men."

"You will not join our league, then, Mr. Harding?" said Headcorn.

"I will not. Understand me, I do not object to it. Agitate, by all means. Expunge the bad law from the statute-book. But I have another mission, and, I think, a holier one."

His visitors took their leave with a hearty contempt for him.

"William," said his wife, entering the room, when they were gone, "Don't you go to Mr. Boldero this morning? It's past eleven o'clock."

"Oh," replied poor Harding, "I had forgot to tell you; I am not to teach Boldero any longer."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Emma. "Your opinions, again, I dare say, have lost you that nice young man."

"Yes; my opinions. I am not stone or wood. I have a soul."

"Well, do you know what I can tell you? I have only seventeen shillings left in my purse. There, now."

"Hav'n't we any—any credit in the neighbourhood?" faltered Harding.

"To the extent of two loaves, and one leg of mutton," answered Emma.

"There, don't sit with your head buried in your hand, but go out and get bread. You often say you are a breadfinder. I wish you would find some."

"Emma, dear!" said William, showing a face of expostulation.

"Aye, it is very well to say Emma dear," she rejoined, "very well and very easy. While you had one pupil, you did not try to get another; and now you have nothing at all to fall back upon. William, you are an idle man."

He felt that there was some justice in her taunt, but he would not acknowledge it. Hastily seizing his hat, he prepared to leave the house. She tried to detain him, but he wrested himself from her, and gained the street. How great the fall from high Philosophy to shabby fact!

He did not know whither to go, and so he determined to visit Boldero, who, indeed, was in his debt for a month's instruction in the Ajax and Philoctetes. But he was encountered at the door by the same man, dressed as an artisan, who had accosted him on the same spot on the previous day.

"Do you want Mr. Boldero?" this person demanded, in nearly the same terms as before.

"I do," replied Harding. "I am accustomed to see him about this time in the morning."

"You cannot see him to-day. At least, he is not visible in his rooms. You can speak to him at the committee-room of the P. F. D., this evening," the man said.

"I am no longer a P. F. D.," Harding answered. "I wish to see Mr. Boldero on other business."

"It is impossible, I assure you." The speaker interposed himself between Harding and the door of the house. "Mr. Boldero is not visible."

"Has he not risen yet?" said Harding. "I can wait if he has not. Or, if he has gone out, I will leave a note."

"I will deliver any message. I am in Mr. Boldero's confidence. But you cannot enter his rooms. He has locked his door."

The man was evidently a Cerberus, and was acting according to instruction received. Harding thought it strange ; but, as he could not get personal access to his pupil—or late pupil, for his relation to Boldero was not well defined, he contented himself with saying he would write a note at his own house, and send it by post. He determined, after a little consideration, to return home ; partly for the purpose of writing and despatching this note, and partly to comfort his wife, who would, he reflected, remain in a state of uneasiness about him, from their unsatisfactory parting.

CHAPTER VII.

HE felt, as which of us has not felt, how humiliating to our higher and better feelings are the fretful events of the social life we lead ? And then he thought how erring he had been, and how many deviations he had made from the path of rectitude which he had proposed to tread. Beginning with his first disgust at his father's breadfinding, and tracing his own course hitherto,—remembering how he had fallen into temptation, and received at this father's hands the very money he had scorned not eighteen months before,—how he had eaten at his own table the food which he had rejected with loathing in his father's house,—how compromised he was by the necessity which had driven him as a supplicant to the hand which he had indignantly spurned in those purer days, he wept—he wept,—and the stern tears fell from his blinded eyes upon the pavement like large drops of rain.

His finger was raised to the knocker, but had not touched it, when the door was opened, and Emma,—she had seen him pass the window,—stood upon the threshold, with eyes in which the tears, also, lingered. She seized both his hands, and pulled him into the room.

"Forgive your bad girl," she said. "Forgive my wicked temper, William. I have been most unjust to you. If you are unfortunate, dear, you are not to blame."

"I am to blame, Emma ; and I am *not* unfortunate," he answered. "I am to blame, because I have not persevered in getting a livelihood ; and I cannot be called unfortunate, because I have never yet fairly tried my fortune. They only are unfortunate who try, and fail."

"O my brave husband, when you once fairly try, you will not fail. I know it,—I know it. My whole being throbs with confidence in your success, when once you commit yourself in earnest to the laws which sway this world's right and wrong. When you left the house just now,—hush ! don't interrupt me with a word,—I sat in agony beside my baby's bed, but my anguish passed away ; and if an angel had become visible to my sight, and I had touched his robes with my hands, I could not have been more sensible of a Higher and Consoling Presence."

"Fancy, Emma ; let us trust ourselves, not angels. For the rest, I will become a Doer among men,—a Breadfinder,—an earner of the daily bread that is eaten at my table. If tuition fails me, I have bodily strength, and I can follow some handicraft, like other men."

He sat down and wrote a note to Boldero, which was presently despatched. Then, while his wife busied herself about the concerns of their little household, he revolved in his mind many plans for making an effec-

tual start in the world. This dependence upon one or two chance pupils would not do, if any position above that of constant contingency from day to day for the bread and meat of to-morrow was to be his aim.

Emma,—she was lighter of heart, now that she was reconciled to her husband,—began to sing.

He must work. Must we not all work? Must not our whole lives, as Carlyle says, be a repeated conjugation of the verb *To Do*? He must work. Yes; but how?—what? He knew no trade; he was disciplined to no profession. With his face buried in his hands, and his elbows resting on his knees, he thought and thought. At length, starting up, he told Emma that he should be back in an hour or two, and went out a second time.

He had been absent, perhaps, half-an-hour, when Emma, who had continued to sing almost without intermission, was surprised at hearing the heavy tread of a man's foot descending the stairs. It came along the passage—it halted at her door. She responded to a summons which was presently given by vigorous knuckles, by cautiously peeping forth upon the applicant. But what she saw made her hastily close the door, and draw the bolt.

She was never more frightened in her life. She knew that by ringing the bell she could summon the landlady, but she hesitated to do this and almost held her breath, though a stout door, secured by a strong bolt, was interposed between her and the terror.

"Won't you sing? Do sing again," said a voice in a foreign accent. "You ravish, you charm. O you have such quality."

Emma released the bell-rope. She—I don't know how I shall account for it—felt somewhat reassured.

"You melt,—you make a gentle monster of the savage beast," said the voice.

Emma's heart beat like the ticking of a clock, but she was not angry—not at all. For, since her girlhood, she had dreamed of this, but had sought no confidant for her dreams. She could hum an air when she was four years old, but her parents were serious people, and discounted her early vocal efforts. I could write a lecture on the sinful mistake they made; but let that pass. From four years of age, however, she had gone on singing: catching up such airs as she could glean, and taking lessons of Nature when no one was near to censure or criticise.

"You make me all one excitement," said the voice "I hear you sing, and I cannot sit—I cannot read the newspaper—I cannot drink my coffee."

"He speaks very good English for a foreigner," thought Emma. "It must be the new lodger that came in yesterday."

"Will you sing again? Will you let me in? I will not hurt you. I am a mild man. I was born in Paris, but I call myself Signor Pepolini, and I belong to the Grand Theatre."

"If William should wish to make his acquaintance," thought Emma again, "I shall not oppose his desire, certainly. If he belongs to the Opera, he will, perhaps, get us some orders."

As if Signor Pepolini had divined her thought, he said, "I shall give you tickets for the grand Theatre. I shall place you in the grand seats.

You shall see the king and the queen, and the grand lords and ladies. I excite them all to be silent when I sing."

"If I wasn't alone," thought Emma, "I declare I would let him in."

But as she did not respond audibly to his solicitations, did not by word or movement indicate her presence, the Signor concluded that she had retired to an inner apartment, and could not hear him. There was a strong wind blowing that March day, and the Signor's feet were in slippers. The wind gained an entrance beneath the house-door, and swept along the passage. The Signor's ankles were uncomfortable. Moreover, he reflected that his coffee was getting cold. He heaved a deep sigh, and departed.

Emma felt that this was an epoch in her life. She *could* sing, then—might some day (who could tell?) get her bread—her husband's—her baby's bread by singing. It was a pleasant thought, and she gave it full rein, and let it lead her where it would.

It was rather wild, that thought, and when it was put to flight by her husband's knock at the door, she was calculating what fifty pounds a night would amount to in nine months, supposing that she should be three months in the year without an engagement.

"Well, Emma," said Harding, as he entered, "I have got a situation. I went to an old acquaintance of my father's, and frankly told him my difficulties. He engaged me directly."

"Ah! thank God!" said Emma, clasping her hands. "And the situation——"

"Will yield eighteen shillings a-week. It isn't much, certainly, but we can manage, perhaps, to live on it. Only we must leave these lodgings, and seek very humble ones."

"Eighteen shillings a-week!" repeated Emma. "That is not much, indeed, William; and what is your employer?"

"A cheesemonger!" answered Harding. "Cheese, butter, hams, and bacon—you know what such people sell."

"Cheese, butter, hams, and bacon!" echoed his wife. "And are you to——"

"To retail them? Yes. There is no disgrace in cutting a rasher of bacon, or two penn'orth of cheese, is there? Besides, sometimes I shall persuade my customers to buy the whole sitch, or the entire cheese, and then my master will smile, and say, 'Well done.' And that will be consolation, will it not?"

"Cheese, butter, bacon!" repeated Emma, again, in a tone of keen disappointment.

"He won't dismiss me for my opinions, at least," said William. "All he requires is vigilance, honesty, and a pleasant way of wheedling customers into purchasing large quantities, with a quick eye for bad money. Bless you, I might say, 'Hang the King!' fifty times a-day, and he would take no offence."

"Well, I didn't expect this of you, William. And you will have to wear an apron, I suppose?"

"Undoubtedly. What of that?"

"O dear me, what a figure you will look. I would rather starve, William."

"No, you wouldn't. Hunger is a sharp thorn, as the beggars say. I shall bring you home my wages every Saturday night. You will ask, 'What shall we have for to-morrow's dinner?' I shall answer, 'What you please, love.'"

"There, hold your stuff, William. I have no patience with you I declare, you make a merit of what you have done."

"I do make a merit of it, Emma. God be my witness, I do. I have now the certainty of a roof, a bed, and food, for all three of us. I was a breadfinder, and I have found my bread."

"Little more than your bread, then, I can tell you; for what will eighteen shillings a-week do, with rent, and clothes, and all to come out of it? My stars I suppose you think that I can manage with it. But if you entertain any such wild notions, I would have you dismiss them. Eighteen shillings a-week, and coals, candles, tea, sugar, bread, butter, meat, potatoes, clothes for you, and clothes for me, and clothes for baby. Shoes for—for two of us, any rate, for baby's little shoes ain't worth mentioning.—I'll grant that. And you expect me to do all this out of your paltry eighteen shillings a-week! You must have taken leave of your senses, I think."

"Or, you have lost yours,—which, Emma?"

She did not reply, Harding, hearing a noise, looked round, and beheld a whiskered and mustachioed face, which was protruded into the room.

"I make many regrets; I ask a thousand pardons," said Signor Pepolini,—for the face, with its ornaments, belonged to him. "I will walk in, if you will give me the grand invitation."

Harding looked at his wife, and at the Signor, and at his wife again.

"I will walk in, and will make myself very little in a corner, if you will say the grand welcome," proceeded the Signor. "I tried to read the news,—I tried to read a book, I tried to smoke my pipe,—it was no use. I have the memory of the sweet voice. I make many regrets. I ask a thousand pardons."

Harding looked very earnestly at his wife for an explanation. But he still did not utter a word, or give the Signor the grand welcome.

"The gentleman is the new lodger," faltered Emma.

"Yes," replied Harding. I understand that. "But you have not the honour of his acquaintance, have you?"

"Oh no," she said, quickly.

"Well, Sir," said Harding, turning to the Signor, "your business?"

"I will be very small in this chair," said Pepolini, entering the room, and dropping into a seat. "I speak your language not bad. I shall have the honour of conversing with you. I shall have the honour of offering you some very good wine."

He thrust his hand into the capacious pocket of his morning gown, and drew forth a bottle, which he fixed between his knees. Then he produced a corkscrew, and proceeded to draw the cork.

"I shall have the honour to offer you some very fine cigar," he added, diving into another pocket, and bringing up a cigar case. "They are the most beautiful for smoking. I shall have the honour to offer you some snuff."

He inserted his fingers into a pocket of his waistcoat, and produced a snuff-box. Harding viewed these proceedings with the air of a man who did not know how to conduct himself.

"Ah, *Mon Dieu!* we cannot drink without the glasses," said the Signor, depositing the bottle, the snuff-box, and the cigar-case on the table, and returning the corkscrew to his pocket. "I shall have the honour to bring glasses from my apartment."

"I beg that you will not inconvenience yourself," said Harding. "I never drink wine before dinner, I seldom smoke, and I am not a snuff-taker."

"You will not taste my wine?" returned Pepolini, shrugging his shoulders. "You make me ashamed of my poor presents. It is so good. It would not hurt a very small child. It will make you very glad. I assure you it is very innocent. You smile. You will taste it. I shall have the pleasure to drink your very good health."

The Signor stood irresolutely on the threshold.

"I am a good companion. I love the joke and the fun," he continued. "I shall have the honour to make you laugh very much."

"You are what we English call a good fellow," said Harding, offering his palm to the Signor. "I am happy to make your acquaintance."

"You will drink my wine?—you will smoke my cigars? You excite me to be very happy. I shall have the honour to dine with you in my apartment. I will go and prepare a grand dinner. I give you the grand invitation. My name is Jean Masson, but I call myself Signor Pepolini to please the lords and ladies of the Grand Theatre."

Conceding to Harding's request that he would make no preparations for a grand dinner, but would take an unpretending chop with them, M. Jean Masson resumed his seat, which he was prevailed upon to draw out of the corner, and thereon to expand to his natural size before the fire.

Harding went on the next Monday morning to his employment. He had a clean coarse apron in his pocket. His wife cried when he rose from breakfast to set forth, but he kissed away her tears, and told her that he had found their bread,—his, her's, and the baby's.

"Little woman," he said, "remember what M. Jean Masson told us,—that you will be a fine singer. Then you, also, will find bread."

They had not yet removed into the humble lodgings that he had spoken of, as being more suited to his small income than those which they now occupied. Boldero had sent four guineas for the month's instruction in the Ajax and Philoctetes. Harding said that this sum would pay eight weeks' rent, and they could live sumptuously on his eighteen shillings a-week.

"We wont go away from M. Jean, if we can help it," was his excuse for this otherwise scarcely politic proceeding. "In eight weeks something may turn up. And our Signor may be the means of getting you a professional education—who knows? But if we quit his neighbourhood, we may never see him again, or he might not choose to visit us, for our home would be so poor, that we might not have a passage out of the street into the room. And M. Jean might not relish that."

"Not have a passage," cried the petrified Emma. "You are not in earnest, William?"

He said he was. God help them, without a passage, his wife thought. So she was quite satisfied that Boldero's four guineas should liquidate eight weeks' rent in their present apartments.

Harding was to dine and take his tea with his employer. Emma therefore would see him no more till the shop was closed for the day. Baby was put to bed and the fire was burning brightly. As a treat, the table was garnished with a dish of oysters. Emma sat waiting his return, and beating a tattoo upon the fender with her foot.

"Courage," was his first word, when he entered, "Courage, Emma."

"Why, William?" she said. "Because you have done so well?"

"On the contrary. Because I have done so badly: but I say, courage, and do better to-morrow."

"How have you done badly, dear?" she asked, fearful of some misadventure.

"In the first place, I had'n't been half an hour in the shop, when I smashed three hundred eggs. We took them up carefully, however, and they are to run through the week?"

"To run through the week?"

"Yes, for dinner. Fried eggs are very nice, you know, though it's possible to have a surfeit. Besides, there will be the sawdust and the straw."

"Oh! you broke the eggs on the floor, and took up straw and sawdust all together. But that was your only accident?"

"The next was the bad Five. While Terry was at dinner, a young widow came into the shop and asked for a pound of cheese, 'Cheshire or double, Glos'ter, Madam?' said I. 'Stilton' she answered. 'We don't cut Stilton by pound,' I remarked. 'Oh! let it be Cheshire, then,' she said. She looked at me very hard. 'You are a new young man, ain't you?' she asked. 'Yes, ma'am,' I replied, 'very new,—only came this morning.' 'I thought I had'n't seen you before. *Could* you oblige me with change for a Five?' 'With pleasure, ma'am,' I answered, and I gave her four pounds ten in gold, nine shillings in silver, and two pence in copper. 'I see you are quite new,' she remarked, and left the shop."

"Did'n't you offer to send the cheese?" said Emma.

"Yes, but she preferred to carry it. 'Persons should never be ashamed to carry what they are not ashamed to eat,' she said. 'That woman is a democrat,' I thought. Well, the note was a forged one."

This recital of his mishaps at a cheesemonger's shopman, secretly gratified Emma, for she knew that he had abilities which were thrown away upon such employment. No, he had not found his bread yet. Let him try to convince her, as he would, his arguments were repelled by her conviction that the world has better uses for its better men, than to waste them in vending eggs and bacon. She was both right and wrong.

(To be concluded in our next.)

The Angel of the Unfortunate. By SILVERPEN.

PART THE FIRST.

A VERY old copy of the Gospels lay upon the table, for it had edges and clasps of filigreed brass, and the paper of it, already discoloured by its many years, looked as crisp and as brown as a withered autumn leaf, in the shadowed sort of light that fell from the small iron lamp. Yet Antoine, a little old man, as withered as the leaves of knowledge before him, was, nevertheless, much interested therein; for though *Mam'selle Caprice*, a neighbouring portress, had lent him an interesting *feuilleton*, and he had laid out a franc that very morning on a violin accompaniment to the last song of Beranger, still, having opened incidentally at the second chapter of St. Matthew, he read on, and was now come to the Slaughter of the Innocents, by Herod. When he had ended the eighteenth verse, he

rose thoughtfully to stir the old brown pot of *bouilli*, on the stove, took a glance at the clock, then another round the little cell-like chamber, and went back to the Gospels, and the sixteenth verse. From that by degrees to this,—“In Rama was there a voice heard, lamentation, and weeping, and great mourning; Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted, because they were not.”

“But when Herod was dead, behold, an angel of the Lord appeared in a dream to Joseph in Egypt.”

“Saying, Arise, and take the young child—” And at that moment, some tremulous hand, feeble yet quick, raised the very heavy knocker on the door, and it fell as from a powerless hand, back again with a heavy stroke.

“Horace, or Marsailles, or Carlier, the do-nothings,” muttered Antoine, as he moved from his book reluctantly; but the light of the lamp, as he held it up in his hand, and slid back the little movable shutter that ran across the grating in the door, showed him that it was none of the medical students that thus disturbed his evening’s rest, but a wretched old man, belonging to the degraded class of *chiffonniers*, or rag-gatherers. Not answering, though Antoine called out loudly several times, or even lifting his drooping head, now sunk so low upon his breast that it touched the wide and filthy basket swung by a belt across his ragged blouse, the ancient porter of the great Paris Theatre of Anatomy, quickly threw back the door, and raised the old man by the arm across the step. He was evidently speechless, and with difficulty reached the wide stone seat to which Antoine led him. The first care of the old porter,—he had a kindly soul,—was to unstrap the heavy basket, apparently to his hasty glance full of bones, bottles, and old rags, and place it beneath the seat; next to lean the old man gently against the recess formed by the cell-like arch in which the seat was placed, then quickly to roll up the first coarse hospital-towel that came to hand, and place it for a pillow, and then to move away, and just by those Gospels stop one moment to think whether he should revive by a small cup of his own inimitable *bouilli*, or a glass from one of those two flasks of precious Bordeaux, brought by Nattili the student, in his last return from the provinces, or ———, and this was broadening out very wide indeed the boundary of his Samaritanal virtue—a small cup from Retzner’s *cafetière* (coffee-pot) upon the stove. However, he decided for the precious flask; brought it forth and a long taper glass from an old medicine chest, that figured prominently in an opposite recess of the cell, poured forth the Samaritanal drop with a noble and a gentle hand, took up the iron lamp and returned towards the wretched beggar; but neither wine, nor oil, nor more precious medicinal things would have served; life had followed speech; and the face that leant up against the coarse hard pillow, softer, however, than down by the rich dew of charity that had fallen on it, was as rigid as the Caen stone built up in arch and wall around. After the first momentary surprise was over, the porter summoned one of the surgeons then in the anatomical theatre; but life was found to be quite extinct. Notice was, therefore, given to the next Prefect of Police, and an officer summoned to take the necessary depositions. Nothing was known of the miserable vagrant, beyond that his name was Paquin, and

that he had been occasionally employed to bring small animals such as dogs, rabbits, cats, or rats, to the hospital for the purpose of dissection, nor was anything found upon his person beyond a *sou* or two, some crusts of bread and blades of garlick, and such few specimens of his trade as had been supposed too fine or rare to be mixed amidst the fetid contents of his miserable basket. When, however, the officer and Antoine stooped down to move the basket from beneath the stone bench, to their surprise they found it guarded by a small, half starved terrier dog, which, Antoine recollected, had occasionally accompanied the old man in his previous visits, and was called Corbeau. On this night it had crept in unperceived, and now the basket was moved away, it growled and showed its teeth, and jumped up resolutely on the stone bench after the basket. But when the officer of police began to move the light covering of rags, it directly wagged its tail, and looked with almost speaking eyes into the face of Antoine. The porter's surprise was great indeed to see that the light covering of rags had been used as a mere blind; for beneath it lay wrapped in an old mantelet a newborn child. Its life was very low within it, and its breath ebbed fitfully, so much so that when the officer laid it down somewhat roughly on the bench, this life seemed ended.

"New food for the *Hôpital des Enfants Trouvés*," said the officer, with a laugh; "*ma mère ou mon père* won't be found amongst *les chiffonniers, mon garçon*."

For some cause or another, the honest soul of the old porter was inexpressibly touched; because, perhaps, the small frail thing before him was so utterly desolate; because, perhaps, Corbeau, the poor lean brute, licked tenderly the little outstretched hand; perhaps, because Herod's decree still lingered in his memory, or all combined; for after stepping back to the still open Gospels, he said—

"Well it had better be left here to night, Monsieur, I shan't harm it, I shan't harm it. No, no, I am very tender, and the night is very cold, poor thing; and my friend Caprice, Monsieur, will do a hand's turn for it, if it be necessary. She's very kind; a most charming woman, Monsieur, and reads the very choicest of the *feuilletons*. So she shall come, and the babe shall stop, as I say: the night is very cold, Corbeau shall stop. Yes, yes, Monsieur, God must deal tenderly with us, this is a hard world!" Antoine was so enthusiastic that his breath was gone.

"*Eh bien, mon garçon*," laughed the official, "*if les chiffonniers* get to know your tenderness to such rose-buds, you'll have a blossom every night. But farewell; if our inquiry should fail, there's the *Hôpital des Enfants Trouvés* for you." So saying he rolled up his papers, lighted his cigarette at the lamp, and, nodding his head, took his departure.

Antoine was now alone. No eye was over him to criticise his acts of mercy, but the divine and loving one of Heaven; so, when he found the babe still breathe, he took it tenderly in his arms, placed a dry faggot on the stove, brought his arm-chair close besides, placed on it the pillow and blanket of his truckle bed, placed the child upon these, gave it some milk that had stood heating on the stove beside Retzner's coffee, and when it had fed eagerly, and breathed more freely, he covered it gently, as if his hand had never known bolt, or lock, or bar. Next office was to toast a small

thin round of bread, cut it into long fingers, reward Corbeau with the crusts, pour out the fragrant coffee, place it on a salver, and then disappear with it through a long passage that opened from this porter's chamber.

Notre Dame, and all the Paris clocks were striking twelve when he came back with gentle foot and beaming face ; and finding the unknown babe still asleep, and Corbeau stretched comfortably on the hearth, he fed the lamp with fresh oil, and sat down again before his book, and when he had read on awhile, he suddenly stopped and said aloud, " Heaven itself says *take the child* ; and as this came forth as it might be from the Slaughterer of the Innocents, suppose, if it should live, I be as poetical as Caprice, or Petite, the barber, and call it INNOCENT LA TROUVÉE."

Though the police made every possible inquiry amidst the miserable haunts of this most degraded and squalid class of the Paris population, nothing could be learnt respecting the child's parentage. Paquin, the dead *chiffonnier*, had rented a wretched chamber, solely for himself ; and the inhabitants round, with that apathy so much a part of brutality and degradation, knew little more of the old man than his name. Accordingly Antoine, after due consultation with Mam'selle Caprice, and the barber, and divers other friends, adopted *l'enfant trouvée* and *le petit Corbeau*, the dog, and this with much grace, and the very best of arguments on his side, as during the week through which the police had made their search, the small frail thing, so utterly adrift upon the world's wide sea, had, by its very helplessness and desolation, so touched the old man's heart, that without more ado, or one repentant sigh, he made a haven for it, and bid it rest. The merry barber had, lodging in his house, a poor married sempstress, who gladly became its nurse ; and as Antoine rarely quitted his post, except on very grand or extraordinary occasions, the child was brought most evenings to the *lodge de portier*, either by the barber or Madame Amand, its nurse, so that not only Corbeau began to understand the evening's visitation, and welcome it by a bark and frisk, but Antoine to watch beside the little grating for the nurse's well known step. Antoine had married very early in life, and had had an only son, who, having been enrolled under the act of conscription, had afterwards perished in Napoleon's retreat from Moscow. His wife died of grief soon after ; and thus he had been for many years alone, without a stronger human tie than Caprice or the barber.

When Innocent was little more than a year old, Madam Amand met with so severe an accident as to be incapable of her charge. Whereupon Antoine would have her home, and soon became so good a nurse that the child thrived wonderfully.

With this good nursing, and this good thriving, several years seemed quickly to go by, and Innocent, a slight graceful child of seven, had already been taught to dance a minuet by Monsieur Petite, the barber, and to sew, by Mam'selle Caprice, the portress. And many a student that passed through the ponderous door to the theatre beyond, would now often stay to kiss her, and so often, too, bring *bonbons*, and dolls, and toys, that her child-life had not a sorrow, or a care, though her home was a *loge de portier*, with a single room inside, and a paved yard around, and her only com-

panion and friend, a solitary old man. About this time, some good Sisters of Charity, from a neighbouring convent, who came for the purpose of recognising a body that lay in the dead-room of the theatre, saw Innocent, and heard her story from Antoine.

"As she has sometimes been within the room, *mes sœurs*," spoke Antoine with deep respect, "Innocent can be your guide. She has no fear of death, the pretty one." And gently, as Antoine had prophesied, the child stepped on, and this so lightly, so like leaf-fall, when she bore the light into the chamber of the dead, that the sisters asked her why.

"Because God's sleep seems so very beautiful, *mes sœurs*, that I can but tread with a hushed step." And more than this she seemed so fearless, and yet so reverent, amidst the dead, so intuitively, yet so naturally so, that the sisters, whispering one to the other, said it was surely heaven's decree, the little one was destined for *une religieuse*. From this time they failed not in calling often to see Innocent, and though Antoine had no intention that she should enter the cloister, even though on the mission of a heavenly charity, *les sœurs* soon obtained his permission that Innocent should attend daily at their convent, for the sake of superior instruction in various accomplishments. Other children, the good sisters taught, were quicker than Innocent la Trouvée at the embroidery frame and the singing lesson, but none were so useful as she soon became, in assisting to prepare medicine and food for the sick; as if out of probable guilt and shame, the ever-coming spirit of purity and love was here to testify itself, and balance evil done by good enlarged, as good for ever does throughout all nature. But good in this case, how noble, how exalted, how far above the common way it had to be, we yet shall see! for the ways and means of good take progress with the courses of all universal law!

Well, amongst the five hundred students, or thoreabouts, that frequented this great Parisian theatre of anatomy, was one very poor, perhaps the very poorest, named Camille Dispareaux. Being a provincial, and utterly without friends or resources, he existed in Paris, and paid the fees of the various educational classes he attended, by preparing skeletons for the setters, and painting cheap likenesses for a shopkeeper of the Boulevards. Antoine, from whose province Camille had come, brought about so friendly an acquaintance with him, that after the theatre was closed for the night, or on holidays, he would stop and share the old man's *bouilli*, dress up with cocked hat and wooden sword dear old petted Corbeau for Innocent, or tell her stories, or sing to her *les petites chansons* of the provinces, till her small child's heart was very light and glad. But that was truer joy, though her child's heart told it not, when with her head nestled on Antoine's knee, Camille, through a whole evening, would talk to the old man of the wonderful revelations of anatomy, of its sublime and its religious teachings, of his own exalted ambition and infinite struggles with the world; and sometimes, when perhaps he thought the child asleep, he would fetch from the students' room some of his own preparations of cartilage, and bone, and nerve, or unroll the productions of his pencil, often larger than the nature copied from, and always beautiful, though of the grim subjects of the scalpel and the dissecting-room.

Surrounded by circumstances all bearing relation to this mystery of life growing forth from death, there were two especially hidden, and yet ever spoken of as they were, that deeply excited the most intense curiosity in Innocent, and directly led to the sublime duty of her coming life. Two things she had never seen, the theatre itself, nor its great master, Professor Retzner. If the first excited a sort of curiosity akin to that of Bluebeard's wife, the last was reverent, such as the humble feel in wishing to behold true greatness; for Antoine's praise and faith, his visitations night by night, always at the same hour, his long service even before his appointment as *portier*, the homage of so many students, the solemn praise of the otherwise merry barber, had raised up such an enchantment in the mind of Innocent la Trouvée, that to see Retzner face to face, became the greatest and intensest passion of her life; and yet it was a wish so mixed up with fear, that she had never dared to ask Antoine, dearly as she loved him.

It was the fête of New year's eve, and, agreeably to an old custom, Mam'selle Caprice, and the barber, and Madame Amand, and other friends had come to spend it with Antoine. Yes, and it was, the very happiest fête-night Innocent had known, for not only did the barber bring his violin for a dance, but also one of the prettiest embroidered aprons ever seen, and Caprice also brought a very tasty frock, and each one something else for *ma mignonne*, and there was fruit and lemonade and pastry, and *bouillons*, and excellent *vin du pays*, and all might have thought that Innocent had nothing more to wish. Still had they watched her eye so often glancing upwards to the Geneva clock, they could have fancied there was some other wish, though not the strange one that made her heart beat so quickly to and fro. It was known, however, at midnight for when came forth the coffee-cup and salver as of old,—for nights and days of study were the only fêtes known to the great anatomist, and though he lived in the grandest street of Paris, here was his study to which he walked to and fro and never quitted till long after midnight,—Innocent put her arms round the old man's neck and whispered in his ear.

"You, *ma petite ma mignonne*," said the old man, looking down surprised, "you see *Monsieur*?"

She whispered "yes," so very eagerly, it was a fête-night, and though Monsieur might be angry, Antoine could not refuse *ma mignonne*; and so with the salver pressed against her beating heart, and not hearing that the barber advised that the new apron should be put on, and Caprice the dress "to charm Monsieur," she left the vaulted room and closed the door behind her. A long passage and three or four steps from which led a broad stone staircase to the *salle d'anatomie*, brought her to a three-fold door, which opening and closing as directed by Antoine, she stood in the study of the great scientific master. He sat before a table, with his back to her, so that she had time to lean against the door, and try to hide the fear that was now greater than her curiosity. One older, one more worldly, might have been awe-struck; wisely or fearfully, according to his education. For round this vaulted chamber, lighted from the roof, were long compartments ranged one above the other, in which were set hundreds of human skulls, not only from the desert sands of Africa, the mountains of Morocco, Caucasus, Andes, and Himalayah, but from the snows of Kamtschatka, the

buried cities of central America, and the battle-fields and grave-yards of the two temperate zones. On pedestals were skeletons; and heaped-up bones, and prepared cartilage, and atlases, and diagrams, and maps, and books, and papers, were on tables set about, and on the floor two giant globes as tall as the tallest man. The table at which Retzner himself sat was literally walled up with books and covered with papers and instruments, except for the space at which he sat writing, the lamp above shining on his whitened hair and wasted hand as it glanced to and fro with pen across the paper. Just beyond this paper stood a bronze pillar of about a foot high, on which was swung an engraved slab of marble, bearing this in large French character:—"ORGANIZATION WOULD PERFECT AND BEAUTIFY, IF MAN WERE NOT DEBASED BY CRIME AND MISERY." Now of this misery and crime come forward one of its ministering angels! as many angels will when WOMAN knows her office and her mission from the skies?

The child approached the table and set down the coffee with a beating heart, perhaps in her nervousness touching Retzner's elbow. He looked suddenly round, and sternly, when he saw a stranger.

"How, who, what, why,——"

"Innocent La Trouvée, Monsieur!"

But he scarcely heard words, he was looking with intense eagerness into her sublime and beautiful face; beautiful, because so full of truth, and intellect, and affection. He drew her nearer by the hand and spanned her forehead: no anger was on his face now. No! no Raphael's Madonna ever looked down more touchingly upon her holy child. Conscious, perhaps, that she trembled violently, he spoke kindly and asked her name.

"Innocent—well I'll Italianise it—it shall be Innocenti," and as he spoke he placed a *louis d'or* in her hand, "there you'll come again soon—soon, recollect."

Antoine's surprise and delight may be conceived; "it was so noble of Monsieur, so good," he said. However, the joy was nothing to Innocent till Camille knew it; so the next day, with Antoine's leave, the new frock and apron were put on, and over them a little black scarf, given her by Nattili the sculptor before he went to Rome, she set out to the Faubourg where he lived. She found the poor anatomical student in his atelier, and instead of being at the legitimate work, a smartly dressed grisette of the lower class was sitting to him for likeness. She was young and very pretty, but so vain, that though her dark hair was dressed most elaborately, she kept arranging it sideways in the student's little frameless mirror, and her mother, a fat *bourgeoise* of a neighbouring cabaret, standing over Camille, was guiding his brush, as it were, with such exclamations as, "More colour, sir, more colour; Marie has a beautiful mouth—that dimple larger, sir; the girl is very beautiful. Thank you, thank you, her eyebrows are very dark."

In this way the fat mistress of the cabaret proceeded till the sitting was over, when she and the grisette withdrew. Then it was that Innocent drawing her little stool to Camille's side, and telling him all about Retzner and her wonderful fortune, brought forth from beneath her little scarf, a pair of gloves, as a new year's gift. "And now dear Camille," she said, when the poor anatomical painter had kissed her tenderly, "I

have a great secret to tell you. I am very fond of drawing. I have always loved it, and I am sure I should very soon learn. So you shall buy me pencils and paper, and then will you teach me, Camille?"

He thought it but a child's request, and promised her he would.

"And now, Camille," she went on to say, "as this is a fête day, and I have leave, do let me hear some stories about the rag-gatherers: you know them, you go amongst them; I came from them you know, Camille, and a story will be better than a walk in the Champs, Elysées. Do, dear Camille!"

It was a curious trait in Innocent La Trouvée's character that she was always most curious, and inquiring about subjects of misery and degradation, and perhaps, for the very reason that Antoine suppressed them. Of the incidental knowledge of her early history, she was always very curious, and of the rag-gatherers that prowled about the streets with their fetid baskets. On this subject, and on others, she sat by Camille's side and chattered for some hours, whilst he resumed his more legitimate occupation; and after that, Camille locked up his poor room, with its marvellous labours strewn around, and accompanied her home. They had walked some way, and were clearing a filthy *quartier* of the town, when a witch-like old woman starting from a narrow entrance, stayed Camille.

"Eh! mon garçon, a whelp with two heads, a pretty subject for your knife. Only been a day in the Seine and therefore but two sous. Eh bien! a bargain, Monsieur?"

Camille at first refused, but she mumbled some further persuasion, and he followed. The street, though narrow, had once been a street of palaces. Wide corridors and staircases led from it; these, scarcely now defended by a door, were public ways, fetid with the ordure and rubbish that dripped from story to story. With difficulty they followed to the fourth story, where, from a long passage, dens of misery opened, more or less densely crowded. Innocent stood trembling in this passage or corridor, whilst Camille, followed the old woman. In some were miserable groups, aged and hideous that squabbled for their promiscuous bed upon the floor, or secured their miserable baskets, or gnawed ravenously their morsels of putrescent food; in another, a group of old women were seated, grumbling round a bit of charcoal on a brazier; in another, an old man and woman were cooking in a wide fireplace, the cheap refuse of the market; but what touched Innocent's young heart the most was a group of girls, not older than herself, though dressed like women, talking with loud coarse voices, and drinking strong *vin du pays* from the flask itself! Such she might have been, her child's heart told her, and taking Camille's hand, she said softly, "Let us go, Monsieur."

"What makes those girls look so wicked, and be so bold, Camille?" she asked, when they had cleared the miserable *quartier*.

"Because they are unfortunate, and are untaught, *ma mignonne*."

"And what makes many look so crooked and deformed;—all, too, so different to happy people, Camille?"

"Because being ignorant and vicious, my little one, they know not how to take care of the beautiful body God has given to his creatures; or, if diseased and deformed, how to make it better."

"Ah, then, Camille," she said, looking earnestly up into his face, "*what angels, then, the good should be to those unfortunate.*" She did not speak another word the whole way home. The impression made was graven on her heart for ever!

To Camille's astonishment, her talent for the pencil was extraordinary. And this, too, in dry outlines and diagrams, for which women have rarely any taste. She did not care to draw carts, and houses, and fruit-baskets, as her dear old friend the barber wished, but astonished them all by drawing his hand and head, the latter not dressed in its best wig, but bare and eyeless; in a word, it was Monsieur Petite's skull.

During this extraordinary progress of some months Retzner was absent from Paris. Upon his return, the long looked-for night came, when she would carry in his coffee. He remembered her at once, and laid aside his pen to look into her beaming face.

"Well, Innocenti, what of the *louis d'or*?" he said, smilingly.

"It brought some pencils and a *portefeuille*, and new year's gifts for *Monsieur mon père*, and Camille, Monsieur."

"What, to draw Antoine's dog?"

"No, such as that." She pointed to a large atlas, open before the anatomist.

This night was the white night in the fortunes of Innocent La Trouvée, for if Retzner was astonished at her answer, more so was he at the visible proofs of her extraordinary talent; and more so when he heard of her innate pity, touching as it did all the misery within her influence. It was the dew-drop of the flower. That very night Retzner determined to educate and adopt her, and a week after, to the utter astonishment of Antoine's friends, the barber included, the old porter, as a sort of *charge d'affairs*, Innocent La Trouvée and dear old Corbeau, were located in Retzner's house, in one of the grandest streets of Paris. There were seen governesses and masters enough, and one young child as mistress within that house, for Retzner was unmarried.

Some years had passed quietly by, when it began to be whispered amongst the *savans*, and in the *salons* of Paris, that the greatest anatomist of his age had an equally gifted daughter. Yes, that he who was pro-founder than Blumenbach, and as great in his province as Cuvier; he who by the progress of science was teaching statesmen to read politics by the light of physical organization, who was declaring perfection and beauty to be capable of acquirement by nations as by individuals; that human progress lay with brain and skull, bone and sinew; had a fair young creature fitting about him, like his best spirit, understanding his learned books, imbibing his philosophy, assisting him by her wonderful pencil, visiting with him the beds of Magdalens and hospitals, and the recesses of prisons. Yes, so there was! and the anatomist was the German Retzner, and his daughter, the poor infant that had come forth from the *chiffonnier's* fetid basket. Yes, the Gospels had said "*take the young child,*" as they will by-and-by teach us to take *all* young children, and make them what God has destined all his creatures to be—*wise and happy*.

PART THE SECOND.

INNOCENT LA TROUVÉE was eighteen, when Retzner, after a few hours' illness, died of one of those diseases incident to sedentary men. He had made no secret of his intentions respecting her; it was, therefore, probable, that this certainty of fortune covered the ignominy of her issue from a rag-gatherer's basket, and had already led to so many direct proposals to Retzner for her hand. These he had quietly negatived: her youth, her child-like simplicity of heart, her peculiar tastes, bound up, as they had been, with his own pursuits; her unobtrusive, yet spiritual exaltation of character,—were all obstacles. The secret, however, lay deeper: his intuitive perception of character had revealed it to him, but he had wisely resolved that time and nature should bring about that towards which his own wishes earnestly pointed, as not only means of happiness to Innocent, but uniting purposes, in their several conditions, sublime.

From the time that Innocent had left the *loge de portier* for her richer home, from the time her talents and their instructor became known, Retzner as far as the independent nature of Camille Dispareaux would permit, had become the poor scholar's friend. He saw the great talents of Camille, and with that candour and humility peculiar to true natures, he saw that, whilst he himself was great as a collector of facts, whilst he was great in all the material evidences of science, here was one whose peculiar province it would be to combine and deduce from thence those great natural laws whose discovery is significant of human progress, and whose development serves as a guide to the moral and political reformer. These tastes, different yet alike, had led to the most unreserved intimacy between Retzner and Dispareaux. In an early stage of it the latter had still remained Innocent's instructor in the beautiful art, which to himself was but an accessory to higher science; and when that tutelage was over he still remained her guide. But in this progress of time affection had changed in character; Innocent beheld in Camille not only the grave and kind brother twenty years older than herself, but the noble man of science of whom Retzner prophesied so many things, and whom it would be the glory of a life to love and minister to: whilst he, on the other hand, beheld the little affectionate creature of his poverty and early days, who had in so many ways directly helped on his better circumstances, grown into a gentle creature of eighteen, with an intellect as great, as her sense of duty was exalted. But both shrunk one from the other; she, because one so grave and intellectual as Camille could but look upon her as a child, and at best as an old acquaintance; whilst he, loving her with the deepest affection, knowing her beautiful heart, aware that hers was the intellect that would labour for and appreciate his own, still doubted the right of engrossing an affection, which might, more naturally turn to one younger than himself, and recoiled from the idea of seeming to aim at Retzner's fortune, through an alliance with Innocent. Thus matters stood when Innocent was seventeen. Retzner, who saw this struggle in the stern and conscientious man, who doubted the wisdom of their marriage till Innocent was older, seconded Camille's wish to quit Paris for a time, not merely for the sake of broken health, but of those studies that required uninterrupted solitude. Accordingly, about a year

before his friend's death, Camille had gone to live amidst the vine-clad hills of those southern provinces of France that stretch downwards to the Mediterranean sea, and in the receipt of a small yearly pension from Retzner.

For a time after the anatomist's death friends crowded round Innocent, for, as had been expected, the whole of his large fortune was left to her, and his magnificent library and museum to Camille Dispareaux. But things were suddenly changed: a will had been made prior to the adoption of *l'Enfant Trouvée*, in which the museum and property were left to the Health Commission of the capital; the latter for the purpose of founding a hospital for the unfortunate; without other precise definition than that it should serve to demonstrate the great analogy between ignorance and public disease and public crime.

The two wills were brought before the law tribunals. Circumstances seemed in favour of the prior one, and the prospect of any immediate decision improbable, owing to the need of several witnesses, who, since the time of the first will, had died or left the capital. With this issue in prospect, which in one moment might bring back her original situation, Innocent, in spite of the advice of some old friends of Retzner, who hoped for the better result, accepted the small pension offered by the law tribunal till the settlement of the suit, and at once left the home of these latter years. It was better, as she wisely thought, to meet fortune half-way; many offered their protection and their homes to her, but these she steadily refused from all but one, and this was the offer of two small rooms rent free in the house of her old friend, Petite the barber. Not only did the good old man paint and paper, and make them in some way fitting to receive the costly luxuries which Retzner had placed about Innocent's girlhood, but made old decrepit Antoine share his kitchen, under the pleasant fiction that he could help him in his business. Yet, heaven bless such fictions, they are the kindest and the best that earth is witness of.

The pre-eminent talent of her pencil would have soon been employed, and profitably rewarded, would she have used it in illustrating the *feuilletons*, or serials of the hour; but the nobler work to which it had been accustomed was both difficult to procure, and scantily remunerated. She hid from all this need to work, and why? lest officious interference might deprive her of one of the great objects of her life—to serve Camille, and be worthy of that great mind she had always reverently loved, from the time he had first guided her baby hand. Yes, she determined to hide from him as long as possible the death of Retzner; and this was the easier, as he rarely read newspapers, and scarcely ever wrote letters, and in his far away province, it was not probable the truth would reach him. Yes, the sum allowed her by the tribunal she uninterruptedly forwarded to Camille, for its amount just met the frugal sum that he had accepted from the generosity of Retzner; but once the latter's death were known, her scheme, she knew, would fail; and thus the secret was hidden from Antoine, and he attributed her weary labours with the pencil and the engraving needle to mere habits and love of industry; dear child, *ma mignonne, ma petite*, still, as of old. But was she not justified? she thought; did she not save broken health? did she not thus give leisure to the student? did she not thus materially

help the great labours of his life? did she not serve to fulfil the prophecies of Retzner, and thus indirectly repay all his lavish bounty? did she not do these things, and might not the time come when Camille would think her worthy of his own better, higher nature? Perhaps it might! and woman again testifies how earnest is her devotion, when she looks up to, and reverences an intellect more commanding than her own.

Thus some months went on, when accident, as it were, opened the true mission of her life; and whilst developing the exalted humanity of her nature, combined the very object of Retzner's early will. After a day spent in labour, Innocent had been to a distant suburb to see her old nurse, Madame And, when she was stopped by a crowd collected round an obscure wine-shop. The owner, an old and bloated woman, was leaning, half-undressed, over the open window-sill, and replying with execrations to the entreaties of a younger and more decent woman.

"Dying! Ah! ah!" laughed the first: "rare news, neighbour! rare news."

"You will not come, then? Can nothing soften you?" And the more decent woman spoke this tenderly. But the only answer was another peal of coarse laughter, at which she placed her hands on each side of her cap to stop her ears, and turned away. As she moved from the crowd, Innocent recognized her as one of the nurses in an hospital she had often visited with Retzner, and so, following, spoke to her.

"That mistress of the cabaret, Mam'selle," replied the woman, with more feeling than officials often show, "is the mother of a poor unfortunate lying dying this very night in the Hospital of the Magdelonettes. Ah, Mam'selle, nothing can touch that *femme effrontée*—hardened woman. Even the priest has been to her, for the girl has taken to her penitence wonderfully; her prayers, Mam'selle, would touch the heart of the just."

Could this be the girl Innocent had seen, years ago, coquetting before the student's mirror? Was this the fruit of silly vanity, that had stood like a gaudy poppy in the sun? she asked herself this, and inquired of the woman.

"Her name is Parfaite," said the nurse; "but these misérables hide their real names. Yet, when I think of it, the mother said, Marie. Yes, it was so."

Saying she would accompany her to the hospital, Innocent led the way to her lodgings at the barber's; and with a little wine for the dying girl, she brought away beneath her mantelet a small rough sketch of the beautiful grisette that she had once found amongst Camille's drawings, and probably thrown originally aside, as not being sufficiently faithful. Yet it was so like, that one glance at it brought back in full freshness that long-ago fete-day when she had sat a little child by Dispareaux's side.

It was past the hour when strangers were admitted within the hospital; but Retzner's name and her own were more than sufficient passport. Following the nurse nearly through a long ward, where other nurses, with their high Norman caps, were passing to and fro, Innocent, at the lifting of a frail curtain hung before the narrow compartment allotted to each bed, beheld the dying creature. Though shrunken and wasted to a shadow by a fearful cough, she sat upright in the bed; but when she saw that only a stranger followed the nurse, she sunk back upon her pillow, and buried her face within it.

"There, don't take on so, Parfaite," said the nurse: "the old woman isn't worth a care, my girl."

"Oh, but it is fearful to die utterly alone," sobbed the girl; "or only with those around that see you as you are, and who, knowing not, or being unable to fancy, your better days, cannot for a minute put by the thought that those that lie before them are corrupt; nor touch them, nor speak to them as if the evil, like a cerement, had fallen off, and we were once more pure in our human sisterhood.* Ah! if my mother *could* have thought me once more a little child, and innocent as one. But even this is not for me!"

The nurse could not comprehend this touching principle of our better nature. "Well, I've done the best, I'm sure, and so have the doctors; and then there are the girls come to see you. What more would such as you have?" And thus saying, she took a cup off the small bracket-table, and left the bed.

Innocent knelt down beside it, and put her arm around the girl. "I saw you in your better days, Marie: let me call you so! I can look upon you and see not a shadow on your face."

The dying girl rose on her elbow, looked Innocent keenly in the face, and, parting back her long dark hair, seemed to inquire if it were a visit for mercy or for reproach.

"I am the good doctor Retzner's daughter, Marie. You knew him, perhaps? all the sorrowful knew him."

Yes, in prison, in the hospital. You see how guilty I've been." She covered her face with her hands, and sobbed aloud.

"I do not see that, Marie—not now, indeed God gives moments when all evil passes from us, my penitent."

The girl looked up again, and wound her arms about Innocent's neck. "You knew me in my better time, then, Mam'selle?"

Innocent uncovered the picture, and held it up; the light fell upon it, and made it look beautiful. Here was visible representation of purity and beauty, decay and crime. The girl looked on it with streaming eyes.

"You are pure, you are good, you have learning," she said slowly, at length. "Oh, it is such as you, Mam'selle, that we want to be merciful unto us. It is not doctors, it is not hospitals, it is not nurses only, that we want. We want such as you, to whom in our better moments we could fly and say, Cover us with the shadow of your purity. Let such as you speak

* Parent Duchatelet, and others, remark upon the singular exaltation and purity of spirit observable in an unfortunate class of women, in their better and repentant moments. Vice, as it were, thus flies from vice: and evil purifies itself. This is another testimony to the inherent good mingled up so largely with the frailties of human nature.

My readers will perceive that this is the tale promised some time since in my article on Mr. Spooner's Bill; but my many literary engagements delayed it till now. Though I look upon the great social evil alluded to as mainly attributable to a vicious social condition, and consider that HUNGER and IGNORANCE are the main roots of prostitution, still there are methods of collateral reform that we may help to develope. By God's help we shall eradicate evil government. By God's help we shall make practical the sublime charity and mercy of our religion.—SILVERPEN.

to us, let such as you compassionate us; do not let us have only prison-walls and sermons to reform us—both mostly make us hypocrites. Think you so, Mam'selle?"

"I do, Marie. I want to make the great truths of mercy active, my penitent. I want to show the world in many ways such contrasts as this picture and yourself, and show it is not the province of charity and purity to utterly cursh the fallen human flower, but to raise it, if possible, with a gentle hand."

"You think so?" and the girl looked still more keenly into Innocent's face.

"I do, indeed I do, my poor one."

"Yes, I am sure of it, Mam'selle—the truth lives in your eyes. Well, you will not be too proud to do my last bidding? I feel I can ask you." And as she spoke, she drew a small ivory crucifix from beneath the pillow. "Take this to a girl named Lucrèce; she lives in the Rue——, at the address written on this slip of paper. She is grander and better than I, Mam'selle, for she has never yet sunk so low as the prison for theft; for even amongst us there are degrees of vice. Take this to her, and speak as gently as you speak to me."

"I will, my poor one."

"Let her redeem herself in such way as you can show, and go back to her old father in Rome—he is a picture-dealer, Mam'selle—and do all she can to wipe away the tears she knows he's shed. She may be hard at first—she hides a broken spirit beneath this mask of hardness; but when your pure words have made it fall away, you'll find Lucrèce noble, for she has fed me and others when forsaken by every human thing; she has stripped herself to clothe the naked; she has spoken when all other tongues have been tied, till I and others have sometimes asked ourselves. How can Lucrèce be sinful? She has come to me in prison, in the hospital; she would be here to-night, only she knows we like to die, with the quiet holiness the priest has left around us unbroken; for we fancy that Purity is a sacred veil, that hides the past from our eyes. We otherwise fear death."

Exhausted, she now laid her face back upon the pillow, and for a long time seemed as if passed away. Even the nurse, who had come back, seemed to think so. But she looked up again, and seemed glad that Innocent bent over her.

"Can you in heart, Mam'selle," she very faintly whispered, "think that sin has passed away, and I am once more as that picture?"

"I can, my poor one, my dear one," and Innocent's tears fell fast.

"Thank you, thank you. Cover me close. Let me hold your hand, let me press it; it is a support, it is a guide. The shadow of purity is over me, and this—this—is death."

Many minutes after, when the nurse leant over Innocent, and touched the girl, she was found quite dead, Innocent's hand fast locked in hers, and pressed against her rigid lips.

Two days after, Camille's rough sketch hung in Innocent's small chamber, and by its side another of the dying Magdalen. A contrast, and a pitiful one; yet a noble sermon unto all who would see the errors of our social state, and aim at human progress.

Accompanied by Madame Amand, Innocent, some days after Marie's death, sought out Lucrèce. She was a beautiful woman, of thirty-two or three; a little *passé*, it might be: though her hair, of that glorious hue that Titian has given to the Cenci, still swept round her like a beautiful veil. But she was hardened, scornful, even impudent. The gaudy finery, that covered, as is mostly the case, the miserable rags beneath, was worn with the hauteur of a queen.

"Did she ask help from people who called themselves respectable? Had she sent for them? Was she their slave? Could they not keep within their own homes, without prying into the secrets of another?" These were hard words; but, recollecting that this hardness ~~is~~ the mask most often worn by shame, Innocent took her leave gently, and said, in parting, "We may meet again, Lucrèce."

The law case still lingered, and might for months. Innocent now saw the prudence of the step she had taken; for if the process of the court were declared against her, she had already met fortune half-way. The world around, the few friends left to her, knew not of her solitary struggles for bread, not merely for herself, but Antoine; nor imagined them, because of the allowance paid by the law tribunal. For three quarters of a year this had now been sent to Camille, without any evidence of his knowledge of Retzner's death, as was about this time shown by a letter from Camille, addressed to his dead friend. Innocent opened it. There was wonder expressed of his, Retzner's, long silence; inquiries after his health, with word that his, Camille's, was but indifferent, though the great labour of his life was progressing well and hopefully. Then there was much said of Innocent—much that was not meant evidently for her eye, of praise, and love spoken under the guise of brotherly affection. Oh, how cherished was this letter! how it made the present bearable and the future hopeful! Might she not yet attain to the height of his great mind? and was it not well that she already indirectly helped his service towards humanity, by securing his present simple life from poverty? Yet the truth could not be long concealed, she feared; though, to ward this knowledge off as long as possible, she wrote to him, and speaking of Retzner with all the affection that was his due, merely said that he had gone a "long journey."

Since the death of Marie she had visited the prisons and hospitals regularly. In one of the former she became interested in the fate of a girl about ten years old, undergoing a short imprisonment for some petty theft. Upon her release, Innocent got a consignment for her to one of the government reformatory schools for female children; and seeking out the *quartier* from whence she had come, found that this child had been but one of many others employed by an old woman to steal about the streets and bring the produce home. Though assisted by the surveillance of the police, and protected by their care, she found access into this immense but miserable dwelling difficult; and even when obtained, her words amongst this miserable crowd made no impression, or, if made, it was immediately effaced by those whose interest it was to do so. But ways were opening.

Marie had been dead about three months, when, one fine winter's day, business with a print and picture-seller took Innocent to one of the principal streets. As she passed the shop-window, a cursory glance at a richly

dressed female looking in assured her that this was no other than Lucrece. Whatever was her natural pity for repentant vice—for vice conscious of its enormity—for vice despairing—for vice willing to return to good—for vice hungering, yet Innocent was one to scorn vice worn with brazen effrontery in the blaze of day; and, however she might compassionate, she knew that such was not the hour to speak and save. She passed into the shop upon her business. The print-seller was showing some pictures to an old man leaning across the counter, and who, criticising the works before him, spoke fluently in Italian. Innocent understood the language, and listened attentively, for the old man spoke learnedly of art.

"Ah," said he, at the conclusion of a critique on the perspective of a picture before him, "this draped figure puts me in mind of a *chef d'œuvre* of our sculptor Nattili. A wonderful man Mousieur; particularly in all that reveals his knowledge as an anatomist."

"He was perhaps a pupil of our great citizen, Retzner."

"Yes, I think that is the name he speaks of. Signor Nattili is my next door neighbour, Monsieur."

"Ah, but not your city's greatest sculptor or, rather, I should say, the world's. I thought—"

"Oberlingen the Dane? Yes you're right. Nattili, as I was going to say, Monsieur, is, like Canova, remarkable for grace: Oberlingen, for grandeur and nature combined. Ah! you should see a figure he intends for the Angel of Mercy. Nothing since the days of Phidias has approached it: so simple, yet so sublime. It is not yet out of his atelier, for the face is still unwrought, as he has a fancy, they say, that he shall yet see the human face from which he may fashion his ideal. God grant he may; for I believe earth is never wholly destitute of these angelic natures."

Whilst he was thus speaking, the picture-seller had moved a picture nearer the window, for the sake of light; and now the old man moved towards it. He had scarcely resumed his conversation about Nattili, when a quick-gathered crowd outside in the street darkened the window, and voices cried out a woman had fallen. Imagining the truth, Innocent followed the old man and the picture-seller to the door, just in time to see the drooping, insensible face of Lucrece, as she was borne away by the police from the place where she had fallen. Trying to follow, and see if she could be of service, Innocent got entangled in the crowd. When she escaped and returned to the shop, the old man was gone, and where no one knew, for his name was even unknown.

The second night after this, Innocent was sought for by a weather-beaten man, a boatman of the Seine, who had with difficulty found out her abode. A woman on the previous evening had attempted to drown herself from one of the quays, but her dress bearing her up for a time, and her body floating down rapidly with the stream, she had been picked up and conveyed into the cabin of one of those washerwomen's boats, that cover the river in so many parts. The mistress of the boat, more humane than many of her neighbours, had torn off the creature's soddened finery, placed her in a warm bed, and forced some weak wine down her throat. For a long time it seemed a doubtful struggle between life and death; and even when sensibility returned, burning fever and ague succeeded. However, when she could make herself understood, she took her ear-rings from her ears,

the last thing, as she said, she possessed in the world, bid the good woman repay herself, and send some one in search of Innocent, whose abode was known at several of the hospitals. After many hours, the boatman sent was successful. Innocent lost not a moment in following the messenger. She knew it was Lucrèce who sent, that the hour of repentance had come, that the false mask which covered shame had at last been cast aside, and human nature sought to redeem its sins.

It was so, it was Lucrèce ; she had seen that old and tender man, her father ; remorse had conquered fear ; she had sought death in her maddened frenzy.

"I would return," she said, weeping, when she had implored Innocent's forgiveness ; "I would return and ask that old man to forgive fourteen years' desertion ; for having blighted his best hopes ; for having bitterly returned his fondest love ; for having betrayed his all-reposing trust ; but there is no hope for such as me."

"There is, Lucrèce."

"None, lady ; I have otherwise no resource ; destitution looks me in the face."

"If," said Innocent, after a few minutes' pause, "if you are sincere, if henceforth you walk as others do, if henceforth you will do justice to the nature which it is said is yours, if you will scorn impurity as I myself scorn it, destitution shall not prevent you. You shall share as a sister should share, my home and substance, such as they, for the present, are. But there must be no recurrence to this subject, no stepping back ; you must be true to me, for I can place no locks or bars over you, and only by divine consciousness and purposes of good can you bury the past, and make bright the future ; for my home is pure, Lucrèce, and so it must remain. Be thus, and I will be a sister, always looking mercifully upon the evil gone."

Bathed in tears, Lucrèce promised Innocent she would.

Though very ill, she was removed from the boat that night, rowed to the nearest quay, and placed in a *fiacre* was driven to the barber's, and old Antoine, who never questioned the right of what his darling child, as he called her, did, fetched a neighbouring surgeon, and performed a thousand offices. For many days Lucrèce lay between life and death, but a change came at last, and she gradually recovered. Even whilst too weak to leave the room, she tried to show her gratitude and love for Innocent. Preparing the chamber, anticipating Innocent's wants in a thousand ways, and insensibly purifying her own by learning, from both Antoine and the aged barber, the divineness of the character that had had mercy for the error which the world had hitherto mercilessly trampled down.

Lucrèce proved a noble character, worthy of all that had been said of her by the dying unfortunate. And the duty she soon took upon herself proved of inestimable value. She could go where Innocent could not, she knew the haunts of guilt and misery ; she knew where were repentant hearts that only waited the signal of salvation. Even that den where children were made criminal, she entered with success, and drawing other repentants round her, purified the place as it were, for the diviner teacher.

In this way, sufficient female children were soon gathered together, children from the *chiffonniers* especially, and other lairs of wretchedness, to justify the opening of a school in this low neighbourhood, and accordingly, with even such means as Innocent had, two large old rooms were hired, and such repentant creatures as had no other resource or home, were allowed the one to live in by day, and the other by night, after its use as a school-room. As many of these repentants were somewhat educated, they taught at first in this rude school under the eye of Lucrèce, and Innocent's resources were drained for all these things, humble as they were. Book by book went, the jewels that Retzner had lavished on her girlhood, at last her wonderful drawing, though reluctantly parted with. Many of the women sought needle-work, and assisted themselves and the funds of the school by their earnings. In a short time, the school was organised, and the scholars sufficiently tame for Innocent to teach there three evenings in a week; and henceforth, on such nights she was to be found, like was once the Holy One amongst his disciples.

Two years were now passed since Retzner's death, and no witnesses having been found to attest the prior will, the matter was brought before the law tribunal for termination. The probable hour of decision was carefully kept from Innocent by Antoine and the dear old barber; and they, waiting round the court of justice, were the first to hear that the award was in *Innocent La Trouvée's* favour. They took a *fiacre*, and drove to the school; it was her night of being there. They found her sitting calmly amidst some hundred miserable children, and moving quickly across the room, Antoine knelt down before her feet with upraised hands:

"The angel said right—*Take the young child*. And so I did thee, Innocent. The Lord is very merciful—means for thy great service are thine!"

He had not risen when many friends—friends from the hospitals, friends from the courts of justice, officers of the Commission de Santé, who in their official capacity had already heeded her marvellous work; friends of Retzner's from far and wide through the capital—came to tell her the result, and bear her back to that old home which the law had now made hers; Lucrèce, like the dear disciple, following, and Retzner's spirit surely hailing, the spirit of his child upon his threshold!

As of old, the first thought in joy was Camille. Innocent immediately wrote a letter to him, but it was returned in a few days; he had left the province for Rome. Thither she determined to go, and with Lucrèce started directly on the journey. It was the glorious autumn weather; and the earth rejoiced in its magnificent garniture of vineyard, forest, and field. Lucrèce knew that one dear dwelling; but she dare not enter first; Innocent did, and told the old man she had brought his daughter. "And, Signor, though she has passed through vicissitude and error; though she forsook you, she is penitent and pure, and take her to your heart as such." She came in, and kneeling, her natural veil of glorious hair hid the old man's happy tears.

And when Lucrèce had risen, Innocent asked the old man if he knew one Camille Dispareaux.

"He lodges in this house, Signora. He finishes an extraordinary work to-night, and sets out to Paris to-morrow."

"Do not follow me; I seek him, and must see him alone."

How her heart beat as she climbed the wide staircase! She lightly tapped at the door she had been told was his, entered, and approached the table where he was, like Gibbon, closing an immortal book; nor did he hear her till she was by his side. One look, and every fragment of the veil was cast away, and in his passionate joy she knew she was beloved; nor had he need of words; she knew it was returned.

In two hours she had told him of all the past, and marked the future; and when, unknowing she was there, Nattili and Oderlingen, his friends, came in, Camille raised Innocent, and said, "Nattili, your old friend, Innocent La Trouvée; Oderlingen, some one you will reverence, Gentlemen, my betrothed."

* * * * *

Two happy years are now gone by in marriage and in joy. A magnificent hospital, as large as a caravansary, has not been long finished; in one wing is placed Retzner's great museum, and the other is made the dwelling of Camille Dispareaux and his wife. The government of this great hospital embraces two purposes; the reception and teaching, on advanced humanitarian principles, penitent women, and miserable female children, and the development of that sublime creed, which Camille Dispareaux has taught to all the world. The relation of disease and deformity to the infringement of the laws of nature, and the impossibility of human progress without the development of social morals.

But something unusual has happened this night within the hospital; women congregate from the wards, and led by the still golden-haired Lucrèce, enter Camille's house through a private door, and ascend the gorgeous staircase. They pass into a magnificent chamber, light as falling snow, and going to a closely-curtained bed, Lucrèce brings forth a babe, Innocent's first-born, and but that day old, and one by one they kiss its fair hand, with womanly love and tenderness. With the babe yet in her arms, Lucrèce undrapes a figure newly placed within the room. It is the matchless statue of the Dane, not of an ideal goddess of mercy, but graven from living lineaments, those of what it is, an ANGEL OF THE UNFORTUNATE.

It is like offering the young babe at the shrine of Mercy, for on the garment of this matchless statue is cut—"Take the young child."—*Howitt's Journal.*

The Lottery Prize; or, Lucky Losses and Sorrowful Gains.

"OH! I am ruined," exclaimed a friend of mine one day, whom I met in the suburbs of the city, it being then the first time for five years that I had seen him; "entirely ruined!"

"Don't be so cast down, my dear fellow, perhaps it's not quite so bad. Let me hear the affair—it may be in my power, as it is in my will, to serve you," were the words of consolation offered by me.

He sighed, and then proceeded to explain as follows:

"I drew one thousand pounds in the lottery, unfortunate that I am."

"What!" ejaculated I, in astonishment, "unfortunate! indeed!"

"But the sequel," added he.

"Well, well," said I, "what of the sequel? I suppose a snug little farm—charming wife. In summer, honeysuckles and sweetbriar around the lattice,

waked by chanticleer at dawn to fragrant walks, singing of birds, and milk fresh from the cow ; and in winter, the long evenings by the fireside, nuts and cider, the merry tale, and lively sports of simple rustics. Ha, ha ! there's a sequel for you—not to be cried about, methinks ; what say you, my hearty ?” (slapping him on the shoulder.) “ Away with your sulks. What if your turnips *have* brought sixpence less a bushel, or hay to a drug, or—or—”

“ Stop, for mercy sake !” came, in pitiful tones, from the doleful looking possessor of the high prize, “ or you’ll drive me mad,” raising his voice in loudness from the beginning of the sentence, until the last word finally thundered in my ears, and rang through the air, waking echoes from the buildings which were scattered at considerable distances around the scene of our conversation. Then his manner grew furious—he raved, snatched his hair out by handfuls, and in the paroxysm I seized him as if he was a madman, threw him to the ground, and tied his hands behind him with my pocket-handkerchief. Not satisfied with this, I tore my cravat off my neck, and, with the desperate strength which the sudden excitement gave, passed the muslin around his body, dragged him to a tree, and fastened him with his back tight against it. In a twinkling I was off for a carriage to bear him to the lunatic asylum, and had ran fifty yards, when, facing about to see his frantic gestures, frightful contortions, and hideous mouthings—the eye rolling in frenzy, the lips covered with foam—I came plump against a post, and saw—not the appearance of a human fiend—but the firing flashing from my own eyes, in consequence of the vehement ardour with which I had saluted the wooden obstacle to my Samaritan career. I felt—I felt the kiss of mother earth, or rather, her kisses ; for elbow, eyebrow and shoulder, all acknowledged at once the maternal caresses, as I lay stretched at full length, with my lips bleeding in the dust. I was picked up immediately, by—my mad friend. It seems he was only rather too vigorous in showing a momentary fit of grief which our argument had brought on him, by recalling past associations. The celerity of my movements, and the power of my arm, had bound him as a victim to the stake, before he could slide in an objection edgewise among my sympathising alas and alacks ! But no sooner was I fled, than he contrived to get his hand around to his waistcoat pocket, whip out his knife, and sever the cruel cords which restrained his liberty. He pursued me, and thus see the mutations of this world ; two minutes released the crazed prisoner, restored him to his senses, and placed him as a hovering guardian, looking down in kind commiseration upon my prostrate fortunes and aching limbs. Gently raising me to soothe my distresses, he said, “ What is the matter ?”

Soon were we again unravelling the thread of an unfortunate’s story. He continued thus :

“ This was the sequel. My cash was deposited safe, a courtship commenced, a crockery shop opened, customers accumulating, love scenes developing into hopes of success, the skies smiled on my fate, dreams were extremely agreeable, and cousins arose, like Macbeth’s witches, from the earth ; dear creatures who had never known me, or possibly heard of me, before. What was there not to make me supremely happy ? Must I go on ?” pausing for my reply, and fixing his gaze upon my eager eye.

“ Proceed, proceed—let me be indulged with the rest”—was of course the hasty expression of my desire to have awakened curiosity allayed speedily.

"Not much indulgence for me," said he ; "far from it—for I failed—yes, failed in business ; my China and earthenware-prosperity cracked, shop shut, buyers turned off ; and my beloved relations, they didn't wait for me to turn *them* off—no, faith ! with an equally magic strangeness and suddenness as that with which they were ushered upon my sight, were they whisked away again : whether they sank back into the yawing bosom of the ground, or were evaporated by some malignant enchantment into fantastic shapes, and riding on the clouds, were wafted into the waves which washed far oriental isles, I cannot tell. But this I am well assured of, would venture the strongest asseverations tongue could utter, that my search for them, to borrow—not lend, remember, now—that I had been *doing* so long, that by way of change, merely for variety, I concluded to borrow—my search for them, as I said, to borrow, was fruitless. Of this 'there cannot be a loop to hang a doubt upon.' I fear some evil has befallen them, more dreadful than my own woes. But now comes the very bone and marrow of the matter."

"Yes," added I, "the cream of the jest."

"Ah ! my friend," moaned the narrator, "no jest, nor cream either ; but a jilt—yes, a jilt !"

"Mum," said I, "that's hard indeed. Now do tell me verily—*did* she jilt you, though ?"

"Ay," groaned he again. "But," continued he, with brightening countenance, "I met with *some* consolation under my misfortunes—quite a piece of luck—an oasis in the desert of my calamity, where I refreshed myself on the verdure, drank of the pellucid, cooling fountain, and reclined in the delightful shade of this moral stopping-place in my wanderings through wretchedness."

"Well, come, that's right," rejoicingly rejoined I ; "you make me glad ; I was beginning to feel depressed, and was about to think of my own sorrows, and fall into a reverie upon the troubles of this world, vale of tears, etc. But you cheer me up—you do indeed, I am *very* glad you were made happy at last. It is a blessed life, after all. We are foolish to be vexed at trifles. I'm quite consoled to think you probably found a friend to lend you five thousand, at least. And Jane, or Dolly, or whatever her name is—she relented too, smiled, consented, wedded—how many children have you ? Do let me see the jewels—boys or girls ? Introduce me to Mrs. Smith. Is she a good housekeeper ? I dare say she makes coffee to suit my taste. Does she like your new business ? suppose you're now in the wholesale way—cotton or hardware ? An importer—hum—ha ! that's better than selling pitchers for six shillings and teacups at sixpence. Does the counting-house agree with your health ? You look rather pale. Never mind care, when you're getting rich—by and by retire upon fifty thousand. But come, let us step to Mrs. Smith. I must have a buss from little Johnny ; or is it a father's darling, a sweet daughter ?" and I seized his arm, to hurry him to his home, which I so much longed to visit, bent my head to the ground, pondering on matrimonial felicity, and venturing conjectures as to the domestic arrangements—when he shook me off, with a "Pshaw !" and "bless my stars, what *are* you talking about ?—Mrs. Smith, a cup of tea, loan of five thousand, importations and little Johnny—what are you driving at ! Are you proposing to me a riddle ?"

"Why ?" gasped I, as the thought came over me, that may be I had jumped at a conclusion on perhaps too slender premises, and that my aerial

architecture might come tumbling about my ears—"Aint it so—married, settled, prospering? You prated of good luck—oasis in a desert of calamity, moral stopping place. Sure that justifies my suppositions, or I can't translate poetry, not classical allusions, nor pretty metaphors, nor any part of prosody, or whatever department in literature you may place your late phrases? Am I a numscul, a dolt, a booby, a block——"

"Man, man, I leave you for ever, if you torture me thus," was the apparently agonizing apostrophe which burst from the heart of him I had offended. I did not finish the word which his uneasiness had clipped of its "head," and suffered him to introduce an explanation of what was meant by the alleviating circumstance among his afflictions, as follows :

"I consider that I have been rewarded for my patient endurance of evil, and that the end has been the blessed effect of causes which must have necessarily preceded it. It was well that I succeeded in the wheel of fortune, entered into trade, thrived, fell in love, found kin near and dear, approached that consummation of earthly bliss—peace and competence in the connubial state, and then was dashed down from the pinnacle of hope into the gloomy gulf of despair, with no other portion of my late enjoyments left but the remembrance of them, and a consciousness of their being gone for ever—for I made a discovery relative to the damsel who had been the fond object of my adorations. We had an interview, 'Don't talk to me!' she screeched, in a discordant high pitch of voice; 'I've heard all about your meannesses and cheateries—how could I ever have thought for a moment of marrying such a fellow?' And then she rattled on, with something of the vixen vehemence of Socrates' Xantippe. Her powers of scolding were so fully illustrated, that in escaping from such a well-wrought termagant, and from being imprisoned for life, too, in the bonds of wedlock with her, I warmly congratulated myself. It seemed as if the prisoned doors of a dungeon, within which I had been secured, were suddenly unbarred, and that I was bounding out upon the green field in wild and joyous liberty. And now," he continued, "I must wind up my narration, by telling you why, as I first said, *I am entirely ruined.*"

"I presume," I again ventured to anticipate, "that you drew another high prize; or, perhaps, stumbled upon a gold mine."

"Not exactly that," muttered he, "but—I—I am the husband of beauty and wealth."

"This is another strange kind of subject for regret," continued I, "no doubt, according to your singular fate, you must be completely wretched. But let me see the mystery unravelled—let us have the upshot of the matter."

It was then brawled out in these words :

"My first love was, as you have heard, somewhat given to loud talking; but this last—yes, this last—is—I'm sure she must be—the very—ghost of Socrates' Xantippe."—*Ladies' Cabinet Library.*

VI.—POETRY.

A HAPPY BALLAD OF TRUE LOVE.

BY MARY HOWITT.

In the spring I went a-wooing
 To a humble peasant-lass ;
 When the brindled kine were lowing,
 " And the meadows full of grass ;

When the turtle-dove was sitting
 On her eggs in woodland state ;
 Then said I, 'tis but befitting
 That I also seek a mate.

Full of youth was I, and healthy,
 Twelve months past, my father died,
 Leaving me a young man wealthy,
 With each earthly want supplied.

Leaving me his grassy meadows,
 Round an old paternal grange,
 And the trees whose massy shadows,
 Through his life, had seen no change.

Sitting 'mid the winter's gladness,
 Musing on the old man gone,
 All at once a sense of sadness
 Fell upon my heart like stone.

Down the chimney came a moaning,
 From the wild wind's gusty flight ;
 And the old clock hoarsely droning,
 Told the long hours of the night.

All at once a sense of sorrow,
 Heretofore to me unknown,
 Fell on me, " to-day, to-morrow,"
 Whispering, " thou art all alone !"

Spring-time came, and spring-time fulness
 Roused the earth's rejoicing powers ;
 And the wintry sense of dulness
 Passed before the laughing flowers.

Green leaves decked the garden-bushes,
 Tasselled buds were on the lime ;
 And a pair of warbling thrushes
 Woke me every morn betime.

One May morning, through the meadows
 Strolling idly, ill at ease,
 I lay down, beneath the shadows,
 Where the cowslips lured the bees,

When a sound of turtle's cooing,
 Came from out the boughs o'er head,
 And " this is the time for wooing,
 This is wooing-time," I said.

And straightway a thrill went through me,
Like a quick electric glow,
And I said "the turtle to me
Preacheth what is good to know."

All my blood grew warm and warmer,
And I spoke aloud and said,
"I, the wealthy, landlord farmer,
Will espouse a peasant maid.

"From my youth I loved her dearly,
Nor am I too proud to wed
One by fortune used severely,
But by virtue dowered instead.

"In our childhood, near together,
Stood our homes upon the brae,
We, as children 'mong the heather,
Played for many a livelong day.

"I the elder, she the younger,
On the open hills we played ;
And to me, the bolder, stronger,
Looked she ever up for aid.

"Years went on, and ever thriving
Dwelt my father, full of ease ;
He was one for ever hiving,
Like the busy summer bees.

"I, a youth, must go to college ;
It was right my father's son
Should have breeding, should have knowledge,
—Many an honour there I won.

"Home I came. * Our brae-side neighbours
Had slid down the ways of life ;
Jeanie's father's bootless labours
Had with fortune been at strife.

"Jeanie still my fancy fettered :
I cared not for wealth a jot ;
And I deemed that life was bettered,
Where a sordid thought came not.

"Spake my father, 'Thou art simple,
Thus affection to bestow ;
By a foot, an eye, a dimple,
To be fettered down so low.

"Youth must learn to curb its fancies,
Must subdue its wayward will ;
Must embrace life's golden chances,
Looking high and higher still."

"I obeyed. With pleasure sated,
Life in various modes I tried,
And remained unfixed, unmated,
When my wealthy father died.

" Mine were all his grassy meadows,
 Mine were all his herds and kine ;
 Mine the trees with leafy shadows,
 And his house, and all were mine.

" I was all alone, and lonely,
 In the house and in the field ;
 And whate'er is selfish only
 Can but barren pleasure yield.

" Overhead the doves were cooing,
 And the dews were on the grass,
 On the day I went a-wooing
 To my simple peasant lass.

" O'er the hills with broyant feeling,
 Like a bounding roe, I leapt
 Towards the solitary sheiling,
 Where the herded goats were kept.

"—Little thought she who was near her,
 As she sang an old love-rhyme ;
 And I listening stood to hear her
 Liltng at the milking-time.

" All my heart grew warm and warmer ;
 Pride was not with love at strife ;
 And thus I, the wealthy farmer,
 Won my highland maid to wife !"

[*Howitt's Journal.*

TRANSLATIONS FROM HUNGARIAN SONGS,

By DR. BOWRING, M. P.

O my maid is fairer still
 Than the birch tree in the hill ;
 Slim and slight, and towering high—
 Yet, a little—little sly.

And what harm can slyness do ?
 I've a little slyness too !
 Our's should be a common fate ;
 Like with like should always mate.

If she cheat me—I can cheat,
 Cunning shall with cunning meet ;
 Flowers deceive that seem most sweet—
 All the world is but deceit.

As no maiden trusts me—so
 Will I trust no maiden—no !
 Yet, if one should trust me, then
 I would trust that maid again.

Through the vineyard as I strayed,
By a fruitful vine I stayed—
Then I roamed from vine to vine—
Light haired maiden shall be mine.

To the thicket next I hied,
And a hanging leaf espied—
Leaf on leaf—tree to tree—
Red haired maiden now for me.

To the meadow-hedge I went—
There's a flower of fragrant scent ;
Flower on flower,—all passing fair ;
Welcome maid with dark brown hair.

Light haired maidens they are stern—
Brown haired will with anger burn ;
Take the red-haired maid, for she
Meet companion is for thee.

[Howitt's Journal.

THE PRINCESS ; A MEDLEY.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE story of the new poem by Alfred Tennyson is exceedingly simple. There is a public holiday in the park of an English baronet, which is thrown open to the townspeople and their Mechanics' Institute. The baronet's family, his daughter Lilia, her brother and his college friends, assemble among the ruins of the Priory, and the conversation turning on college life, Lilia declares, were she a "princess," she would found a university for women, where they would be made the equals of men in knowledge and science.

"And I would teach them all things ; you should see."

The brothers' friends laugh at the idea of seeing the "old halls" alive

"With prudes for proctors, dowagers for deans,
And sweet girl-graduates in their golden hair."

And one of them tells the tale of a "princess," who really did found such a college, and what became of it ; how the betrothed of the Princess and two friends entered it disguised, and are discovered ; how a war ensued between the royal fathers, ending in a frightful combat ; how the wounded prince and his companions are borne into the cottage, and tended out of pity ; how it ripens into love, and how all the grand scheme for the building up the independence of woman, falls to the ground ! To this very imperfect outline of the tale, we add the following extracts :—

THE MANSION.

And me that morning Walter showed the house,
Greek, set with busts : from vases in the hall
Flowers of all heavens, and lovelier than their names,
Grew side by side ; and on the pavement lay
Carved stones of the Abbey-ruin in the park,
Huge Ammonites, and the first bones of Time ;

And on the tables, every clime and age
 Jumbled together ; celts and calumets,
 Claymore and snowshoe, toys in lava, fans
 Of sandal, amber, ancient rosaries,
 Laborious orient ivory sphere in sphere,
 The cursed Malayan crease, and battle-clubs
 From the isle of palm : and higher on the walls,
 Betwixt the monstrous horns of elk and deer,
 His own forefathers' arms and armour hung.

THE FLIGHT—THE KING—THE COLLEGE.

Then we crost

To a livelier land ; and so by town and thorpe ;
 And tilth, and blowing bosks of wilderness,
 We gain'd the mother-city thick with towers,
 And in the imperial palace found the king.
 His name was Gama ; crack'd and small his voice ;
 A little dry old man, without a star,
 Not like a king ; three days he feasted us,
 And on the fourth I spake of why we came,
 And my betroth'd. " You do us, Prince," he said,
 Airing a snowy hand and signet-gem,
 " All honour. We remember love ourselves
 In our sweet youth : there did a compact pass
 Long summers back, a kind of ceremony—
 I think the year in which our olives fail'd.
 I would you had her, Prince, with all my heart,
 With my full heart : but there were widows here,
 Two widows, Lady Psyche, Lady Blanche ;
 They fed her theories, in and out of place
 Maintaining that with equal husbandry
 The woman were an equal to the man.
 They harp'd on this ; with this our banquets rang ;
 Our dances broke and buzz'd in knots of talk ;
 Nothing but this : my very ears were hot
 To hear them. Last, my daughter begg'd a boon,
 A certain summer-palace which I have
 Hard by your father's frontier : I said no,
 Yet being an easy man, gave it ; and there,
 All wild to found an University
 For maidens, on the spur she fled ; and more
 We know not."

LADY PSYCHE'S ORATION.

Thereupon she took
 A bird's-eye view of all the ungracious past ;
 Glanced at the legendary Amazon
 As emblematic of a nobler age ;
 Appraised the Lycian custom, spoke of those
 That lay at wine with Lar and Lucumo ;
 Ran down the Persian, Grecian, Roman, lines
 Of empire, and the woman's state in each,
 How far from just ; till warming with her theme
 She fulmin'd out her scorn of laws Salique,

And little-footed China, touched on Mahomet
 With much contempt, and came to chivalry :
 When some respect, however slight, was paid
 To woman, superstition all awry :
 However, then commenced the dawn : a beam
 Had slanted forward, falling in a land
 Of promise ; fruit would follow. Deep, indeed,
 Their debt of thanks to her who first had dared
 To leap the rotten pales of prejudice,
 Disyoke their necks from custom, and assert
 None lordlier than themselves but that which made
 Woman and man. She had founded ; they rust build :
 Here might they learn whatever men were taught :
 Let them not fear : some said their heads were less :
 Some men's were small ; not they the least of men ;
 For often fineness compensated size :
 Besides, the brain was like the hand, and grew
 With using ; thence the man's, if more, was more ;
 He took advantage of his strength to be
 First in the field : some ages had been lost ;
 But woman ripened earlier, and her life
 Was longer ; and albeit their glorious names
 Were fewer, scattered stars, yet since in truth
 The highest is the measure of the man,
 And not the Kaffir, Hottentot, Malay,
 Nor those horn-handed breakers of the glebe,
 But Homer, Plato, Verulam ; even so
 With woman ; and in arts of government
 Elizabeth and others ; arts of war,
 The peasant Joan and others ; arts of grace,
 Sappho and others vied with any man.

* * *

At last

She rose upon a wind of prophecy,
 Dilating on the future : " everywhere
 Two heads in council, two beside the hearth,
 Two in the tangled business of the world,
 Two in the liberal offices of life,
 Two plummets dropt for one to sound the abyss
 Of science, and the secrets of the mind :
 Musician, painter, sculptor, critic, more :
 And everywhere the broad and bounteous Earth
 Should bear a double growth of those rare souls,
 Poets, whose thoughts enrich the blood of the world."

THE LECTURE ROOM.

And then, we stroll'd

From room to room : in each we sat, we heard
 The grave Professor. On the lecture slate
 The circle rounded under female hands
 With flawless demonstration : followed then
 A classic lecture, rich in sentiment,
 With scraps of thunderous Epic lilted out
 By violet-hooded Doctors, elegies
 And quoted odes, and jewels five-words-long
 That on the stretch'd fore-finger of all Time
 Sparkle for ever : then we dipt in all

That treats of whatsoever is, the state,
 The total chronicles of man, the mind,
 The morals, something of the frame, the rock,
 The star, the bird, the fish, the shell, the flower,
 Electric, chemic laws, and all the rest,
 And whatsoever can be taught and known.

THE MORAL.

"Blame not thyself too much," I said, "nor blame
 Too much the sons of men and barbarous laws;
 These were the rough ways of the world till now.
 Henceforth thou hast a helper, me, that know
 The woman's cause is man's; they rise or sink
 Together, dwarf'd or godlike, bond or free,
 For she that out of Lethe scales with man
 The shining steps of Nature, shares with man
 His nights, his days, moves with him to one goal,
 Stays all the fair young planet in her hands—
 If she be small, slight-natured, miserable,
 How shall men grow?"

* * * *

For woman is not undevelop'd man,
 But diverse; could we make her as the man,
 Sweet love were slain, whose dearest bond is this,
 Not like to like, but like in difference:
 Yet in the long years liker must they grow;
 The man be more of woman, she of man;
 He gain in sweetness and in moral height,
 Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the world;
 She mental breadth, nor fail in childward care:
 More as the double-natured Poet each
 Till at the last she set herself to man,
 Like perfect music unto noble words;
 And so these twain, upon the skirts of Time,
 Sit side by side, full-summ'd in all their powers,
 Dispensing harvest, sowing the To-be,
 Self-reverent each, and reverencing each,
 Distinct in individualities,
 But like each other, ev'n as those who love.
 Then comes the statelier Eden back to men:
 Then reign the world's great bridals, chaste and calm:
 The springs the crowning race of humankind.
 May these things be!"

Sighing, she spoke, "I fear
 They will not."

"Dear but, let us type them now
 In our own lives, and this proud watchword rest
 Of equal; seeing either sex alone
 Is half itself, and in true marriage lies
 Nor equal, nor unequal."

LOUIS PHILLIPPE'S VALENTINE TO THE QUEEN OF SPAIN.



LONG have I mused, ere I these lines indited,
 What best might emblem my paternal arts—
 A Hymen mourning o'er his torch unlighted ?
 A love-knot tangled with two bleeding hearts ?

The Gallic Cock over the Lion crowing ?
 A portrait of myself cut out of flint ?—
 But, all these thrown aside, I'm merely going
 To offer my dear niece a gentle hint.

You've learnt that royal robe has sackcloth lining ;
 You've learnt that royal crown has thorny rim ;
 You've learnt that royal hearts may oft be pining ;
 And royal eyes with tears of anguish dim.

And for this most invaluable lesson,
 As for the other blessings you enjoy,
 You have to thank me and the late COUNT BRESSON ;
 Hear, now how you the lesson should employ.

The happiness unknown to royal station,
 A private life is likely to secure ;
 So I would just suggest your abdication—
 A plan your dear mamma approves, I'm sure.

And any trouble from this step ensuing,
 MONTPENSIER, I am sure, would not decline ;
 So abdicate or—*there is mischief brewing*—
 You'd best not trifle with your Valentine.

Who can say that Louis Phillippe has not been served right for all his treachery and cruel treatment of the Queen of Spain?—*Ed. P. M.*

VII.—DRAMA.

The Maid of Honour.

DRURY LANE.—On Monday, Balfe's last opera *The Maid of Honour*, was performed for the first time. The story is taken from the ballet *Henriette*, founded upon an incident said to have occurred at a statute fair at Greenwich, in the time of Elizabeth. Two young maids of honour to the Queen, in sport, go to the fair—"the vulgar place where ladies never go," as the *libretto* informs us, and hire themselves as serving maids, to two young healthy yeomen. This frolic ends in their falling seriously in love with one another. In vain, however, do the squires of low degree woo these courtly maidens, till Lyonel has the good fortune to stop the Queen's horse, which has taken fright while hunting ; and, having saved the Queen's life, is knighted, and the rescue of the Queen is celebrated by a Masque, the parts of *Orpheus* and *Eurydice* being played by the two maids of honour. At this, Lyonel recognises in *Eurydice* his lost love, and rushes to her. Confusion follows ; and the Queen being told of the adventure at the fair, orders the yeomen to return to their farm-house, and instructs her Lord-Chamberlain to escort the young ladies there in their servants' dresses : the lovers are thus brought together, and the Queen herself comes to see them thus made happy.

Besides the event of a new opera, we had the stage *début* of three ladies—Miss Birch, the well known concert singer, and Miss Miran, a *contralto*, a pupil of the Academy, and of Mr. Crivelli ; these filled the parts of the *Maids of Honour* : the *Queen* was played by the third *débutante*, Mrs. Weiss, late Miss Barrett, of the Academy ; the other parts, the *Yeomen*, by Mr. Reeves and Mr. Whitworth ; and the *Chamberlain* by Mr. Weiss. The success of these ladies was unquestionable : with regard to Miss Birch, we have nothing to add to her established reputation as a singer : it is to be regretted that she did not study opera singing earlier in her career. Her manner is now so excessively stiff and wanting in expression, that her excellent singing is deprived of much effect. She was very nervous at first, but sang with more freedom and confidence in the second and third acts, especially the duet with Reeves, and the pretty *cavatina* "To the Rose." Mrs. Weiss sang the part of the *Queen* admirably, and maintained the high reputation she had before gained in the Academy ; but, undoubtedly, the *début* of the evening was that of Miss Miran. With very great personal charms, this young lady

possesses a remarkably full, yet sweet and expressive, voice—not a deep *contralto*, but of considerable *sopran* range, and her method shows all that evenness and effective style so desirable in opera singing. We never remember to have heard so young a performer singing with such accuracy, and seizing every point so well throughout her part; her song as *Orpheus*, with the harp accompaniment, was perhaps the most successful of the evening.

Mr. Reeves sang exceedingly well, and acted with great feeling; but there is nothing very striking for the tenor voice, though the ballad in the third act is simple and pleasing. Mr. Whitworth had not much to do, only one song, a *bravura*, which he, from anxiety, sang sadly out of tune. In the recitative and concerted music he is always correct, and his voice has fine quality. Mr. Weiss was excellent as the *Chamberlain*, quite like *Lablache*, indeed, we thought the first, or comic act, of the opera the most successful, in which he was the principal singer. With this Opera, by our popular composer, we have nothing to find fault: it exhibits skill both in the orchestral and chorus music; but it is that of a practised and facile writer; we do not perceive the working of a thoughtful spirit absorbed in the art. The light music of the first act is to our minds the best: it seems more in the composer's vein: the trio is especially clear. The duet, "I know not by what Spell," is on the good Italian model, and is certainly an effective composition. The *setet finale* is also well put together. The song, "To the Rose," is very pretty; but we do not think much of the ballads: they are laboured, and, unless sung by a very fine voice, would be dull indeed. The orchestra was too loud throughout, and we are disappointed to see such very fine players, and hear such indifferent music. There is some defect, either in the altered position of the instruments, or the general management of the band.

The house was crowded, and the audience gave the most decided praise to the performers, and also to Mr. Balfe, who conducted.—*Literary Gazette*.

Beaumont and Fletcher's Scornful Lady.

MARYLEBONE.—Beaumont and Fletcher's lively comedy of 'The Scornful Lady,' slightly altered and cleverly adapted by Mr. Serle, was revived on Monday. The manner in which the revival has been achieved exceeds in effect and sterling effort all previous instances of the kind. There is in all that Mrs. Warner has attempted a nobility of purpose that renders her theatre an object of peculiar interest to the true lover of the drama. For the most part, she does the right thing without undue concession to popular prejudice. She feels that she has to create a taste in the neighbourhood which she has chosen—that the task of her management is in reality to found a local institution for the proper education for a theatrical audience. In this attempt we could not help observing for the last few weeks that it would be necessary for her to break up new ground; and accordingly we welcomed with genuine pleasure the promise of the present revival. A goodly assemblage of literary men, artists, and critics, crowded the boxes on the occasion,—showing the kind of expectation that had been excited. That expectation was more than satisfied. In reviving the picture which the comedy presents of the manners of the reign of James the First, the management has produced an *ensemble* not more remarkable for its correctness than for its beauty. Costume, scenery, appointments, exhibit to the life the dresses and dwellings of the period. In a small

bill circulated among the audience we find the credit of the first attributed to Colonel Charles Hamilton Smith, whose antiquarian drawings have been followed:—the scenes are compilations from historical sources. Among the latter may be distinguished the Hall conducting to the grand staircase of an aristocratic mansion, with the gallery leading to various apartments—and the lodging-room, or guest's principal chamber and ante-room, both in the house of *The Lady*,—the bachelor's entry-room in the house of the *Elder Loveless*—and a truly magnificent scene, representing the Lady's parlour with its chimney-piece from Italy of Carrara marble, articles of *virtù* then in use among the rich and tasteful—such as early China vases, clocks—and the then novel luxury of small carpets—all made to harmonize with the architectural style of the apartment. The piece is worthy of the expensive manner in which it is mounted. The comic power of Beaumont and Fletcher is indisputable. They overflow with wit and spirit,—adding thereto so much of fancy as translates the grotesque into beauty and converts even broad vulgarity to delicate poetry. 'The Scornful Lady' abounds in humour,—and represents the general manners of the age with that pliancy, variety, and fidelity for which its authors have been critically distinguished—mixed with that oddity and caprice of character which they delighted to express in their underplots. It has little or no story—scarcely any plain; but only a vague aim which seems to receive accidental development in the course of composition. The heroine of the comedy is a lady (*anonymous*) who would in public conceal the love that in private she had encouraged,—treating her lover with a semblance of scorn while in reality she feels for him the profoundest regard. To these hard conditions amorous youth unwillingly submits. In a rebellious mood, however, the lover, the *Elder Loveless* (Mr. Graham), had in the presence of company kissed the *Scornful Lady* (Mrs. Warner)—thereby causing her to betray before the world the state of her heart. For this offence she dooms him to a year's travel in France,—with permission on his return to renew his suit, though without pledging herself to accept it. He affects to comply; and commends his house and estate during his absence to the care of a profligate brother,—the *Younger Loveless* (Mr. Belton)—whom he leaves, however, under the *surveillance* of his steward, *Savil* (Mr. Cooke). This precaution soon proves insufficient. At first the steward resists temptation; but at length yields to the force of bad example, and is made to drink and dance by the wild youth and his wilder associates—a blustering *Captain*, a lying *Traveller*, a starveling *Poet*, and a shabby *Tobacco-man*. Meanwhile, the elder brother, disguised like a mariner, introduces himself as a companion of the banished lover,—whom he represents both to the younger Loveless and to the Scornful Lady as having been drowned at sea. This intelligence induces *Morecraft* (Mr. Harvey), an usurer, to give 6,000*l.* to the prodigal younger Loveless as the price of the estate to which he has thus suddenly become heir. As to the Lady, after bewailing her lover's supposed death, she detects the secret of his disguise; and then retorts on him and resents the betrayal of her own weakness by asserting her willingness to console herself for his loss and accept the hand of *Welford* (Mr. G. Vining), another of her suitors. This occasions a complete discovery—When the Lady repeats her sentence of banishment. Thereupon, the indignant lover resolves on resuming his proper character; and after recovering possession of his house and property, revisits the lady, affecting to

laugh at her—and so works upon her fears that she swoons. Wrought upon by this, Loveless is unable to maintain his show of indifference, whereupon, the Lady suddenly recovers from her fainting fit, and overwhelms him with ridicule. He retires in high dudgeon :—but afterwards contrives a plot against her with Welford. Proceeding with the latter disguised as a woman to the Lady's house, he bids her a final adieu,—introducing his friend as a second mistress, whom he is about to marry. This brings the Scornful Lady to terms. She consents to a hasty wedding—Welford, after the discovery of the plot, being rewarded with the hand of her sister Martha.—There is also another love plot between *Sir Roger*, the Lady's Curate, and *Abigail*, her waiting gentlewoman performed by Mr. Webb and Miss Saunders with admirable *gusto* and finish.

That a comedy embodying such materials should prove stage-effective is what from the authorship might have been expected. The names of Beaumont and Fletcher, indeed, are only other words for stage-effectiveness. This particular play there is reason to suspect is by Beaumont alone. From its fund of incident and humour many subsequent playwrights and wits have drawn largely. Addison took his character of Vellum in 'The Drummer' from Savil in this play—Swift borrowed a notion or two from it in his 'Tale of a Tub'—and Farquhar in 'The Beaux Stratagem' plagiarized from it the encomium upon ale pronounced by the Younger Loveless. Massinger and Nat. Lee were both indebted to it. The manner in which it has been revived, we repeat, does honour to Mrs. Warner ; and her personation of the Scornful Lady adds an histrionic portrait to the stage which will not be permitted soon to perish. It was distinguished by grace and propriety as well as spirit. The part of the Elder Loveless required a Charles Kemble for its due presentment. Mr. Graham, however, if he sometimes threw into the part too much tragic force, acted generally with discretion, and sometimes evinced decided tact and talent. But he has not yet cultivated the grace of repose. This comedy makes demand upon juvenile talent—and fortunately, Mrs. Warner's theatre is rich in such. Mr. Belton and Mr. George Vining brought to their respective parts those natural qualifications which ensure, even with ordinary abilities, success. The latter gentleman acted with a fire and spirit which threw life into the last act, and made the final scene an indisputable triumph. Mr. Johnstone as the swash-buckler Captain confirmed us in the good opinion which we have already entertained of his capacity. Mr. Harvey as the usurer was hard and ineffective :—but for this we were fully compensated by the unctuous style of Mr. Cook in the Steward.—Altogether, this revival merits large public patronage—and cannot, we are assured, fail to secure it.

As You Like It.

SADLER'S WELLS.—' *As You Like It* ' was revived on Monday, with an almost complete restoration of the text :—the restored passages being at once additions and improvements on the common acting version. The scenery was, as usual here, appropriate and beautiful—and the costumes were picturesque and rich. The great novelty of the evening was the *Rosalind* of Miss Cooper. It is certainly a remarkable performance—almost a "psychological curiosity." With *physique* too feeble for the part, Miss Cooper brought to it a *naiete* of manner, an elocutionary experience, and with much stage-practice a genuine-

ness of humour and feeling, which more than compensated for the mere deficiency of general power. The latter even conduced to the peculiarly feminine attribute by which the whole performance was characterized, and rendered it at once charming and unique. It was miniature painting, indeed—but highly finished. Mr. Phelps was the melancholy *Jaques*—and performed the part with taste, judgment, and effect. The other characters were respectably filled ; and on the fall of the curtain the impression received was, that we had seen a veritable and unmutilated play of Shakspeare well acted.—*Athenæum*, Dec. 4.

Look before you Leap.

A NEW five-act play, by Mr. Lovell, the author of “The Provost of Bruges,” “Look before you Leap,” and other successful pieces, was produced at the Haymarket on the 7th of January : and, at the same time, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean re-appeared, after an absence of five years from London. This new play is calculated to sustain the reputation which Mr. Lovell has gained from his former pieces. In its subject and incidents it partakes of the melodrama ; but the conception of the principal characters, and the vigour and beauty with which it is written, entitle it to be regarded as a work of high and legitimate art. The action of the piece is laid in England in the middle of the seventeenth century. *Sir Walter Amyott*, a Colonel in the parliamentary service, is expected by his lady and servants to arrive at his family mansion on the coast of Dorsetshire, he having obtained the military command of the district. His wife, *Lady Eveline Amyott*, is of a Cavalier family, and her brother, *Lord Arden*, has followed the exiled King to France. She is in her chamber, with her maid, when they are startled by the entrance of a stranger by the window. It is her brother, who, having landed in England with a few friends, in order to attempt a rising in favour of the king, has alone been able to escape, and is seeking shelter from his pursuers. *Lady Eveline* desires to inform her husband, but this her brother will not permit, and insists, as the condition of accepting her aid, that she shall swear to keep his secret. The sound of her husband’s arrival is heard : and there is barely time to conceal the fugitive when *Sir Walter* enters. The lady, on the hint given by *Maud*, her quick-witted attendant, proposes to change her sitting apartment, alleging that it has become disagreeable to her from the long and melancholy hours spent in it during her husband’s absence. This is done, and *Lord Arden* is installed in the deserted chamber, of which *Lady Eveline* keeps the key. There is an old steward, *Jabez Sneed*, who, under an exterior of surly honesty, is a consummate knave, and who hates his mistress because he knows that she has detected his peculations in his master’s absence. This man suspects that there is some mystery about the locked chamber, and discovers the disappearance of the wine and provisions, which are secretly conveyed to the prisoner. His suspicions being strongly roused by *Maud*’s over-anxiety to account for the suspicious appearances, and by her refusal to get for him the key of the room, he bethinks himself of peeping in at the window, and discovers a stranger within. He informs *Sir Walter* of what he has seen, and a scene of much beauty takes place between *Sir Walter* and *Lady Eveline*, in which the husband, strong in his rooted confidence in his wife’s honour, refuses even to admit into his own mind a suspicion against her. She retires, leaving the steward baffled for the moment ; but he persists in his assertion, and

offers his master ocular demonstration of its truth. It is night. He conducts his master beneath the window of the chamber, where they see within the lady conversing affectionately with a stranger Cavalier. The unhappy husband falls senseless, and the scene closes. In the next scene he is discovered in his study, overwhelmed with despair while the villain, with an air of rough honesty, is endeavouring to rouse him to a sense of his injuries. Some scenes of great power take place between the husband and wife. *Sir Walter*, struggling with contending passions, transported with rage, sunk in despair, overcome with tender recollections, is resolved to act with generosity to the woman who, he believes, has injured him. He tells her that her fitting asylum will be with her brother in France, whither she will sail immediately in a French vessel then on the coast, and hands her a paper to prevent any interruption in embarking. This paper she conveys by her waiting-woman to her brother, meaning to tell her husband the truth as soon as her brother's escape has freed her from her oath. *Sir Walter*, discovering this, and thinking that she is thus effecting her paramour's escape, in a transport of fury calls upon his servants to pursue the fugitive. Shots are heard; there is a cry that he has fallen, and *Lady Eveline* falls lifeless on the ground. *Lord Arden* enters—his horse has been killed, and he is brought back by the servants. *Sir Walter* and he recognise each other; and the result may be imagined. In the overwhelming happiness of his wife's innocence, *Sir Walter* forgets all former animosities, offers his brother-in-law his heart and his home, and engages to be responsible for him to the government; but *Lord Arden* more nobly determines on rejoining his king in a foreign land. This (passing over minor incidents) is an outline of the story, which, though it involves great improbabilities, is well calculated for effect, and we have seldom seen a dramatic representation produce a more intense degree of interest. The two principal characters, *Sir Walter* and *Lady Eveline Amyott*, are beautifully drawn, and were admirably acted by Mr. and Mrs. Kean. *Sir Walter's* noble and generous confidence in his wife's purity, which remains unshaken till it is destroyed by circumstances that force conviction, make him the object of a sympathy which is enhanced by the relenting tenderness of his nature, even in the extremity of suffering. Mr. Kean's conception of the character was true to nature. The agony of his passion was terrible, but not exaggerated; and the expression of his grief and tenderness was often irresistibly touching. Mrs. Kean was as charming as ever. She preserves all her beauty of face and person; all her dignity and grace; all the exquisite modulation of her beautiful voice; all the varied expression of feature and of gesture, which gives so much force and meaning to every syllable she utters. Her performance was full of delicate traits of nature and feeling, which at once reached the heart of every spectator, but which are as indescribable as they were exquisite. Both Mr. and Mrs. Kean, upon their first appearance, were welcomed with repeated peals of applause, and were greeted in a similar manner at the end of the play. The villainous old steward is a character which has many prototypes on the stage; but it is a telling part, and Mr. Webster made it tell excellently. *Maud*, the lady's maid, who assumes the prim manners of the Puritans about her, is a very amusing personage, and was capitally rendered by Mrs. Keeley. The curtain fell amid loud applause; and, after the principal performers had appeared before the curtain, there was a general call for the author, who responded to it, bowing from a private box.—*Monthly Times*.

VIII.—CHESS.

NOTICE. We have been fortunate enough to be enabled in our present No. to give our Chess readers a new variation of the Bishop's Gambit by M. St. Amant, in a game played by Mr. G. Walker and others.

2. The "Illustrated News" says: "We are delighted to hear of the progress Chess is making in the land of its birth; with such supporters as Mr. Cochrane, Mr. T. C. Morton and Baboo Peary Chund Mitter, the new Chess Club in Calcutta is surely destined to take a very high position among establishments of the kind.—*Ed. P. M.*"

CHESS DECISIONS.—1. It is allowable to Castle after the King has been checked, provided he has not been moved, and can do so without infringing any of the rules which govern the act of Castling.

2. A pawn may be moved two squares at the first move, but is liable to be taken by the adversary.

3. The King cannot, in Castling, take an adverse man.

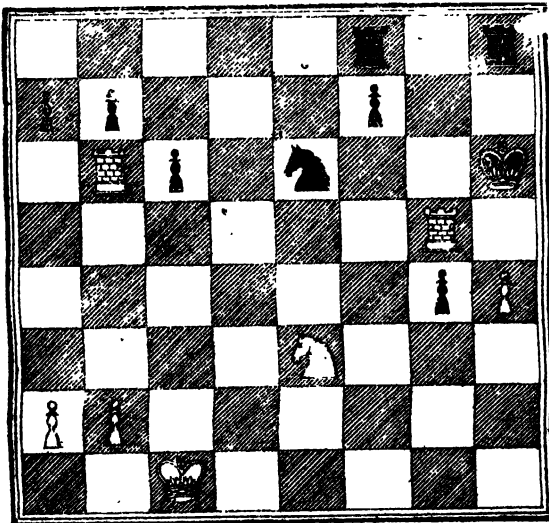
4. When a pawn reaches the 8th square you can demand *any piece* for it you choose (except of course a King,) whether you have lost such piece or not.

5. There is no satisfactory defence to the Evans' Gambit known to the Editor of the Chess papers in the "Illustrated News."

ENIGMAS—*From Illustrated News.*

This position occurred in the course of a game between St. Amant and Mr. Schluten, M. St. A. having the white.

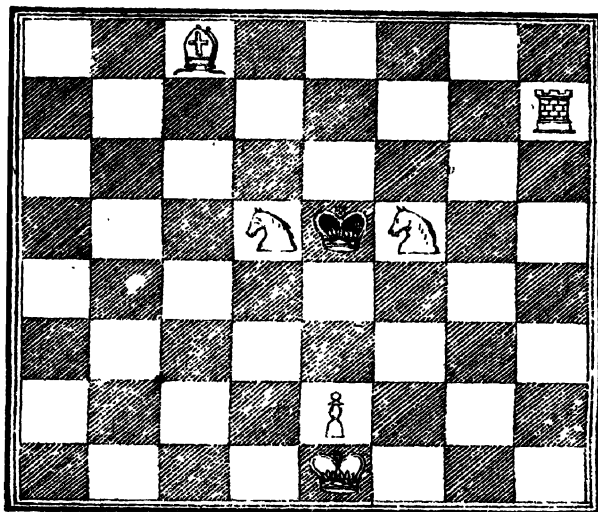
BLACK.



WHITE.

White playing to mate in four moves.

This beautiful position is by MM. HORWITZ and KLING.
BLACK.

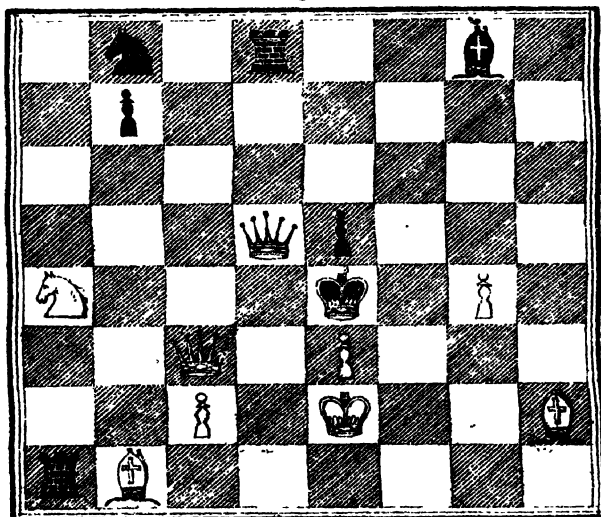


WHITE.

White to play and mate in 3 moves.

BY MR. H. J. C. ANDREWS.

BLACK.



WHITE.

GAMES.

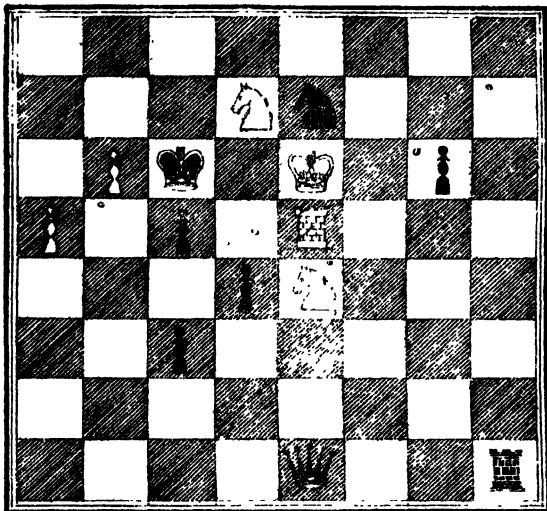
CHESS.

Game played in London during the last visit of St. Amant to this country. Mr. Perigal and Mr. George Walker consulting in partnership against M. St. Amant and M. Herwitz. The latter parties had move:—

St. A. and Hor.	Per. and G. W.
1. K P two	K P two
2. K Kt B three	Q Kt B three
3. K B Q B four	Same
4. Q Kt P two	B x Q Kt P
5. Q B P one	B Q R four
6. Castles	Q P one
7. Q P two	P x P
8. P x P	B Q Kt three
9. Q P one	Q Kt K two
10. K P one	Q B K Kt five
11. Q B Kt two	P x P
12. Q B x P	K Kt B three
13. Q Kt B three	Castles
14. B x Kt	P x B
15. Q Q three	Kt K Kt three
16. Q Kt K four	P K B four
17. Q Kt K Kt three	Q K B three
18. B Q Kt three	B x Kt
19. Q x B	P K B five
20. Kt K four	Q K Kt two
21. K K R	Q R K
22. Q R K	Q R K four
23. K R K Kt	K R K
24. K At P one	K B x P
25. Q x B	R x Kt
26. Q R K B	Q R K seven
27. Q K B three	K R K six
28. Q K R five	Q Q five
29. Q K B five	Q Q seven
30. Q K R five	Q Q six
31. R x P	Kt x R
32. P x Kt ♞	K K R
33. R K Kt eight ♞	K x R
34. Q K Kt five ♞	Q covers
35. Q Q eight ♞	R covers, wins.

PROBLEM, No. 206—*From Illustrated News.*

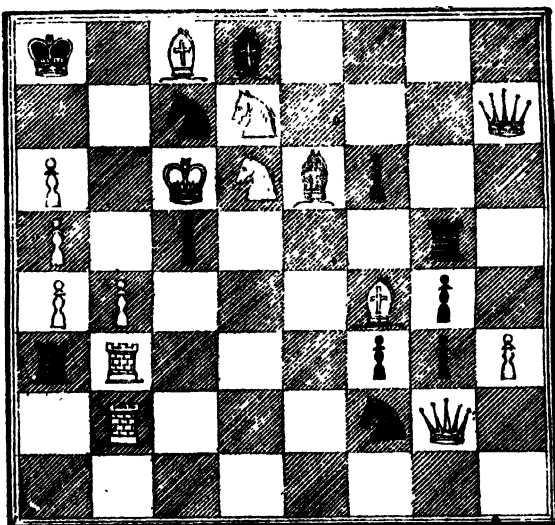
This singularly beautiful little stratagem is the invention of Charles Stanley, Esq., of Brighton.



WHITE.]

White moving first to mate in 5 moves.

PROBLEM 207.—For this curious Enigma we are indebted to the Author, the famous Native Chess player at Delhi, Moonshee Waris Ali, either party playing first is to mate his opponent in 10 moves, the last 3 of which must be 3 successive checks of 3 pawns. BLACK.]



NEW BISHOP'S GAMBIT.

NEW BISHOP'S GAMBIT.—In a recent number of *St Amant's Chess Magazine*, the "Palamede," appears the following highly interesting game and notes; the latter by St. Amant himself. The game was played recently in the London Club, at the George and Vulture; Messrs. George Walker and Medley consulting together on the one side, against Messrs. Perigal and Von Carnap, also in counsel. It will be seen that St. Amant suggests a new variation, which, if it cannot be disproved, makes out the Bishop's Gambit a sound game after all;—

White (G. Walker and G. Medley).	Black (G. Perigal and Von Carnap).
1. K P two	K P two
2. K B P two	P ♞ P
3. K B Q B four (a)	Q checks
4. K K B	K Kt P two
5. Q Kt B three	K B Kt two
6. Q P two	Q P one
7. K Kt B three	Q K R four
8. R R P two	K R P one
9. K P advances	Q P ♞ P
10. Q Kt Q five	K Q
11. Q P ♞ K P	Q B Q two
12. K K Kt	Q K Kt three
13. P ♞ P	P ♞ P
14. R ♞ R	B ♞ R (b)
15. K Kt ♞ P (c)	Q ♞ Kt (d)
16. Q B ♞ P	Q K Kt three (e)
17. K P one (f)	P ♞ P
18. Kt ♞ Q B P	K P one
19. Kt K six x (see Var.)	K home (g)
20. Q Q six (h)	B ♞ Kt

(a) White gave the Bishop's Gambit on purpose to try on the Petroff variation.

(b) The first authorities on Chess, Jaenisch, Von Der Lasa, Walker, Staunton, &c., all admit that up to this point Black cannot once answer otherwise than as here given, or he will certainly get a bad game. This splendid opening for White was all invented by M'Donnell, and first published in "Walker's Treatise." M'Donnell continued now for White with Q K, threatening to take Gambit Pawn with Q Kt, and it is here Petroff and Jaenisch introduce their new move, which St. Amant thinks sound.

(c) The new move. Petroff's idea of this sacrifice is brilliant as a diamond. See numerous variations thereon in "Jaenisch's Master Work on Chess Openings," of which Longmans print an English translation.

(d) Black has evidently no better move.

(e) Jaenisch proves at great length that this is the best retreat of Queen.

(f) We have been favoured by the inspection of some interesting variations on this point invented by Mr. Kenrick, one of our leading amateurs, which are about to appear in the "Palamede." Mr. Kenrick now plays Q K, threatening Black upon several points at once, and his move, if not decidedly winning, comes very near it; thus further strengthening Petroff's sacrifice. The 17th move K P two, is considered best, however, by Jaenisch and St. Amant.

(g) The Black allies should play King to his second. See variation on White's 19th move.

(h) This threatens mate as well as winning Queen, and forces the game, answer as Black may.

21. B ♠ B	K Kt K two
22. Q B ♠ P. (i)	B ♠ B
23. Q ♠ B (k)	Q K R three
24. R Q	Q Kt R three
25. B Q 7 x	K Q (l)
26. B-Q R four x (m)	K Q B
27. Q ♠ Kt	Q Q Kt three x
28. K K B	Kt Q B four
29. R Q six	Kt ♠ B (n)
30. Q K eight x (o)	K Q B two
31. R Q seven x	K Q B three
32. R Q eight x (p)	K Q B four
33. Q K five x	K Q B five (q)
34. Q Q five x	K Q Kt five
35. Q R P mates	

(i) White follow up their hold very well.

(k) Queen and Bishop lock up all Black's men.

(l) If he go on other side, the check of Rook smashes him.

(m) It would make shorter work of it to discover check by playing this Bishop Q B six and then taking Kt with Q, as suggested by St. Amant, and as seen by the parties themselves when playing the game, but seen too late.

(n) Has no better move, so prepares to fight with two pieces against Queen.

(o) White finds out something better than taking Queen, and proclaims a mate in six moves; a good stroke of play, and well seen, all the said six moves being forced.

(p) The only move to force the promised mate, but difficult to see from the great choice of fine moves.

(q) If he choose Kt five, the same two moves transposed give mate.

VARIATION AFTER WHITE'S NINETEENTH MOVE.

St. Amant, considering that White's nineteenth move ought to be check of Knight as given in leader, follows it up with this new and beautiful train of play.

19. Kt ♠

K K two. This move St. Amant thinks with Jaenisch is Black's best.

20. Q B K three. Here St. Amant, finding all other moves fail, suggests a novel conception, and believes it ought to win. If so, as we have before said, all the preceding moves being admitted by the leading and classical authorities to be the best for both parties, the Bishop's Gambit is a won game. Look out Gambit players, and essay it right and left.

FIRST ANSWER.

20. B ♠ Kt

21. B Q B five x

K K B two (best)

Here Black have but

three replies possible, and first the King moving home, you win by Q Q six directly. Second, if King go to K B three, same move, Q Q six wins evidently. Now for Black's third chance.

22. Q K B three x

K Kt covers. This seems his best move.

If he cover with Q, you take Q. Kt. P with Q x, and then attack Q with R. If again he retreat King to Kt two, you check with B K B eight x, and then K B Q three wins.

23. B ♠ B x

K ♠ B

24. Q Q Kt three x Kt covers Q four. Best. If speedily mate him. If the move K Q two you take Pawn with Q x, then capture Rook, and White wins.
25. R Q Q K five (must)
26. Q K R three x K K B two. To cover with Queen, St. Amant describes as no better.
27. Q x K B, and you ought to win. Here, St. Amant remarks, we believe, we have now fairly proved that on your thus playing 20 B K three, Black cannot gain a second piece, but is forced to respect and leave untaken your Knight placed so audaciously and happily in his game. This of itself is no mean point in favour of the new move we propose, 20, Q B K three. And now consider we Black's resources, if he do not capture Knight, but seeks to prevent your checking at Q B five, which we believe he must avoid at all cost.

SECOND ANSWER.

20. Q Kt P one
21. Kt Q R seven. You have now saved the piece and this Knight will take Rook; White's game being in every respect superior to the disorganised position of unhappy Black.

THIRD ANSWER.

20. Q Kt Q R three
21. K B x Q Kt. Black cannot retake this Bishop without gravely compromising his game. If he capture Knight with King, Queen, or Bishop your K B takes Q Kt P, attacking Rook, and two Bishops will most powerfully combine in assaulting King with two good Pawns, for the sacrificed Knight; White's game, too, being full of life and attack, and Black's encampment broken and feeble.

Here St. Amant closes his essay, submitting this newly discovered very beautiful train of play to the judgment of the experienced *cognoscenti*, and the practice and criticism of the chief lovers of our noble game.

Game played during St. Amant's last trip to Yorkshire; the French champion playing against Messrs. Rhodes and Cadman, the two best Leeds men, consulting together.

Coalition.

1. K P two
2. K Kt B three
3. Q Kt B three
4. Q Kt Q five
5. P x P
6. Q Kt K three
7. Q B P one
8. K Kt Q four
9. Q P one
10. K B x P
11. Q K R five x
12. Q to R four (c)
13. Q Kt Q B two
14. Castles
15. K R x

St. Amant.

- K P two
- K B P two
- K B Q Kt five (a)
- K B Q three
- Q B P one
- K B Q B two
- K P one
- Q to B three (b)
- P x P
- K Kt R three
- Q K B two
- Q R P two (d)
- K Kt home
- K Kt K B three
- K to B

- (a) In "Palamede," St. Amant styles this move as "detestable."
- (b) Better plant King's Knight here.
- (c) Much better than changing Queens.
- (d) What is the meaning of this?

16. Q B K Kt five
 17. K B. Q B four (e)
 18. K B x Q Kt
 19. Kt K six x
 20. R x B
 21. Q R K
 22. Kt K three
 23. Kt Kt four
 24. B x Kt
 25. Kt. x B x
 26. K R K eight x
 27. K R K seven, wins

Q Kt R three
 Q P two
 R x B
 B x Kt
 B Q
 K R P one (f)
 K to Kt
 Q B P onq
 B x B
 P x Kt
 K to Kt two

(e) Well played, canny Yorkshire. If Queen take this Bishop, you check off with Knight, and win her ladyship.

(f) Play as he may, his goose is cooked.

IX.—MISCELLANEA.

A Tornado of Buffaloes.

WHEN a hunter rides into a herd of Buffaloes, it is often the case that they get so frightened, that the whole mass starts with furious speed for the mountains, and there is no way to get out, but to keep up the same speed and work your way gradually from among them; to halt would be certain death, as the masses would pass over and crush you; and hunters are often carried 7 or 10 miles before they can disengage themselves from the headlong herd.—*Monthly Times*.

Quick Travelling.

A PARTY recently made their way from Paris to London in 12 hours and 50 minutes!—*Ibid*.

Dr. Chalmers' opinion of Marriage with a deceased Wife's Sister.

IN commenting on Leviticus xviii. verses 11—18 in his "daily scripture readings," he says, "It is remarkable that while there is an express interdict on the marriage of a man with his Brother's Wife, there is no such prohibition against his marriage with his Wife's Sister. In verse 11 the prohibition is only against marrying a wife's sister during the life-time of the first wife, which of itself implies a liberty to marry the sister after her death; besides implying a connivance at bigamy. Lord Denman has, however, lately decided the case the other way.—*Ibid*.

A Desperate Lover.

HERE is a lover in a most awful condition, and all owing to a vixen of a girl saying she wouldn't.

I know 'tis a sin too
 But I'm bent on the notion,
 I'll throw myself into
 The deep briny ocean,
 Where mud Eels and Cat-fish
 On my body shall riot,
 And Flounders and Flat-fish
 Select me for diet,
 There soundly I'll slumber
 Beneath the rough billow,
 And Crabs without number
 Shall crawl o'er my pillow.

New York Paper.

A Blue Stocking.

THIS satirical term originated from the Society de la Calza, formed at Venice in 1500. It lasted till 1590, when the foppery of Italian Literature took some other Symbol than a Blue Stocking. The rejected title then crossed the Alps, and branded female pedantry in Paris. It diverged from France to England and for a while marked the vanity of the small advances in literature of our female coteries. "But," says Mr. Mills, in Chivalric taste, "the propriety of its application is gradually ceasing; for we see, in every circle, that attainments in literature can be accomplished with no loss of womanly virtue."

If the Queen were to become a widow (says a London Editor,) Her Majesty might legally contract a marriage with any of her subjects.—*London Paper.*

Flattery.

NOTHING is so great an instance of ill-manners as flattery. If you flatter all the company you please none; if you flatter only one or two, you affront the rest.—*Vivian.*

Frank reproof better than grumbling.

HE, who, when called upon to speak a disagreeable truth, tells it boldly and has done, is both bolder and milder, than he who nibbles in a low voice and never ceases nibbling.—*Lavater.*

Anecdote of Bishop Leighton.

WHEN the Bishop was one day lost in meditation in his own sequestered walk at Dumblane, a widow came up whining and told him that it was ordered that he should marry her, for that she had dreamed three times that she was married to him. The Bishop answered, very well, whenever he should dream thrice that he was married to her, he would let her know, and the union would take place.—*Mrs. Grant's Letters.*

Use of Newspapers and Magazines.

DE TOCQUEVILLE, in his work on America, gives this forcible sketch: "A Newspaper can drop the same thought into a thousand minds at the same moment. A newspaper is an adviser who does not require to be sought, but who comes to you of his own accord and talks to you briefly every day of common weal without distracting your private affairs. Therefore they become more necessary, in proportion as men become more equal, and individuals more to be feared. To suppose that they only serve to protect freedom, would be to diminish their importance: they maintain civilization."—*Hood's Magazine*.

Turkies considered Carrion.

ALTHOUGH this bird was necessarily unknown in the old world, before the discovery of the new, it is regarded by the Mussulmans of India as unclean, the tuft of bristles on its breast inducing them to suppose that it partakes of the nature of Hog: moreover the bare neck and head of the Turkey imparts a somewhat vulturine appearance, which may well help this prejudice in the East; and it is worthy of remark, that some English Turkeys which I possessed would constantly associate with a pair of the *otogyps pondicerianus* that were secured each by a chain, themselves evidently assuming the degrading consanguinity.—*Calcutta Journal of the Asiatic Society*.

The Chicken after his defeat.

THIS gentleman awakened in Miss Nipper, some considerable astonishment, for having been defeated by the Larkey-boy, his visage was in a state of such great dilapidation, as to be hardly presentable to society with comfort to the beholders. The chicken himself attributed the punishment to his having had the mortification to get into chancery early in the proceedings, when he was severely fibbed by the Larkey one, and heavily grassed. But it appeared from the published records of that great contest that the Larkey-boy had had it all his own way from the beginning, and that the chicken had been tapped and bunged and had received pepper and had been made groggy, and had come up piping, and had endured a complication of similar strange inconveniences, until he had been gone into and finished!—*Dombey and Son*.

Appalling Incident.

THE Lobsters exposed on the marble slab at an oyster shop in the Strand, were observed the other day to weep copiously and wring their claws when a passing organ played "By the sad sea waves."—*The Man in the Moon*.

Mr. Brooke of Borneo.

MANY of our readers by this time know that Mr. Brooke, who has played so remarkable a part in Borneo, has left his throne in Sarawak for a time and come over, like other potentates, to visit Queen Victoria. Few

sovereigns, who have approached England of late years, have brought with them so worthy a title. The position which he occupies in the beautiful country for whose benefit he is now amongst us, and the steps by which he has attained it, are, it is truly observed, without a parallel. Almost for the first time in the history of nations, the naked and untutored savage has learned to date the beginning of peace, order, and happiness from the arrival of his European governor. In connexion with the opening thus afforded we are informed that three Clergymen of the Church of England are about to proceed immediately to Sarawak, to undertake a mission to the Malay and Dyak populations. It is needless for us now to inform our readers that with the religious aspect of a movement like this it is beyond the self-imposed commission of the *Athenæum* to meddle; and the evils arising from interference of the kind which it has often had historically to record, have generally resolved themselves into questions of the individual wisdom and personal conduct of those assuming the office of instructor. As the parties in the present instance, are, we believe, earnest in their desire to educate on a large plan (independently of the religious inculcation) and to aid Mr. Brooke in an effectual development of the natural resources of the fine country to which they are going—and hope further that their labours may effect something for the cause of science at home—we feel a desire to bespeak for them such assistance as may enable these objects to be effectually carried out. They are anxious to obtain through the medium of benevolent individuals, contributions for educational purposes in the form of Books, Maps, Drawings, and Philosophical Instruments. A reference to late works on the subject of the Eastern Archipelago will shew how much may be done by teaching amongst the Malay population,—and how capable they are of appreciating the superiority of the educated European mind. Courteous in manners and acute in intellect, the lesson that “knowledge is power,” is quite within their capacity; and their recognition of the virtues of peaceful civilization is easily reached. They, amongst us, who doubt the success of a mission of civilization to the proverbially treacherous Malay (with whom piracy is a virtue) must overlook the early history of our own land, with its piratical Sea-kings and predatory Norsemen. This mission, if it be true to the liberal spirit in which we hope it is conceived, may test an important question which missions have hitherto for the most part helped to obscure—if it be not possible for Christian civilization to come in contact with the savage and establish its truths without destroying the people. From the moment we set foot in Labuan as a nation, the natives have claims upon us, moral and political. Civilization has duties commensurate with her rights, and the riches of wisdom and knowledge are due from us to those whose land and labour help to swell our coffers. Duplicate volumes or rejected instruments—any thing that may enable the mission to make out the cause of science—will be valuable from individuals; and, surely, this is one of the occasions on which the Geographical Society should not sit by with folded hands. It may convert an opportunity like this into an important one for obtaining the rectification of the manifold errors in present maps,—and contribute as a body, something to the cultivation of that great and promising field which an individual has opened up in Borneo.—*Athenæum*.

Scraps from Travellers' Books.

"SOME have aimed doggerel at *Murray's Hand Book*: some indulged platitudes about *Sir Humphry Davy* (whose residence in this hotel, is denied by some of the inhabitants of the place, though confidently stated in the *Vade Mecum* aforesaid) others have contented themselves with wit in prose. You shall have a specimen of the two.

"Mrs. Lenigan was much pleased with this little inn—the trout was delicious,—th, 18."

Don't you see the dear, comfortable lady, penning this after supper; in an easy flow of complacent conviction that all the world would be pleased with Mrs. Lenigan's pleasure! well-a-day!—that her entry 'twined out a delusion. A Jack-a-lantern to some of her successors, is sadly evident! The next page tells another story.

"Madame Hodson, Miss Hodson, M. F. Hodson, Mr. F. Hodson from Ischl to the Lakes—th, 18.—N.B.—Where are the fish? Beyond the wave, beyond the wave!"

Ay—indeed, Mrs. Lenigan, where are your delicious trout? How can you answer it to your Hibernian conscience (for surely the name is of the green isle) to have excited fallacious hopes in Madame Hodson's party! WHERE ARE THE FISH?? It is not every one that can console themselves with verse like the injured English that followed you! Wherefore you will do well not to trust your raptures to the public pages of a Strangers' Book another time. Madame Hodson will assure you that they may "sparkle, but to betray"—or that

These alas! are types of all
To which our hearts are clinging.

It is a relief to turn from this artless memento of blighted hopes to something more practicable. No one can complain of romance in the following.—"Mr. and Mrs. Gipps—Great Britain—th, 18.—The landlord civil and obliging. A good plain cook. The maid, clean, active and intelligent."

Here we have travellers of another sort, capital housekeepers, who like "to have their little comforts about them:" and think that sense is sense, —and a dinner a dinner, and a pleasant country one flowing in the milk and honey, and white bread baked fresh every morning. We have made ourselves abundantly merry at imagining the progress of these capital people through the Salzkammergut. They admired—be sure—the particularly "good bed" of the Traun. If they got to the Kessel Fall it was to remark the "unusual size of the basin"—a thing comfortlessly uncommon in Germany. A patch of "table land" on the hill side suggested "a nice snug spot" in which to lay the cloth. They thought the "curtains of mist" which hid the peak of the Schaffberg! hung monstrously awkwardly and quarrelled with the appearance of "patches" of verdure as betokening poor land.

Perhaps Mrs. G. had fears—and thought much of the scenery "too bold,"—or delicacies, and objected to so much naked rock! Did a landlord affront her by not understanding what she was pleased to call German, "she gave him warning"—rewarding as we have seen, cook and maid whose plainness, activity, and intelligence pleased her, by an unexceptionable

character. One can understand—cannot one?—why Lenigans and Hodsons should go abroad—those for trout—these for the poetical sentimentalities—but why *should* our countrymen of the Gipps genus go a gypsying beyond Richmond or Box-hill? Till they can be made to stay at home, or their hands tied up from pen and ink, we have no right to laugh at the Americans! I have never seen the same amount of dryness, absurdity or prejudiced want of sympathy, among any travellers as have vexed me in the English of this class: and doubly vexatious it is to remember their affections, and exigencies and pharasaically-fancied superiority, on such a haunt as the Traun valley!—*Howitt's Journal*.

A Mormon Preacher.

JOSEPH SMITH was a Mormon—A saint of the latter days. His theme was the power of faith. Although evidently unlearned and innocent enough of dealing in such “abominable matters as a verb or a noun, which no Christian ear can endure” to have satisfied Jack Cade himself, there was a straightforward vehemence and intense earnestness in his manner, which at once disarmed my criticism. He spoke of Adam, in Paradise, as the lord of this lower world. “For,” said he, “water could not drown him, fire couldn’t burn him, cold couldn’t freeze him—nothing could harm him, for he had all the elements under his feet.” And what my hearers was the secret of this power? His faith in God: that was it. Well the devil wanted this power. He behaved in a mean, *ungentlemanly* way, and deceived Eve, and lied to her, he did. And so Adam lost his faith. And all this power over the elements that Adam had, the devil got, and has it now. He is the prince and power of the air, *consequently*, he is master of the elements, and lord of this world. He has filled it with unbelief, and robbed man of his birthright, and will do so, until the hour of the power of darkness is ended, and the mighty angel comes down with the chain in his hand to bind the old serpent and dragon.

Another speaker, a stout black-browed “son of thunder” gave an interesting account of his experience. He had been one of the Apostles of the Mormon Evangel, and had visited Europe. He went in faith. He had “but three cents in his pocket” when he reached England. He went to the high professors of all sects, and they would not receive him; they pronounced him “damned already.” He was reduced to great poverty and hunger: alone in a strange land; with no one to bid him welcome. He was on the very verge of starvation. “Then,” said he, “I knelt down and I prayed in earnest faith, ‘Lord give me this day my daily bread.’ O, I tell ye I prayed with a good appetite; and I rose up and was moved to go to a house at hand. I knocked at the door and when the owner came, I said to him I am a minister of the Lord Jesus Christ, from America. I am starving—will you give me some food? ‘Why bless you, yes,’ said the man, ‘sit down and eat as much as you please,’ my hearers, he was not a professor; he was not a Christian, but one of Robert Owen’s infidels. The Lord reward him for his kindness.”—*Ibid*.

Anecdote of Mr. Howitt.

My brother, Dr. Godfrey Howitt, and myself, once passing a solitary farmhouse, near Oxtou, in Nottinghamshire, belonging to Sir John Sherbrooke, saw a huge man thatching a stack in the yard. Somewhat farther on we passed a gate leading into a wood, and saw an immense quantity of nuts hanging just within the wood. We passed the gate, and were gathering some of these, when suddenly there seemed to come an elephant trampling and crashing through the wood, and presently the large country fellow, hot with his chase, leaped forth from the underwood, exclaiming "that is not allowed, gentlemen! That is not allowed! Nobody is allowed to nut here; I must take your names to Sir John!"

The man had observed us from the top of the stack turn into the wood, and desperate must have been his run, for he was red as a lobster, and puffed like a grampus. "I must take your names," repeated he, as he could catch his breath; and I said, coolly, "Very well, then take out your book."

"I have no book, but I can carry them in my head till I get into the house."

"Your head, my friend, is certainly a very capacious one," I replied, "but our names are very uncommon ones—you will never remember them right,—few people ever do."

"Well I'll be bound to remember them, be they as queer as they may."

"You won't remember them rightly, I tell you, but that is your concern. Mark then—my name is Don Quixote, and that is Sancho Panza."

"I wish it may be true," said the fellow, in good deal of astonishment.

"Well repeat them now my friend, and we shall see whether you have them right."

Oh! I've got 'em right enough, I warrant ye; your'n is Dan Quicksett, and this gentleman is Francis Tausy."

"Well, that is famous!" we exclaimed, "mind you keep them right till you put them down in your book at home."

And so we bade him good day,—hastening off as fast as we could to give vent at a proper distance, to our laughter, which was getting too much to hold; and not daring more than once to look back at the great huge fellow who stood gazing solemnly after us, with his straw hat taken off, and wiping his reeking brow on his shirt sleeve. He nodded as we gave this single retrospective glance, at some few yards distance, with another quiet but dubious, "I wish it may be true!" and the look we dared not repeat—it was too ludicrous. Issuing out on the neighbouring forest of Sherwood, we gave vent to our pent up mirth, and only regretted that we had not written down our assumed names, that Sir John Sherbrooke might have enjoyed the surprise of finding two such old friends from a foreign country set down as trespassers on his woods.—*Ibid.*

A Peruvian at Dinner.

THE Peruvians have some very singular prejudices on the subject of eating and drinking. Every article of food is according to their notions, either heating or cooling; and they believe that certain things are in

opposition one to another. The presence in the stomach of two of these opposing articles of food, for example chocolate and rice, is believed to be highly dangerous, and sometimes fatal. It is amusing to observe the Limenos when at dinner, seriously reflecting before they taste a particular dish, whether it is in opposition to something they have already eaten. If they eat rice at dinner they refrain from drinking water, because the two things *se openen*. To such an extreme is this notion carried, that they will not taste rice on days when they have to wash, and laundresses never eat it. Frequently have I been asked by invalids whether it would be safe for them to take a foot-bath on going to bed, as they had eaten rice at dinner.—*Hood's Magazine*.

Anecdotes of the Revd. Sydney Smith, Canon of St. Paul's.

His picture of a Balto-Gretical family. "There is one vacancy and three candidates, Tory, Whig, and Radical.—Walter Wiggins, a small artificer in shoes, for the moderate gratuity of five pounds promises his own vote, and that of the chaste Arabella, his wife, to the Tory candidate; he, Walter Wiggins, having also sold for one sovereign the vote of the before-named Arabella to the Whigs. Mr. John Wiggins, a tailor, the male progeny of Walter and Arabella, at the solicitations of his masters, promises his vote to the Whigs, and persuades his sister Honoria to make a similar promise in the same cause. Arabella, the wife, yields implicitly to the wishes of her husband. In this way, before the election, stand committed the highly moral family of Mr. Wiggins. The period of lying arrives, and the mendacity machine is exhibited to the view of the Whigginses. What happens? Arabella who has in the interim been chastised by her drunken husband votes secretly for the Radicals having been sold both to Whig and Tory. Mr. John Wiggins, pledged beyond redemption to Whigs, votes for the Tory; Honoria extrinsically furious in the cause of the Whigs is persuaded by her lover to vote for the Radical member. The following table exhibits the state of this moral family after the election.

Walter Wiggins sells himself once, and his wife twice, Arabella Wiggins, sold to Tory and Whig, votes for Radical. John Wiggins promised to Whig, votes for Tory. Honoria Wiggins promised to Whig, votes for Radical."

His example of gross tyranny. "Society have a right to improve or to do what they think an improvement, but they have no right to do so suddenly and hastily to my prejudice!—After securing to me certain possessions by one hundred statutes passed in 600 years:—After having clothed me in fine garments, and conferred upon me pompous names, they have no right to turn round upon me all of a sudden and to say, you are not a Dean, nor a Canon Residentiary, but a vagabond and an outcast, and a morbid excrescence upon society. This would not be a reform, but the grossest tyranny and oppression."

N O T I C E.

UNDER the head "Biography" will be found an interesting Sketch from M. Lamartine's History of the Girondists, these we propose continuing in future Numbers. A Sketch of Robespierre was given in No. 3, and previous to the late discussion in the papers, on the beauties of this admirable history, from which indeed we had marked passages for extract, before the late Revolution enhanced their interest.

We purpose giving in a Supplementary pamphlet (*gratis*) a concise and connected account of the Revolution of 1848, from many sources, which have not been re-printed in this country,—it will thus be in a valuable shape for record; whilst the space devoted to Literature in our Magazine, will not be encroached upon.

With this number, our first volume is completed, and we trust it has given satisfaction. The new volume will have the advantage of selections from all the periodicals which are promised in our Prospectus, but which we have only now received (for the first time) direct from England.

THE
PICNIC MAGAZINE.

VOL. I.]

JUNE, 1848.

[No. 4.]

I.—SELECTED REVIEWS AND NOTICES OF
NEW BOOKS.

REVIEWS.

Manners and Customs of India. By the Rev. T. Acland, late Chaplain at Pooree, Cuttack, and Midnapoor. Murray's Home and Colonial Library, No. L.

As we read this amusing little volume, we marked off a number of passages which had caused us to laugh quite as much at, as with the writer. But when we arrived at the last page, and under the date of May 8th, 1845, found the last entry in the Chaplain's Journal, "I am too weak to write much, and shall therefore *continue at another time*," followed by the note in brackets ["On the 17th of May the Author's life was closed"], our merriment was damped, and we could not help exclaiming, "Alas, poor Yorick!" Still we must bring our reader somewhat acquainted with the fine, fat, fodgel wight's humours, with his sporting adventures, with his anecdotes, with his trepidations, with his heavy weight as a man, and his light weight as Chaplain. If all under our Indian and other Colonial Bishops, are of a similar stamp, we are afraid there will be more animals shot than natives converted; but let that pass now: only it may be well for the future, to consider what are the chief ends of Chaplains. What were Mr. Acland's journeys, if not his duties, are thus mentioned:

"The Government of India orders me to go from Cuttack to Midnapoor and back again four times a-year, to Balasore and back twice a-year, and to Pooree and back four times a-year. The distance from Cuttack to Midnapoor is one hundred and eighty miles, from Cuttack to Balasore one hundred and three miles, and from Cuttack to Pooree forty-nine miles. I travel about forty-seven miles a-day on the average. The Government allows me twelve annas and two pice per mile for travelling expences; it costs me four annas and two pice—an anna being one-sixteenth part of a rupee, and a pice one-fourth part of an anna."

The country traversed swarmed with wild beasts and game of every description, and Mr. Acland took them in his way, by all the strategics of gun, net, and hunting down.

"I must (he says, in continuation of the passage just quoted) now mention some of my adventures in the jungle. One day we went with a native Rajah to hunt antelopes. Suppose the shore of the Chelka Lake on one side and the sea on the other, with a strip of sand between them rather more than a mile wide. The antelopes live entirely on the sandy plain, and feed on the scanty plants which grow among the sand. Across this flat a net about seven feet in height and a mile long was staked, and 100 men were stationed along it as guards. About 500 men were then sent out with a similar net about a mile and a half in length, which they stretched at perhaps five miles from the other. These 500 men then walked slowly towards the first net, carrying the other in front of them, and driving lots of antelopes before them. When they came within a mile of the first net they staked the second, and there were perhaps fifty or sixty antelopes enclosed in a space of about a mile square. Mr. G., the Rajah, and myself, went inside with our guns. It was barbarous sport. In two days we killed fifteen, which our servants ate most gladly. But the interesting thing was to see twenty or thirty bound, one after the other, over the net and the men's heads, giving tremendous leaps; the black men striking at them with swords and spears, and cowering to avoid their sharp-cutting hoofs, and all hallooing, and jabbering, and swearing; whilst every now and then the crack of one of our guns would be heard, and the whizz of the bullet as it passed near.

"Another day we expected some danger. When we arrived at the ground, which consisted of thick patches of jungle, with open spaces between, we got out of our tonjons and took our guns. There we found a number of men looking for traces of deer, wild boars, tigers, or any other animals. As soon as they found the track of one they followed it until it led into the jungle, and exactly at that spot they pushed in amongst the bushes an enormous bag made of net of thick rope. Its mouth was kept open by a few twigs, whilst a running rope went round the entrance and was fastened to a stake on one side. If then any animal should make a rush along this track, he must go head foremost into the net: the twigs would fall down, the neck would be drawn tight, and the poor creature would be prisoner. All these preparations were at length concluded, and the Rajah then advised us to mount the elephants, as he said two tigers had been seen in these jungles the day before. We at once asked him whether his elephants had been trained to stand the charge of a tiger, which always springs at its head. He said he did not know; and we agreed that we would rather stand the advance of a tiger on foot ourselves than be on the back of a mad elephant scampering at random through the jungle. So we built up an artificial hedge in front of us, and crouched down with our guns pointed through some loopholes we had left in our fence.

"This arrangement was hardly completed before we began to hear the sounds of the drums and the trumpets, and the yells of the people, as nearly a thousand of them marched through the jungle towards us, driving before them every sort of game. I should tell you that we kept our elephants close at hand, in case of the worst. You cannot imagine the excitement in such watching as this. Two or three miles off the most fearful yells from 1,000 men, close around you utter silence; your eyes roaming in every direction, not knowing at what point a deer or a tiger may break out.

"Ha! listen, there's a crack among the branches, and out rushes a noble stag. Bang goes G.'s gun. We had agreed that he should have the first shot. He's down! 'Hush! here's something else in this patch of jungle.' 'Where?' he whispers, as he loads. 'There, I see it now: look out; here it comes!' And sure enough out rushed seven pigs, followed almost immediately by three others. Now a wild boar is a most awkward animal to fight on foot, and we had agreed we should not fire at them. However, they rushed right towards us. What's to be done? 'Get on the elephant,' says G. 'No time,' said I; 'follow me:' and we both fairly turned tail, pursued by a herd of pigs until we came to a bush, or rather patch of bushes, round which we could make a short turn to escape them, and then back to our own station, laughing as hard as we could. But really a wild boar is no laughing matter as he rushes along

tearing up the earth. If he charges, as he almost invariably does, with one movement of his head he could cut both legs to the bone, dividing the arteries, and probably killing the man.

"Presently a young stag rushed into one of the bags with such force as to break both his horns close off. There we found him when we examined the nets. We were sitting watching for what should come next, when G., raising his finger, whispered to me, 'What's that down there in the plain? That's a deer: no it can't be: do you see how it slouches along? Depend upon it it's not a deer.' 'Well, at any rate it's coming this way; we shall get a look at it.' Another pause of half a minute and the beast was concealed in a little patch of jungle, a few hundred yards from us. I now had time to examine it. 'I'll tell you what, G.; that brute's a regular tiger.' 'Well, so I thought, but I hardly liked to say so: what shall we do if he comes this way? 'I say keep close where we are.' 'But suppose he should make a spring over the hedge in front of us?' 'Lie flat down, and let him go over us: yet I think I could hardly resist having a shot while he was in the air.' 'Oh! pray don't fire; what in the world could we two do on foot against a wounded tiger?' However, our fears were needless: as the beaters advanced, the animal slunk away into a more distant piece of jungle, and we saw no more of him. Two of our people were rather hurt to-day—one by a deer leaping over him, and cutting his head with his hoof; a rupee however, made him quite happy again: the other was a man who, as a large stag rushed past, made a spring at its horns, thinking to pull it down, whereby he got a severe fall and prevented us from firing."

This is lively and stirring work; and what between his battues, his occasional inquiries into objects of natural history, and his cares for his good wife, who seems to have been of as pleasant a temperament as himself, our worthy Parson passed his melting moments in Mofussil, in a very tolerable manner, enjoying the agreeable, noticing the new and various, and not being too much disconcerted by the annoyances and dangers of the clime. Return we to Midnapoor to bring some of these under notice:

"The other morning two men who lived in Midnapoor caught a cobra de capello, or hooded snake, and they were examining it when suddenly it bit them both, and they died in the course of half an hour. We have not yet seen any snakes in our house, although most people frequently find them. This, as I think I told you, I attribute to our keeping the mungoose, of which the snakes are much afraid.

"The *chikary*, or huntsman, makes a large oval shield, which he covers over with leaves; in the upper part are two very small holes. When he perceives a bird he crouches down behind his screen, keeping a watch through the two little holes, and creeping on very slowly. When he has approached near enough, he thrusts forward a long thin stick like a fishing-rod, and touches the bird with one end of it, on which there is a little lime; the bird sticks to it, and then the man draws back the pole and secures the animal. In this way a great number of partridges are taken, with snipes, woodcocks, pigeons, &c.

"A friend has just made me a present of a very small kind of monkey, about nine inches high, of a light-brown colour. His antics are often very amusing. I fasten him by a chain to a thick pole in the compound, at the top of which is his house. He will sometimes turn his waterpot upside down and sit on it in the gravest possible manner. He will then perhaps stoop down and gather a blade of grass, and examine it as attentively as though he were inquiring to what species and genus it belonged. Perhaps by this time several large knowing-looking crows, something like English magpies, will have collected round him, holding their heads on one side and looking as if they were listening very attentively to his lecture on botany. Presently you would see the sly little monkey turn his eye to see how near they are, and then with one bound he will catch hold of the nearest crow by the neck; but the crow is the stronger of the two and always gets away safe. These crows are as common as sparrows and quite as tame, for they will hop into the verandah and pick up anything the parrots drop.

"The prawns here are most delicious, and many of them are as large as a good-sized lobster. I was crossing my compound in the dusk a few evenings ago, after feeding my fowls and ducks. I walked slowly, thinking of England and my children, when I happened suddenly to cast my eyes upon the ground. I started back on perceiving within two paces of me the dreaded cobra de capello—its head raised, its hood expanded, and manifesting every sign of anger. Two, or at most three, steps more, and I should have trodden upon it and received the fatal bite. Unfortunately I had no stick in my hand; I called the servants to bring bamboos, but by the time they came it had glided into its hole, and I went home thanking the Supreme Being who had saved me from the fearful danger. Since that time I have not been out without a large bamboo in my hand, for, although I have stopped up the hole, yet the cobra de capello is, no doubt, still in my compound. The bite of this snake is most deadly.

"During the last fortnight I have heard of three persons having been killed by it in Midnapoor. Two of them were hunters, the other was one of the wives of the Rajah. She put her hand into a cupboard to procure something, when a cobra, which had concealed itself there, bit her. When a person is wounded by this venomous reptile he generally expires within an hour. The only possible cure, and that is an uncertain one, is to swallow every few minutes a glass of brandy with some *eau de luce*, or smelling-salts, dissolved in it, while a man stands near beating you with a heavy whip. Or instead of this, you may be fastened to a carriage, and compelled to run as fast as possible. The object is to keep you awake, for the danger of the bite consists in the heavy lethargy it produces. The remedies applied, however, are sure to bring on a violent fever, which frequently proves fatal. Few diseases in this country last longer than an hour or two. Fever, cholera, and inflammation of the liver, the three great scourges of India, commonly prove fatal within from two to twelve hours, so that no one can exist here without being constantly reminded of the uncertainty of human life. It is curious that I, who dreaded so greatly the reptiles of India, should have been at once sent to the station where they most abound, for there is probably no place in Bengal where serpents and lizards are so plentiful. Our house is infested by numbers of centipedes, which get on the chairs and on the clothes in a most unpleasant manner. However, we have neither of us yet been bitten.

"I have not seen a scorpion alive. My wife and I were walking in the compound the other day, when we saw a very large snake looking at us through the hedge of aloes. It was of a light-brown, and was, I think, five or six feet long.

"The other day my servants brought me in a venomous snake which they said they had killed in the compound; I took it up by its tail and carried it into my wife's dressing-room to show it to her. I laid it down on the floor, and soon it began to wriggle away, and raising its head, turned at us. Fortunately there was a stick at hand, and, taking it up, I killed the animal with one blow. So great is the dread of them here, that no one ever sleeps without a light, lest, stepping out of bed at night, he should place his foot upon some venomous creature; most people keep a long bamboo in every room. We never put on our shoes without first examining well to see that there is nothing alive in them. The oil which we burn in the evening and at night is extracted from the cocoa-nut and has a most agreeable smell. For this purpose cocoa-nuts are brought from Ceylon and all the neighbouring islands. This oil could not be used in England, because it congeals into a sort of fat when the thermometer is at 64°.

"About a fortnight ago the judge went out shooting; he came to a large hole under the root of a tree, and heard a loud growling. He is a courageous man, so he was not afraid; but he told an Indian, who was with him, to get behind the tree and then poke a long stick into the hole. Presently the growling became very loud and savage, and then out jumped an enormous bear, one of the most savage sort—the large black bear. The judge was ready, and shot it when it came out. On examining the hole, three young bears, only a few days old, were found. He sent for some Indians, who carried the dead body, and also the cubs, home, and then, as he knew that I was fond of animals, he sent the three little ones to me. They are very ugly, and cannot see yet. One of my goats had just had a kid, so I told the cook to make the kid into soup, and I brought the goat to the young bears. One man held the goat, another covered her eyes with his hands, and a boy held up the cubs to suck. The goat did not like it at all at first, but now she is quite contented,

almost as much so as if they were her own young ones. I have given two of them away. In England you never taste goat's milk : it is most delicious ; far better I think than cow's milk : we use it every day. Each goat, after the kid is taken from her, gives about three-quarters of a pint a-day. The judge has promised me a bottle full of the pure bear's grease.

" Every one here knows that I am very fond of animals, and they are all very kind, in sending them to me. I received the other day from a gentleman a present of a goat, which is quite as big as a small pony. If I were to get on its back my feet would not touch the ground ; it is of a dark brown, and of the long-eared Thibet kind."

Such are sketches of the clerical life at Midnapoor, and at Cuttack there is not much change in the usual concomitants, though a few essential local differences are described, to which we shall pay our devoirs next Saturday.

We resume, as intimated when we left off, at Cuttack.

" I saw to-day a large hyæna gliding across the compound. I suppose he smelt some dead body on the beach. The Juggernaut pilgrims come from very great distances, and many die on the road. In my compound alone, if I were to collect the skulls, bones, &c., I think I could make up eight or ten human skeletons. The other evening one of my servants came to me, and said, ' If you please, sir, there is a dead pilgrim in the compound, and the matee wants to know if he shall throw it away ;'—that is, throw it down on the bank for the jackals, &c., I would not let him do this, but sent notice to the commanding officer, who sent for the body, and, I suppose, throw it away. About two hours after this my wife was gone to bed, and I was sitting reading, when I felt something on my foot ; I examined, and in my stocking found a large centipede. I contrived to kill him without being stung. * * *

" From the 1st to the 11th of February is the Mohammedan festival of the Mohur-rum, which is a grand scene. Every night drums beat, and dancing and merrymaking are kept up among the men only, as the Mohammedan women are kept in seclusion. In the compound the other day I saw about a dozen men, one of them thumping away on the horrible native drum called a ' tomtom.' Two others held by heavy chains a tall sepoy (this word means a native soldier, and ought to be spelt ' sephai'), who was covered all over with a dress of calico, fitting tight to the skin—so much so that at first I thought he was naked. The calico was painted in alternate stripes of red and yellow, and he had two little yellow horns. I imagine it must have been intended to represent the devil conquered and chained by Mohammed. He made a number of antics, and ended, as all these people do, in begging for a few pice ; I gave him three annas. The station of Cuttack is situated on a small island formed by the confluence of two rivers ; during the hot weather this island becomes a peninsula joined to the main land by a narrow neck of sand. The advantage of this insular position is that, whilst we abound in alligators, we are free from bears and tigers, neither have we so many pariah-dogs as there were about Midnapoor. The opposite bank swarms with tigers, and with a small telescope we can sometimes see them coming down to drink by moonlight. On the opposite bank, all round the island, except to the south, rise the rugged hills which dropped from Vishna's fingers. There is one great comfort here : the sea is about fifty miles from us, in a straight line towards the south, and every evening, at about five o'clock, a deliciously cool sea-breeze sets in from that direction. About seven it becomes quite gusty, and continues to blow until about one in the morning. It is necessary to have lived in such a climate as this to know how truly luxurious such evenings are after the intense heat of the day, which is now rapidly increasing. * * *

" There is also an incessant whistling all around from what we call crickets, though they are somewhat different from those in England. A number of grasshoppers, about two inches long, of a light green, are hopping about on the table, and occasionally on my paper. On the wall are several long-tailed lizards ; they are only slightly venomous ; and, though extremely ugly, we are always glad to see them, because they eat the mosquitoes. Round the ceiling are circling three large bats, which my mungoose, sitting in a corner, keeps watching. Should one fall, he

would seize and devour him in an instant. A wild cat came through the room just now, and took a peep at me; but the mongoose growled, and it ran away. It was small; but it has been very destructive in the poultry-yard."

The story of a native destroyed in the water, between a panther and an alligator, is of the Munchausen vein (where the lion leapt over him into the throat of the huge serpent, and he cut off both their heads at one blow); and the power of the human eye in quailing the *feræ naturæ*, if steadfastly fixed upon them, is exemplified by tales no less marvellous. We will, however, rather pursue the more entertaining:

"At Chindapore four of us one morning started for a walk over the sands. We took no shoes nor stockings, and had our trowsers tucked up to the knees. How we did laugh at evening ourselves! we were like a set of merry boys. Every now and then one of us would step upon a quick-sand and sink down half up his legs, and have to scramble out. Then, as we ran along in the water about six or eight inches deep, we would suddenly see two or three sea-scorpions, and run away or perhaps slip or stumble over a piece of rock, and then down we came, and all roared with laughter, and then the magistrate sang out:

'There was an old man at Birhago,
He lived upon nothing but a go;—
Oh! how he did jump,
When a doctor said, plump,
To a roast leg of mutton you may go.'

I caught a couple of the sea-scorpions; they do not sting, but cut with the edge of their tails, and it is said that the wound is incurable. They are covered with a large shell."

The hunters hear a noise, and the Chaplain goes on:

"'It is a great hyæna!' shouted I, as with another growl an enormous one sneaked out of the bushes up the bank opposite to that on which we stood. Bang! went the Captain's gun and mine at the same time;—down fell the brute, up again, turned round, yelled, and screamed, inclined to make a rush at us. Bang! bang! again with the other barrels, and with a scream the animal bounded off on three legs, his hind thigh having been broken by one of our balls. 'Powder! powder, quickly!' was the cry, and our men handed us the powder and balls: we reloaded as quickly as possible, our hands trembling with excitement.

"'Give chase!' I shouted, and off we set as hard as we could run towards the other bank, where the beast was still running, and turning every now and then to snarl at us. 'Coolies, drive him hither!' cried Captain W., and on we bounded; but the coolies were not at all willing to obey the command, and so we had a long chase. 'I'll fire; you mind him if he turns,' exchanged W. 'Bang!' A yell from the hyæna, and down he rushes towards me. 'Bang!' he's down—no—up again. Another shot from Captain W. and over he tumbles, and is dead in a few minutes.

"The excitement of such a chase is very great. I was hot and tired, and also fat; but when I saw the enormous brute, all was forgotten, and I leaped down the rocks, scrambled up the hills, and bounded over the bushes, as if I had been a boy.

"I and almost all the gentlemen," continues our chatty author, "ride on horse-back, or rather ponyback. At Cuttack only rich civilians keep horses; all we poor, men are content with ponies. I have three beauties: two of them, Birimah ponies, for the carriage, are of a large size, thick built, very strong, and highly valued on account of their hardihood. It is usual to keep their manes cropped close, but I like to see them long. One carries me very well; the other is a saddle-pony, which does either for myself or my wife. It is bay, with black mane and tail, very sleek, with thin ankles and arching neck. Indeed, several people who have looked at him say he is the best-built horse they ever saw. He is full of fire and play, jumps about, and every now and then stands upon his hind legs. But he will not bear to be annoyed by strangers. A friend of mine was riding him one day, and teased him so much that at last he reared and fell over backwards with him. The carriage-horses are what is called sorrel-colour.

"The second drawback to the comfort of Pooree is rather a curious one, and is, I suppose, caused by the wind and the glare of the sun upon the sands. It is the impossibility for any one to keep awake during the day. Towards twelve o'clock an overpowering drowsiness comes on. Once or twice I have resisted it, and on those occasions I verily believe that in the evening, had I shut my eyes, I should have gone to sleep upon my feet. This is the universal complaint of all visitors to that place. The regular residents get over it.

"Talking of the night reminds me of a general habit which would seem very odd to people in England. A person would imagine that every-body is very fidgety at night, and rolls and tosses about a great deal in the very hot weather. To render ourselves more comfortable at such times, we have a number of pillows of all shapes, and sizes, and hardnesses, scattered about the bed. At one roll you lay your leg on one and your arm on another, then you turn over to the other side, and then, throwing your feet on to one pillow, you hold another fast under your arm: that won't do, and you roll over on your back, with one pillow under your knee and another under each arm, and so on through the night. I can assure you that, however absurd it may appear, this multiplicity of pillows is a very great comfort on very hot nights, although when you awake you certainly often find yourself and them in very funny positions.

"We had but little hunting; while we were there one of our party killed a beautiful spotted deer. I shot some peacocks and a jungle-cock. Talking of hunting reminds me of an adventure which I must relate. The commissioner is the stoutest man I have seen in India, although my wife did insinuate the other day that I was nearly as big, but I am not."

We forbear the adventure, for another morsel of the personal:

"The Rajah," (very roughly, contumeliously, and, according to Mr. Acland's account, very improperly treated by the English officials, civil and military, as he also represents the natives almost universally to be,) he relates on an occasion of a visit to one—"the Rajah, I suppose, finding me more civil than the others, gave me a great mark of honour. He took me on his own elephant, while he acted as mahout, and whenever any roughness occurred on the ground he turned to warn me of it. I own that I did not enjoy the honour much. The elephant was covered with a crimson cloth, so that there were no ropes to hold by. The only way in which I could manage was to sit astride. It was really most painful, and I almost doubted whether I should ever be able to get my legs together again. I had two brace of pistols with me. The Rajah appeared very much pleased with them, and, to make up for the rudeness of our party, I gave him one of the pair. He was delighted, and I was sadly laughed at for giving anything to a nigger. His palace is a fine white building on the side of one of the hills."

We shall conclude with two other extracts:

"I could not (Mr. A. says) shoot a monkey, their actions and their cries are so like human beings. I know of a case in which an officer shot one, and the whole herd instantly sprang from the trees and attacked him; it was with difficulty he was saved. They are most interesting creatures."

Our last relates to the ruins of the great ancient city, Bhohoneswar, celebrated for containing 999 temples:

"The natives say that, had there been a thousand Juggernath would have taken up his abode here; but as there were not he preferred having a new temple for himself at Pooree. The ancient city has disappeared, and the town only consists of a few hundred mud huts. The temples, however, remain—some perfect, others in ruins; some facing the street of the modern town, others half hidden in the surrounding jungle. It is a wonderful place, and I hardly know how to describe it.

"At one extremity of the town is a tank, about half a mile square, and of a great depth, entirely faced with huge blocks of black iron-stone. In the centre of this stands a small temple, while the sides are surrounded by others of greater or less size. At the end next the town an enormous flight of steps leads down to the water, where hundreds of pilgrims were hastening to wash themselves before entering the

great temple. The farther end is bordered by a dense and lofty jungle, and in the distance is a splendid background of rugged hills.

"After leaving the burrah tellores (great tank) we walked through a lane of temples, many of which were ruinous, until we came to the grand sacred edifice of the place. The form of this, as, indeed, of most of the others, is similar to that of Pooree. The temple of Bhooneswar is, however, larger, the principal tower being about two hundred feet high. Like all the others, it is built entirely of stone, and every block is most elaborately carved. The various cornices of elephants, horses, &c., are as beautifully executed, as if they had been done by the best European artists. The fretwork is most delicate in its livery, and the many images, though representing grotesque figures, are admirably carved. The whole forms one mass of most splendid sculpture.

"No description would enable the reader to form any idea of the magnificence of this building. Many of the blocks of stone are fifteen, twenty, and twenty-five feet in length, and thick in proportion. It would be curious to discover by what means they were ever raised to the height of above one hundred feet. This temple is still sacred, and we were therefore not allowed to enter it, but we examined the interior of several of the others. The lofty domes were evidently constructed by a people who were ignorant of the use of the arch; they are formed of overlapping stones, approaching nearer and nearer together until they reach the top, where the whole is surmounted by one enormous block.

"We breakfasted in a small tent which we had sent forward to Bhooneswar, and then proceeded in our palanquins to Cundeeegurree, a distance of about seven miles. This latter place consists of three hills, surrounded by the most romantic-looking jungle. Our palanquins were set down in what may be called a forest, at the foot of the principal hill, and crowned by a small but very pretty white temple. These hills are perforated in every direction with caves of various dimensions, and reminded me most forcibly of the ancient Petra. Many of the caves are inhabited by devotees and priests. The god whom they worship is quite unknown to our Hindu servants: he is called Persilath, and is the god of the Jains, who were a powerful race that existed prior to the introduction of the Hindu religion. There are very few of them now remaining. The god is represented as a naked man, standing upright, with his arms hanging down by his sides. In many of the caves are small images of this deity, beautifully cut in a dark blue stone.

"At the summit is a Jain temple, which has been rebuilt within the last two hundred years. The Hindus say that the caves are the works of demons. Above the entrances to many of them are long inscriptions in a forgotten tongue. Several of the letters appear to resemble the Greek; but most of them are different from any known language. The entrance to one of the caverns is through the mouth of an enormous lion's head, cut out of the solid rock: it is exceedingly well executed. The pillars about the doorway are also cut out of the solid rock. Within the lion's mouth is an inscription in two lines, which I copied.

"Many of the caves are large and lofty, others very small: there are some not high enough for a man to stand upright; of these latter several have very small entrances, and in these are devotees who had vowed never to leave them alive. The wonder seems how they could ever have managed to creep in. I saw some of these holy men: one of them had entirely lost his sight; another had his right arm shrivelled, and fixed in an upright position, with the nails, several inches in length, growing through the palm of his hand. What suffering do these heathens endure for the sake of their religion, whilst we are so unwilling to do even a little to please the true God! Their superstitions are most disgusting; but they are a reproach to us, both for our inertness in attempting to convert the Hindus, and also for the contrast they afford to our self-control, who call ourselves Christians.

"In the solid rock of these hills have been excavated some tanks; but the most marvellous thing of all is the palace of the ancient Rajahs. This, like all the rest, is hollowed out of the solid stone, and consists of two stories: the lower comprises a good-sized square court, surrounded on all sides by large excavated chambers. Into this yard you are obliged to descend from above.

"The upper floor is similarly cut, except that a large portion of the rock has been cut away before the entrances were made to the chambers. The consequence is that

there is a broad terrace overlooking the rooms beneath, and upon which the several apartments of the upper story open. What labour must have been employed in making these extraordinary excavations ! The chambers are narrow, about twelve feet wide, but many of them are long ; speaking from conjecture, I should say that one of them was not less than forty feet, the length corresponding with the direction of the side of the quadrangle. The entrance-walls (if I may call them so) seem to have been much ornamented ; but what struck me most was a statue, cut, of course, out of the solid rock, and supporting one side of an ornamented entrance to one of the chambers. The statue, the natives say, is intended to represent the Rajah who founded the palace ; it is nearly the size of life, and well preserved. The right arm hangs down by the side, the left is bent at the elbow, the hand resting on the hip. On the head appears to be a close helmet, with, I think, scales down each side of the face. The dress consists of a short shirt of scale-armour reaching down to the thigh, below this hangs a cloth skirt to the knees ; hanging from the shoulder behind is a short cloak resembling that worn by our modern horsemen ; round the waist is a sash or loose belt ; boots reaching half way to the knees, and at the side is a double-edged Roman sword. Now, to what nation or people such a dress as this can have belonged I cannot conceive. I feel confident that no people of India have ever worn such garments ; yet, when I look at this dress, and consider the Grecian nature of many of the letters in the inscriptions, and the un-Indian appearance of the pillars in the lion's mouth, I cannot help asking myself whether it is possible that, when Alexander was stopped by the Affghans, any of his people ventured still farther into the country, and after various wanderings, founded Cundee gurree, as conquerors of the district. Or, if I wish to turn my speculations in another direction, I may examine the dress, carved in stone, and that statue, and think of the name of the reputed founder, Lalal, India, Kesari (quære Caesar ?) All this, however, is mere speculation, as I have no sufficient data at present by which to arrive at any conclusion. There is a much longer inscription very correctly copied in Stirling's 'History of Orissa.'—*Lit. Gaz.*

Extracts from Mr. Acland's Book.

HAVING so far made use of the pages of the *London Literary Gazette*, we shall proceed to point out such errors as have escaped the English Editor uninitiated in the mysteries of "Indian Manners and Customs ;" not to take up the reader's time however, we shall only make such short comments as occur to us ; as we think it our duty to point out errors of the description herein noticed, and which occur chiefly in the first chapters of the author's work ; these, however, rapidly vanish as he gains local experience. And all that it is here necessary for us to do, is to point out the absurdity of authors attempting to write on "The manners and customs of a country," at least until they are out of their griffinage. With this view therefore, but without the slightest disrespect to the late Rev. gentleman, who, we believe, would have blushed at this indiscretion on the part of his friends, we proceed with our extracts and comments.

The author relates what we should term a very unpleasant luxury, and of which we never heard before !

"When my wife goes to sleep, the little black boy, with no covering on but a pair of drawers and a cap, stands near and fans her, while every now and then he sprinkles her face with water as she reclines on the sofa."

The following may be common among *Punches* "fastman," but we deny its general application, though coming from an English Clergyman it will of course be believed as a usual "custom :"

"Some English persons on going for a walk may be seen carrying a whip, with which, if the natives are at all troublesome, they lash them ; but this is a cruel practice."

He was ordered up to Assam and gives the following amusing description of his preparations, reminding us more of a journey in the backwoods of Australia.

"We shall have to travel in a little boat called a *budgeon* (budgerow ?) with two cabins, up to Gowhattie. *The boatmen are black, and we shall be the only passengers on board.* We must be provided besides with two other boats, the one with the fowls and goats in it for cooking, and the other for the luggage. We shall be rather more than two months on the voyage, and must take with us *enough provisions for a year.* When we reach Gowhattie the boat must serve us for a home until *we have built one with mats and reeds.*"

His destination is however changed to Midnapoor and Cuttack, of the former he says—

"Midnapoor standing on a high hill will be the best for the wet weather."

Midnapoor is not more than 100 feet above the sea, and the high hill averages 60 feet !

Speaking of his journey from Calcutta to Midnapoor he writes—

"*The principal dangers we have to apprehend on our journey to Midnapoor are the dacoits, or mountain robbers, the tigers, and the sudden swelling of the rivers from the rains.*" Again, "at new and full moon there is what is called a "Bore" in the River Hooghly, that is, the tide, instead of coming up gradually, swells up in one large wave. When I saw it the other day it rose 30 feet in height."

A very pretty list of dangers truly for a short journey of 75 miles, the only real one being the swelling of the rivers, in August, when the author travelled; as to the "Bore" we do not believe its rising 30 feet in a body, can any one imagine a body of water, the height of a two-storied house coming on the Padree's budgerow, and that he should have lived to tell the tale.

We pass over the accounts of the "nine Indians" who managed his boat—of the "bangh wallers" alias "banghley-whallers," who carried his "tin boxes called petarralis," and come to the following bit of advice :

"But when you go on a visit, you must be careful to take *your own servants, sheets, towels and soap*" (rather severe on the then judge) "at whose house we stayed until I could choose a home for myself."

We are introduced to his farm yard, in which there is an interloper, novel and amusing.

"I have a flower and kitchen garden, fowl house, and place for goats, kitchen, stable, cow-house, and a *banyan tree*."

We dislike exaggeration, especially in one of the author's cloth, some of his descriptions have already been termed "Munchausens" by the *Literary Gazette*, and so may the following :—

"The white ants, which come in a swarm, and in *one night will devour a table or a shelf full of books*. You may come down in the morning and find your table and books apparently all right, but no sooner do you touch them than *they all crumble away to powder.*"

This arises from writing from hearsay. He gives the following amusing list of his *household*; here we find another interloper new to us *as a domestic*:

"I keep as few domestics as I can; but am obliged to have *eleven men and one woman*. The men are

- 1 *Consummar*! or headman.
- 1 *Kitmutgar*! or waiter at table.
- 1 *Sirdar* who attends to lamps, furniture, &c.
- 1 *Bearer* who works the punkah, and helps the sirdar (poor devil!)
- 1 *Diggee*, or tailor, who mends stockings, and makes gowns, coats, shirts, &c.!
- 2 *Maistrees*, or carpenters (!)
- 2 *Moltees*, or gardeners.
- 1 *Matee*, who sweeps the rooms and keeps them in order (!)
- 1 *Beastee*, or water carrier.

"We neither feed nor clothe them.

"They are a thievish set, and we dare not leave anything in their way that they can steal."

Perhaps the Padree could have named a Utopia where they *can* with impunity leave "anything in their way *that they can steal*."

"Every morning the mollee, or gardener, brings in a basket of vegetables for us to look at, and select what we shall require for the day's consumption."

We can imagine the happy pair selecting the peas and cauliflowers, and making a present of the *say* to the mollee!

He gives an amusing account of an Indian dinner party.

"At a dinner party every one brings his or her own table servant. This assemblage has a very pretty appearance? *The ladies are all in white dresses and short sleeves*, and the gentlemen in white jackets and trowsers, except the Major and myself; he wears a red jacket, and I a black cassock. Behind each chair stands a dark-brown man with long black beard and mustachios, dressed in a sort of white tunic and a white turban with a coloured sash wound several times round the waist; as it would be the greatest mark of disrespect for a servant to appear in the presence of his master with covered feet *they all leave their shoes outside the door*. After the meat is cleared away, before the puddings are brought in the *servants go out and smoke for five minutes*."

This fully accounts for the unconscionable time between the courses at an Indian dinner party and was unknown to us, but this comes of peeping into the "customs." We have now another instance of "the manners and customs of India."

"The other day my basin had not been emptied. I told the barah (?) of it, whose business it is to attend to my apartment, and he went a hundred yards or more to call the *matee*, because it would have been beneath his dignity to throw the water out into the adjoining bath room."

The following "custom" is new to us:

"When a native dies his body is burnt, and to make the funeral pile *every native keeps four or five large trees growing in his garden*."

Again speaking of *the dreaded white ants*, he writes—

"If let alone they would, in about two days have eaten up the chest of drawers, all my clothes, and every thing in the room," of course including his chilumchee!

We must give another instance of "the customs"—

"I had the other day an instance of the extent to which servants carry the system of doing each his own work and no one's else. I had been feeding the parrots with a little rice and had spilt a few grains of it upon the table. I called the barah, or furniture cleaner : he said it was the parrot's food, and therefore it was the waiter's business to clean it up. I told him to do as he was bid, but he would not, and then I said, that if he did not, I should discharge him with a character for disobedience ; this he preferred to doing what he considered was not his own work, so I sent him away at once."

We give a verdict of "served him right." He next instances a proof of the natural *politeness* inherent in the native character ! and says :

"The other day my wife was making up her accounts, and asked the *hitmutgar*, how much he had given for a certain article ; the man said "three rupees." My wife replied, that she did not think he had given so much ; he answered "yes, three rupees." She said, "now I don't believe you gave more than two rupees ;" to which the answer was, "yes, I gave two rupees." Still she did not credit him, and said, "now I am sure you only gave one rupee ;" and he replied, "yes, one rupee," and he was quite satisfied ; and all this time he answered as *calmly as possible*, and did not appear in the least ashamed ; and yet this man is considered a very good servant, and whom I believe to be as honest as any one I have."

During an Earthquake at Midnapoor, "which lasted ten minutes," he says, "I was quite startled ; and proceeding to my wife's bedroom, *advised her* to get up and put on something warm, lest we should have to pass the night out of doors. I then went to the store-room, and *made the best provision I could for a bivouac !*"

He must have been a cool hand to have thought of all this whilst his house was shaking for ten minutes !

We have next an instance of a native "Cabal ;" he was going to Cuttack :

"I wanted six carts ; about a dozen of them are come, and there is now a crowd of *native savages* round the door, disputing as to who shall go ; and they are making so much noise that I was compelled to go out and stop the cabal. I took a *good thick stick*, as if I were about to beat them, I called out "choop" (silence) as loud as I could, I then explained that I only wanted six hackeries. Then began a vociferation as to whose were the best, "choop—will ye choop ?" I roared again. I then called the *mollee*, and desired him to turn out all the bullocks, for they had unfastened those which drew the carts, and let them loose in the *rice ground in the compound*, which was just ready for cutting. This order I halloed out loud enough for the men to hear ; and told him, as soon as he had done that, to come to me for a *crowbar to break to pieces* all the hackeries but six. This made them submit ; and although they still continued making a great chattering, yet they soon began harnessing their bullocks. With these people, we are obliged to appear very severe. They despise us as being of no caste, and were we *not to be firm*, they would imagine we were afraid of them.

Imagine a "roaring" Padree taming "the savages" in the shape of *mild Hindoo-hackerymen !*

The following sporting intelligence did not attract the attention of the *Literary Gazette* :

"I will relate one instance, and a very remarkable one, of the advantage of carrying loaded pistols in this country. Major M., now the second in command at Midnapoor, was one day out with some friends, sitting quietly under the shade of a bank, when suddenly a tiger sprang out of a jungle, seized the Major by the leg, threw him over his shoulders and trotted off with him. The Major's companions raised a loud shout ; but the beast was hungry, and did not choose to be frightened from his meal. The Major however fortunately had a brace of loaded pistols in his belt ; he pulled out one, and fired it at the head of the tiger as it carried him off. It flashed in the pan ; and almost in despair he seized the other, and shot the tiger dead

on the spot. The only injury the Major received was a broken and lacerated leg, which has rendered him in some measure a cripple ever since. *This story I know to be true*, both from the Major himself and from those who were with him."

The adventure is a good one, and true; but not unworthy of a "Joot-Sing."

Here is another sporting adventure :

"A small party went out for a day's pleasure a little while ago from Midnapoor. They went to Ghope, a most beautiful spot at about *five miles* distance. After rambling about they went into an old house which is there, with an excellent appetite for dinner. The cook-room was about a hundred yards from the house. They waited and waited, and no dinner came; and at last one of the gentlemen went to see the cause of the delay, when lo ! as if watching for the dinner, there was an *enormous black bear*, sitting half way between the house and the cook-room. They shouted and tried to drive him away; but no, *Faster Bruin* only growled; he did not see why he should not have something to eat. None of the party had guns; and they say that they were kept waiting five hours without their dinner before the beast's patience was exhausted and he stalked off."

Happily we here get a scale by which to measure the author's exaggerations, Gope Ghur, which is here stated to be five miles from Midnapoor, is only two miles distant!

At Balasore the couple occupied the "Circuit house," but as these Government buildings are not extravagantly furnished, they had a *rather comical situation* when

"The excise officer and his daughter came in, the deficiency in the furniture was at once made manifest. There was Mr. and Mrs. B., Mrs. Acland and I, *with only two chairs amongst us*, and these like all the Indian chairs, *were arm chairs*, so that we could not even manage by sitting *two on one chair*: so Mrs. B. and my wife had the two chairs, and Mr. B. and I *sat upon the table*—rather a high one it was—so that our feet dangled about half way between our seat and the floor."

The above would have made a good scene for a caricature. The Padre describes himself as a very short and very fat gentleman always dressed in a cassock.

The author gives a capital Parody on the Palkee Bearers' Songs. He says—

"I ought to mention the chant of the palanquin bearers; though they keep to the same sing song tune, yet they generally invent the words as they go along. I will give a sample, as well as I could make it out of what my bearers sang the other night; I have tried to render their words as nearly as I could into English, so as to preserve the metre. The poetry must be improved. Each line is sung in a different voice; in the following, for instance, the first line would be sung in the usual voice, the second very high, the third in a sort of gruff tone :

"Oh, what a heavy bag !
 "No, it's an Elephant :
 "He is an awful weight,
 "Let's throw his palkee down—
 "Let's set him in the mud—
 "Let's leave him to his fate,
 "No, for he 'll be angry then
 "Ay, and he will beat us then,
 "With a thick stick
 "Then let's make haste and get along,
 "Jump along quick."

"And then suiting the action to the word, off they set in a nasty jog—but, which rattled every bone in my body, keeping chorus all the time of "Jump along quick,

jump along quick," until they were obliged to stop for laughing. The second sample is from the men who carried Mrs. Acland, and is in quite a different metre. I must tell you that "cubbadar" means take care, and "baba" (pronounced "barba") means young lady :—

1.	2.	3.
"She's not heavy,	Trim the torches,	Carry her gently,
Cubbadar !	Cubbadar !	Cubbadar !
Little baba,	For the road's rough	Little baba
Cubbadar !	Cubbadar !	Cubbadar !
Carry her swiftly,	Here the bridge is	Sing so cheerily
Cubbadar !	Cubbadar !	Cubbadar !
Pretty baba	Pass it swiftly	Pretty baba
Cubbadar !	Cubbadar !	Cubbadar !
Cubbadar !	Cubbadar !	Cubbadar !
Cubbadar !	Cubbadar !	Cubbadar !

Henceforth the author is more careful in his relations of "the manners and customs," and as we have gone at such length into his book, we must deny ourselves the pleasure of his description of Mofussil society, and a batchelor's dinner party—interspersed with numerous anecdotes of tigers, monkeys, &c. &c., to which we recommend the attention of our readers.

The Hall and the Hamlet; or, Scenes and Characters of Country Life. By William Howitt, 2 vols. Colburn.

HERE are two entertaining volumes by Mr. Howitt :—having the raciness and value of characteristic nationality, and in many passages the grace of eloquent and picturesque description. There are few who know the rural life of England better than the author ;—and, seeing that its forms and features bid fair to undergo an entire change even while we look on, a faithful record of them has more than a fictitious value. We believe, as we have elsewhere said [see *Athen.* No. 966, p. 448], that there is small danger of character dying out in Old England ;—that independence is as resolute, eccentricity as whimsical in

"Our streets and squares and village greens,"

as they were in the days when Shakspeare made *Master Slender* entertain the Flower of Windsor with his small-talk about "Sackerson the Bear" by way of wonder. But as every half century produces its new class of workers or dreamers—like wave displacing wave—we are glad to have the humourists no less than the Cynthias of past epochs properly registered ; and while we wait for the Romance of Engineering, to accept the Romance of Agriculture.

The first volume of 'The Hall and the Hamlet' consists of an interesting tale entitled, 'The Yorkshire Family.' There is much love in it of the generous kind,—self-sacrifice,—many vicissitudes of fortune, and some nice markings of character. Let us instance a miller and his wife of a pattern entirely new ; to the truth of which we are ready to make affidavit.—

"The mill was finished, and was now grinding away as briskly as it had ever done in the days of its former activity. A steady miller had been engaged, and now, with

his wife and two or three chubby children, inhabited the old miller's cottage close by, which also had been put into thorough repair. The finishing of the mill, and the 'house-warming' of the miller's cottage, had been celebrated by a supper at old Jacob Scantlebury's, at which Marcus Welstead presided, and his three sons were present. * * * He was pleased to see so respectable a thing again on his estate. He was glad to see that business came pouring in too, and after the first 'oast of prosperity to the mill, he had actually given, 'Prosperity to Jacob Scantlebury, and may he continue to grind his corn in the new-risen mill for many a long year.' Old Jacob was at first quite knocked down by this unexpected kindness; but he got over it, and in rising to return thanks got into such a rambling and tangled discourse, where all sorts of scriptural metaphors and sayings were turned topsy-turvy, as made much more laughter and merriment than the wittiest fellow in Christendom could have done. 'Onions and garlic in the flesh-pots of Egypt' were brought in to illustrate the jolly old state of things to which he had so often looked back. He declared that he had sate looking on the desolate old building for many and many a day from his windows, like a spar on the house-top, till he felt 'like a brother of dragons and a consoler of owls.' But 'line upon line, and pre-a-cept upon pre-a-cept,' had done the work, as it always would. He had always admired the maxim, 'that he that puts his hand to the plough should never look back to the harrow,' or he would neither plough nor harrow, and then the miller would have nothing to grind. He was for stroke upon stroke, and heap upon heap, as Sampson said when he slew a thousand men with the jaw-bone of his ass. He likened himself and the miller to the two women who were grinding, and one was taken and the other left. It would soon be his lot to be taken; his grinders were wearing fast away; but he should always reflect with pleasure, after he was dead, that there would be work for the grinders of the fresh generation for many a day from the old mill again. He had often felt lonesome in the old house, when the mill stood still; but now the mill-wheel was good company for him, and the water dashing over it as good as a song—to say nothing of the miller himself—when he came out for a bit of a chat in the evening. But if Mr. Jacob was confused, his wife was confusion itself. She occupied the head of the table, and with the exhilaration of the evening, became most talkative. She declared that so solitary had their house been before the mill was inhabited again, that she used to hear the birds snoring in the woods as she sate on the hearth (she had heard the wood-pigeons cooing). There was no Christian creature nearer than Benton, the cooper house, (Benton, the cooper's house, she never used the possessive case,) and the screaming of farmer Rudley geese was the only rational sound that reached her from morning till night. Now, she saw something entertaining every day. There was always a-going and a-coming from night till morning. Yesterday, old Watkisson horse had dropped down dead at the mill door, and died directly. One day, there was actually a hawker crying a interesting murder, and the other day three sailors had lost their way in the valley, because they had come so far without seeing anybody to ask."

It is in the delineation of quaint human beings of this description that Mr. Howitt's strength and humour consist. Others have better hit off those difficult beings called country gentlemen and ladies; but he has entire command over country folks, with their bewilderment and shrewdness,—their credulity and strong sense,—their awkward kindliness and hospitality,—their warm and homely feeling. Of this we could give ample proofs from the second volume of 'The Hall and the Hamlet,' were it not a collection of scattered sketches which have already appeared in the periodicals. The book deserves a place in the library of Fiction not far from the village-books of Miss Mitford.—*Athenæum.*

Sarawak: its Inhabitants and Productions; being Notes during a Residence in that Country with H. H. the Rajah Brooke. By Hugh Low, Colonial Secretary at Labuh-an. Bentley.

THESE productions, each in its particular way, form an important addition to our knowledge of the Asiatic archipelago,—and of the now interesting island of Borneo in particular. Mr. Marryat is a not inexperienced draughtsman, and has here turned his skill to good account.—Mr. Low's work is of a more purely scientific character; and although from its not dealing with perilous personal adventure it will not supply the general reader with matter as exciting as some others recently published on the same subject, it largely compensates for this by the various information which it furnishes of a practical nature. It aims at being useful—and, we may add, achieves its aim. A word as to the writer's means of obtaining information,—with a view to the appreciation of its value.

His first object in Sarawak was the collection of specimens of its natural history—plants and seeds, principally. On the death of the gallant Mr. Williamson—whose fall and funeral are so impressively narrated in Capt. Keppel's journal,—he succeeded that gentleman as Mr. Brooke's secretary. Altogether, he remained thirty months on the island; and his particular pursuits carried him further into the interior than any European before him, and brought him into more frequent contact with the daily life and unconstrained courtesies of the Malay and Dyak races than any previous writer. Those advantages add greatly to the worth of his book and the weight of his observations. No prior publication on the same subject can pretend to equal fulness and accuracy of information respecting the country—the principality of the Sarawak in particular,—either with regard to its natural productions or to the character and condition of its inhabitants. While some points of very considerable interest to the theologian and ethnologist yet remain to be cleared up,—difficulties which now confuse our knowledge of the early settlements and prevailing religion of the islands of Eastern Polynesia,—something towards their elucidation has been already done by Mr. Low: and since he has acquired a more extensive acquaintance with the native languages of Borneo, his sphere of usefulness is commensurately enlarged.

This book opens with a sketch, by way of introduction, of the life of Mr. Brooke:—but no new facts are added to those of which the public were already in possession. The first three chapters are occupied with the natural history and productions of Sarawak and Borneo generally. The information contained in these is of great importance to persons engaged in commerce. The most valuable minerals abound in the island. Mr. Low considers the coal of Borneo superior in some respects to that of Newcastle. Gold, tin, and nickel are likewise found—the first in considerable quantities; as are also diamonds. But the most abundant and profitable mineral is the antimony ore. Amongst vegetable productions, the sugarcane, nutmegs and other spices, rice, sago, pepper, coffee, cotton, &c. are enumerated; and in the Fauna of the island, the rhinoceros, the bear, deer, panther, monkey, &c. have a place. But to us, by far the most interesting portion of the work is that which treats of the natural and

social history of the interesting, but as yet imperfectly known, Dyak and Malay tribes. Mr. Low, as we have said, has had opportunities of studying these primitive races under aspects which no other European writer has enjoyed; and his deliberate opinions are entitled to consideration even when they militate against generally accepted notions—the more so, as the results of Mr. Brooke's government point to similar conclusions. The sum of Mr. Low's experience and observation raises the inference that the Malays are a somewhat maligned race, morally and intellectually. In Europe the idea of a Malay is inseparably connected with that of a pirate; and his general picture is that of a cunning, cruel, conscienceless tyrant. That he has many vices—great national vices—is not denied; but it is contended that they are incidental and accidental—not the natural or necessary effect of imperfect moral organization. The Malay has many native virtues,—though these virtues often assume forms which appear strange to Christian minds,—and great capacity for improvement. Mr. Low thinks that in general he would bear a not unfavourable comparison with the lower classes of uncultivated Europeans. The Malays are Mohammedans in religion—and, as they were converted by sereibs from Arabia, are of the Suuni, or orthodox, sect. Like most ignorant people, they are extremely superstitious; and the “descendants of the prophet,” as all the Arabs on the island profess themselves to be, are treated by them with high respect and consideration. Mr. Low, speaking of the Sereibs, says: “These priestly hypocrites, constantly interfering to promote their own private ends, cause infinite mischief.” They pretend to the possession of supernatural power; and abuse the religious feelings of the people in order to extort unjust concessions from their fears. For example—

“On one occasion a man of rank, who ought to have known better, informed me seriously that a certain vagabond of this class, called Mulana, who had cajoled the Rajah out of the government of the Kalekka river, had only been prevented by the earnest entreaties of Sereib Sahib from removing the island of Pulau Barong, opposite the Sadong river, to the neighbourhood of the Kalekka river. As this threat and entreaty took place before a large assemblage of people, it is probable that the two hypocritical Arabs had contrived the scene to impress the vulgar with an awe of their persons. The generality of the natives of the Pa-mutus believe, or pretend to believe, that had not Sereib Sahib so earnestly entreated him to desist, the Tuan Mulana, as he was called, would have ordered the island to remove, and that it would accordingly have stationed itself opposite Kalekka. This Mulana, who died last May, was discovered to be an Arab, who, having arrived poor at Penang, was befriended by a rich countryman, who advanced him goods to the amount of 4,000 dollars, that he might go on a trading voyage to the Archipelago. It is useless to add that the friendly merchant never heard again from his holy debtor; but having accidentally found out the place of his residence, he sent his son to demand the debt. It was not denied, and a box was offered to the young man which was said to contain jewels, &c., to the amount. The merchant could never recover any of his money, the Tuan Mulana having spent it on his numerous concubines and slaves. He was in the habit of sending charms and jackets which were inscribed with the verses of the Koran to the chiefs of Sarawak as presents, of course expecting a valuable consideration in return; but of late years the old gentleman did not find this plan of raising money at all productive.”

Yet how easy it would be to parallel this anecdote from the historic archives of, nominally, more enlightened nations!

Like the Turks and Persians, the Malays practically disregard some of the better precepts of the founder of their faith.

"The Malays strangely disregard the instructions of the Koran, which tells them that no true believer can be retained in slavery, so that the nations of the west are always obliged to find some method of proving that their prisoners are not of the orthodox faith before they keep them in slavery. The Malays, on the contrary, rarely allow infidels who have by any means come into their hands long to remain in ignorance of the true faith. The first act of their masters is to cause them all, both men and women, to be circumcised; nor do the Dyaks in general exhibit the least reluctance to embrace Islamism, considering it more as consisting in the use of the better clothes of the Malays than as a ceremony affecting their future state, of which, during their adoption of their new faith, they hear very little; but they look upon the Malays always with respect, and consider that an appeal to the book—as the Koran is called—is unanswerable, though it is believed that no person residing in the town of Sarawak, priest or layman, could translate a single chapter of it."

The institution of slavery here—as in ancient Rome—includes insolvent debtors. The following observation might readily be mistaken for a translation of a page from Levesque's account of the laws of the Twelve Tables:—

"Slave debtors differ but little in the estimation in which they are held, and in their duties, from slaves, but they have the privilege of freeing themselves if they can raise the money to pay the debt with its enormous accumulation of interest. Another privilege is, that they cannot be sold or transferred but with their own consent. No institution of the Malays has been more abused than this system of taking the persons for slaves of such as have become indebted to them. I have seen instances where, for the trifling amount of a very few dollars, borrowed from the pangran to pay perhaps an exaction of his own, which by the accumulation of interest, perhaps fifty per cent. monthly, had increased to so large an amount that whole families were obliged to submit themselves as slave debtors to their creditor. As it is impossible for them ever to raise the constantly increasing amount, this state of slavery is hopeless."

Polygamy is another of the native institutions; owing to which and the scarcity of women which is the consequence, it frequently happens that free persons of the poorer classes are unable to get married at all—unless they will consent to sell themselves into slavery in order to raise the money, or serve a certain number of years for that purpose:—an institution which has flourished in the East from the days of the Hebrew patriarchs. The price which the poor man pays for a wife is about the same as he would have to pay for a slave. Daughters are, consequently, highly prized; and are often cherished as much as sons—though the prayers of the parents are said to be invariably for male children.

Of the different Dyak races—the sea Dyak and land Dyak of Mr. Brooke's classification—the account given by Mr. Low is less fragmentary than those rendered by his predecessors. After reading his statements we feel that our impression of the Dyak character is more particular, distinct, and definite, than it was before. Like the Negro, the Dyak is largely endowed with the domestic instincts—an element of considerable importance for his future civilization. He is chaste and manly in his affections and passionately fond of his offspring. The great national vice is the destructive passion for taking heads—making an abundant population absolutely impossible. None of the great sacraments of life can—or at least could—be performed without taking of heads. The lover must cut off a head before he could marry—the son must have a head to present before he could bury his dead parent. Heads must be produced at all solemnities—at seed time and at harvest. Before Mr. Brooke's arrival at Sarawak this

custom was universal. A warrior's heads were not merely a matter of pride to him, as scalps are to an American Indian—but of necessity a strict account is kept of the balance of heads between different tribes;—and hostilities are perpetually renewed, as favourable opportunities offer, with a view to the re-adjustment of that balance. This running account between the savages of Dyak tribes reminds us forcibly of similar accounts long and rigorously kept between Italian families in the days of chivalry, and between the clans of the Scotch highlands almost within memory.—

“A hill chief once told me that he durst not travel into another country, which he wished to visit, as their people were the enemies of his tribe; when I asked him in surprise, having supposed that he was at peace with every one except the people of Shakarran, he told me that in the time of his grandfather the people of the other tribe had killed four of his, and that in retaliation his tribe had killed three of the other, so that there was a balance of one in his favour, which had never been settled, nor had any hostilities been carried on for many years, yet all intercourse between the tribes had ceased, and they could only meet in a hostile character.”

When peace is effected between the belligerents, the losing tribe—that which has lost the greater number of heads—is entitled to compensation (not a bad hint to European international legislation) at a fixed value—namely, about 25 dollars for males and 15 or 20 dollars for females. The debts, however, of some of the tribes are so vast that there is no possibility of their ever being liquidated. The public liabilities of England form a mere trifle in comparison with some of these burdens!

The Dyaks are not Mussulmans. Some few traces of the ancient Hindoo rites are still found amongst them; but their religion is very vague and their ritual meagre. They invariably attach the idea of the supernatural to power. Mr. Brooke is believed to be a god,—and they supplicate him as such in their devotions. But when he visits their residences, instead of supplication—

“They each bring a portion of the Padi-seed they intend to sow next season, and with the necklaces of the women, which are given to him for that purpose, and which, having been dipped into a mixture previously prepared, are by him shaken over the little basins which contain the seed, by which process he is supposed to render them very productive. Other tribes, whom from their distance he cannot visit, send down to him for a small piece of white cloth, and a little gold and silver, which they bury in the earth of their farms, to attain the same result. On his entering a village, the women also wash and bathe his feet, first with water, and then with the milk of a young cocoa-nut, and afterwards with water again: all this water, which has touched his person, is preserved for the purpose of being distributed on their farms, being supposed to render an abundant harvest certain. On one occasion, having remarked that the crops of rice of the Samban tribe were thin; the chief immediately observed that they could not be otherwise, as they had never been visited by the Rajah, and he begged of me to try and induce Mr. Brooke to visit them, to remove the causes which had rendered their crop a small one.”

To the philosophic mind these simple notes suggest not unimportant reflections. What shape will Mr. Brooke's personality and ministry assume in the Dyak myths and traditions of twenty centuries hence? Will not a Niebuhr perceive in these events the counterpart of mythical transactions in Roman and Hellenic histories—and apply the light which they afford to the elucidation of many mysterious passages in the early records of these nations?

We cannot close these volumes without cordially recommending them to the further acquaintance of such of our readers as feel an interest in their subject. Mr. Low's book must necessarily form a part of any collection of works on the Eastern Archipelago—and there are few of those works which will not be understood the better by the help of Mr. Marryatt's pictures. To the letter-press of the latter we do not refer at present;—first, because it is intrinsically of little value even if its statements might be relied on,—and secondly, because it contains some of the latter which would demand our rebuke. Circumstances known to us—and to which to-day we will not more particularly advert—leave us uncertain whether or not we may return to this publication at a future time for an examination of its written contents.—*Athenæum*.

Savindroog; or the Queen of the Jungle. By Captain Rafter, late of the 95th Regiment, 3 vols. Longmans.

AFTER the manner of Baillie Fraser and Morier, Captain Rafter has sought in the rich fields of India, to twine upon the string of romance a series of pictures of curious eastern manners and remarkable customs, descriptions of religious ceremonies and popular amusements, and examples of literature, occasionally turned in poetic versions. The attempt is a step in the right direction, and the execution worthy of it. Our only objection might be, that it was too elaborate, and must have worn the subjects threadbare; but that the gallant author assures us that if his first essay is successful (of which there cannot be a doubt), he has materials enough in store to follow it up with another: perhaps with a line of orient fictions. The romance involves the adventures of a daring Bhed chief and a princess of Mysore; but we will leave their adventures and the loves and deaths of others connected therein to our readers, who will find plenty of imagination and interest to carry them through to the end. As an example, however, of the various scenes illustrative of the declared objects of the work, we select from battles, durbars, conspiracies, and fifty other things with strange Indian titles, portions of a chapter, "The Juggler," which will give some idea of the talent with which Captain Rafter has performed his task:

"The festival had commenced on the plain, in whose fertile bosom Maugree is situated; and the delighted subjects of the new Maha Rajah were celebrating his birth-day with all the enthusiasm peculiar to their race.

"Mountebanks of all descriptions, such as jugglers, *hawt-pootly wallahs**, *prasaharies*† and other wandering artists, who abound in that region of credulity had been attracted to the secluded territory of Kempé by the fame of his liberality. These were now in full activity, pursuing their respective avocations to the admiration of the gaping multitude; amongst whom presents and refreshments of every description and variety were profusely distributed by the officers of the household; whilst the lord of the feast and his distinguished visitors mingled with the happy throng, entering into their simple pastimes, and sharing in all their joyous hilarity.

* Puppet-show men, who in India are of a very superior description to their European brethren.

† Strolling actors.

"One part of the field displayed a foot-race between a party of Bheels, whose active limbs and eager eyes were strained to the utmost to win the embroidered shawl that flaunted in the distance. Another party were wheeling the *Mukdurs** round their heads, and bending the steel bow, to win some handsome prize appropriate to the occasion. Beyond, a body of cavalry were scouring across the plain, waging a mimic war, retreating and advancing by turns; their shields and lances glittering in the sun, and their golden pennons flapping in the breeze. Beside the jungle's shady screen a band of archers were exhibiting the wondrous accuracy of aim for which the Bheels are celebrated: some of their arrows were pointed, some crescent-shaped, some had flat, sharp edges, and others were furnished with rounded heads to stun or slightly wound. The elasticity and power of their bows, which were made of bamboo, sent the 'winged messengers' an incredible distance; and woe to the bird that ventured to hover within range, for neither the irregularity of its motions nor the rapidity of its flight could save it from the deadly weapons.

"Another part of the plain was occupied by the *Jhettries*, a tribe of Athletæ for which the Mysore was famous, and who claim as their patron Crishna (or Kistna) the Hindoo Apollo. These combatants, clad in a single garment of light orange-coloured drawers extending halfway down the thigh, and adorned with garlands of flowers, advanced into the arena; armed for their pugilistic encounters, with the *Vajrar Moostee*, or horn cæstus, which they wielded with singular adroitness, in striking and warding off the blows of their adversaries. The symmetry of their forms was unequalled; the feats of strength and agility they displayed were wonderful; and the beauty of their attitudes excited universal admiration.

"Not far from these were the Loolis, or tumblers and rope-dancers, whose bodies were lithe and supple as those of serpents; and who, in addition to other singular feats, sprang over the backs of camels, and even of elephants, with graceful agility. Their exploits never failed to call forth the plaudits of the multitude; and an occasional shower of rupees from the generous giver of the feast, amply repaid them for their labours.

"In the diversity of mountebanks who thronged to the festival there were not wanting some of a religious cast; for religion is too often used as a means of attracting popular favour or pecuniary recompense. Several Yogies, accordingly, appeared on the scene; displaying various modes of penance, or insensibility to physical torture: their melancholy exhibitions had some admirers, of course, amongst the over-pious part of the community, who regarded them as a certain means of enforcing a passage to heaven; but the more joyous and light-hearted souls gladly gave them up for more frolicsome scenes.

"These were to be had in variety and abundance, comprising the exhibitions of wrestlers, boxers, tumblers, jugglers swallowing swords and piping to dancing snakes; dancing men and women, and masquerading processions, in which gods and goddesses, rajahs and ranees, were represented in all the glories of paint and tinsel. Some of the company engaged in the game of *pauchees*, for the rage of gambling is strong among the Hindoos. Others formed a circle round a *Kisago*† in the shade, and listened eagerly to his characteristic recital of some popular tale, or graphic legend of mythology—the 'Avatars of Vishnu,' or the 'Churning of the Ocean.' Not far from the story-teller sat a minstrel; who, crowned with lotus flowers, awoke the melodious powers of his veena, and sang in measured numbers from the *Gita Govinda*‡ the loves of Heri or Crishna, when

* Heavy clubs of teak or black wood, used something like dumb-bells for exercising the muscles of the chest and arms.

† A professional teller of stories and romances.

‡ The songs of Jyadeva, a celebrated Hindoo poet.

the incarnate god dwelt on the winding banks of Yamuna,* and sported with the Gopiah in the flowery glades of Vindravana.

“ ‘The moon spread a net of beams,’ sang the minstrel, ‘over the groves of Vindravan, and looked like a drop of liquid sandal on the face of the sky, which smiled like a beautiful damsel.

“ ‘With a garland of wild flowers descending to the yellow mantle that girds his azure limbs, distinguished by smiling cheeks, and by earrings that sparkle as he plays, Heri exults in the assemblage of amorous damsels. One of them presses him with her swelling breast, while she warbles with exquisite melody. Another, affected by a glance from his eye, stands meditating on the lotus of his face. A third, on pretence of whispering a secret in his ear, approaches his temples and kisses them with ardour. One seizes his mantle and draws him towards her, pointing to the bower on the banks of Yamuna, where elegant vanjulas interweave their branches. He applauds another who dances in the sporting circle, whilst her bracelets ring as she beats time with her palms. Now he caresses one and kisses another, smiling on a third with complacency: and now he chases her whose beauty has most allured him. Thus the wanton Heri frolics in the season of sweets among the maids of Vraja, who rush to his embraces, as if he were Pleasure itself assuming a human form; and one of them, under a pretext of huzzing his divine perfections, whispers in his ear, “Thy lips, my beloved, are nectar.”’

“But the exhibition which attracted the greatest number of spectators, was the booth of the *Bhyroopeas*, or comic actors, who in India are exceedingly clever and adroit; the subjects of their plays being generally drawn from the fables of their mythology, and their satire pointed at the measures of their earthly rulers and governors, frequently with a boldness truly wonderful in so despotic a land.

“Around this booth was collected all the beauty and fashion of the festival; and even the Maha Rajah with his family and visitors did not disdain to form part of the delighted throng, the Rance and her darling boy occupying the splendid howdah of the Mysorean elephant.”

As some of the *dénouement* of the principal story hinges on the play (for as with Hamlet, the play’s the thing, wherewith certain conspirators catch the conscience of the king,) we pass over a little to another exhibition of a juggler in another part of the field:

“The occupant of this little stage, the renowned Ballojee Ram, was just going through, with the assistance of one or two attendants, the ordinary tricks of swallowing swords, blowing his intestines out of his mouth, and putting them back again *ad libitum*, with other common-place devices that amuse and mystify the vulgar. Seeing the regal party advance, however, he felt it incumbent on him to produce some of his most elaborate deceptions for their entertainment, and made his preparations accordingly.

“To those who have never witnessed the extraordinary feats of this singular class of beings, what we are going to relate will doubtless appear too marvellous even for the pages of romance; but experience has sufficiently demonstrated the practicability of legerdemain tricks, which by the uninitiated can only be referred to the operation of magic. Indeed, so preternatural have some of these performances appeared, that even the mighty Baber, the conqueror of Hindoostan, has dedicated a portion of his interesting memoirs to a description of them, without, however, attempting their elucidation.

“The juggler who now had the honour of entertaining the Maha Rajah and his party, was evidently a complete master of his art, and proceeded at once, as

* The river Jumna.

soon as his distinguished auditors were seated, to astonish them with his dexterity.

"He first handed an egg round the circle, to prove its reality, and then placed it in his bosom to hatch. He requested the Ranee to signify the bird she wished to see produced; and the unhappy Meena having named a dove, the symbol of her own innocent heart, it accordingly flew forth from the broken shell, and fluttering around for an instant, soared into the sky with rapid pinion. This trick was frequently repeated; a different bird appearing at every successive trial, by desire of one or other of the spectators; and a shower of rupees, by order of the Ranee, repaid the ingenuity of the juggler, who, thus encouraged, prepared for fresh efforts.

"Having desired one of his attendants to bring him a branch from a noble mango-tree which grew at a short distance, Ballojee took it in his hand and held it forth, all green and blossomless as it was; uttering certain incantations, and making a variety of grimaces, indicative of the internal workings of a powerfully agitated spirit. Gradually, to the astonished eyes of the spectators, one blossom appeared sprouting forth; then another, and another, till the amputated branch was nearly covered.

"Wonderful, however, as this feat appeared, it was totally eclipsed by that which followed; for, as the juggler still held the branch extended in his hand, and continued his incantations, the blossoms fell off, one by one, and in the place of each appeared an incipient mango, which gradually swelled out to the largest size of that delicious fruit. These having been gathered by the juggler's attendants, were presented in a golden salver to the Ranee and her party; but none could be prevailed on to taste a fruit which they verily believed to be the production of magic alone.

"Tremendous applause and a royal largess followed this extraordinary feat, and Ballojee once more addressed himself to his singular exhibition. Taking in his hand a coil of rope which lay on the stage, he flung it up with considerable force in the air; when, strange to say, one end remained fixed above, the other falling down upon the stage of the mountebank.

"Seizing hold of this, he kept it firmly extended in a sloping direction from the summit; when, wonder upon wonders, a tiger appeared at the top, in the act of descending the rope, which he actually did with great caution and precision, while many of the spectators fled screaming from the claws of the monster. Their panic, however, was very much increased when they beheld a lion following the tiger down the rope; and then a buffalo, an elephant, and sundry other animals, which were fortunately taken possession of by the attendants of the juggler and conveyed behind the scenes, without causing any other mischief than the needless fright their first appearance had occasioned.

"These extraordinary performances prepared the spectators to witness other wonders; for only one opinion seemed now to prevail throughout the assembly, that the powers of the exhibitor were more than human, and that he could be nothing more or less than an incarnation of one of the deities; perhaps the awful Mahadeo himself come down upon earth to grace the birth-day festival of the Maha Rajah. It therefore excited but little astonishment when the juggler now declared his ability to decipher the most hidden and secret thoughts of any or of all the spectators present.

"This was a disclosure, however, which few were desirous of subjecting themselves to, for all had thoughts more or less unsuited to the public ear."

Here also for the reason we have assigned we also pause; and dismiss Savindroog, with our most hearty commendations to readers of every description. They will see much of novelty, and be instructed in the Eastern world and its peculiarities.—*Lit. Gaz.*

Adventures in Mexico and the Rocky Mountains. By G. F. Ruxton, Esq. Murray.

THIS volume, as a narrative of adventure, is one of the most amusing of the series forming the 'Home and Colonial Library.' Mr. Ruxton belongs to the fraternity of dashing travellers whose touches fall on the paper oftentimes at random, but never without that bold and clear mark which bespeaks strength and animal spirits and powers of observation in a healthy state.—To make our words good, we will offer a scrap showing us Funchal, its sights and merchandise, picked up on "the voyage out."—

"Funchal in no degree differs from any sea or river side town in Portugal. The Funchalese are Portuguese in form and feature; the women, if possible, more ordinary, and the beggars more importunate and persevering. The beach is covered with plank sleds, to which are yoked most comical little oxen no larger than donkeys. In these sleds the hogsheads of wine are conveyed to the boats, as they are better adapted to the rough shingle than wheeled conveyances. To a stranger, the trade of the town appears to be monopolized by vendors of straw hats and canary-birds. These articles of merchandise are thrust into one's face at every step. *Sombreros* are pounded upon your head; show-ers of canaries and goldfinches, with strings attached to their legs, are fired like rockets into your face; and the stinging roar of the salesmen deafen the ear. Ascending the precipitous *ruas*, we soon reached the suburbs, our guides holding on by the tails of the horses to facilitate their ascent. Still mounting, we pass where vines are trellised over the road; sweet-smelling geraniums, heliotrope, and fuchsias overhang the garden-walls on each side; whilst in the beautiful little gardens which everywhere meet the eye, the graceful banana, the orange-tree and waving maize, the tropical aloe and homely oak, form the most pleasing contrasts and enchant the sight."

Touching at Barbadoes, Mr. Ruxton found nothing striking "but the sun, which is a perpetual furnace, and the pepper-pot,"—also the historical Miss Betsy Austin—the admired of many a midshipman and traveller in her better days—who, now, has grown sadly out of shape, and alas, is always "in her cups." The Havana ladies struck him by the simple coquetry of their toilette—a white dress with one rose in their hair—and by their murderous black eyes, which he found more beautiful than the "stars" or the "lamps" (to be poetical and *new* once in a season) of the girls of Cadiz. The first view of Vera Cruz was less engaging:—

"From the sea the coast on each side the town presents a dismal view of sandhills, which appear almost to swallow up the walls. The town, however, sparkling in the sun, with its white houses and numerous church-spires, has rather a picturesque appearance; but every object, whether on sea or land, glows unnaturally in the lurid atmosphere. It is painful to look into the sea, where shoals of bright-coloured fish are swimming; and equally painful to turn the eyes to the shore, where the sun, refracted by the sand, actually scorches the sight, as well as pains it by the quivering glare which ever attends refracted light."

We have had the ride to Jalapa described before. It seems at best a dismal pilgrimage,—especially to such soft-sitting personages as love "their ease in their inn." Let us take a glimpse at a first-class establishment at El Plan del Rio.—

"Round the corral, or yard, where were mangers for horses and mules, were several filthy, dirty rooms, without windows or furniture. These were the guests' chambers. Mine host and his family had separate accommodations for themselves of course; and into this part of the mansion Castillo managed to introduce himself and me, and to procure some supper. The *Chambermaid*—who, unlocking the door of the room apportioned to us, told us to beware of the *mala gente* (the bad people) who were about—was a dried-up old man, with a long grizzled beard and matted hair, which fell, guiltless of comb or brush, on his shoulders. He was perfectly horrified at our uncomplimentary remarks concerning the cleanliness of the apartment, about the floor of which troops of fleas were caracolliug, while fat odorous bugs were sticking in patches to the walls. My request for some water for the purpose of washing almost knocked him down with the heinousness of the demand; but when he had brought a little earthenware saucer, holding about a table-spoonful, and I asked for a towel, he stared at me open-mouthed without answering, and then burst out into an immoderate fit of laughter. 'Ay que hombre, Ave Maria Parissima que loco es este!'—Oh, what a man, what a madman is this! 'Servilleta, panuela, toalla, que remonio quiere?'—towel, napkin, handkerchief—what the devil does he want?—repeating the different terms I used to explain that I wanted a towel."

Mr. Ruxton learned to look back to these accommodations, he tells us, as to the luxuries of the Clarendon or Mivart's,—so much worse was he subsequently compelled to fare. The distance from Jalapa to Mexico was travelled over by diligence—an adventure, we are told, in which people may as well book themselves for being robbed, so perpetually does that consummation occur. Mr. Ruxton, however, took courage, "kept his powder dry," made a huge parade of defensive weapons, and being inspected at Puebla by the "robber spy" (who always waits in the coach-office yards) and pronounced a dangerous customer, was permitted to reach his journey's end without being bidden "to get out and deliver."

We will pass the chapters on Mexico; since we went the round of its sights with Madame Calderon de la Barca [*Ath.* No. 796, 797, &c.],—whom in his off-hand way, Mr. Ruxton warrants as "a lively painter." The interest of the book begins with the journey into New Mexico; the first five hundred miles of which—to Durango—were travelled in company with a young Spaniard on his way to the mines of Guadalupe y Calvo. Some of the incidents are primitive enough. At Queretaro, for instance,—

"As we entered the town by the garita, in a *desague*, or small canal, which ran by the side of and in the very street, were a bevy of women and girls 'in the garb of Eve,' and in open day, tumbling and splashing in the water, enjoying themselves like ducks in a puddle. They were in no degree disconcerted by the gaze of the passengers who walked at the edge of the canal, but laughed and joked in perfect innocence, and unconsciousness of perpetrating an impropriety. The passers-by appeared to take it as a matter of course, but we strangers, struck with the singularity of the scene, involuntarily reined in our horses at the edge of the water and allowed them to drink, during which we were attacked by the swarthy naiads with laughing and splashing, and shouts of 'Ay que sin verguenzas!'—what shameless rogues! 'Echa-les, muchachas!'—at them, girls; splash the rascals!—and into our faces came showers of water, until, drenched to the skin, we were glad to beat a retreat. We found the town full of troops *en route* to San Luis Potosi, and had great difficulty in finding a corral for our animals: ourselves we were fain to stow away in a loft above the corral, where, amongst soldiers and arrieros, we passed a flea and bug-ridden night.

There was nothing eatable in the house, and we sallied out to the stall of a tortillera in the market-place, where we took a standing supper of frijoles and chile as usual. On presenting a silver dollar in payment, I received eight cakes of soap in change—current coin of Queretaro.

Can it be on a principle analogous to that of our own statutes against “clipping and coining” that the integrity of the cake of soap is so religiously respected throughout these wild and hot districts?—Somewhere about Zacatecas a new excitement presented itself. “Los Indios” became a topic; and tales of their savage outrages began to mix themselves up with simple robber stories. In a state of matters like this “a good sword” naturally becomes an object of as much respect as Excalibur itself. This Mr. Ruxton found; being tempted to sale and barter in a fashion more wild than winning—

“On the road between Zacatecas and Fresnillo, as I was jogging gently on, a Mexican mounted on a handsome horse dashed up and reined in suddenly, doffing his sombrero and saluting me with a ‘*Buenos dias, caballero.*’ He had ridden from Zacatecas for the purpose of trading with me for my sword, which he said he had heard of in that town as being something *muy fino*. Riding up to my left side, and saying, ‘*Con su licencia, caballero*’—by your leave, my lord—he drew the sword from its scabbard, and flourished it over his head, executed a neat demivolte to one side, and performed some most complicated manoeuvres. At first I thought it not unlikely that my friend might take it into his head to make off with the sword, as his fresh and powerful animal could easily have distanced my poor tired steed, so I just slipped the cover from the lock of my carbine, to be ready in case of need. But the Mexican, after concluding his exercise, and having tried the temper of the blade on a nepalo, rode up and returned the sword to its scabbard with a low bow, offering me at the same time his horse in exchange for it, and, when that was of no avail, another and another; horses, he assured me, ‘*de la mejor sangre*’—of the best blood of the country, and of great speed and strength.”

Durango “may be considered the Ultima Thule of the civilized portion of Mexico.” Further than this place Mr. Ruxton found it very difficult to procure squire or safeguard; but Chihuahua was his next point—to be reached somehow or other. Being determined to proceed, he was fain to put up with a known ruffian for his Panza; and, thus accompanied, started into the wilderness. The following agreeable little passage occurred on the second day.—

“In the morning I was riding slowly ahead of my cavallada, passing at the time through a lonely mes-quit-grove, when the sudden report of fire-arms, and the whistling of a bullet passed my head at rather unpleasantly close quarters, caused me to turn sharply round, when I saw my amiable mozo with a pistol in his hand, some fifteen yards, behind me looking very guilty and foolish. To whip a pistol out of my holsters and ride up to him was the work of an instant; and I was on the point of blowing out his brains, when his terrified and absurdly guilty-looking face turned my ire into an immoderate fit of laughter. ‘*Amigo,*’ I said to him, ‘do you call this being skilled in the use of arms, to miss my head at fifteen yards?’ ‘*Ah, caballero!* in the name of all the saints I did not fire at you, but at a duck which was flying over the road. *No lo cree su merced*—your worship cannot believe I would do such a thing.’ Now it so happened, that the pistols, which I had given him to carry were secured in a pair of holsters tightly buckled and strapped round his waist. It was a difficult matter to unbuckle them at any time; and as to his having had time to get one out to fire at a duck flying over the road, it was impossible, even if such an idea had occurred to him. I was certain that the duck was a fable, invented when

he had missed me, and, in order to save my ammunition, and my head from another sportsmanlike display, I halted and took from him everything in the shape of offensive weapon, not excepting his knife; and wound up a *sermon*, which I deemed it necessary to give him, by administering a couple of dozen, well laid on with the buckle-end of my surcingle, at the same time giving him to understand, that if, hereafter, I had reason to suspect that he had even dreamed of another attempt upon my life, I would pistol him without a moment's hesitation.

We must make room for another, yet longer, adventure.—

"The plains were still covered with mezquit, and a species of palm which grows to the height of five or six feet, a bunch of long narrow leaves issuing from the top of the stem, which is frequently as thick as a man's body. From a distance it is exactly like an Indian with a head-dress of feathers, and Angel was continually calling my attention to these vegetable savages. Between the plains an elevated ridge presents itself, generally a spur from the sierras which run parallel to them on the eastern and western flanks, and this formation is everywhere the same. Where the ground is covered with mezquit thickets or chaparales, a high but coarse grass is found; but on the bluffs is an excellent species, known in Mexico as gramma, and on the prairies as a variety of the buffalo-grass, on which cattle and horse thrive and fatten equally as well as on grain. As I was riding close to a bunch of mezquit the whiz of a rattlesnake's tail caused my horse to spring on one side and tremble with affright. I dismounted, and drawing the wiping-stick from my rifle, approached the reptile to kill it. The snake, as thick as my wrist, and about three feet long, was curled up, with its flat vicious-looking head and neck erected, and its tail rattling violently. A blow on the head soon destroyed it; but, as I was remounting, my rifle slipped out of my hand, and crack went the stock. A thong of buckskin, however, soon made it as secure as ever. After travelling about twenty-five miles I selected a camping-ground, and, unloading the mules, made a kind of breast-work of the packs and saddles, behind which to retreat in case of an Indian attack, which was more than probable, as we had discovered plenty of recent signs in the plains. It was about sunset, when we had completed our little fort, and spreading a *petate* or mat, the animals were soon at their suppers of corn, which I had brought for the purpose. They had all their cabrestas or ropes round their necks, and trailing on the ground, in order that they might be easily caught and tied when they had finished their corn; and, giving the mozo strict orders to this effect, I rolled myself in my blanket and was soon asleep, as I intended to be on the watch myself from midnight to prevent surprise. In about two or three hours I awoke, and, jumping up, found Angel asleep, and that all the animals had disappeared. It was pitchy dark, and not a trace of them could be distinguished. After an hour's ineffectual search I returned to camp, and waited until daybreak, when it would be light enough to track the animals. This there was no difficulty in doing, and I at once found that, after hunting for some time for water, they had taken the track back to El Gallo, whither I had no doubt they had returned for water. It was certainly a great relief to me to find that they had not been taken by the Indians, which at first I thought was the case; but their course was perfectly plain where they had trodden down the high grass, wet with dew, in their search for water. Not finding it, they had returned at once, and in a direct course, to our yesterday's trail, and made off towards El Gallo, without stopping to eat, or even pick the tempting gramma on their way. The only fear now was, that a wandering party of Indians should fall in with them on the road, when they would not only seize the animals, but discover our present retreat by following their trail.

"When I returned to camp I immediately despatched Angel to El Gallo, ordering him to come back instantly, and without delaying a moment, when he

had found the beasts, remaining myself to take charge of the camp and baggage. On examining a pair of saddle-bags which my kind hostess at El Gallo had filled with tortillas, quesos, &c., I found that Mr. Angel had, either during the night, or when I was hunting for the missing animals, discussed all its contents, not leaving as much as a crumb; and as the fresh morning air had given me a sharp appetite, I took my rifle and slung a double-barrel carbine on my back, placed a pair of pistols in my belt, and, thus armed, started off to the sierra to kill an antelope and broil a collop for breakfast. Whilst hunting I crossed the sierra, which was rocky and very precipitous, and from the top looked down into a neighbouring plain, where I fancied I could discern an arroyo with running water. Half suffocated at the time with thirst, I immediately descended, although the place was six or seven miles out in the plain, and thought of nothing but assuaging my thirst. I had nearly completed the descent when a band of antelopes passed me, and stopped to feed in a little plateau near which ran a canon or hollow, which would enable me to approach them within shot. Down the canon I accordingly crept, carefully concealing myself in the long grass and bushes, and occasionally raising my head to judge the distance. In this manner I had approached, as I thought, to within rifle-shot, and, creeping between two rocks at the edge of the hollow, I raised my head to reconnoitre, and met a sight which caused me to drop it again behind the cover, like a turtle drawing into its shell. About two hundred yards from the canon, and hardly twice that distance from the spot where I lay concealed, were riding quietly along, in Indian file, eleven Comanches, painted and armed for war. Each had a lance and bow and arrows, and the chief, who was in advance, had a rifle, in a gaily ornamented case of buckskin hanging at his side. They were naked to the waist, their buffalo robes being thrown off their shoulders and lying on their hips and across the saddle, which was a mere pad of buffalo-skin. They were making towards the canon, which I imagined they would cross by a deer-path near where I stood. I certainly thought my time was come, but was undecided whether to fire upon them as soon as they were near enough, or trust to the chance of their passing me undiscovered. Although the odds were great, I certainly had the advantage, being in an excellent position, and having six shots in readiness, even if they charged, when they could only attack me one at a time. I took in at once the advantages of my position, and determined, if they showed an intention of crossing the canon by the deer-path, to attack them, but not otherwise. As they approached, laughing and talking, I raised my rifle, and resting it in the fork of a bush which completely hid me, I covered the chief, his brawny breast actually shining (oily as it was) at the end of my sight. His life, and probably mine hung on a thread. Once he turned his horse, when he arrived at the deer-track which crossed the canon, and, thinking that they were about to approach by that path, my finger even pressed the trigger; but an Indian behind him said a few words, and pointed along the plain, when he resumed his former course and passed on. I certainly breathed more freely, although (such is human nature) no sooner had they turned off than I regretted not having fired. If an unnecessary, it would not have been a rash act, for in my position, and armed as I was, I was more than a match for the whole party. However, antelope and water went unscathed, and as soon as the Indians were out of sight I again crossed the sierra, and reached the camp about two hours after sunset, where, to my disappointment, the animals had not yet arrived, and no signs of their approach were visible on the plain. I determined, if they did not make their appearance by sundown, to return at once to El Gallo, as I suspected my mozo might commit some foul play, and perhaps abscond with the horses and mules. Sun went down, but no Angel; and darkness set in and found me, almost dead with thirst, on my way to El Gallo. It was with no little difficulty I could make my way, now stumbling over rocks, and now impaling myself on the sharp

prickles of the palma or nopalo. Several times I was in the act of attacking one of the former, so ridiculously like feathered Indians did they appear in the dim starlight. However, all was hushed and dark—not even a skulking Comanche would risk his neck on such a night: now and then an owl would hoot over head, and the mournful and long-continued howl of the coyote swept across the plain, or a snake rattled as it heard my approaching footstep. When the clouds swept away, and allowed the stars to emit their feeble light, the palms waved in the night air, and raised their nodding heads against the sky, the cry of the coyote became louder, as it was now enabled to pursue its prey, cocuyos flitted amongst the grass like winged sparks of fire, and deer or antelope bounded across my path. The trail indeed was in many parts invisible, and I had to trust to points of rocks and ridges, and trees which I remembered to have passed the day before, to point out my course. Once, choked with thirst, and utterly exhausted—for I had been travelling since sunrise without food or water—I sank down on the damp ground and slept for a couple of hours, and when I awoke the stars were obscured by heavy clouds, and the darkness prevented me distinguishing an object even a few feet distant. I had lost my bearings, and was completely confused, not knowing which course to follow. Trusting to instinct, I took what I considered the proper direction, and shortly after, when it again became light enough to see, I regained the path, and pushed rapidly on; and at length the welcome lowing of cattle satisfied me that I was near the wells where I had stopped the previous day. I soon arrived at the spot, and, lowering the goatskin bucket, buried my head in the cold water, and drank a delicious draught.

“At about three in the morning, just as the first dawn was appearing, I knocked at the door of the rancho, and the first voice I heard was that of my mozo, asking lazily ‘*Quien llama?*’—who calls? Every one was soon up, and congratulating me upon being still alive; for when Angel had told them of the loss of the animals, and that I was remaining alone, they gave me up for lost, as the spot where we had encamped was a notorious stopping-place of the Indians when *en route* for the haciendas. I was so fortunate as to find all the animals safe; they were quietly feeding near the cattle-wells when the mozo arrived there. He made some lame excuse for not returning, but I have no doubt his intention had been to make off with them, which, if I had not suspected something of the sort and followed him, he would probably have effected. At daylight I mounted a mule bare-backed, and Angel another; and leading the remainder, we rode back to the camp, whence we immediately started for Mapimi. As a punishment for his carelessness and meditated treachery, I obliged the mozo to ride bare-backed the whole distance of nearly sixty miles, and at a round trot. This feat of equitation, which on the straight and razor-like back of an ill-conditioned mule is anything but an easy or comfortable process, elicited from Angel, during his ride, a series of the most pathetic laments on his miserable fate in serving so merciless a master, accompanied by supplications to be allowed to mount the horse which carried his saddle and ran loose. But I was obdurate. He was the undoubted cause, by not having watched the animals, as was his duty, of the delay and loss of time I had suffered, and therefore, as a warning, and as a matter of justice, I administered this salutary dose of ‘*Lynch law*,’ which I have no doubt he remembers to the present moment. About midday we reached the hacienda de la Cadena, first passing a *vidette* stationed on a neighbouring hill, on the look-out for the Indians. The hacienda itself was closed, and men were ready on the azoteas with guns and bows and arrows, when the approach of strangers was announced by signal from the ranchero on the hill. Just outside the gates were erected several crosses, with their little piles of stones, on which were roughly-cut inscriptions; they were all to the memory of those who had been killed on

the spot by Indians. We stayed at La Cadena merely to water our beasts, the people shouting from the housetop, and asking if we were mad, to travel alone. Angel, to whom I had again intrusted a carbine, answered by striking his hand on the butt of his piece, and vociferating, 'Miren ustedes : somos valientes, que importan los carajos Comanches. Que vengan, y yo los mataré.'—Look here : we are brave men, and don't care a straw for the rascally Comanches. Only let them come, and I will kill them myself. And the muchacas waved their rebosos, and saluted the 'valiente,' shouting, 'Adios, buen mozo ! mate a los barbaros.'—God keep you, brave lad ! kill the savages. At which Angel waved his gun, in a state of great excitement and present valour, which cooled amazingly when we were out of sight of the hacienda and amongst the dreary chaparales. It was ten at night when we reached Mapimi ; and, losing the track, we got bewildered in the darkness, and wandered into a marsh outside the town, the lights of which were apparently quite close at hand : but all our shouting and cries for assistance and a guide were in vain, and caused the inhabitants to barricade their doors, as they thought the Indians were upon them ; which panic was probably increased, when at last, guessing at the cause, and almost losing my temper, I gave a succession of most correct war-whoops as I floundered through the mud, and fired a volley at the same moment. When, therefore, I at length extricated myself and entered the town, not a living soul was visible, and the lights all extinguished ; so, groping my way to the plaza, at one side of which trickled a little stream, I unpacked my mules and encamped, sending the mozo with a costal for a supply of corn for the animals, with which he presently returned, reporting at the same time that the people were half dead with terror. The mules and horses properly cared for, I rolled myself in my blanket in the middle of the street, and went supperless to sleep, after a ride of sixty-five-miles."

No traveller has presented himself at the Christmas fireside, we dare avouch, with a tale better worth hearing than this. Of course, Mr. Ruxton reached Chihuahua and something beyond, or he would not be here for our entertainment. While reading such books as this, we are struck by the answer which they give to those who are for ever complaining of the enervating influences of civilization,—as if comfort, intelligence and self-command were to drive Manhood out of the world. What do they who believe that no strength would be forthcoming in this silken age, were it wanted, make of a Lady Sale, with that pithy entry in her diary, "*Earthquakes as usual*" ?—what of a Rajah Brooke ?—what, in his less important orbit, of such an autumn tourist as Mr. Ruxton ? The fierce old times of "bow and spear"—the days when geographical discovery took such strange forms and colours from Superstition—did not yield a better heroine and hero than the two former have proved themselves, while the eldest travellers in regard of mystery, wonder and hair-breadth 'scapes, could not beat our recent Arctic voyagers, our pilgrims to Petra, our D'Abbadies,—and such more careless adventurers as the one whom we here leave asleep in the middle of the street at Mapimi.—*Athenæum*.

Smyth's Reigning Family at Lahore.

WE have the pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of Captain Smyth's "History of the Reigning Family of Lahore," a work which will doubtless be useful to the future Historian. It is well and agreeably written, and we should have been glad to extract largely from its pages ; but as this has already been freely done by the press, and the goodly list of subscribers must

have made the contents familiar to many hundreds of Indian readers, we shall confine our extracts to what may perhaps be considered one of the most generally interesting chapters, viz., the one on the birth and parentage of the present youthful monarch of Lahore.

Birth and Parentage of Dulleep Sing.

THOUGH the unfortunate Kurruck Sing was, as is believed, the only true son of Runjeet Sing, there were several others whom he permitted to use that designation, though it was well known they were not his children. Thus, Shere Sing, who afterwards came to the Guddee, and was a reputed son of the old Maharajah by Metaub Kour, was in reality the son of a dhobee, or washerman, who afterwards rose to be mooktear to the Princess. Tara Sing, again, said to be a twin brother of Shere Sing, was the son of a carpenter. Multan Sing was the son of a slave-woman in the service of Mai Nekeen, the wife of Runjeet and mother of Kurruck Sing, his father being a furash, or attendant on the zenana. Lahora Sing was also the child of a slave-woman, and as was supposed of Boodh Sing, Scindawalla. These two were imposed upon Runjeet Sing by Neet Kour, widow of Cheyt Sing, former chief of Lahore, whom Runjeet on her husband's death had taken into his zenana, but who, for her profligacy he afterwards discarded. It was on this occasion that for the purpose of obtaining from him a better provision than she could otherwise have claimed, she brought forward these children as those of the Maharajah and herself. Pishora Sing and Cashmera Sing were also the sons of two slave-women in attendance upon the widow of Sahib Sing, their fathers being Joy Ram, a buneah, and the other a munass, a caste of Rajpoots about Jummo, and these were adopted by the youngest Ranee as her offspring, when Runjeet gave them Sealkotee as a jugheer.

Dulleep Sing, the last of the reputed children of the old monarch, had, as is well known, as little claim to such dignified paternity as any of them. A somewhat larger space must, however, be accorded to the history of his birth and parentage, which must also include that of his mother, the far famed Ranee Chunda. Munnoo Sing, a poor jat, of the Oolak caste, and a native of Gujeerawallah, or a small village in its vicinity, at an early age entered the service of Runjeet Sing as a dog-keeper, but after about 15 years' faithful service in this humble office, he was raised to the station of a door-keeper. He was, however, always regarded as a sort of buffoon, and in that character was privileged to exercise such wit as he possessed at the expence of the Maharajah and his chiefs even in public durbar. This man was constantly telling Runjeet that he had a daughter, the most beautiful creature in the world, whom he would give to the Maharajah as his wife, and that she would make the old monarch young again. After some time he produced the little girl, and for months carried her on his shoulders to the durbar, or wherever Runjeet went. The old chief is said to have been pestered day and night by Munnoo Sing and his importunities; but for some time he treated the matter as a joke and nothing more. Yet he was vain enough to be pleased at the idea that Munnoo and others should believe and call him a fine able *jeewan*, or young man, and he felt some pride in being the object of the facetious remarks of the court and town on the occasion of his anticipated nuptials with a girl who might pass for

his grand-child. At length whether out of one of those whims which were so characteristic of the old Lion, or out of consideration to poor Munnoo, who had taken so much trouble on his account, or to put an end to the buffoonery of which he was the object, he one day eased the shoulders of his would-be father-in-law by committing the girl to the care of one Jewahir Mull, a rich Hindoo merchant of Umritsir, once Governor of Cashmere, and then in attendance at the Maharajah's court. This man received orders to take the young Chundee home with him, and to rear her up at his house at Umritsir. Munnoo was overjoyed at this happy result to his labours, and in his exultation ventured to tell the Maharajah that ~~as~~ the world had now recognized him, Munnoo, as his father-in-law, it mattered little whether *he* did so or not. On this Runjeet told him, as he had often done before, that he was nothing better than a downright Booroowah—*anglice*, a pimp. However the young Chundee was sent to Umritsir, where she remained for four or five years in the house of Jewahir Mull. There she might have remained in quiet much longer, her guardian receiving for her maintenance forty-five rupees per month, but that she had even at so early an age, won for herself a character for pertness, forwardness, and something even worse. So loose and immodest was her conduct that Jewahir Mull fearing perhaps that the contagion of her vices might spread to the members of his own virtuous family, informed the Maharajah that he could not allow the young Chundee to remain in his house any longer. As a reason for praying to be released from his charge, he represented that though the girl was only then thirteen or fourteen years of age, she was in criminal intercourse not only with one Jewahir Sing Busthenee, a young man and a servant of the Maharajah, whose house adjoined his own, but that she had more than one paramour in the very Bazars of Umritsir. This Jewahir Sing when questioned on the matter candidly confessed all, and that to Runjeet Sing himself. The old monarch was well pleased to have such disclosures made in presence of the girl's father, Munnoo Sing, whose confusion he enjoyed. Moreover anticipating considerable amusement from that pertness and forwardness which the girl was said to exhibit, and from her generally precocious character, Runjeet readily consented to relieve Jewahir Mull of his charge, and the young lady was brought to Lahore to enliven the night scenes in the palace. There she enacted a character almost similar to that which her father had performed before her, that of a licensed buffoon, her business being to put to shame all, both men and women, who were in any degree less depraved or less shameless than herself.

Numerous were the amours in which she was now engaged, some *with*, others *without*, the knowledge of the Maharajah. To give a detail of these affairs and of scenes acted in the presence of the old chief himself and at his instigation, would be an outrage on common decency; suffice it then to say that Runjeet actually encouraged and forwarded the amours of this woman, who passed as his wife, with a person known as Gulloo Mooskee—formerly a beestee of the palace, but latterly an indulged favourite of the Maharajah—and that in nine or ten months afterwards the present Maharajah Dulleep Sing was born.

Though every one well knew and none better than Runjeet himself the history of this child and its parentage, it is a curious fact that the Maharajah on this as on similar occasions felt a pleasure in being considered the father of

a new born child. Nor did Gulloo, or the mother of the infant, with others, scruple to congratulate the old man on this occasion, as though he were really the father of the babe.

Such is the true history of Her Highness Ranee Chundee, up to the time when she presented to the Punjaub its future sovereign, for whom at the time no such splendid destiny could have been anticipated. The records of her life since that period are a part of the chronicles of the country, and will be found interwoven with the memoirs of its great men, and the narration of the great events which have kept it in a state of convulsion for the last seven years.*

The infant Dulleep remained in the fort with his mother, who appears to have made a successful use of her wiles to work herself into the good graces of Raja Dehan Sing and the Dogra party, who,—but of course for their own purposes—promised that her child's interests should not be neglected, but that he should be considered by them, equal at least to Shere Sing, Cashmera Sing, Peshora Sing, &c. Thus the boy Dulleep remained with his mother until 1841, when the difference between Maharajah Shere Sing and Raja Dehan Sing arrived at a crisis. At this period Dehan Sing, with consent of the mother, in whose mind he had raised suspicions of the intentions of Shere Sing towards herself and child, privately conveyed the boy to Umritsir, and there kept him in such privacy, that not even his mother knew the place of his concealment, and few of those in the fort at Lahore were aware of the fact even of his removal. There can be no doubt that had Dehan Sing been successful in his deeply laid designs, he would after the murder of Shere Sing, so long determined on by him, have placed the young Dulleep on the Guddee as a convenient puppet in the hands of the Dogras. The object of this manœuvre was to secure all the power of the State to the Jamoo family during a long minority, and with the almost certainty that before the minority terminated, Heera Sing, the hope of the party, would be proclaimed by the unani-

* The above is the true history of the lady who has acted so distinguished a part in the exciting drama which has been lately played at Lahore. That given out as authentic and commonly accepted as the story of Her Highness's early career, differs from it considerably in many particulars, but chiefly in giving the lady a more exalted origin than fortune had in store for her. It is as follows:—In the year 1828, Runjeet Sing while in the neighbourhood of Gujjerawalla, was told of the beauty of the third and youngest daughter of one Munna Sing, a Jat Sheik of the Oolak caste, a Gorechar and Choudrie of Chur, a small village about three miles South-east of Gujjerawalla. On this he sent for Jewalla Puddana, who was married to the eldest daughter of Munna Sing, and from him made enquiries as to Munna Sing's family. The result of these enquiries was, that Runjeet not only sent proposals to Munna Sing for his daughter, but also deputed one Dil Kurmoo with peremptory orders to bring the young girl Chundee and place her in the Maharajah's zenana. In consequence of these proceedings the girl was soon domiciled in the tent appropriated to the female part of Runjeet's train. When the old chief arrived at Umritsir, Chundee was for the first time ushered into his presence, and he seemed much disappointed and not a little angry on finding that instead of being sixteen or seventeen years of age, as represented by Dil Kurmoo and others who had first spoken of her to him, she was only nine or ten. As however she had some beauty and a promising look, he ordered her to be retained in the zenana on a stipend of two rupees per diem; but it is certain that Runjeet never took any notice of her. In the year 1834 the Maharajah had a favourite in one of the common Mooskees or Bheesteas attached to his person.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

[From the Athenæum, up to 19th February. Literary Gazette, for Dec. 1847.]

Whom to Marry and how to get Married. Parts I. and II.—
London. D. Bogue.

FOLLOWING up the preceding with clever illustrations by George Cruikshank, the writer has here entered into a new field of humorous satire, in the same tone, after the same manner, and in pretty much the same familiar gossiping phraseology. We are hardly inclined to say *decies repetita placebit*. The first number sets out better than it continues, for the subject of a fashionable young ladies' boarding school has become too trite in caricature to be very entertaining. Neither is the modern end of this novelty so appreciable as that of its precursor (*The Greatest Plague of Life.*)—*Lit. Gaz.*

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Letters of the Duchess de Praslin.—(Lettres de Madame la
Duchesse, &c.)

No words can be too emphatic to express our condemnation of a publication like this. On whatever pretext such a book had appealed to the sick tastes of the pseudo-sentimentalists, it would have deserved to be strongly stigmatized by those who would feed the English mind on wholesome and nourishing and digestible food, but offered in the name of *education*, it demands more than common reprobation. There is nothing in the style of these letters—to which circumstances have already given a notoriety sufficiently deplorable, which should recommend them as specimens of language or manner, even if they reported of a healthy spirit and conveyed sound admonition. But witnessing, as they do, to mental fever and disordered imagination—to aberrations of judgment and infirmities of temper, which grew by their own perpetual irritation till they led to one of the most terrible and revolting catastrophes of modern times, it were greatly for the interest of society that the veil had been suffered to fall again upon these morbid revelations when the judicial necessity which removed it had done its work. “*La mere,*” says M. de Porquet’s motto, “*Pourra en permettre la lecture a sa fille*”—the mother could scarcely administer a more dangerous poison to her child under the plausible character of a medicament. Let such feverish meats as this be kept for the appetites of modern French women if they love them; but it is our duty to use strong language with a view of keeping them out of our English schools. Such a publication is calculated to throw a doubt over all M. de Porquet’s contributions to the materials of education.—*Athenæum.*

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Honor, or The Story of the Brave Caspar and the Fair Annerl. By
Clemens Brentano. With an Introduction and a Biographical
notice of the author. By T. W. Appell.

IN the biographical introduction to this little tale, the reader is informed that it is “the ripest fruit of the enchanted tree,” which Clemens Brentano planted in the garden of German literature,” and that it “stands superior to all his other narratives.”

It is further praised "as being entirely divested of the author's extravagant fancies." This may be true, in so much as it contains neither dragons nor water-nymphs, nor magic mirrors answering portentously to the presentiments of love-torn youths or melancholy maidens. 'Honor' is a story of human crime, sorrow, and pathos ;—nevertheless to us it seems extravagant, and not clear of "the violet," which its translator reprobates. Dismal sorrows—untimely deaths—suicides—remorse attendant upon seduction are the materials of the legend, artfully disposed, no doubt, and heightened by a pathetic colouring which marks the master's hand. But we are blanked by a certain want of reality—oppressed by a disproportioned ponderousness. These may be in part chargeable upon the nationality of the reader, but in some measure, also, they appertain to the humour and taste of the writer. The life of Clemens Brentano was one of those existences which appear to have been as eccentric and purposeless as poetical. He was foremost among those who have attempted to bring home to us the *simulacra* and shadows of the past,—not as relics and traditions,—but as house-mates and living truths. Gifted by nature with a spirit little less volatile than that of

Goëthe's friend, Bettine,

his sister,—his youth seems to have been divided betwixt wild practical jokes and wilder dreamings ; and his proceedings from the cradle to the grave, to have had more or less a touch of the masquerade in them. The wooer and bridegroom made his Sophie stick three waving plumes in her riding hat when she galloped by his side through the streets of Jena,—the tired man, when youth's fever was over, turned aside from his world of plays and puppet shows and old rhymes, (how many a lover of ballads has thanked him for 'Des kuaben Wunderhorn!') and ended his days as a monk. So we find in this tale of 'Brave Caspar and fair Annerl' not a little of the inconsequence that marked Brentano's career—not a few traces of over-wrought sentimentalities and emotions dramatically assumed, in place of such true feelings as passés from the heart of the author to the hearts of his audience. May we never be too old for such ghost stories as Scott knew how to tell, or for such fairy tales as the new John Anderson now carries about in his wallet, (*per railway!*) but we were never young enough to relish 'The Brave Caspar and the fair Annerl!' as we apprehend it has been relished in Germany.—*Ibid.*

A Plot and a Peerage.

THIS tale has a second title—"Lord Viscount Petersham,"—but no scandal is thereby meditated against any *arbiter elegantiarum* dethroned, regnant or heir apparent, since the name has obviously been fixed upon in honest ignorance of the "Peerage."

The author A, A, is afraid that "the discerning public" may "prefer grave complaint" against his "plain unvarnished tale," because it is not "illuminated by the popular torch of art!" But he does his best to supply the lack of this *link* by the perpetual blaze of grand language :—*e. g.*

"The distinguished foreigner took off his hat, bowed, and exhibited a splendid row of teeth, of the true oriental diminutiveness and brilliancy. Flattered by this courteous acknowledgment, the multitude again distressed their manly throats, till they made the welkin ring with their inharmonious chorus," &c., &c.

"Plain and unvarnished" with a vengeance is the above ! As the reader

will admit, the story suits the style: let A, A, try to get a loan of the "popular torch" ere again he betakes himself "to deal with plot or peerage"!—*Ibid.*

Leonora, a Love Story. By Mrs. Nisbett, 3 vols.

Go to—what pilgrim wends to fling
A wild-flower on Ferrara's tomb?
His victim lives,—his laurels bloom;
And the world honours Tasso's grave.

HERE is the latest illustration of these true lines. We have had German tragedies—Italian Operas—American researches by Mr. Wilde—Munich lithographs after Düsseldorf pictures—and other tributes and tokens numberless. The present is a tale haying Tasso's love and madness for argument, neither better nor worse than many of its predecessors—but introduced under circumstances calculated to give it a certain claim on the attention. We are invited to accept it as the work of our liveliest comic actress; as *Neighbour Constance's* 'Leonora'—Lady Gay's 'Love Story.' Should quaint Mrs. Humby favour us with a Puseyite novel, or august Mrs. Clifford trifle with fairy tales after the fashion of John Anderson *the second*, we could hardly be more surprised. But our amazement and pleasure are stirred by the announcement rather than by the romance itself; with regard to which we are ready to exclaim with So-Sli in Mr. Sealy's inimitable Chinese story, when the lady was invited to taste the poisoned tea under pretext of its being very precious—"What exceedingly curious leaves! and what is most remarkable is, that they are exactly like others." There is no necessity for us to go over the well known points of the mournful remarks of poet-life,—or to do more than to repeat that in the combination and decoration of these the author has shewn no more than the average power of precisely the very qualities to be expected on the occasion.—*Ibid*, 19th February.

Mark Wilton, the Merchant's Clerk. By Charles B. Tayler, M. A.

WE are no lovers—as must, by this time, be pretty well known,—of what are called "religious novels," but leaving the doctrines inculcated by Mr. Tayler, to stand or fall by their own truth, to be confirmed or set aside by such as find duty and pleasure in controversy—we may frankly say that his tales are in many points superior to the larger portion of their family. Not only is the absence of bitterness in them commendable,—but they contain quiet unobtrusive markings of character, and a feeling for manners, humours, scenery and costume such as is generally disregarded, from right royal asceticism or vacant incompetence, by the fabricators of similar productions. The argument of 'Mark Wilton' is simple enough; the story being devoted to the contrast of "The Industrious and Idle Apprentices" in London mercantile life. The time is the period at which flourished highwaymen of a far more 'tiffany' quality than the hungry brutalized "Navvies," who are this winter playing pranks, near certain of our provincial towns, after the fashion of Duval and Sheppard. Mark Wilton is tempted with desperate perils; principally by one Desmond Smith,—whose gentlemanly rakery is neatly contrasted with the coarse ruffianism of others who inveigle "the Merchant's Clerk" to his ruin. How he is throughout admonished, and finally extricated, by an angelic friend of his, Angus Stanley—

and what happens consequent to his extrication—the reader will do best to learn from the book itself.—*Ibid.*

*Dr. Warrenne, the Medical Practitioner. By the Author of
'Constance D'Oyley,' 3 vols.*

THIS is a pretty novel, no epithet that fits better occurring to us. Its characters are not exactly probable,—its incidents not remarkably practicable; but both are managed with a certain graceful, easy, cheerful, good humour, which enticed us along in a manner truly welcome at a juncture when the dismal so largely enters into fiction. There is as little of medicine in the tale as there is of mesmerism. Beyond the fact that Mr. DeWarrenne, an utterly unimportant character, is in the profession, we have not a hint of “pill, bolus, or potion.” The book however contains a handsome exhibition of love symptoms, in sundry of the characters: also the case of a damsel organically afflicted with coquetry, which, we are sorry to say, ends fatally. Further it has a hero who tumbles by true romantic good-luck, into a splendid fortune,—an eccentric gentleman who fascinates by his eccentricity, from whom somehow or other, we cannot keep our eyes, or our interest—and a heroine of the humour of Shakspeare’s Beatrice, whose saucy good spirits and affectionate warm heart never fail her, even when she is most tempted to be sentimental and selfish. What all these personages do, we shall by no means reveal at present: enough to state they *talk* very pleasantly in places,—possibly too smartly, but never unnaturally. It is only a week or two since we pointed out the monstrosities of the manufacture now-a-days foisted on the public as dialogue,—how a compound of every conceivable stage clap-trap is too often substituted for the language of real emotion,—how point blank revelations of what A thinks and B (wicked B!) is planning, and C has made up her mind to conceal, are put forth instead of those delicate indicatory fencings and unconscious confessions which masters of parlance have successfully used for the enlightenment of their readers.—Now, inasmuch as, with one exception (in the person of the prosy and cruel father, Mr. Reynolds) the conversations in ‘DeWarrenne’ are like real conversations, the book deserves real praise. We might add, that it merits attentive study from many of those who will mount “the high horse of contempt,” at being invited to take a lesson from any novelist whatever—past, present, or to come! —*Ibid.* Jan. 29.

Jewish Witnesses that Jesus is the Christ.—Edited by R. H. Herschell.

pp. 240. Aylott and Jones.

THE author endeavours to prove, on Jewish admissions and authorities, what the whole of the Jewish people deny; and what the Jews in London have just commenced a periodical publication to annihilate.—*Non nostrum*, &c.—*Lit. Gaz.* Dec.

Adventures of a Guardsman. By Charles Cozens. pp. 272. Bentley.

A *Scapegrace* of good family and education, having cut and run for a soldier, and gone through a hundred curious adventures, in various parts of the earth, has here recorded them; and the narrative is as strange as it appears to be veritable. The life of a transport is altogether a remarkable picture.—*Ibid.*

THE CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

The Dream of Little Tuk; and other Tales. By Hans Christian Andersen. Translated by Charles Boner.

IT will not be very easy for any other of our Christmas guests, male or female, (Miss Edgeworth excepted) to put the best of John Andersen's out of court as prime favourite with old and young. His ware is of excellently even quality. He never loses faith in his fairies,—nor, let the humour of his whimsical combinations be ever so sprightly, does it ever seduce him into laughing at his own skill or exhibiting to the little folk the conjurer from beneath his conjuring robes. The earnestness of his manner is excellent:—his meanings are always elevated and poetical. There are writers parading the world of Romance, who instead of committing the refined and pleasant history of 'The Shadow' to a mere child's book, would have set it forth before grown people with as much ceremony as if it were a lost Marmontel, or one of Voltaire's brilliant bits of philosophy set in fiction. Even better than this is the tale of the "two neighbouring families;" a household of sparrows,—curious, shrewd, vulgar,—good-natured getterson, without an idea of any existences of a higher order than their own,—who are nevertheless, not quite easy in their minds about the "beautiful" as expressed in the elegance and distinction of a neighbouring family of roses, on whose proceedings and position they comment in sparrow-chat of the first quality. The delicious humour of these two tales will not be overlooked even by the children who read them. Then commend us to the gentility of the darning Needle which kept up its pleasant dignity even when it was broken and dropped into the sink!—and to the pathos and fancy of the 'Little Match Girl,' which almost any other hand would have spoilt by making the distress too terrible. But we would rather have had another tale in place of Mr. Boner's preface, which well meant though it be, is not (as the German said) "well tasted"—its place and public considered—and artists in embryo will say, we fear, that Count Pocci's illustrations are poor and not close to the text. Where is the "large and blooming rose-tree, quite in the fore-ground," described at p. 70?—*Athenæum*.

Midsummer Eve; a Fairy Tale of Love. By Mrs. S. C. Hall.

SEEING that this pleasant fairy tale with its beautiful varied and fantastic wood illustration, has already been published in the Art Union, a short paragraph must suffice to designate it. As one of the attractive gift books of the season, we are thankful, as we have said again and again to any one who when dealing with Ireland in fiction, spares us Irish crime and Irish ruin; and in the "Midsummer Eve," as usual, we recognise Mrs. Hall's fertility in inventing incident,—an excellent quality, which, to a teller of stories, is something like the voice of a singer. But her fairies are more "sad and civil" than "good people" born under the shamrock and flitting through the air, heavy with (mountain) dew should be. The Pucks and Cluricannes, to whom the mythologists of the sister Isle have introduced us, are elves of a comical quality—

who can cut a joke as well as a caper, and like the "human mortals," whom they watch over and lesson, are given to mingle something of quaint and eccentric mirth even with the notes of

A roundel and a fairy song.

Now the elves, whom we have here, are those of the "Rosery," Brompton, whence the tale is dated rather than of Roscommon. But the fortunes of the child born on Midsommer Eve, who is thereby brought under the especial care of "the small people," offer famous opportunities to the artists; and it is possible that this may have been a point principally aimed at by the clever narrator of the legion.

If the approach of Christmas time were welcome for nothing besides, we should be glad of it on account of the books for children which it brings, so often do they prove a welcome relief to the solemn dullness or flimsy frivolity of the wares spread on the counter to tempt adults.—This year Miss Edgeworth has promised to break her long silence for the benefit of "the small people"—Meanwhile we have before us *visits to Beechwood Farm; or Country Pleasures, and Hints for Happiness addressed to the Young.* By Catherine M. A. Couper.

This is a pleasant minikin quarto, illustrated by Absalom, "the argument" of which is told in the title page. But really poor town children have something to put up with! So remorselessly are the pleasures of woods and fields "worked" to the disparagement of all the joys that strew the streets, grow in squares, and lurk up alleys. The love of nature is a good thing—but the string may be played too exclusively; as the Corn Law Rhymers vigorously put it once upon a time;—

Thou lovest the woods, the rocks, the quiet fields,
But tell me, if thou canst, enthusiast wan,
Why the broad town to thee no gladness yields?
If thou lov'st Nature, sympathise with Man,
For he and his are parts of Nature's plan!

Ibid.

The Family Jo Miller—a Drawing-Room Jest Book.

THIS book is merrily illustrated: the grotesque title page being in the best manner of a hand easy to recognize, while some of the elves who overlook the corners of the pages of Fun are quaint and impish to a wish. And very unexceptionably collected are the jokes which fill the pages of the "Family Jo Miller."—Old tales having been gathered from the Old Repository with the discreetest nicety, with the addition of New Witticisms by Sidney Smith, Charles Mathews, Theodore Hook, Thomas Hood, and the Princess Royal. But the point of the gatherings from the palace is too fine for us to apprehend. Prefixed is a Biography, which is more grandiloquent and fantastical than we like—but there are drawing-room readers would admire it for these very qualities, to them, accordingly, the volume may be safely and very cordially recommended.—*Ibid.*

A Romance of a Mince Pie ; an incident in the life of Jno. Cherrup, of Forty-winks, Pastry Cook and Confectioner.—By Augus B. Reach.

WE can by no means accredit this "Christmas Pie" as light of digestion. Mr. Reach tries to make us laugh at the tale of a Pastry-cook, who wished to poison a neighbour's dog, and well nigh poisoned a bi-ped instead ;—while a graceless youth, by the alarm and remorse consequent on the mistake, is diverted from murderous thoughts aimed at an old man who will not accommodate himself by dying as soon as desired. • How an author, who is usually so pleasantly merry should have lost himself in such a dismal manner, we cannot imagine.—*Ibid.*

Punch's Almanac is rich in the materials of Christmas mirth—or mirth of all seasons. Messrs. Leech and Doyle are here in more than common force.—*Ibid.*

Specimens will be found among the last leaves of this number.

The Natural History of Tuft Hunters and Toadies.

FOLLOWING in the wake of the "Gent" and other performances of a similar kind, we are not sure that we have not had

More than enough
Of this sort of stuff ;

But the present is about as good as the rest, a pleasant enough satire on a contemptible vice, and very naively illustrated by H. G. Hine.—*Lit. Gaz.*

The Physiology of Muffs.—By W. Gaspey.

ANOTHER production of the "Gent" class, and exposing the affectations and follies of a numerous set of Young London, who flourish under the title of Muffs, i. e. puppies of sundry kinds, more remarkable for their want of sense than for their possession of any estimable quality. Mr. Gaspey has handled them cleverly, and told us as much as we could desire to know of the habits of such contemptible cockscombs.—*Ibid.*

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<i>Stars and the Earth—Thoughts on Space and Time</i> ,	0	1	0
<i>The Henpecked Husband</i> —A Novel.—By the author of "M. P.'s Wife,"	1	11	6
<i>Treachery</i> —A Novel, 3 vols,	1	11	6
<i>The Count</i> —A Novel.			
<i>The Parson</i> .—Pen and Pencil.—By Rev. G. M. Musgrave, 3 vols.			
<i>The Conge—de'lire, or present time of making Bishops</i> .—By C. Benson, M. A.,	0	1	0
<i>The Bible not of Man</i> .—By Gardiner J. Spring, D. D., New York,	0	2	0
<i>Talleyrand, Reminiscences of</i> .—2 vols.,	1	1	0

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<i>The Court and Times of James I.</i> —Edited by author of "Memoirs of Sophia Dorothea," 2 vols.			
<i>The Modern Orator</i> , (2d series) containing Speeches of C. J. Fox,	1	1	0
<i>The Sketches</i> —3 Tales.—By the author of "Amy Herbert," ...	0	6	0
<i>The Night-side of Nature; or Ghosts and Ghost-seers</i> , ...	1	1	0
<i>The Reformation in Europe.</i> —By Cesare Cantu. Edited by F. Prandia, Esq., 2 vols.,	1	1	0
<i>The Princess</i> —A Medley.—By A. Tennyson,	0	12	0
<i>The Boat and the Caravan, a Family Tour in Egypt and Syria</i> ,	0	7	0
<i>Trollope, Mrs., Town and Country</i> , 3 vols.,	1	11	6
<i>The Three Paths</i> —A Story for young people.—By Julia Karanagh, 1 vol.			
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<i>The Triumph of Woman</i> —A Christmas Story.—By Noncraft—Author of the Tales of "The Colonies,"	0	5	0
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<i>Withering Lights</i> , 3 vols,			
"Written with considerable ability."— <i>John Bull</i> .			
"A work of very great talent."— <i>Examiner</i> .			
"The author is a Salvator Rosa with his pen."— <i>Britannia</i> .			
<i>Zoological Recreations.</i> —By W. J. Broderip, Esq.,	0	10	6

II.—FINE ARTS.

Portrait of Lord Dalhousie.

A WHOLE length portrait of this eminent nobleman, to whom has just been confided the imperial task of governing India, is now exhibited at Messrs. Graves, and well deserves a visit from the amateur. It is painted by Mr. J. Watson Gordon, the distinguished Scottish artist, whose works have for years been among the most successful in our Royal Academy. Our remarks upon his "Lord Advocate" in the last exhibition, would equally apply to the fine picture to which we are now alluding. His lordship is represented in his official robes of Lord Registrar of Scotland, which are well calculated for artistic finish and effect. The head is full of intellect and quiet dignity, with yet a spirited expression in the eye and look, which bespeaks the needful *fortiter in modo*, combined with the agreeable *savviter in re*. Altogether, it is a production of a high class in the branch to which it belongs.—*Literary Gazette*.

Views in Borneo, Sarawak, Labuan, &c. By Capt. D. Bethune, R.N., and others. Part 2. T. M'Lean.

WHILST the Rajah of Sarawak is worthily fêted and honoured in London, it gives an additional zest to these views, the first of which is taken from his Bungalow, so well described by Capt. Keppel, looking down the river, on which, it is our firm belief, he has planted a centre of civilization, of an importance unequalled in the history of any individual man that ever existed. The landscape looks as beautiful and bright as the moral prospect. The next plate is a bird's-eye view of the city of Brunei, and affords a good general idea of the Sultan's Capital and the surrounding country. A view in the jungle at Singapore is very picturesque; and a "Dayak" [Dyak] village in the interior of Borneo, still more interesting, to which an account of it from the pen of Captain Bethune (who visited it in 1845, in company with Mr. Brooke), imparts an additional charm:

"The lodging or village (he says) consists of one long building, erected on posts, at least six feet from the ground: the apartments are contiguous, each family having one. A covered gallery conducts to all rooms in front, and outside is a platform of variable width. New-married couples live in separate huts till they are rich enough to add a house to the general building. In the gallery all the work is carried on, such as making mats, drying corn, &c. The Head-house is a distinct building, in which strangers are lodged, councils are held, &c. The unmarried men and boys likewise sleep in it; the girls are kept with their parents. Until recently, the sites of villages were chosen as inaccessible as possible, to avoid the attacks of their enemies; but they are now gradually feeling more secure, and are leaving their fastnesses. The approaches to the houses are over notched trees; at one village (Stang) the ascent was nearly twenty feet perpendicular.

"The Tuan-besar, or Great Lord (the title by which Mr. Brooke is spoken of) had his feet washed in cocoa-nut milk; he then killed a fowl, and allowed the blood to run into the basin. This mixture is supposed to be good to produce great crops. My feet were washed, a white fowl brought, which was first waved by the principal man (Orang Kaya) over all the people, then by the

Datu, one of the Jaraoh chiefs, and lastly by Mr. Brooke. A quantity of rice was then brought and sprinkled with some yellow mixture by means of a chaplet of beads. While this was going on, small bells were tied round the waists of the chiefs, both men and women continually drawing our hands through both of theirs 'to extract the virtue.'

"We left the village about midday, Mr. Brooke having first received a visit from the head-man of the next tribe (Stang). He came bearing a Sirik box, having a white cloth on his head, accompanied by a white banner. The walk was a short one of about four miles, three of which lay along trees. There being no Head-house at Stang, we spread our mats in the gallery. The women here are much prettier than at the last place. The wife of one of the head-men was very pretty; she was delicate, and came to Brooke that he might rub her side. Her husband, an old man, kindly remarked, that 'it was better to die than to be always ill.' A sick wife is felt very much, as the women do all the household work. We saw here part of the feast suspended on a branch of bamboo, as an offering to their god Joate. The Orang Kaya mumbled some words over it while suspended. When we had dined, a dance was gone through. The first performer entered, the body bent, the hands joined, uttering a piercing yell, she advanced to the head guest, and took his hand in both hers, and then conveyed the virtue to her face and bosom. Then half rising up and extending her arms, she kept one foot fixed, moving the other slowly forward, making meanwhile a quarter turn, and keeping time to the music of tom-toms with her hands, bending them up and down from the wrist. Having completed her gyration, she began with the other foot, turning in an opposite direction. The body and arms are moved in as graceful an attitude as possible; and thus she proceeded slowly along the room, then right about face and back again. Occasionally, as the dancers passed us, they screamed and drew more virtue. Men and women mingled indiscriminately. Many of the latter are very graceful. The lady who professed to be in delicate health was one of the most graceful, and displayed so much vanity by keeping immediately in front of us, that she underwent a reprimand from one of the head-men, who imitated her style of dancing, to the great amusement of our party and all the natives. We next proceeded to Mozabunok, inhabited by the Sigu tribe. The first part of the walk was through a complete thicket, where we were a little annoyed by leeches. Here we fell in with a party of the Sigus coming to meet us. The Dyak is seen to great advantage in the wild jungle, presenting altogether a very picturesque appearance. We then passed over some newly-cleared farms. The agriculture practised by the Dyaks is as follows:—The jungle is cut down, and a favourable opportunity is taken for firing it. The seed (rice) is then dibbled in; sometimes Indian corn is sown and rice dibbled in between the plants. The clearing season extends from August to October, and the harvest is reaped about February. The Dyak, at this time, living at his farms, is but rarely seen in the villages. The rice thus grown is called hill rice, in contradistinction to the wet rice. The crop gathered, the farm is deserted for at least seven years, and a new spot is chosen and cleared. The rice grown on the uplands possesses the advantage of keeping longer, and is more valued than that grown in the bottoms. Query, is it of another quality? No sooner is the crop reaped, than a grass called 'lalang' springs up, in its character more pernicious than couch, no means having yet been found of eradicating it. However, this grass perishes at the end of seven years. The fruit season in Sarawak is in November and December; at Bruné, in September and October. In the course of our excursion, we passed through several very romantic dells, and the country in general was very well watered. That which is called the Sacred Grove, is highly picturesque.

"To be properly appreciated, the Dyaks should be seen at home. One of their great characteristics is their politeness; to which I may add, their great

honesty and trust in their chief. They are very fond of their children, and faithful to their wives. Instances of infidelity are very rare. Among the Sakarans, ~~when~~ two young people form a mutual attachment, they cohabit by permission of their parents: if they have children, they must marry; if not, they separate. Their women when taken by Europeans become affectionate and fond of their protectors.

"Thus far Captain Bethune. Nor only in the Sultanate of Borneo, but throughout the island, the Dyaks constitute a majority of the population. In manners they may perhaps be said to resemble each other; but in character and propensities the several tribes vary considerably, according to the circumstances in which they are placed. Far in the interior, where the governments are purely indigenous, they display great energy, and often live under the sway of princes who are able to bring large armies into the field. Offering the most striking contrast to the scattered and cringing hordes living under the pressure of Malay tyranny, those mountain tribes display a fierce spirit of independence which proves them to have belonged originally to a generous race."

The descriptive letter-press is written in a clear style, and sufficiently explanatory, as may be judged from the specimen we have quoted. The whole work is very interesting.—*Ibid.*

The Prize Cartoons. Being the Eleven Designs to which premiums were awarded by the Royal Commissioners of the Fine Arts, in 1843. Engraved on stone, from the reduced drawings made by John, James, and William Linnell. London. Longmans.

As the exhibition of these Frescos made an epoch in the history of the Fine Arts and native school of England; so ought this their publication to be esteemed a worthy sequel and following out of an important measure. Having offered our opinion upon the paintings when first seen in Westminster Hall, and on these specimens when the reduced drawings were shown in the Suffolk Street Gallery; we have now only the task of reviewing them in their new form of lithographed engraving, in which shape they are manifestly calculated to diffuse a knowledge of and taste for the high in Arts throughout the empire. The encouragement given by the State could effect little for this desirable purpose, and we therefore consider the nation to be deeply indebted to the publishers for the liberal and patriotic spirit which they have evinced in this expensive enterprise. The undertaking was worthy of a house of first rate standing, and we trust it will be rewarded with the success it so eminently deserves.

1. "Cæsar's First Invasion of England," by G. Armitage, comes out with every advantage of striking composition in this new style. "We prefer it to the picture. The athletic forms seem less exaggerated, and the strong expression in the countenances of the warriors on both sides and their straining sinews tell, in forcible language, the fierceness of the struggle.

2. The next, "Caractacus at Rome," by G. F. Watts, does not, we think, engrave quite so well. There is a statue-like hardness in the head of the British Chief, and the stare of the child at his feet, and the grotesque witch head on the right, are not to our mind. Most of the less distinguished parts and accessories, however, render the whole a fine historical scene.

3. "The First Trial by Jury" (C. W. Cope) is a charming piece, full of a gravity congenial to the subject, and replete with interest. The story is ably

told, and the murderer, the murdered, the accuser, the jury, and the judge, and his priestly assessors are all excellently portrayed.

4. "St. Augustine preaching" (J. C. Horsley) is truly rendered; the Queen's face rather over-shadowed.

5. "Cardinal Bouchier urging the Queen of Edward IV. to give up her Children from the Sanctuary" (J. L. Bell) is even more smugly in the engraving; whereas.

6. "The Fight for the Beacon" (H. Townsend) displays all the force of the original to admiration. It is a noble group, of foremost academic and anatomical talent; kept within due bounds, and, though full of the most energetic action, equally true to nature.

7. "Una alarmed by the Fauns and Satyrs" (W. E. Frost) is tinged with a deep glowing bister colouring, and is a very delightful performance. It is poetry, and worthy of the poet. The countenances of the Fauns and Satyrs admirably varied.

8. "Joseph of Arimathea converting the Britons" (E. T. Parris) is executed in a dark tone, and affords a contrast not so favourable to the artist as the great merits of his picture deserve. Age and youth, dignity and beauty, persuasion and reverence, belief and incredulity, tell in this fresco, and do honour to the name of the artist, whose previous performances, distinguished as they are in other lines, had not prepared us for so great an effort in this new course.

9. "Boadicea haranguing the Iceni" (H. C. Selous) makes a grand, enthusiastic, historical work, and is ably composed throughout.

10. "Alfred submitting his Laws to the Witan" (J. Bridges) is one of our especial favourites. It seems as simple and efficient as the wise laws propounded; and the earnestness of the members of the Witan and the attentiveness of the spectators are happily represented. The attitudes too are in perfect keeping, and we can readily conceive the interest of the scene, so pregnant with the most important consequences to the British people.

11. "Queen Eleanor," (J. Severn.) The romantic and heroic act of sucking the poison from the wound of her royal husband, is a fitting conclusion to the series.

Altogether, the first great step taken by the Royal Commissioners was necessarily limited in operation, and it required a publication like this to spread a knowledge of what high Art aimed at throughout the length and breadth of the land. That there are inequalities, both in the treatment of subject and in the execution of the lithographs, is an inevitable consequence; but we will ask of every candid person, and of every friend to the cultivation of our native School and national taste, if such productions are or are not calculated to do eminent service to both?—*Ibid.*

Finden's Royal Gallery of British Art. Part XIII. J. Hogarth.

THERE has been a considerable lapse of time since we had the last part of this truly national work before us, but the delay is amply compensated for by the merits of the present number, which fully maintains the high character of the Royal Gallery. It opens with a charming engraving, by J. Cousen, of Stanfield's admirable picture of the "Day after the Wreck," of which we spoke as it deserved at the time it was exhibited. The great merits of the painting have been well preserved in the engraving, which, we repeat, is very beautiful. Lee's "Ferry," engraved by E. Goodall, is a delicious bit of sylvan scenery, in which the lights and shadows are well contrasted, while the

ferry-boat in the fore-ground gives life and animation to the whole. The trio of this part is completed by Uwins's splendid picture, "Behold the Lamb of God," well engraved (with an occasional darkness here and there) by J. Oudrim. Altogether, this is a very superb number of the Royal Gallery.—*Ibid.*

III.—BIOGRAPHY:

*Lives of the Queens of England. By Agnes Strickland. Vol. XI.
H. Colburn.*

THE memoirs in this volume relate to the second Mary, wife of William III., and to her sister and successor, Anne. The abilities of the former, and the weaknesses of the latter, are fully displayed, and the filial perfidy of both as fully illustrated. Mary is set much higher for talent than the ordinary estimate; and, on the contrary, her moral qualities are depreciated. During the six years that she was Queen Regnant, owing to the frequent and long absences of her husband in his campaigns, it may truly be said that the principal weight of governing fell to her share: and also that she was more capable of fulfilling the task than the belligerent and narrow-minded Dutchman to whom she was united, of whom the writer says:

"William could make repartees, which were not only rude, but brutal, to the queen; neither was his truth unsullied; but he possessed considerable shrewdness, and was a man of few words."

The quarrels of the sisters form a leading feature in the narrative, and nearly all the domestic and family scenes are of an equally disagreeable nature:

"The queen took up her residence at Hampton-Court permanently, for the summer, in the commencement of July. The manner of life led there by her and her spouse is dimly remembered by tradition. When the king used to walk with her across the halls and courts of that antique palace, he never gave the queen his arm, but hung on hers, and the difference of their size and stature almost provoked risibility. The king every day seemed to grow smaller and leaner beneath the pressure of the cares which his three Crowns had brought him; while Mary, luxuriating in her native air, and the pleasures of her English palaces, seemed to increase in bulk every hour. She took a great deal of exercise, but did not try abstinence as a means of reducing her tendency to obesity. She used to promenade, at a great pace, up and down the long straight walk, under the wall of Hampton-Court, nearly opposite to the Toy. As her majesty was attended by her Dutch maids of honour, or English ladies naturalized in Holland, the common people who gazed on their foreign garb and mien named this promenade, 'Frow-walk,' it is now deeply shadowed with enormous elms and chesnuts, the frogs from the neighbouring Thames, to which it slants, occasionally choosing to recreate themselves there; and the name of Frow-walk is now lost in that of Frog-walk.

"The pleasures of the Dutch monarch were not of a sociable kind; he neither loved the English nor English manners, but preferred Dutch smoking-parties, with closed doors, guarded from all approach by foreign soldiers, with pipes in their mouths, and partisans grasped in their hands. The daily routine of the life of William and Mary is only preserved in squibs and lampoons;

among these manuscripts, detestable as they are in construction and metre, some lost traits are found.

‘HAMPTON-COURT LIFE IN 1689.

‘Man and wife are all one, in flesh and in bone,
 ‘From hence you may guess what they mean :
 The queen drinks chocolate, to make the king fat ;
 The king hunts, to make the queen lean.

Mr. Dean says grace, with a reverend face,
 “Make room!” cries Sir Thomas Duppa ;
 Then Bentinck up-locks his king in a box,
 And you see him no more until supper.’

“This supper took place at half-past nine ; by half-past ten, royalty and the royal household were snoring. If queen Mary had to write a letter or despatch at eleven at night, she could not keep her eyes open. The regal dinner-hour was half-past one, or two at the latest, and breakfast was at an hour virtuously early.

“Queen Mary, like every one descended from lord chancellor Clarendon, with the exception, perhaps, of her uncle, Henry, earl of Clarendon, indulged in eating rather more than did her good ; her enemies accused her of liking strong potations. The elegance of her figure was injured by a tendency to rapid increase, on which the satires and lampoons of her political opponents did not fail to dwell ; she was scarcely twenty-eight years of age when she became queen of England, but her nymph-like beauty of face and form was amplified into the comeliness of a tall, stout woman.

“Among the valuable collections of colonel Braddyll, at Conishead Priory, Lancashire, was preserved a very fine miniature of William III., delicately executed in pen and ink etching. It is a small oval, laid on a back-ground of white satin, surrounded with a wreath of laurel embroidered in outline tracery in his royal consort’s hair, surmounted with the crown-royal. The frame is of wood, curiously carved and gilded, and at the foot is a circular medallion, radiated and enclosed in the ribbon of the garter, containing also, under a fair crystal, queen Mary’s hair, which is of a pale brown colour, and of an extremely fine and silky texture. At the back of the picture, queen Mary has inscribed, on a slip of vellum, with her own hand—‘My haire, cut off March y^e 5th, 1688.’ Under the royal autograph, is written, ‘Queen Mary’s hair and writing.’

The princess Anne was, at this time, living dependent on the bounty of her sister and brother-in-law, at Hampton-Court. Here she was treated, it is true, as princess, but was forced to owe to them, the supply of the very bread she ate at their table. Her retirement from Whitehall to Hampton-Court, for her accouchement, must have taken place in June, 1689.”

A good deal of the most novel information is derived from Tracts in the British Museum, by Lewis Jenkins, who belonged to the household of Anne ; and the account of the upbringing of her son, the poor boy-duke of Gloucester, his treatment by female attendants, governesses, and tutors, his precocious character, and the importance attached to his position, whilst his physical ailments forbade the expectation of long life, especially under the mistaken discipline and medical treatment to which he was subjected,—all these matters possess a curious interest, and their details show how much the destinies of nations and of their rulers may depend on “trifles light as air.”

Mary’s extreme fondness for her husband, warmly evinced in her letters to him during the Irish war against her father, and her own selfishness, are

described as having swallowed up all her other natural affections. Her enmity to her father was not only seen in her rebellion, but in the destruction afterwards of his partisans and friends. Of her mother she was never known to make filial mention. Towards her sister her conduct was tyrannical and cruel. Her uncle Clarendon and other near relatives she persecuted. She waxed fat, and died young; and few could love or pity her.

The great political bearings of the period are too generally known to tempt us into extract or discussion. They were filled with falsehood, intrigue, vacillation, conspiracy, imminent changes from day to day, as prospects varied, of continued revolutionary or Jacobite ascendancy. The turn of the balance hung upon the merest contingencies.

We may, however, in order to illustrate the work, select a few extracts relating to the hopeful heir of the throne, the son of Anne, doomed like her sister to have no son succeeding, as if their own ingratitude to their parent was to bear its punishment in this world. The *liaison* between William and Elizabeth Villiers, was another retribution on the head of Mary. But to our extracts:

"The young heir of England, at this period, began to occupy the attention of his aunt, the queen, in a greater degree than heretofore. The princess Anne continued to reside at Berkeley House, as her town residence, while her boy usually inhabited Campden House, close to Kensington Palace. The princess had suits of apartments at Campden House for her own use, therefore it is evident that she occasionally resided with her son, although the entrée at Kensington Palace, open to him, was for ever barred to her. All the provisions for his table were sent daily from Berkeley House; these consisted of plain joints of meat, to which an apple-pie was added as desert, but he was never permitted to eat confectionary. The predilection all young children take for the glitter and clatter of military movements, was eagerly fostered by his attendants, as an early indication of love of war; and to cultivate this virtuous propensity to the height, he was indulged with warlike toys in profusion, miniature cannon, swords, and trumpets, and, more than all, with a little regiment of urchins about his own age.

"The princess Anne, finding her son afflicted with the ague, in 1694, sent for Mr. Sentiman, an apothecary, and required him 'to give her a prescription approved of by her uncle Charles II.' for, her royal highness said, 'it cured every kind of ague.' Mr. Sentiman had the recipe for the nostrum, which was a mixture of brandy and saffron; it made the poor child excessively ill, but did not cure him. Her royal highness had a great ambition to have her young son elected a knight of the garter, and soon afterwards sent him to visit the queen and king William with a blue band passed over his shoulder, to put them in mind that there was a blue ribbon vacant by the death of the duke of Hamilton. Queen Mary received her young visitor, but did not take the hint respecting the coveted garter, which she gave to the duke of Shrewsbury as a reward for having, after much political coquetry, agreed to become her secretary of state. The queen bestowed on her little nephew a gift much more consonant to his years; this was a beautiful bird, but it appears that the child had been rendered, either by his mother or his governess, expectant and ambitious of the blue ribbon; he therefore rejected the bird, and very calmly said, 'that he would not rob her majesty of it.'

"The poor little prince was evidently afflicted with hydrocephalus, or water on the brain, a complaint that often carries to the grave whole families of promising infants. Such was, no doubt, the disease that desolated the nursery of the princess Anne; very little was known regarding it by the faculty at that

period. The symptoms are clearly traced, by the duke's attendant, Lewis Jenkins, who says, 'The duke of Gloucester's head was very long and large, inso-much that his hat was big enough for most men, which made it difficult to fit his head with a peruke; a peruke for an infant born in July 1689!—it was then only Easter, 1694? The unfortunate child with this enormous head, is, nevertheless, described in glowing terms by his flattering attendant. After lamenting the difficulties of fitting the poor babe with a periwig, because the doctors kept a blister in the nape of his neck, he continues, 'The face of the young duke of Gloucester was oval, and usually glowed with a fresh colour, his body easy, his arms finely hung, his chest full, his legs proportionable to his body, made him appear very charming; turning out his toes as if he had really been taught to do so. I measured him, and found his height was three feet four inches. Although he was active and lively, yet he could not go up and down stairs without help, nor raise himself when down.' How any child could be active and lively, in such a pitiable state, passes the comprehension of every one but Lewis Jenkins? 'People concluded it was occasioned by the over care of the ladies. The prince of Denmark, who was a very good-natured pleasant man, would often rally them about it; and Dr. Ratcliffe, in his accustomed manner, spoke very bluntly to Mrs. Lewen, his sub-governess, about it.'

"The young prince was chiefly managed by his governess, lady Fitzharding, lord Fitzharding, master of the horse to the princess his mother, and Mrs. Lewen, the Kingston quakeress, his wet-nurse, had likewise great authority in his household."

Whilst they did everything on earth to spoil him, his father took it into his head to make him hardy, and beat the poor invalid to force him to walk and run, when his heavy brain, seized with vertigo, brought him fainting to the ground: "when ever and anon, the suffering child craved the assistance of two persons to lead him on each side, especially when he went up and down stairs, his demand of support was treated as mere idle whim. Doubtless, the movement of the water, at such times, gave him vertigo; but the prince of Denmark was either advised to treat the child's caution of retaining assistance near him under his agonizing infirmity as an effeminate caprice, or he had worked his temper up to violence. The princess shut herself up with her little son for more than an hour, trying to reason with him that it was improper to be led up and down stairs at the age of more than five years: she led him into the middle of the room, and told him 'to walk, as she was sure he could do so.' He obstinately refused to stir, without being led by, at least, one person. The princess then took a birch rod, and gave it to prince George, who repeatedly slashed his son with it, in vain; at last, by dint of severe strokes, the torture made him run alone.

"The little invalid, who had never before felt the disgrace and pain of corporal punishment, ever after walked up and down stairs without requiring aid. The whole circumstance was revolting; for the difficulty is in general to keep a child of such age from perpetually frisking, in the exuberance of his animal spirits. Great, indeed, must have been the agony and confusion of the young prince's head, before this natural vivacity could be extinguished; nor could the struggle, induced by cruelty, have been likely to strengthen him, but, on the contrary, it would have greatly inflamed and aggravated a malady like hydrocephalus. * * *

"Mr. Pratt, one of the chaplains of the princess, was his preceptor. 'After due consultation with the prince, her husband, the princess Anne considered that it was time that their heir should assume his masculine attire, seeing how

active he was, and that his *stiff-bodied coats* were very troublesome to him in his military amusements (for nothing but battles, sieges, drums, and warlike tales afforded him recreation); the princess and prince of Denmark therefore ordered my lady Fitzharding, his governess, to put him into male habiliments, which was accordingly done on Easter-day.' Does the reader wish to know the costume of the heir of Great Britain, on Easter-day, 1694? His suit was white camlet, with loops and buttons of silver thread. He wore stiff stays under his waistcoat, which hurt him—no wonder! Whereupon, Mr. Hughes, the little duke's tailor, was sent for, and the duke of Gloucester ordered a band of urchins from the boys' regiment, which he termed his horse-guards, to punish the tailor for making the stiff stays that hurt him. The punishment was to be put on the wooden horse, which stood in the presence-chamber at Campden House, this horse being placed there for the torment of military offenders. Now, tailor Hughes had never been at Campden House, and knew none of its customs; and when he found himself surrounded by a mob of small imps in mimic soldiers' gear, all trying, as far as they could reach, to pull and push him towards the instrument of punishment, the poor Welchman was not a little scared, deeming them freakish fairies, very malignly disposed towards him. At last, Lewis Jenkins, the usher, came to the rescue of his countryman. An explanation was then entered into, and the Welch tailor was set at liberty, after he had promised to amend all that was amiss in the stiff stays of his little highness.

"The young duke had a mighty fancy to be prince of Wales, and often asked Jenkins, 'Why he was not so?' The question was perplexing, since the princess Anne had solemnly charged lady Fitzharding, and all her son's attendants, never to make any allusion to his grandfather, king James II., or to the unfortunate prince of Wales, her brother; her child was not to know that they existed. Lewis Jenkins told him, 'It was not impossible but that, one day, he might be prince of Wales; and if he ever were, he hoped he would make him his Welch interpreter.'"

The death of Mary made a considerable alteration in the position of Anne and her child. Still how puerile and absurd was the course adopted towards the latter, till he sank into an early grave!—*Ibid.*

The Lives of the Lord Chancellors and Keepers of the Great Seal of England, from the Earliest Times till the Reign of King George IV. By John, Lord Campbell. Third Series. Vols. VI. and VII. Murray.

THESE volumes conclude a work which will take its place in our libraries as one of the most brilliant and valuable contributions to the literature of the present day. The noble author makes sundry apologies in his preface—for the wide extent of his labours—for retracing ground already trodden with ability—and lastly, for the "familiar and colloquial style" with which he has touched the lighter parts of his admirably chosen subject. But his excuses are superfluous: a large compass was essential to a faithful execution of his task; a copious accession of new materials called for a new hand to mould them into narrative; and the cheerful, gossiping, informal manner of the story-telling is a charm, not a fault,—interspersed as it is with elaborate criticisms where the subject craves for them, and not betraying the writer into rash judgments or careless marshalling or statement of facts.

The new materials of which the author has had the advantage in the composition of these volumes consist principally of "the whole of Lord Loughborough's papers," communicated by Lord Rosslyn, his representative—many original letters of Lord Erskine—and (for the life of Lord Eldon) the contribution by Sir Robert Peel of all the letters which passed between him and Lord Eldon from the year 1822, when Sir Robert became Secretary for the Home Department. We hasten to introduce the reader to the characters and scenes so vividly reproduced in these volumes, and so eminently worthy of reproduction:—and will confine ourselves in the present notice to the life of Alexander Wedderburn, afterwards Lord Loughborough; who in January 1793, after many a disappointment, reached, by no honourable road, the culminating point of his ambition, the possession of the Great Seal—being the first Scotchman who had attained that dignity.

The career of Wedderburn was one of professional, but still more of political, adventure—that of a man whose daring was equal to his capacity, possessed of all the bold and dexterous qualities by which, through adverse circumstances, in stormy times, and amidst hosts of rivals, characters of a hardy stamp, cool-headed, and unincumbered with a too sensitive probity, push their way to the high places of the world. He was of good extraction—of what the French call "*une famille de robe*," or descended, like the Hopes and Dundases, from a line of jurists. His mother was equally celebrated for the care of her children and for her poultry; and the first recorded adventure of young Wedderburn was his bold provocation of a turkey-cock and his narrow escape from the enraged bird.

"When he was between three and four years old, having provoked a fierce Turkey cock, by hallooing to him,—

Bubbly Jock, your wife is a witch,
And she is going to be burnt with a barrel of pitch,—

the animal flew at the child, laid him flat on the ground, and seemed disposed to peck his eyes out, when he was saved by his nurse, who rushed in to the rescue with a broom in her hand. A young lad, then acting in the family as assistant to the gardener, having witnessed this scene, and many years afterwards, when passing through London, having been carried into the Court of Chancery to see Lord Loughborough in all his glory, instead of being, as was expected, overwhelmed with admiration and awe,—after he had coolly contemplated him for some time, at length exclaimed, 'Weel! Weel! he may be a great man noo, but I mind fine he was since sair hadden doon by his mither's bubbly jock!'

At an early age Wedderburn was sent to the University of Edinburgh; where he not only became socially the friend, but was admitted to the intellectual intimacy of Robertson, Hume, and Adam Smith. Robertson predicted his future eminence. Having been destined to the bar, he commenced his legal studies at the University; and it was there that he "laid in the chief stock of law on which he *traded*," says Lord Campbell, "for the rest of his days." It has been stated by Lord Brougham, that Wedderburn had no thought of trying his fortune in England until his well-known quarrel with Lockhart;—but this his present biographer proves to be a mistake. The notion had been conceived much earlier—but was rudely discountenanced by

Hume Campbell, a friend of his father, who even pronounced Alexander "a hopeless dunce," and suggested that he should be sent to sea or that a commission in the army should be procured for him. This might have daunted a less confident spirit; but young Wedderburn possessed in abundance what Bacon calls the chief quality for civil business and advancement. He made an experimental trip to London; and it is curious to see in what the young Scotsman of those days thought, or found, that the principal difficulty of succeeding in England consisted—

"The chief obstacle he dreaded was his defective knowledge and vicious pronunciation of the vernacular tongue." Although he could write English, as well as Latin, with tolerable purity, in common conversation he was often reduced to great embarrassment from not being sure that he knew how to express himself properly about the most trifling matters; and he could easily perceive that, notwithstanding the politeness of the Englishmen he met, they had great difficulty in commanding their gravity when he spoke in the native accent of the Canongate, and still more when he rashly attempted to imitate them, and came out with the jargon called 'High English.'

In 1753 he entered the Inner Temple, but was not called to the English bar until four years later. During the interval he lived in Edinburgh; practised at the Scotch bar; distinguished himself as an orator in the General Assembly (particularly by his speech in defence of David Hume); was a prominent member of the Poker Club (aptly so termed, as it was expressly formed to stir up national discontent)—also of another institution called the Select Society; and being eager at that period for literary as well as legal renown, he became editor of the original *Edinburgh Review*, a half-yearly periodical started by the last-named association,—but which, having incurred the hostility of the fanatical clergy, was discontinued after the second number. The preface to the first number was written by the future chancellor,—as well as a review of a work upon the rudiments of the Greek tongue. The particulars related of the meetings of the Select Society are singular and interesting. We find Adam Smith presiding at their second meeting and proposing for debate the question, "Whether bounties on the exportation of corn be advantageous?" But neither Smith nor Hume ever took part in the discussions of the society, although frequently present at its meetings. In the list of questions commonly debated we find the following: "Whether an union with Ireland would be advantageous to Great Britain?"—and this odd one, "Whether a Foundling Hospital erected at Edinburgh and supported by a tax upon old bachelors would tend to the prosperity of Scotland?" The history of the Select Society is given in detail. Lord Campbell tells us that it fell sick, and eventually died of an insane ambition to "change the spoken language of the country:"—that is to say, to drop the Scottish dialect and accent and "speak as well as write English." The witty gibes of Charles Townsend were the origin of this strange movement: to which a further impulse was given by old Sheridan (father of Richard Brinsley),—"who came to Edinburgh to deliver lectures on elocution; and, speaking with a strong Irish brogue, undertook to teach all the delicacies of English intonation." The anxiety of Wedderburn to leave his Scottish accent behind him when he went to settle in England was extreme. He was Sheridan's most zealous pupil; and we find him subsequently, in London, not only availing himself of the lectures of the same

preceptor, but, oddly enough, taking lessons in elocution from another Irishman, the celebrated player Macklin. Lord Campbell, however, observes,—

“It is very doubtful whether Garrick or Kemble would have succeeded better than the two Hibernians.—We must likewise recollect that they introduced their pupil to their histrionic associates, and that he became a frequenter of the Green-Room, where he could advantageously practise some of the rules they had laid down for him. Through these means the effect of Wedderburn's eloquence ceased to be at all impaired by pronunciation; and his vicious manner became polished and impressive. But still there never flowed from him a natural stream of eloquence; he always seemed studying how he could give most effect to his expressions, and, unless when he was occasionally impassioned, his manner was precise and affected. While his transformation was at all events gratifying to his vanity, there may be some doubt how far it was the foundation, as is generally supposed, of his good fortune; for his old schoolfellow Harry Dundas, who took no thought about such things, and ever continued to talk as broad Scotch as when they were under the discipline of Mr. Barclay at Dalkeith, was listened to with equal favour in the House of Commons, and enjoyed more power and influence in the State—having been for many years king of Scotland, and guiding with the younger Pitt the destinies of the empire.”

Wedderburn was not very particular about either the directness or the cleanliness of the paths which he took to advancement. He canvassed for briefs; but not having law enough to enable him to dispense with the lever of politics, he became a partizan of Lord Bute, and by his influence made his way into the House of Commons. In 1763 he donned the silk gown; and in the same year, impudently violating all professional rules and usages, he suddenly thrust himself into the place vacated by Sir Fletcher Norton upon the Northern Circuit. But he succeeded better in Chancery and in the House of Commons than as a *Nisi Prius* lawyer. Wheeling suddenly round, he became a flaming patriot; and espoused the cause of Wilkes with that affected impetuosity which in the outset of his life masked the calculating shrewdness of his character: displaying on this popular ground a power of eloquence of which it is to be regretted that we have now no proofs but the recorded opinions of some of his most eminent cotemporaries. Wedderburn, indeed, promised at this time to prove a formidable rival to the great demagogue and mountebank of the day. On vacating the Tory borough of Richmond, he received the honours of political martyrdom at the Thatched House Tavern. How he figured there is thus described:—

“They drank his health with three times three, under the title of ‘THE STEWARD OF THE CHILTERN HUNDREDS;’ and he made a very inflammatory reply, denouncing in no measured terms the usurpation of the rights of the people by their own representatives, and concluding with this oath of abjuration suitably taken by him on receiving an office from the Crown, for which he had vacated his seat, ‘I do from my soul denounce, detest, and abjure as unconstitutional and illegal, that damnable doctrine and position, that a resolution of the House of Commons can make, alter, suspend, abrogate, or annihilate the law of the land.’ Whereupon he kissed the bottle. Various other toasts were given to testify the attachment of the meeting to the cause which Wedderburn had so nobly defended; such as—‘The rights of the electors!’ ‘The law of the land!’ ‘The immortal memory of Lord Chief Justice Holt!’—all introduced by speeches eulogizing the new patriot's exertions and his sacrifices. It is said that Wilkes himself became a little jealous of this ‘North Briton,’ for though

not much of a Wilkite, he would not like to have been superseded as the most notorious public man of the day."

Wedderburn continued to be a most consistent and active champion of the people, until the time came for deserting them to advantage. He panegyricized the liberty of the press; sided with America; clamoured for the rights of juries; acted the part of liberal and demagogue to admiration; all the while having his eye notoriously fixed upon the Solicitor-*Général*ship—for which, in the fulness of time, he ratted to Lord North in the most shameless manner:—

"Great was the public indignation when the result was known; and this must be confessed to be one of the most flagrant cases of *rattat* recorded in our party annals. There not only was no change in the Government, but there was no change of circumstances or of policy,—and a solitary patriot was to cross the floor of the House of Commons that he might support the measures which he had been so loudly condemning. His own saying was now in everybody's mouth: 'Bit by the tarantula of Opposition, he is cured by the music of the Court.' Perhaps there was nothing more cutting than Lord Camden's remark in sending the intelligence to Lord Chatham: 'I am not surprised, but grieved.'"

Here is a picture of the parliamentary embarrassments of an apostate:—

"Mr. Solicitor vacating his seat, was re-elected for Bishop's Castle without opposition; but he had before him the disagreeable prospect of walking up to the table between two Treasury members, his liberal associates now shunning him, and to slink down on the Treasury bench between Lord North and John Robinson. He dreaded that opposing parties, suspending their general hostility, would, on this occasion, interchange well understood looks, occasioned by mutual wonderment at his apostasy. When the time came he is said virtuously to have blushed, and to have appeared much distressed, till his colleague Thurlow shook him by the hand, and with an oath welcomed him to that side of the House which he ought never to have quitted. He, for some time, wore an embarrassed air, and when he had anything to say, he seemed to have lost all his fluency."

Wedderburn was now as furious an assailant of all popular principles and interests as before he was their loud advocate. He thundered against the press in Parliament and against Franklin in the Privy Council; supported coercion in America; and defended the corruptions of the pension-list with a bronze which even then excited astonishment. But in all these courses the brilliancy of his talents gilded his profligacy. The incidents of an unprincipled career, alternately illustrated by talents of the first order and darkened by tergiversation and improbity equally remarkable, form the matter of a most attractive story—and Lord Campbell has woven one out of them.

The year 1780 saw Wedderburn Chief Justice of the Common Pleas and a peer of the realm. Here is his portrait as a common law judge:—

"As a common law judge he did not stand very high in public estimation, although he displayed some important qualifications for his office, and his conduct was not liable to any serious charge. He was above all suspicion of corruption,—he was courteous, patient, and impartial,—being neither led astray by the influence of others, nor by ill temper, prejudice, favouritism, or caprice. His manner was most dignified, and from his literary stores, and his acquaintance with the world, he threw a grace over the administration of justice which it sometimes sadly wants when the presiding '*puisse*' has spent the whole of his life in drawing and arguing pleas and demurrers. By the consent of all, Lord Loughborough came up to the notion of a consummate magistrate when the cause turned entirely upon facts. These he perceived with great quickness

and accuracy, and in his summing up he arranged them in lucid order, and detailed them with admirable perspicuity as well as elegance,—so as almost with certainty to bring the jury to a right verdict—instead of wearying and perplexing them by reading over the whole of his notes of the evidence, interlarding it with twaddling comments. But it was soon discovered that he was sadly deficient in a knowledge of the common law, and no confidence was reposed in his decisions. He must have been aware of this defect himself, and if he had supplied it (as he might have done) with the energy he had displayed in getting rid of his Scotch accent, he would have rivalled Mansfield; but he did not consider professional ignorance a bar to the accomplishment of his ambitious projects. The Great Seal was his dream by night, and the subject of his daily contemplations, and this was to be gained—not by a reputation for black-letter lore, but by struggling for a high station in the House of Lords, and by watching and improving party vicissitudes.”

In 1783, on the resignation of Lord Shelburne and the formation of the Coalition Government, Wedderburn clutched in imagination the Great Seal; but he was only made First Commissioner. It was something, however, to touch the coveted bauble! We come now to another phase of his many-coloured life, and behold him in the character of a devoted Foxite.—

“By degrees the Tory section of the Coalition almost entirely disappeared, and Loughborough became a regular, zealous, and seemingly attached Foxite, having no scruples about parliamentary reform or any other Whig measure. Strange to say, Mr. Fox, Mr. Burke, and Mr. Sheridan seem to have admitted him to their confidence without the slightest suspicion or misgiving, as if he had always been a consistent politician and they had never differed with him. He was considered the leader of the Whig party in the House of Lords, and he had great influence respecting all their movements.”

The Whigs at this period “took the discreditable course,” as Lord Campbell fairly acknowledges, “of opposing Mr. Pitt’s measure for a free trade between England and Ireland: but we cannot be surprised to find Wedderburn, although the friend and pupil of Adam Smith, supporting them, and supporting them violently. Lord Campbell says, “he fears he was now speaking against his better judgment, for he had learned better principles from David Hume and Adam Smith, and from the debates of the Select Society.”

In 1788 the Great Seal again glittered close to Wedderburn’s eyes,—but again he was doomed to disappointment. This was the period of the illness of George the Third. Mr. Fox was in Italy. Lord Campbell is justified in saying that he throws “a flood of new light” upon the transactions of this juncture,—at which Lord Loughborough as the adviser of the Prince (through the medium of his private secretary, Mr. J. W. Payne) played clandestinely a singular and audacious part. He pressed upon the Prince of Wales “to supersede the jurisdiction of Parliament, and by his own authority to place himself upon the throne during his father’s lifetime. The following extracts, one from a letter of Lord Loughborough to Payne, the other from a private memorandum of his Lordship, reveal the nature of the *coup d’état* meditated:—

“I consider that there are but three possible events in immediate expectation:—an ambiguous state of the king’s disorder; an evidently decided state; or a sudden termination, which can be looked for only in one way; for an entire and speedy recovery seems to be beyond the reach of any reasonable hope. In the first two cases, it is the result of my most deliberate judgment

that the administration of government is as directly cast upon the heir apparent as the right to the crown is, in the last case. All are alike the act of God, and the law of England knows no interval in which there can be an interregnum ;—but holding, as I do, the principle of right to be as distinct and plain in the extraordinary, as it unquestionably is in the ordinary case of a demise, it must be allowed that there would be some material difference in effect. No precedent can be found except one little known, and in times where both the frame of the government and the manners of the age were so little similar to what they now are, that it would be of no authority. In a case, therefore, supposed to be new, men would be for a moment uncertain by what rule they were to be guided, and upon a supposition of an ambiguous state of the disorder, great industry would be used to prolong the state of suspense. Every appearance of favourable intervals would be magnified, and the apprehension of a change would be studiously excited to prevent the public opinion from attaching itself to the apparent acting power. To oppose this, great spirit and steadiness would be necessary ; but I have no doubt that the only measure would be, to assert that authority which no other person has a right to assume, and which, with an united royal family, no opposition would be able to thwart."

The memorandum, written in pencil, is as follows :—

" Upon the supposition of a state of disorder without prospect of recovery or of a speedy extinction, the principle of the P.'s conduct is perfectly clear. The administration of government devolves to him of right. He is bound by every duty to assume it, and his character would be lessened in the public estimation if he took it on any other ground but right, or on any sort of compromise. The authority of Parliament, as the great council of the nation, would be interposed not to confer, but to declare the right. The mode of proceeding which occurs to my mind is, that in a very short time H. R. II. should signify his intention to act by directing a meeting of the Privy Council, where he should declare his intention to take upon himself the care of the State, and should at the same time signify his desire to have the advice of Parliament, and order it by a proclamation to meet early for despatch of business. That done, he should direct the several Ministers to attend him with the public business of their offices. It is of vast importance in the outset, that he should appear to act entirely of himself, and in the conferences he must necessarily have, not to consult, but to listen and direct. Though the measure of assembling the Council should not be consulted upon, but decided in his own breast, it ought to be communicated to a few persons who may be trusted, a short time before it takes place ; and it will deserve consideration whether it might not be expedient very speedily after this measure, in order to mark distinctly the assumption of government, to direct such persons—at least in one or two instances—to be added to what is called the Cabinet, as he thinks proper. By making a determination to act of himself, and by cautiously avoiding to raise strong fear or strong hope, but keeping men's minds in expectation of what may arise out of his reserve, and in a persuasion of his general candour, he will find all men equally observant of him."

The return of Mr. Fox from Italy dispersed such dreams as these. Wedderburn, however, seemed still on the eve of attaining the summit of his desires ; but fortune had still some tricks to play him. Just as Queen Mab had installed him first Chancellor under the Regency, the recovery of the king again blasted his hopes. His chagrin may be conceived ;—as he had all but appointed his secretary, nominated his purse-bearer, and disposed of several legal offices and church preferments ! Crooked as his path was, it led to the Chancellorship at last. The French Revolution broke up the Whig

party ; and Lord Loughborough, revolting at the head of the alarmist section, possessed himself of the prize to which he had dedicated life and immolated character. The quotation was as rife as it was apposite—

Thou hast it now—

—and I fear

Thou play'd'st most foully for it

The author observes—

“ No political embarrassment—no visitation from Heaven—now frustrated his hopes,—and on the 28th day of January, 1793, at Buckingham Palace, the Great Seal was actually delivered into his hands by George III. Carrying it home in his coach, he exultingly showed it to Lady Loughborough, though he afterwards declared he was still a little afraid that he might awake and find that he had once more been deluded by a pleasing dream. He never acknowledged to others the farther truth, that a few days' possession showed to him the utter worthlessness of the object for which he had made such exertions and such sacrifices.”

To the vulgar opinions on the subject of worldly success as it is influenced by moral worth, by all that passes under the general name of honesty, the fortunes of Alexander Wedderburn give a flat practical contradiction. Wholly destitute of principle, he made himself Lord High Chancellor of England. By honesty he might, it is true, with the talents which he possessed, have attained great eminence :—the fact and certainty, however, is, that by craft, hollowness and improbity he reached the highest civil dignity attainable by a British subject. The history of such a man appears at a superficial view to be of bad example. It would be so undoubtedly if high station were infallibly happiness,—if power were true prosperity—if there wanted nothing but wealth, eminence and temporal glory to constitute the real felicity of a human being. Lord Campbell speculates on what Loughborough might have achieved had he been as upright as he was the contrary,—had he in 1771 resisted the enticements of Lord North, or had he subsequently adhered to the Tories instead of coalescing with Mr. Fox. He might have been Chancellor in either case ; but he could not have been more in either. The truth and the deep moral lies in the following reflection :—

“ At all events, what was this bauble, accompanied with reproaches of treachery, and the suspicions and mistrust and equivocal looks of his new friends, compared to the esteem of good men and the self-respect which he sacrificed to obtain it ?”

Then, was ever a fall more undignified ? Did ever great man appear so little as did Lord Chancellor Loughborough at what the author calls the “ sad catastrophe” of his life,—the moment when he surrendered the Great Seal into the hands of the recovered monarch, who received it with words of courtesy on his lips, but undisguised satisfaction triumphing in his eye ? All sense of dignity seemed extinguished in this unhappy favourite of fortune. He persisted in attending the cabinet after he ceased to be Chancellor,—and imposed upon Lord Sidmouth the painful necessity of writing him a letter of formal dismissal from the king's councils. Nor was this all : his retirement was to a villa with no charm to recommend it but its neighbourhood to a court where he was the sovereign's scorn and the courtier's jest. He dangled after

royalty at Windsor, and tottered after it to Weymouth,—made happy by a smile from a terrace and exulting in a command to a dinner.

The day before his death he dined with the King and Queen at Frogmore. When the news of the event was brought to George the Third, the monarch exclaimed—"Then he has not left a greater knave behind him in my dominions." This was Wedderburn's epitaph by a royal author!—*Athenæum*.

Sketch of La Fayette.

[From the Girondists.]

THE Marquis de La Fayette was a patrician, possessor of an immense fortune, and allied through his wife, daughter of the Duc d'Ayen, with the greatest families of the court. Born at Chavaignac in Auvergne on the 6th of September, 1757, married at sixteen years of age, a precocious instinct of renown drove him in 1777 from his own country. It was at the period of the war of Independence in America, the name of Washington resounded throughout the two continents. A youth dreamed the same destiny for himself in the delights of the effeminate court of Louis 15th, that youth was La Fayette. He privately fitted out two vessels with arms and provisions and arrived at Boston. Washington hailed him as he would have hailed the open succour of France. It was France without its flag. La Fayette and the young officers who followed him assured him of the secret wishes of a great people for the independence of the new world. The American employed M. de La Fayette in this long war, the least of whose skirmishes assumed in traversing the seas, the importance of a great battle. The American war, more remarkable for its results than its campaigns, was more fitted to form republicans than warriors.

M. de La Fayette joined in it with heroism and devotion: he acquired the friendship of Washington. A French name was written by him on the baptismal register of a trans-atlantic nation. This name came back to France like the echo of liberty and glory. That popularity which seizes on all that is brilliant, was accorded to La Fayette on his return to his native land, and quite intoxicated the young hero. Opinion adopted him, the opera applauded him, actresses crowned him; the queen smiled upon him, the king created him a general; Franklin made him a citizen, and national enthusiasm elevated him into its idol. This excess of public estimation decided his life. La Fayette found this popularity so sweet that he could not consent to lose it. Applause however is by no means glory, and subsequently he deserved that which he acquired. He gave to democracy that of which it was worthy, honesty.

On the 14th of July M. de La Fayette was ready for elevation on the shields of the *bourgeoisie* of Paris. A *frondeur* of the court, a revolutionist of high family, an aristocrat by birth, a democrat in principles, radiant with military renown acquired beyond seas, he united in his own person many qualities for rallying round him a civic militia, and for becoming the natural chief for an army of citizens. His American glory shone forth brilliantly in Paris. Distance increases every reputation—his

was immense ; it comprised and eclipsed all ; Necker, Mirabeau, the Duc d'Orleans, the three most popular men in Paris,—all

Paled their ineffectual fires

before La Fayette, whose name was the nation's for three years. Supreme arbiter, he carried into the Assembly his authority as commandant of the national guard ; his authority, as an influential member of the Assembly. Of these two conjoined titles he made a real dictatorship of opinion. As an orator he was of slight consideration ; his gentle style though witty and keen, had nothing of that firm and electric manner which strikes the senses, makes the heart vibrate, and communicates its vigour and effects to all who listen. Elegant as the language of a drawing room and overwhelmed in the mazes of diplomatic intrigues, he spoke of liberty in court phrases. The only parliamentary act of M. La Fayette was a proclamation of the *rights of man*, which was adopted by the National Assembly. This decalogue of free men formed in the forests of America, contained more metaphysical phrases than sound policy. It applied as ill to an old society, as the nudity of the savage to the complicated wants of civilized man : but it had the merit of placing man bare for the moment, and, by showing him what he was and what he was not, of setting him on the discovery of the real value of his duties and his rights. It was the cry of the revolt of nature against all tyrannies. This cry was destined to crumble into dust an old world used up in servitude, and to produce another new and breathing. It was to La Fayette's honour that he first proposed it.

The federation of 1790 was the apogee of M de La Fayette ! on that day he surpassed both king and assembly. The nation armed and reflective was there in person, and he commanded it ; he could have done every thing and attempted nothing ; the misfortune of that man was in his situation. A man of transition, his life passed between two ideas ; if he had had but one he could have been master of the destinies of his country. The monarchy or the republic were alike in his hand, he had but to open it wide, he only half opened it, and it was only a semi-liberty that issued from it. In inspiring the country with a desire for a republic, he defended a constitution and a throne. His principles and his conduct were in opposition ; he was honest and yet seemed to betray ; whilst he struggled with regret from duty to the monarchy, his heart was in the republic. Protector of the throne he was at the same time its bugbear. One life can only be devoted to one cause. Monarchy and republicanism had the same esteem, the same wrongs in his mind, and he served for and against both. He died without having seen either of them triumphant, but he died virtuous and popular. He had beside his private virtues, a public virtue which will ever be a pardon to his faults, and immortality to his name ; he had before all, more than all, and after all, the feeling, constancy and moderation of the Revolution.

Such was the man and such the army on which reposed the executive power, the safety of Paris, the constitutional throne, and the life of the king.

* * * * *

La Fayette attacked and his power re-assumed.

THE Assembly was informed that one of the aides-de-camp of M. de La Fayette, sent by him on his own responsibility, and previous to any orders in the Assembly, was in the power of the people, who accused M. de La Fayette and his staff of treason; and messengers were sent to free him.

The aide-de-camp entered the chamber and announced the object of his mission; the Assembly gave a second order sanctioning that of M. de La Fayette, and he departed. Barnave, who perceived in the popular irritation against La Fayette a fresh peril, hastened to mount the tribune; and although up to that period he had been opposed to the popular general, he yet generously, or adroitly, defended him against the suspicions of the people, who were ready to abandon him. It was said that for some days past, Lameth and Barnave, in succeeding Mirabeau in the Assembly, felt, like himself, the necessity of some secret intelligence with this remnant of the monarchy. Much was said of secret relations between Barnave and the king, of a planned flight, of concealed measures; but these rumours, accredited by La Fayette himself in his Memoirs, had not then burst forth; and even at this present period they are doubtful. "The object which ought to occupy us," said Barnave, "is to re-establish the confidence in him to whom it belongs. There is a man against whom popular movement would fain create distrust, that I firmly believe is undeserved; let us throw ourselves between this distrust and the people. We must have a concentrated, a central force, an arm to act, when we have but one single head to reflect. M. De La Fayette since the commencement of the revolution, has evinced the opinions and the conduct of a good citizen. It is absolutely necessary that he should retain his credit with the nation. Force is necessary at Paris, but tranquillity is equally so. It is you, who must direct this force." These words of Barnave were voted to be the text of the proclamation. At this moment information was brought that M. de Cazales, the orator of the *côté droit*, was in the hands of the people, and exposed to the greatest danger at the Tuilleries.

Six commissioners were appointed to go to his succour, and they conducted him to the chamber. He mounted the tribune, irritated at once against the people from whose violence he had just escaped, and against the king, who had abandoned his partisans without giving them any timely information.

"I have narrowly escaped being torn in pieces by the people," cried he; "and without the assistance of the national guard, who displayed so much attachment for me." At these words which indicated the pretensions to personal popularity lurking in the mind of the royalist orator, the assembly gave marked signs of disapprobation, and the *côté gauche* murmured loudly. "I do not speak for myself," returned Cazales, "but for the common interest. I will willingly sacrifice my petty existence, and this sacrifice has long ago been made; but it is important to the whole empire that your sittings be undisturbed by any popular tumult in the critical state of affairs at present, and in consequence I second all the measures for preserving order and tranquillity that have just been proposed." At length on the motion of several members, the assembly decided, that in the king's absence, all power should be immediately put in execution by

the ministers without any further sanction or acceptance. The Assembly seized on the dictatorship with a prompt and firm grasp, and declared themselves permanent.

Whilst the Assembly, by the rights alike of prudence and necessity, seized on the supreme power, M. de La Fayette cast himself with calm audacity amidst the people, to grasp again, at the peril of his life, the confidence that he had lost. The first impulse of the people would naturally be to massacre the perfidious general, who had answered for the safe custody of the king with his life, and had yet suffered him to escape. La Fayette saw his peril, and, by braving, averted the tempest. One of the first to learn the king's flight from his officers, he hurried to the Tuilleries, where he found the mayor of Paris, Bailly, and the president of the Assembly, Beauharnois. Bailly and Beauharnois lamented the number of hours that must be lost in the pursuit before the Assembly could be convoked, and the decrees executed. "It is your opinion," asked La Fayette, "that the arrest of the king, and the royal family is absolutely essential to the public safety, and can alone preserve us from civil war?" "No doubt can be entertained of that," returned the mayor and the president. "Well then I take on myself all the responsibility of this arrest," returned La Fayette, and he instantly wrote an order to all the national guards and citizens to arrest the king. This was also a dictatorship, and the most personal of all dictatorships, that a single man, taking the place of the Assembly and the whole nation, thus assumed. He, on his private authority and the right of his civic foresight, struck at the liberty and perhaps at the life of the lawful ruler of the nation. This order led Louis 16th to the scaffold, for it restored to the people the victim who had escaped their clutches. "Fortunately for him," he writes in his memoirs, after the atrocities committed on these august victims, "fortunately for him, their arrest was not owing to his orders, but to the accident of being recognised by a post master, and to their ill-arrangements." Thus the citizen ordered that which the man trembled to see fulfilled; and tardy sensibility protested against patriotism.

Quitting the Tuilleries, La Fayette went to the Hôtel de Ville, on horseback. The quays were crowded with persons whose anger vented itself in reproaches against him which he supported with the utmost apparent serenity. On his arrival at the place de Grève, almost unattended, he found the Duke d'Aumont, one of his officers, in the hands of the populace, who were on the point of massacring him; and he instantly mingled with the crowd, who were astonished at his audacity, and rescued the Duke d'Aumont. He thus recovered by courage the dominion, which he would have lost (and with it his life) had he hesitated.

Why do you complain?" he asked of the crowd. "Does not every citizen gain 20 sous by the suppression of the civil list?" "If you call the flight of the king a misfortune, by what name would you then denominate a counter revolution that would deprive you of liberty?" He again quitted the Hôtel de Ville with an escort, and directed his steps with more confidence towards the Assembly. As he entered the chamber, Camus, near whom he seated himself, rose indignantly: "No uniforms here," cried he; "in this place we should behold neither arms nor uniforms." Several

members of the left side rose with Camus, exclaiming to La Fayette, "Quit the chamber"! and dismissing with a gesture the intimidated general. Other members, friends of La Fayette, collected round him and sought to silence the threatening vociferations of Camus. M. de La Fayette at last obtained a hearing at the bar. After uttering two or three common places about liberty and the people, he proposed that M. de Gouvian, his second in command, to whom the guard of the Tuilleries had been entrusted, should be examined by the Assembly. "I will answer for this officer," said he; "and take upon myself the responsibility." M. de Gouvian was heard, and affirmed that all the outlets from the palace had been strictly guarded, and that the king could not have escaped by any of the doors. This statement was confirmed by M. Bailly, the mayor of Paris. The intendant of the civil list, M. de Laporte, "appeared, to present to the Assembly the manifesto the king had left for his people. He was asked, "How did you receive it?" "The king," replied M. de Laporte, "had left it sealed, with a letter for me." "Read this letter," said a member. "No, no," exclaimed the Assembly, "it is a confidential letter, we have no right to read it." They equally refused to unseal a letter for the queen that had been left on her table. The generosity of the nation, even in this moment, predominated over their irritation.

The king's manifesto was read amidst much laughter and loud murmurs.

"Frenchmen," said the king in this address to his people, "so long as I hoped to behold public happiness and tranquillity restored by the measures concerted by myself and the Assembly, no sacrifice was too great; calumnies, insult, injury, even the loss of liberty,—I have suffered all without a murmur. But now that I behold the kingdom destroyed, property violated, personal safety compromised, anarchy in every part of my dominions, I feel it my duty to lay before my subjects the motives for my conduct. In the month of July, 1789, I did not fear to trust myself among the inhabitants of Paris. On the 5th and 6th of October although outraged in my own palace, and a witness of the impunity with which all sorts of crimes were committed, I would not quit France, lest I should be the cause of civil war. I came to reside in the Tuilleries, deprived of almost the necessities of life: my body guard was torn from me, and many of these faithful gentlemen were massacred under my very eyes. The most shameful calumnies have been heaped upon the faithful and devoted wife, who participates in my affection for the people, and who has generously taken her share of all the sacrifices I have made for them. Convocation of the States-General, double representation granted to the third estate (*le tiers état*), re-union of the orders, sacrifice of the 20th June. I have done all this for the nation; and all these sacrifices have been lost, misinterpreted, turned against me. I have been detained as a prisoner in my own palace; instead of guards, jailors have been imposed on me. I have been rendered responsible for a government that has been torn from my grasp. Though charged to preserve the dignity of France in relation to foreign powers, I have been deprived of the right of declaring peace or war. Your constitution is a perpetual contradiction between the titles with which it invests me and the functions it denies me. I am only the responsible chief of anarchy, and the

sedition power of the clubs wrests from you the power you have wrested from me. Frenchmen, was this the result you looked for from your regeneration? Your attachment to your king was wont to be reckoned amongst your virtues; this attachment is now changed into hatred, and homage into insult. From M. Necker down to the lowest of the rabble, every one has been king, except the king himself. Threats have been held out of depriving the king of this empty title, and of shutting up the queen in a convent. In the nights of October, when it was proposed to the Assembly to go and protect the king by its presence, they declared that it was beneath their dignity to do so. The king's aunts have been arrested, when from religious motives they wished to journey to Rome. My conscience has been equally outraged; even my religious principles have been constrained: when after my illness I wished to go to St. Cloud to complete my convalescence, it was feared that I was going to this residence to perform my pious duties with priests who had not taken the oaths, my horses were unharnessed, and I was compelled by force to return to the Tuilleries. M. de La Fayette himself could not ensure obedience to the law, or the respect due to the king. I have been forced to send away the very priests of my chapels, and even the adviser of my conscience. In such a situation, all that is left me is to appeal to the justice and affection of my people, to take refuge from the attacks of the factious and the oppression of the Assembly and the clubs, in a town of my kingdom, and to resolve there, in perfect freedom, on the modifications the constitution requires; of the restoration of our holy religion; of the strengthening of the royal power, and the consolidation of true liberty."

The Assembly who had several times interrupted the reading of this manifesto by bursts of laughter or murmurs of indignation, proceeded with disdain to the order of the day, and received the oaths of the generals employed at Paris. Numerous deputations from Paris and the neighbouring departments came successively to the bar to assure the Assembly that it would ever be considered as the rallying point by all good citizens.

The same evening the clubs of the Cordeliers and the Jacobins caused the motions of the king's dethronement to be placarded about. The club of the Cordeliers declared in one of its placards that every citizen who belonged to it had sworn individually to poignard the tyrants. Marat, one of its members, published and distributed in Paris an incendiary proclamation. "People," said he, "behold the loyalty, the honour, the religion of kings. Remember Henry III. and the Duke de Guise: at the same table as his enemy did Henry receive the sacrament, and swear on the same altar eternal friendship; scarcely had he quitted the temple than he distributed poignards to his followers, summoned the Duke to his cabinet, and there beheld him fall pierced with wounds. Trust then to the oaths of princes! On the morning of the 19th, Louis the 16th laughed at his oath, and enjoyed beforehand the alarm his flight would cost you. The Austrian woman has seduced La Fayette last night. Louis the 16th, disguised in a priest's robe, fled with the dauphine, his wife, his brother and all the family. He now laughs at the folly of the Parisians, and ere long he will swim in their blood. Citizens, this escape has been long prepared by the

traitors of the National Assembly. You are on the brink of ruin ; hasten to provide for your safety. Instantly choose a dictator ; let your choice fall on the citizen who has up to the present displayed most zeal, activity, and intelligence ; and do all he bids you do to strike at your foes ; this is the time to lop off the heads of Bailly, La Fayette, all scoundrels of the staff, all the traitors of the Assembly. A tribune, a military tribune, or you are lost for ever without hope. At present I have done all that was in the power of man to save you. If you neglect this last piece of advice, I have no more to say to you, and take my farewell of you for ever. Louis 16th at the head of his satellites will besiege you in Paris, and the friend of the people will have a burning pile (*four ardent*) for his tomb, but his last sigh shall be exerted for his country, for liberty, and for you."

* * * * *

Desmoulins' attack on La Fayette.

AT the same moment Camille Desmoulins was thus satirically apostrophising La Fayette, the first idol of the revolution :—"Liberator of two worlds, flower of Janissaries, Phoenix of Alquazils, Major Don Quizotte, of Capet, and the two chambers, constellation of the white horse,* my voice is too weak to raise itself above the clamour of your thirty thousand spies, and as many more your satellites, above the noise of your four hundred drums, and your cannons loaded with grape. I had till now misrepresented you—more than—royal highness through the allusions of Barnave, Lameth, and Dupont. It was after them that I denounced you to the eighty-three departments, as an ambitious man who only cared for parade, a slave of the court similar to those marshals of the league to whom revolt has given the *baton*, and, who, looking upon themselves as bastards, were desirous of becoming legitimate ; but all of a sudden you embrace each other and proclaim yourselves mutually fathers of your country ! You say to the nation 'confide in us ; we are the Cincinnati, the Washingtons, the Aristides.' Which of these two testimonies are we to believe ? Foolish people ! The Parisians are like those Athenians to whom Demosthenes said, 'Shall you always resemble those athletes who struck in one place cover it with their hand,—struck in another place they place their hand there, and thus always occupied with the blows they receive, do not know either how to strike, or defend themselves !' They are beginning to doubt whether Louis 16th could be perjured since he is at Varennes. I think I see the same great eyes open when they shall see La Fayette open the gates of the capital to despotism and aristocracy. May I be deceived in my conjectures, for I am going from Paris, as Camillus, my patron, departed from an ungrateful country, wishing it every kind of prosperity. I have no occasion to have been an emperor like Diocletian to know that the fine lettuces of Salernum, which are far superior to the empire of the East, are quite equal to the gay scarf which a municipal authority wears, and the uneasiness which a Jacobin journalist returns to his home in the evening, fearing always lest he

* La Fayette rode a favorite white horse on public occasions.

should fall into an ambuscade of the cut-throats of the general. For me it was not to establish two chambers that I first mounted the tricolour cockade!"

* * * * *

La Fayette in retirement.

AN example at this moment occurred. La Fayette resigned the command of the national guard into the hands of the council general of the commune. At this meeting blazed the last faint spark of popular favour. After he had quitted the chamber a deliberation was held as to what mark of gratitude and regard the city of Paris should offer him. The general addressed a farewell letter to the civic force, and affected to believe that the formation of the constitution was the era of the Revolution, and reduced him like Washington to the rank of a simple citizen of a free country. "The time of revolution," said he, in this letter, "has given place to a regular organisation, owing to the liberty and prosperity it assures us. I feel it is now my duty to my country to return unreservedly into her hands all the force and influence with which I was entrusted for her defence during the tempests that convulsed her—such is my only ambition. Beware how you believe," added he in conclusion, "that every species of despotism is extinct!" And he then proceeded to point out some of those perils and excesses into which liberty might fall at her first outset.

This letter was received by the national guard with an enthusiasm rather feigned than sincere. They wished to strike a last blow against the factious by adhering to the principles of their general, and voted to him a sword forged from the bolts of the Bastille, and a marble statue of Washington. La Fayette hastened to enjoy this premature triumph, and resigned the dictatorship at the moment when a dictatorship was most necessary to his country. On his retirement to his estates in Auvergne, he received the deputations of the national guard, who brought him the *proces verbal* of the debate: "You behold me once more amidst the scenes where I was born," said he, "I shall not again quit them save to defend and confirm our new formed liberty should it be menaced."

The different opinions of parties followed him in his retirement. "Now," said the *Journal de la Revolution*, "that the hero of two worlds has played out his part at Paris, we are curious to know if the ex-general has done more harm than good to the Revolution. In order to solve the problem, let us examine his acts. We shall first see that the founder of American liberty does not dare comply with the wishes of the people in Europe, until he had asked permission from the monarch. We shall see that he grew pale at the sight of the Parisian army on its road to Versailles,—alike deceiving the people and the king; to the one he said, 'I deliver the king into your power,' to the other, 'I bring you my army.' We should have seen him return to Paris, dragging in his train those brave citizens who were alone guilty of having sought to destroy the keep of Vincennes as they destroyed the Bastille, their hands bound behind their backs. We see him on the morrow of the *journée despoignards*, touch the hands of those whom he had denounced to public indignation yesterday.

And now we behold him quit the cause of liberty, by a decree which he himself had solicited, and disappear for a moment in Auvergne to re-appear on our frontiers. Yet he has done us some service, let us acknowledge it. We owe to him to have accustomed our national guards to go through the civic and religious ceremonies ; to bear the fatigue of the morning drill in the *Champs Élysées* ; to take patriotic oaths and to give support. Let us then bid him adieu ! La Fayette, to consummate the greatest revolution a nation ever attempted, we required a leader whose mind was on an equality with so great an event. We accepted you ; the pliability of your features, your studied orations, your premeditated axioms—all those productions of art that nature disavows, seemed suspicious to the more clear-sighted patriots. The boldest of them followed you, tore the mask from your visage, and cried—‘ Citizens, this hero is but a courtier, this sage but an impostor.’ Now, thanks to you, the revolution can no longer bite, you have cut the lion’s claws ; the people is more formidable to its conductors ; they have re-assumed the whip and spur, and you fly. Let civic crowns strew your paths, though we remain ; but where shall we find a Brutus ?”

IV.—NATURAL HISTORY.

ORDER COLEOPTERA. LINNÆUS.

DYNASTES (CHALCOSOMA) ATLAS.

(Plate)

TRIBE. LAMELLICORNES, Latreille.

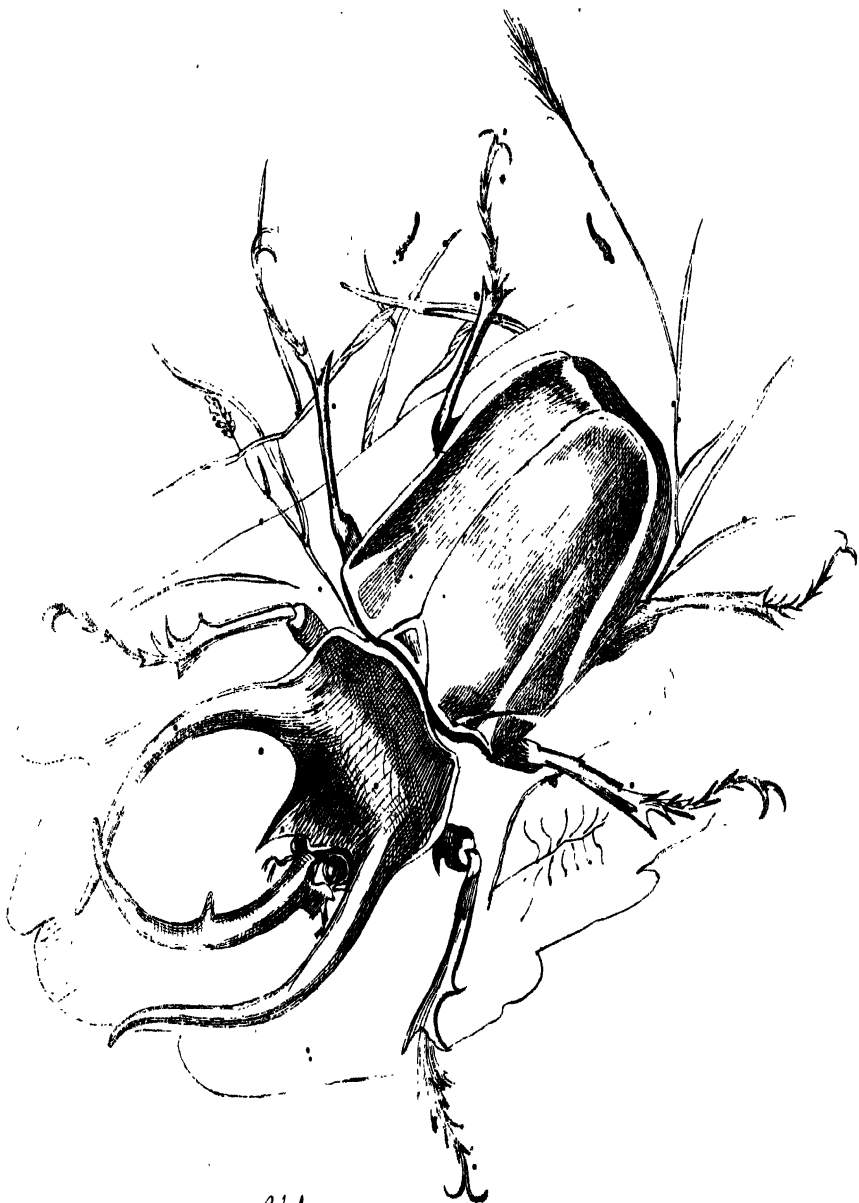
FAMILY. DYMASTIDÆ, MacLeay.

GENUS. DYNASTES MacLeay. *Scurabæus*, Latreille *Geotrupes*, Fabricius (SUBGENUS: *Chalcosoma*, Hope.)

SPECIES.—*Dynastes* : coppery black ; the thorax with three horns, the central one very short ; the head with a long ascending horn, with a tooth in the middle. Length of the body without the horn of the head, $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

THIS is one of the most extraordinary species of the great *Scurabæi* of Linnæus. The specimen here figured was purchased by the late Mr. Trunstal, from the cabinet of a Dutch governor in the East Indies, with other rare species figured in this work. At the period of the first publication of this work it was considered unique, and was regarded as an inhabitant of the island of Amboyna, in the East Indies. Linnæus, Fabricius, Madame Merian, and Margrave, give South America as the locality of the insect described in the works of the two former authors, under the name of *Scarabæus Atlas*, whilst Swammerdam and Edwards, who are both referred to by Linnæus, give Japan and Borneo as its *habitat*.

That the East Indies is the real locality of the insect here represented, is rendered most probable from the circumstance of several other and very closely allied species, being found in that part of the world. Such are the *Scarabæus Caucasus*, Fabr. (described from an East Indian specimen in the British



DYNASTES (*Phileas*) ATLAS.

Museum, and regarded by Oliver and Jablonsky, as a variety of *Atlas* ; *Scarabæus Charon*, *Oliv.* ; the Javanese *Scarabæus Hector*, *Dejean* ; *Dynastes Hesperus*, *Erichson*, from the island of Luzon ; and *Dynastes Jephthah*, of *MacLeay*, (in the collection of the Entomological Society. It is true that the chief distinction among these species are found in the size of the horns of the head, and thorax, and in the teeth, or serration of the hinder part of the horn of the head ; but it is equally true, that we are by no means furnished with sufficiently accurate data for ascertaining the extent of variation in the cornuted *Scarabæa* in this respect, and we are therefore by no means enabled to regard these as satisfactory species.

Indeed in the volume of the Naturalist's Library devoted to exotic Coleoptera, we have an original figure of an insect, with the name of *Atlas* attached, in which the horn of the head has a double series of serratures from the base to the apex, and which was brought from Rangoon ; and in the Fabrician description this horn is stated to be tridentate, the anterior teeth being the strongest.

As it is however most probable, that some, at least, of the above-mentioned species are distinct, it is convenient to regard these insects as forming a distinct subgenus, characterized not only by the peculiar structure of the horns, and the polished surface of the body, but by the variations in the structure of the mouth.

Mr. Hope has accordingly given to them the name of *Chalcosoma*, in his *Coleopterous Manual*, recently published.—*From Donovan's "Insects of India."*

V.—SCIENCE.

Abstract Report of the 17th Meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science.

(Abridged for the Picnic Magazine.)

We continue our Abstract from the last No.

SECTION B.—CHEMICAL SCIENCE, including its application to Agriculture and the Arts.

President—Rev. W. V. Harcourt.

Vice Presidents—Messrs. W. R. Grove, P. Pusey, Dr. L. Playfair.

Secretaries—Prof. Solly, Messrs. R. Hunt, B. C. Brodie.

"On Protein and its Compounds." By Prof. Mulder, of Utrecht.

IN continuation of his reseaches, showing that sulphur in some form of combination is almost always associated with protein, though contrary to the statement of Liebig, he can prepare it absolutely free from sulphur. Some interesting speculations on the value of protein were put forth.

"Report on the influence of light on the growth of Plants." By R. HUNT. He states that seeds will not germinate under the influence of light

separated from the chemical principle with which it is associated in the sunbeam. That germination being effected and the first leaves formed, light, the luminous rays, become essential to the plant to enable it to secrete the carbon obtained from the carbonic acid of the atmosphere; and that the increased action of the heat rays are essential to insure the production of the reproductive elements of vegetable life.

"An experiment with Alcohol." By DR. GREENE. This communication went to describe the peculiar ebullition of alcohol: and to show that when any cold body, such as shot or sand, was poured into this fluid when boiling, it gave rise to so much agitation in it as often to occasion a large quantity of the alcohol to be ejected from the vessel, and thus become dangerous.

DR. PLAYFAIR said this phenomenon was not new, nor confined to alcohol, but that any boiling fluids in glass vessels acted in the same manner when any cold body was thrown into them.

"On the regulation of Combustion." By DR. ARNOTT. He explained the mode adopted by him of registering the draft in flues of stores, and furnaces employed in ventilating the Consumptive Hospital at Brompton.

"On the spaces occupied by acids, base and water, respectively, in Hydrated Salts." By DR. PLAYFAIR and MR. JOALE. They have found that in salts in which sulphuric or any other acid is combined with water and a metallic oxide, as in the sulphate of copper, the bulk of the salt is only that of the water frozen into ice and the oxide, the sulphuric acid actually filling no space.

PROFESSOR WHEWELL showed that here one body absorbed the other. ~~smaller~~ frame entering into the body of the larger one. PROFESSOR GROVE argued on the theory which considers matter to be infinitely expansible and contractible.

"On different properties of the various rays of the Solar radiation on the Daguerrotype Plate, prepared with Iodine, Chlorine, Bromine, in producing, and preventing the Fixation of Mercurial Vapour." By A. CLAUDET. Having directed a camera obscura upon the sun when its disc appeared quite red, he obtained after 10 seconds a black image of the sun. The red sun had produced no photogenic effect, had no power. He then moved the camera from right to left and *vice versa*, the sun thus passing rapidly over 5 or 6 zones of the plate. Its passage was marked by long black bands, whilst the intervening spaces were white; showing again that it was sufficient in order to destroy the action of the photogenic rays to let red rays pass rapidly over the spaces previously affected by them. He then took coloured glasses, and having impressed, on a Daguerrotype plate, the image of black lace by white light, he covered one half of the plate and exposed the other half to the radiation of a red glass. The mercury developed an image of the lace on the part which had been acted on only by the white light, and the other part which had afterwards received the action of the red rays remained black, the red glass, as before, had destroyed the photogenic effect. The same results were obtained from orange and yellow glasses. The photogenic action of the red

rays is 5,000 times longer than the white light, that of the orange is 500 times longer, and that of the yellow 100. The destructive action of the red rays is 100 times longer than that of white light, orange 50, and yellow 10 times. When a plate has been exposed to the destructive action of any particular rays, it cannot be affected photogenically by the radiation which has destroyed the first effect : it is only sensitive to the other radiations.

"On Sulphato-Chloride of Copper, a new Mineral." By PROFESSOR CONNELL. Given to him by Mr. Brooke. It occurs in small, but beautiful fibrous crystals, in hexagonal prisms of the rhombohedral system. Colour, fine blue. Lustre, vitreous. Translucency, considerable. Locality, Cornwall.

"On the quantity of Electrolysis as affected by the extent of the Sectional Area of the Electrolyte." By W. R. GROVE. These are researches on the influence of quantity in Voltaic arrangements, both as regards the generating, and also the conducting portions of the circuit. The following is the table of experiments :—

September 24, 25, 26, 1845.

EXPERIMENTS ON RELATIVE SIZES OF ELECTRODES.

No. of Cells of N. A. Battery in Series.	No. united in quantity.	Surface exposed of Battery in each plate.	Surface exposed of Electrodes in square inches.	Quantity of Gas in C. I. per minute.
1	1	8	8	a trace
1	id.	8	72	
2		8	72	6.7
			32	6
			8	5.2
			Wire.	2.8
				0.9
2	4	32	72	20.5
			64	20.5
			56	20.3
			48	20
			40	20
			32	19.4
			24	18.8
			16	16
			8	12
			1	3.5
			Wire.	1

Remarks. Battery in these experiments charged with Nitric Acid sp. gr. 1.39. Sulphuric Acid 1.22 or 1+4 Water.

DR. FARADAY remarked on the importance of this investigation, and its application to the principles of electro-telegraphic communications, now that the discharging current was to be made through the earth.

"On the Decomposition of Water." By DR. ROBINSON. He expected that heat would exalt these affinities up to a certain point, and afterwards that its action would change character, but found quite the reverse. How then does heat ever produce the combination? The remark of Davy that hydrogen cannot be made to burn except by contact with a solid heated so as to be luminous, makes me conjecture that light is the agent, which produces molecular change of the three volumes of mixed gasses into two of steam.

DR. FARADAY exhibited some Diamonds, which he had received from M. Dumas, which had by the action of intense heat, been converted into coke, and changed its electrical character; the Diamond being an insulator, while coke is a conductor.

"On a remarkable action of Ozone, Chlorine, and Bromine upon some Salts of Manganese and Lead." By PROF. SCHÖNBEIN. Proving its oxidizing powers. Upon adding ozonised air to solutions of the sulphate of chloride of manganese, and agitating the vessel, ozone disappears, and a hydrate of the peroxide of manganese is precipitated. This effect is not produced, however, by the action of either chlorine or bromine in the dark; but by exposure to the light these elements act in a similar manner to ozone.

It was incidentally stated that strong nitric acid is rapidly decomposed by muriatic acid, even at a temperature below zero, into hyponitric acid, chlorine, and water; whilst chlorine and hyponitrous acid are transformed into nitric acid and muriatic acid.

"On the precipitate caused in Spring and River Waters by Acetate of Lead." By PROF. CONNELL. Nearly all well and river waters yield a white precipitate with acetate of lead. This precipitate is rarely due to any chloride, as silver salts have too little action to countenance such an explanation; and its ready solubility in acetic acid shows that it is not caused by sulphates, unless in so far as it is not dissolved by that acid. The ordinary course I have ascertained to be the presence of carbonate of lime; but the remarkable fact is that the re-action both of the acetate and of the acetic acid even after the water has been boiled and filtered, so that carbonate of lime remains dissolved independently of the presence of carbonic acid. The waters referred to, yield carbonate of lime when evaporated after having been boiled and filtered. To ascertain whence this carbonate of lime has proceeded, I passed a current of carbonic acid through lime water till the precipitate at first formed was re-dissolved, and then boiled and filtered the liquid; but it did not affect lead salts to the same extent as common waters do. Neither did distilled water, which had been left some days in contact with finely pounded marble.

I incline to think that the origin of the dissolved carbonate of lime is double decomposition between an alkaline carbonate and a soluble lime salt; and have found, in all waters yielding the re-action, alkalies united to acids. The common water of the town of St. Andrews contains $31\frac{1}{3}$ of carbonate of lime

after being boiled and filtered. It contains also a trace of carbonate of magnesia, which substance may occasionally be, in part, the cause of the re-action referred to, although to a far less extent.

"On the Bearings of Photography on Chemical Philosophy." By MR. MASKELYNO. To generalize the numerous results which had been obtained in the practice of the art of photography, so as to establish a general theory of photographic action. The remarkable changes which take place in the various salts of silver when exposed to the sun's rays were referred to in detail; and the author was disposed to regard all these changes as instances of double affinity influenced and directed by the actinic force, to which, however, he gave a much wider signification than usual. The undulatory theory was examined in reference to these photographic changes, and a mechanical disturbance was supposed to be produced by a set of vibrations communicated to the prepared plate in the Daguerrotype process. No new experiments were adduced except one which went to show that it was probable in all cases of photographic change where silver salts were employed, the metal was left in its pure metallic state.

"Experiments on Crystallization under extreme pressure." By W. S. WARD. With a view of determining if common salt, muriate of ammonia and other salts were exposed, in solution, to a pressure of 100 atmospheres; but no difference in their crystallizable powers were apparent. It was, therefore, proved, that under a pressure equal to that found in the depths of the Mediterranean, no crystallization from pressure would take place.

MR. WARD exhibited a new Galvanometer in which the current is measured by the deflexion of the conducting wire being placed vertically over the poles of the magnet is free to move, and as the current is more or less powerful the coil requires a greater or less weight to bring it to its original position: hence the force of the current is expressed in grains instead of in degrees.

"On the preservation of Metals and Metallic Combinations from Oxidation, Decomposition and Injury from Marine Deposits and Incrustations." By BARON CHARLES WETTERSTEDT. Detailing the advantages which have arisen from the use of the patented process of applying what appeared from the statement to be a sulphuret of copper, in the form of a varnish, to ship's bottoms. Numerous specimens were shown in proof of the protecting influence of the composition.

"On the coloured Glass employed in glazing the new Palm House in the Royal Botanic Garden at Kew." By R. HUNT. Plants in stove houses are frequently scorched by the rays of the sun, and great expense incurred in fixing blinds. The object was to select a glass which should not permit these heat rays which are the most active in scorching the leaves of plants to permeate it; and at the same time not altogether to exclude all the heat rays, which it was found dark green glasses did; light being essential to the healthful growth of the plants. Every sample of glass was submitted to three distinct

sets of experiments ; 1st, to ascertain by measuring off the coloured rays of the spectrum, its transparency to luminous influence ; 2d, to ascertain the amount of obstruction offered to the passage of the chemical rays ; 3d, to measure the amount of heat radiation which permeated each specimen. The chemical changes were tried on chloride of silver, and on papers stained with the green colouring matter of the leaves of the palms themselves. The caloric influence was ascertained by a method employed by Sir John Herschell in his experiments on solar radiation. Tissue paper stretched on a frame was smoked on one side by holding it over a smoky flame, and then while the spectrum was thrown upon it the other surface was washed with strong sulphuric ether. By the evaporation of the ether the points of calorific action were most easily obtained, as these dried off in well defined circles, long before the other parts presented any appearance of dryness. By these means it was not difficult, with care, to ascertain exactly the conditions of the glass, as to its transparency to light, heat, and chemical agency (actinism). The glass thus chosen is of a very pale yellow-green colour, the colour being given by oxide of copper, and is so transparent that scarcely any light is intercepted. In examining the spectral rays through it, it is found that the yellow is slightly diminished in intensity, and that the extent of the red rays is affected in a small degree, the lower edge of the ordinary red ray being cut off by it. It does not appear to act in any way upon the chemical principle, as spectral impressions obtained upon chloride of silver are the same in extent and character as those procured by the action of the rays which have passed ordinary white glass. This glass has, however, a very remarkable action upon the non-luminous heat-rays, the least refrangible calorific rays. It prevents the permeation of all that class of heat-rays which exists below, and in the point fixed by Sir W. Herschell, Sir H. Englefield, and Sir J. Herschell, as the point of maximum calorific action. As it is to this class of rays that the scorching influence is due, there is every reason to conclude that the use of this glass will be effective in protecting the plants, and, at the same time, as it is unobjectionable in point of colour, and transparent to that principle which is necessary for the development of those parts of the plant which depend upon external chemical excitation, it is only partially so to the heat-rays, and it is opaque to those only which are the most injurious. The absence of the oxide of manganese commonly employed in all sheet glass, is insisted on, it having been found that glass, into the composition of which manganese enters, will, after exposure for some time to intense sunlight, assume a pinky hue, and any tint of this character would completely destroy the peculiar properties for which this glass is chosen. Melloni, in his investigations on radiant heat, discovered that a peculiar green glass, manufactured in Italy, obstructed nearly all the calorific rays ; we may, therefore, conclude that the glass chosen is of a similar character to that employed by the Italian Philosopher. The tint of colour is not very different from that of the old crown glass ; and many practical men state that they find their plants flourish much better under this kind of glass than under the white sheet glass, which is now so commonly employed.

"On the application of Photography to copying Microscopic Objects."
 By DR. CARPENTER. Numerous specimens of Daguerrotype and other photographic copies of very delicate microscopic objects were exhibited. These

were peculiarly beautiful, and were obtained by the use of the solar microscope, the object being thrown on the paper or plate instead of upon the ordinary screen. The minute fidelity of these copies was far beyond anything which could be obtained by the artist ; and the ease with which they were produced, particularly on photographic paper, recommended this application of the art to the attention of naturalists.

" On some Phenomena of Photography." By C. BROOKE. In the application of Photography to the purposes of registration, Mr. Brooke had found that an impression made on paper, prepared with the bromide of potassium and nitrate of silver gradually passed away, so that at the end of 12 hours very little evidence of active action could be detected. In preparing highly sensitive paper, Mr. Brooke had found that the addition of a very small quantity of iodide of potassium to the solution of bromide of potassium very materially improved the sensibility of the preparation. Mr. HUNT, mentioned several cases in which chemical compounds, which had undergone actinic change, restored themselves to their original condition when placed aside in the dark.

" On a new principle of Crystalization." By H. FOX TALBOT. If ordinary crystalization be observed under a microscope, it will be found that a deposition of matter gradually takes place on all sides of the crystal.

In addition to this accretion of particles under the force of crystalization, Mr. Fox Talbot considers that in some cases tension may be an incipient cause of crystalization. Several experiments of Sir D. Brewster, published some years ago, showing that natural tension might be the cause of double refraction, were brought forward in support of this view. The following is the experiment upon which Mr. Talbot rests his theory : a piece of nitrate of potash no larger than a pin's head, is fused upon a piece of glass, and observed under the microscope with a polarizing apparatus, it then appears as one crystal exhibiting the most beautiful and brilliant colours. This does not take place when glass or rock crystal are thus fused. It appeared therefore that this crystalization was not an accumulation of particles around a nucleus, but a species of crystalization depending on internal tension.

(To be continued.)

On the Theory of the Moon and on the Perturbations of the Planets. By Sir J. W. Lubbock, Bart. Part V. Knight & Co.

THE recent discoveries of new planets are connected with a powerful and rapid impetus given of late years to many departments of astronomical research. The labours of Hencke, Leverrier, Adams, and Hind have made us so familiar with such things, that they have almost ceased to be wonders—and we look over the newspapers and scientific journals to learn, as a matter of course, what new bodies have been found, and expect the new planet almost as regularly as the new moon. The memoir at the head of this notice is a paper characteristic of this singular stage of astronomical science. It is one of the indications that the miracles of astronomy are more matters of every-day busi-

ness than many suppose,—and one sort of ready reckoner for keeping their accounts.

All who know the process by which Leverrier and Adams hunted down the planet when once they had got on the scent of it, must have felt that it involved an amount of physical and mathematical labour which none but an intellectual Hercules could have achieved. To find the trail of the erratic body, they set on it a pack of formulæ so numerous and powerful, and worked them so hard, that it was scarcely possible (we now say) for the game to escape. While we hear of the manner in which they dodged round the corners of the solar system as the hunted body neared one planet after another in its excentric revolutions, we are convinced that so to follow this celestial chase required a strength, speed, and endurance of mathematical labour of the most arduous and exhausting description. While these most *algebraical* of the followers of Newton were hunting, and successfully hunting, as unknown quantities the constants which their predecessors found it took all their strength and skill to use when known, and conquering the inverse problem the direct one to which was the greatest triumph of the last century,—Sir John Lubbock was elaborating a new method of attacking even the latter. Such methods are not for even the omniscience of reviewers to decide upon. Their merits can only be finally decided by those who *have* used them,—not even by those who *can*, so long as they *have not*. But we do know that the astronomical world has a very high opinion of the value of the suggestion and of the manner in which its author has presented its working details.

We should not be thanked by our readers were we to transfer a full account to our columns. We can merely explain that this is one of a series of papers ‘On the Theory of the Moon and the Perturbations of the Planets,’ which have been succinctly published in an accessible form by the same author. The accuracy with which astronomical calculations give for an indefinite time the places of the older planets is at present sufficient for all the purposes of astronomy, and it is wonderful how manifest this is in the precise predictions of our eclipses, our tables for finding the longitude, and other similar cases where the value of such predictions is felt in the uses of common life. This result of the uninterrupted labours of Sir Isaac Newton and of his followers is justly regarded as one of the triumphs of human intelligence. These methods, however, have been found more difficult and less effective for determining the place at all times of comets or planets moving in highly excentric and inclined orbits—a problem presenting far greater difficulty. Mr Hansen is the only great mathematician who has hitherto professed to give a solution of it otherwise than by what are called *quadratures*. This process is one which, even while sufficiently effective, is considered by the mathematician as involving *something* of the shame of a defeat;—though in truth it is by a high refinement of mathematical skill, that the rest of that shame is avoided. But where it is not fully effective there is some of the shame and the loss of both. Sir John Lubbock, without any undue pretension, adds his contribution towards the reduction of the excentric cases to the methods of the ordinary ones. “If,” says he, “these methods possess the advantages which I ascribe to them, I hope the time is not distant when the perturbations of Pallas and of some of the comets may be reduced to a tabular form,—but the labour required will be very considerable.”

Instead of attempting a literal development, Sir John Lubbock adopts an arithmetical one,—inserts the numerical values of the elliptic constants in the earliest possible stage,—and, so to speak, does the arithmetic as he goes on. His co-efficients are, therefore, numerical throughout. Tables of numerical co-efficients are calculated for those fundamental developments with which the reader of Laplace is so well acquainted; and tables of special constants are calculated for the planets and several comets. By performing an arithmetical development according to the rules which the author has invented, not only is no quantity introduced which has a numerical value beneath any given limit (say beneath unity in a given decimal place), but it is equally impossible except by numerical mistake that any quantity above that limit can be omitted. By the use of tables, not only is labour saved, but the use of figures affords an insurance against casual algebraical error which ordinary development cannot supply. Nor is it only the substitution of one chance of error for another;—the arithmetical risks must come at last, in any case.—*Athenæum*.

The Electric Telegraph.

HAVING been invited to view the mechanical and electrical arrangements in connexion with the Central Electric Telegraph Office—and received from Mr. Holmes, the intelligent head of the office, every facility and information—we conceive that some account of them cannot fail to interest our readers.

The offices are situated at the extremity of a court leading out of the north side of Lothbury, opposite the Bank of England. The façade has some architectural pretensions; and immediately over the entrance is an ornamented clock, illuminated at night, and moved by electricity. Entering, we pass into a large and lofty hall, with galleries running round supported by pillars. Here the first object that arrests attention is a map of England of colossal dimensions, placed on the wall opposite the entrance,—and covered by a net-work of red lines showing the telegraphic communication at present existing between the metropolis and different towns in the kingdom. Under the galleries at each end of the hall are two long counters, over which are the names of the various places to which messages can be sent. Behind the counter are stationed clerks whose business it is to receive the message,—enter it in a form which will be presently described,—and pass it to another set of clerks who transmit it by machinery to the galleries above. Adjoining these are a series of rooms containing the electro-magnetic telegraphs of Messrs. Wheatstone and Cooke. They are placed on desks—and before them are seated the clerks whose province it is to work the apparatus. Each apartment is provided with an electrical clock showing true London railway time—which, as our readers know, is observed throughout the departments.

The wires are brought into the underground portion of the building by means of nine tubes—each tube containing nine wires. They are subdivided as follows: 27 come from the North-Western Railway, 9 from the Eastern Counties, 9 from the South-Eastern, 9 from the South-Western, 9 from the Strand Branch Office and Windsor, 9 from the Admiralty, and 9 are spare to meet casualties.—The Admiralty have now an uninterrupted communication between their offices in Whitehall and the Dock-yards at Portsmouth; for which accommodation they pay 1,200*l.* a-year to the company.—On a level

with the rooms in which the wires are received are several long and narrow chambers devoted to the batteries. Of these there are 108—each battery consisting of 24 plates. Sand moistened by sulphuric acid and water is used as the exciting medium. The batteries thus charged are found to remain above a month in good working order. They are so numbered and arranged in reference to the wires, that any defect can be immediately rectified. Each railway has a division to itself ;—and thus all risk of confusion is avoided.

We shall probably convey a better idea of the process of transmitting messages and obtaining replies by describing the course which would be pursued in the case of an individual desiring to send a message to, and receive an answer from, Liverpool.—Proceeding to the counter above which Liverpool is inscribed, the message is written on a form similar to the subjoined—

Electric Telegraph.

No.
Subject

To
From
To

Station.

Charges.

	£	s.	d.
Message	"	"	"
Answer	"	"	"
Porterage	"	"	"
Cab Hire	"	"	"

Received £ s. d.

Clerk

Total £

This form is sent up by machinery to the apartment containing the Liverpool telegraph,—and the clerks in charge of this immediately set the needles to work.* As the words of the answer are read off, a clerk writes them on a form similar to the annexed ; which is then sent below to the party waiting for the answer—

Electric Telegraph.

No.
Subject

Charges.

	£	s.	d.
Message	"	"	"
Answer	"	"	"
Porterage	"	"	"
Cab Hire	"	"	"

Total £

From
Place
Name }
Address }

To

Date

Entered
{ Commenced at
{ Finished at

} by me

The time occupied in the transmission of a message varies, of course, according to the number of words to be telegraphed.

* We do not consider it necessary to describe the process of telegraphing ; which is, we assume, known to our readers generally.

We were fortunate in being present when two important messages were sent to the office for transmission. One was from Col. Maberly, of the Post Office, desiring the agent at Liverpool to state whether the American mail had been detained—and if so, how long? This was answered in 7 minutes. The other was from an eminent mercantile house, anxious to know the description of goods in a vessel just arrived at Southampton. It was answered in 11 minutes.

To render the electric telegraph thoroughly useful, uninterrupted attendance is given throughout the night as well as day—and it is not unfrequently made use of when the mass of the population are deep in slumber. It was but a few nights ago that a message was sent from Manchester to this effect:—"A woman named —, dressed—, has left Manchester for London by the night mail train, having eloped with a man named —, dressed—, and they have with them certain chests [described] which are stolen.—Stop them at the Euston Square station." Long before the unsuspecting couple had accomplished one half of their journey, the message, announcing their criminal flight was in London, and a policeman was waiting at the Euston Square Terminus to apprehend them.

As a means of recovering lost and stolen property and arresting thieves, the electric telegraph will be invaluable. Parents of marriageable children, too, may sleep in tranquillity—for Gretna-Green marriages will be hard to effect when the electric telegraph becomes general.

We were surprised on making inquiry to find that the charges are much more moderate than we were led to expect from statements in the public prints—which set forth that the transmission of a message cost 5*l*. How exaggerated this is will be seen by the following charges, taken from the books of the company:—For a message not exceeding twenty words—to Berwick 12*s*.; Birmingham 6*s*. 6*d*.; Bristol 13*s*.; Edinburgh 13*s*.; Gosport 6*s*. 6*d*.; Liverpool 8*s*. 6*d*.; Manchester 8*s*. 6*d*.; Glasgow 14*s*.; Southampton 5*s*. 6*d*.; Yarmouth 7*s*. When it is borne in mind that the company have laid down 2,500 miles of wire, and have upwards of 1,000 men in their employ, it cannot be said that the above scale of charges is exorbitant.—There are at present 57 clerks employed in the department of transmitting and receiving messages—independently of those occupied in printing communications for the newspapers. This department is exceedingly interesting. It is carried on in a long room communicating with the west gallery. The appearance of the words as printed will be best understood by the annexed fac-simile—it being only necessary to say that the lines form the letters,—

The alphabet used is as follows :—A ——— B ——— C ——— D ———
E — and so on; finis being always represented by a long dash—
Hieroglyphical as all this may appear, the characters are read with the greatest ease by the parties concerned in the operation. It is carried on with wonderful celerity—1,000 letters being printed each minute at stations two hundred or more miles apart.

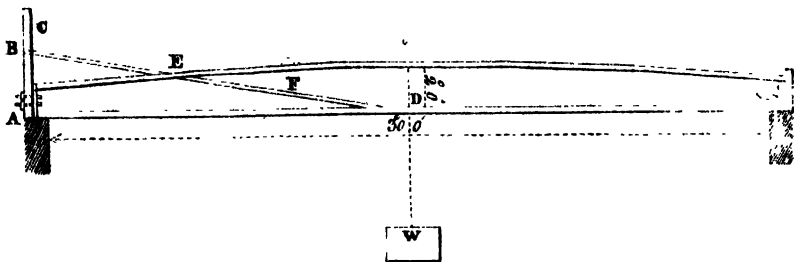
We shall attempt to describe the process—but strongly recommend our readers to see it in action. A slip of paper about a quarter of an inch broad

is punched with holes at distances corresponding to the dash lines shown above—these holes being the letters. Two cylinders—one, for example, in London, the other at Manchester—are connected in the usual manner by electricity. Supposing it be desired by a party in London to print a message at Manchester the slip of paper is placed over the cylinder in London, and pressed upon it by means of a spring which plays in the middle. Thus, when those portions of the paper which present no holes appear, the contact is broken; where the holes are presented, contact is made;—and accordingly, the current of electricity will be conveyed or broken to the cylinder at Manchester precisely in the same ratio as it is received from the cylinder in London. Over the cylinder in Manchester is wound a sheet of paper dipped in a solution of prussiate of potash and sulphuric acid; which enables it to receive—and record by dark green lines—the strokes of electricity given out by making and breaking contact with the cylinder at London. There are various ingenious mechanical arrangements connected with the process:—which is the invention of Mr. Bain.

It is intended to devote a portion of the building to the use of annual subscribers; who will be accommodated with a room furnished with newspapers and telegraphic despatches of the prices of railway shares, markets, &c. The subscribers will also have the exclusive use of a code of private signals—which will enable them to communicate with their correspondents by a species of short-hand known only to themselves.

This will, indeed, realize the chimerical correspondence mentioned by Strada in one of his Prolusions, quoted by us months ago,—and which so many correspondents of newspapers are ingeniously rediscovering from time to time; in which he says, alluding to needles touched by loadstones,—“By this means the friends talked together across a whole continent, and conveyed their thoughts to one another in an instant over cities or mountains, seas or deserts.”—*Athenæum*.

Girders and Tensile Rods.



SIR.—The *Builder* of to-day records a series of experiments conducted by Mr. Cubitt, of Thames-bank, to ascertain “the utility of the tensile rods sometimes applied to girders.

The clear and intelligible manner in which these experiments are described, render them particularly valuable to practical men, and I am in-

duced to lay an abstract of them before your readers, from the fact that the results obtained prove the correctness of my reasoning on this subject, *Mech. Mag.*, No. 1260, p. 334. My remarks at the time caused some discussion, from the fact of their being new. And though convinced from practical observation of their truth, I had no corroborative testimony to offer.

It is, therefore, with pleasure I extract the following from the *Builder*, which after detailing some preliminary experiments, proceeds thus :

"The above figure is an elevation of a large cast-iron girder or beam, at the end of which is shown a piece of wood, AC, securely fixed. EF, is a stout rod (representing the position of the tensile bar,) one end turning on a centre, B, and the other end resting on a block, D, fastened to the bottom flange of the girder, at equal distance from the bearings."

"The object of this experiment was to show, on applying the weight, W, how much the distance, BD, increased, or, in other words, to what extent a tension bar, fixed at the points, BD, would be stretched."

"The variation in the distance, BD, was taken by a vernier, one scale of which was affixed to the block, D, the other to the rod, EF." "The height of the point, B, above A, (or the bottom of the beam,) was varied in the experiment."

"The weight, or load, was applied by means of hydraulic pressure, and the deflection with 18 tons was 6-10ths of an inch."

"When the height of the point, B, above A, was 1 ft. 5½ in., the distance BD, increased .038 in."

"When the height of the point, B, above A, was 2 ft., the distance BD, increased 0.217 in."

"When the height of the point, B, above A, was 3 ft., the distance, BD, increased .0064 in."

"A similar experiment was made with a cast iron beam of different dimensions; the particulars and details are as follow :

"Length of bearings, 24 ft. 10 in.

"Depth of beam in middle, 1 ft. 4½ in.

"Ditto, at ends, 7½ in."

"The weight applied to the middle was 12 tons, the deflection 7-10ths of an inch."

"When the height of the point, B, above A, was ½ in., the distance, BD, increased .0382 in."

"When the height of the point, B, above A, was 10 in., the distance, BD, increased .013 in."

"When the height of the point, B, above A, was 1 ft. 8 in., the distance, BD, decreased .0145 in."

"When the height of the point, B, above A, was 2 ft. 6 in., the distance, BD, decreased .034 in."

In my remarks, (pp. 333, 334,) before alluded to, I said,

"With regard to the bars AE and BE, I have in a previous letter shown that they are not so much strained if fixed to the beam at A and B, as the horizontal bar EF; but lest there should be any doubt on this point, draw aAP (fig. 3) *mn* and *Eps* normals to the neutral line at the points *a*, *n*, and *p*, and from *E* draw *Em* parallel to *np*. Now, for a moment let us suppose *n* to be a solid abutment in the neutral axis, and the bar AF to be divided at the point which coincides with it, and let the upper segment, *An*, be fixed at A and *n*, and the beam deflected by extraneous pressure till it assumes the curve above represented: then because *an* is the natural length of fibre, and *Ao* is a parallel fibre,

but by reason of the pressure reduced in length, it follows that any line joining the point, An , will be proportionably reduced, and therefore compressed, and because the line, Em , is longer than the line, np , measured on the neutral axis, any line joining the fixed points, n and E , will be extended."

"Hence, taking the whole bar, AE , the total extension will be equal to the difference between the extension and compression of the segments considered separately."

The intelligent reader will at once perceive that if the bar be attached at any point, N above A , that the length of compression will be increased, and that if the segment, An , when applied at N exceed the segment, nE , then the bar will be compressed instead of excited tensionally, and consequently the bar, AE , or as it would then be the bar, NE , would be reduced in length; which is corroborated by the experiments of Mr. Cubitt, above quoted.

The "Statement of experiments," recorded in your last Number, made on the relative strength of cast-iron chilled and unchilled at Crane foundry, on July 21, and August 23, 1847, are fraught with practical results of the utmost importance. For though it was always known "that in castings of any variety of sections all parts cannot cool together, and therefore cannot contract alike;" "that those parts which become cold first have necessarily to resist the contraction of other parts whilst cooling; which in some cases, where the difference of section of metal is very great, even passes the limits of tenacity, the casting when taken from the sand being found ruptured," and that "in all cases of unequal cooling this must have been the effect of reducing the limits of elasticity, and must therefore weaken the girder and lessen its power to resist extraneous pressures." *Current vol.*, p. 106. Yet it was never I believe imagined that by merely annealing the cast bar its power would be increased to such an extraordinary extent. I hope Mr. Bowman's experiments will lead to a more extensive inquiry in this direction, which in the end may redeem cast iron from the bad reputation which as a material of construction it at present bears.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.,

W. DREDGE.

London, 10, Norfolk-street, Strand.

Meetings of Scientific Societies.

ELEMENTS. By MR. HIND. It appears that the period of revolution of Flora (about three and a quarter years) is considerably shorter than that of any other small planet. It is also less than that of Encke's Comet, which has hitherto taken the lead after Mars. According to the latest and most accurate determinations of their elements, it appears probable that the small planets now have the following order with respect to mean distance from the sun:—Flora, Iris, Vesta, Hebe, Astræa, Juno, Ceres, Pallas.

Letter from the Rev. W. R. Dawes.—*Athenæum*.

GEOLOGICAL.—Jan. 19.—Sir H. T. De la Beeche in the chair.—A paper 'On the Agate Quarries of Oberstein,' by W. J. Hamilton, Esq., Sec. G. S., was read. The village of Oberstein is situate in the valley of the Nahe on the road from Bingen to Saarbrück, and about thirty miles from Kreuznach. In the valley is seen the coarse red conglomerate which forms the basis of the sedimentary

formations of the district, but near the village overlies and laps round protruding masses of amygdaloidal trap and porphyry. Below Kirm, it is covered by sandstones and blue shales which, often broken through by trap rocks, extend into the great basin of Mayence; and are there covered by the tertiary formations in which organic remains are so abundant. Near Oberstein, the conglomerate contains veins of imperfect agate or chalcedony of a honey yellow or reddish colour, which by means of certain processes is made to assume the deep red of the cornelian. These, however, are not the real quarries of the celebrated Oberstein agates, which come from the hills near Idal, about two miles distant. The intervening country consists of a reddish brown trap, forming lofty cliffs, and containing numerous vesicular cavities filled with zeolites, calc spars, and other mineral substances. Beyond Idal is a greenish-brown trap rock; some portions of which are softer than the others, and contain nodules from an inch to a foot in length, which are filled with chalcedony or agate. In an escarpment of this rock are the real agate quarries. The smaller agates are solid, being completely filled with a compact pale ash grey chalcedonic mass. The larger ones are invariably hollow: the outer circumference consisting of layers of the same pale grey chalcedony, lined with botryoidal mamellations, or imperfect quartz crystals. The large nodules are found compressed, flattened out, and elongated, marking a peculiar action during the time of their formation. It is the outer portion of the agate which is used for ornamental purposes; and the workmen have learnt to change their colour, some becoming dark brown or chocolate, others zoned with alternate layers of black and white, or brown and white, like the onyx or sardonyx of antiquity,—not a few of which seem to have been produced in the same way.—*Ibid.*

ZOOLOGICAL.—Jan. 11.—W. Yarrell, Esq., V.P., in the chair.—Prof. Owen read a paper ‘On the Beaks and Skulls of *Dinornis*, *Palapteryx*, and other large apparently extinct Birds of New Zealand,’—in the course of which he demonstrated that the conjecture thrown out in his second Memoir on *Dinornis*, of the existence of two genera among the remains then under consideration, was now amply confirmed. The beak of *Palapteryx* is decidedly Struthious. The beak and skull of *Dinornis* differ very essentially from any form either recent or extinct; and were evidently of enormous proportional power. After a careful and detailed examination of the crania of these genera, of which most fortunately there are two nearly perfect examples, Prof. Owen directed the attention of the meeting to the cranium of a bird found in exactly the same state as the preceding, and under the same conditions, which bears the closest affinity to the existing *porphyrio*,—still abundant in New Zealand and parts of Australia. In bulk, however, it is nearly four times larger. To this form Prof. Owen gives the name *Notornis*. The fourth form which was exhibited he referred to the existing genus *Nestor*. It was indicated by an entire upper mandible. The paper was illustrated by drawings; and the bones which formed the subject of them were exhibited on the table by the courtesy of Dr. Mantell, for whom they had been collected by his son, Mr. Walter Mantell, of Wellington, New Zealand. The collection formed by Mr. Mantell—which is of much larger extent than any previously transmitted to this country—is almost entirely from the volcanic sand of Waingongoro, and the bones are consequently in a very different condition. Many of them are as perfect as if they had just been taken from the macerating tub; and the great number which Mr. Mantell has succeeded in recovering will enable Prof. Owen to elaborate the structure of these interesting birds with a degree of completeness which could scarcely have been hoped for when the idea of these great relics of the gigantic bird race of Polynesia first dawned upon the world in 1839. Dr. Mantell gave a lucid account of the circumstances and locality in which the remains were

found; and expressed his readiness to afford an opportunity of examining the whole series to any members of the society, who were desirous of availing themselves of his offer.—The business concluded with a short paper by Mr. L. Reeve, 'On a new genus of Molluscs, which he calls *Pastigiella*;' and continuation of Mr. Gould's arrangement of the *Prochilidae*,—in which he characterized some new species from the Cordilera of the Andes.—*Ibid*.

INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.—*Feb. 1.*—J. Field, Esq., President, in the chair.—In taking the chair for the first time since his election, the president addressed the members at considerable length; dwelling chiefly on the intimate connexion between the civil and the mechanical engineers,—their dependence on each other—and the importance of maintaining that union between the two branches of the profession that had ever been one of the main objects of the Institution. He showed that originally engineering was confined to the constructive or mechanical branches; raising heavy weights, building mills, draining mines, and all the primitive wants of mankind. By degrees, as civilization extended, the exigencies of the world became larger—luxuries were required that could only be supplied by greater exercise of talents and skill,—manufactories were multiplied,—manual labour could no longer suffice—the steam-engine was generally employed; and the consequence of this increase of production was that the roads required to be amended—rivers and canals to be improved and cut for conveying this abundance of merchandise and passengers,—whilst docks and harbours required extending for the reception of the shipping for the increasing export trade. These events called into being another class of men, who to great mechanical skill united more than ordinary theoretical knowledge and business habits to enable them to combine and use the powers of all other classes. These men were termed Civil Engineers in contra-distinction to Military Engineers—whose education and experience fitted them solely for the art of war; and by these men Great Britain had been placed first in the list of the civilizers of mankind. As the first president elected from among the Mechanical Engineers, he dwelt on the immense strides made within the last century in the productions of the mechanic arts and in public works under the combined efforts of the two classes alluded to. He then entered more minutely upon the subject of steam-navigation—to which he had principally devoted his personal attention; ending by apologizing for occupying so much of the time of the meeting, by saying that he must be permitted to feel more than ordinary pride in being elected their president when he looked around him and saw that the association of six young engineers who in 1818 met occasionally to chat over mechanical subjects had expanded in the course of twenty-nine years into a society consisting of upwards of 600 members, and comprising within it almost all the engineers of eminence in Great Britain.

The discussion was renewed upon Mr. Ransome's paper 'On the manufacture of Artificial Stone:'—the Rev. the Dean of Westminster, Sir Henry De la Beche, Mr. John Phillips, Dr. Garrod, Mr. Barry, and other visitors taking part.—The following gentlemen were elected Associates:—M. Scott, P. M. Crane, T. Cundy, G. Harrison, and C. H. Wild.—*Ibid*.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.—*Jan. 28.*—The Duke of Northumberland, President, in the chair.—Prof. Brande, 'On the Composition of Ether and Chloroform, and their Physiological Effects.' Having given a succinct outline of the chemical history of ether, from the first notice of this substance in the Dispensatories of the 16th century to the present time, Prof. Brande noticed the more recent discovery of the nature and composition of chloroform by Dumas, Liebig, and other continental philosophers. The formation of these bodies was traced from their ultimate elements. It was shown how growing vegetables elaborate starch

from the carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen which they derive from the soil—how starch may be made to pass into sugar—and how in the process of fermentation sugar is converted into alcohol—how alcohol, as was experimentally demonstrated, is split up (as it were) into ether and water when brought into contact with oil of vitriol at a particular temperature. The derivation of chloroform from the same substance (alcohol) by means of chlorine, with the aid of a basic oxide, was explained. The curious relation of this liquid to the acid derived from ants (from which its name originates as well as the modern hypotheses in regard to organic metalloids were briefly stated, and many experiments were made to demonstrate the physical and chemical properties of ether and chloroform. The remaining portion of Prof. Brande's discourse was devoted to an inquiry into the physiological effects of the vapours of these substances. These effects were classified as being comprised in five definite and progressive stages:—1. In the first stage, which is transient, the patient is exhilarated, but conscious of what passes before him, able to direct the motions of his limbs, and sensitive to pain. 2. In the second stage mental functions as well as voluntary movements are performed, but irregularly. The patient knows not where he is;—is generally, but not always, ready to do what he is directed. This, according to Dr. Snow, who has investigated the whole subject with great accuracy, is the stage of dreams. 3. It is in the third stage that the mental functions and the voluntary movements become dormant, although external impressions may here produce involuntary action. Any pain inflicted in this stage might call forth a groan, but it would not be expressed by articulate words. 4. In the fourth stage no movement, besides that occasioned by the action of the heart and lungs, takes place. This stage is characterized by the snoring of the patient, which indicates him to be in a condition of absolute insensibility. 5. In the fifth stage, which has been witnessed only in the inferior animals, the breathing becomes laboured and irregular, involuntary and voluntary muscles are alike powerless, respiration and circulation successively cease, and death ensues.—Having alluded to the psychological question whether (as, for example, in the 2d stage) it was possible that pain should be felt, but not remembered afterwards,—Prof. Brande concluded by remarking that this new application of chloroform exhibited organic chemistry from a point of view from which philosophers delighted to regard it;—that a proof was here afforded of the utility of every discovery; while the hope was encouraged that human researches in this branch of science might, ere long, be rewarded by obtaining something which, in its capability of benefiting mankind, might become in regard to chloroform what chloroform was to ether.—*Ibid.*

ROYAL INSTITUTION.—*Feb. 4.*—The Duke of Northumberland, President, in the chair.—‘On the Fossil Footmarks of a Reptile in the Coal Formation of the Alleghany Mountains,’ by C. Lyell, F. R. S.—Mr. Lyell began by observing that, notwithstanding the numerous remains of land plants in the carboniferous strata and the evidence they afford of the existence of large tracts of dry land (the exact position of which is often indicated by seams of coal and buried forests), no monuments of any air-breathing creatures had been detected in rocks of such high antiquity until Dr. King, in 1844, published his account of the foot-prints of a reptile occurring in sandstone in Pennsylvania (see *Silliman's Journal*, vol. 48, page 343). These fossil tracks were found in a stone quarry five miles S. E. of Greensburg and about twenty miles E. of Pittsburg, appearing on the under surfaces of slabs of argillaceous sandstone extracted for paving. They project in relief, being casts of impressions formed in a subjacent layer of fine unctuous clay, and they are accompanied by numerous casts of cracks of various sizes, evidently produced by the drying and shrinking of the clayey mud. These cracks occasionally traverse the foot-prints, showing

that the shrinkage took place after the animal had walked over the soft mud, and before it had begun to dry and crack. Mr. Lyell exhibited a slab which he had brought from the quarries, having visited them with Dr. King; and then proceeded to point out the difference between these foot-prints and those of the European *Cheirotherium* found in Saxony and in Warwickshire and Cheshire, always in the upper part of the New Red Sandstone or Trias. In the European hand-shaped foot-marks, from the form of which the animal was called by Kaup, *Cheirotherium*, both the hind and fore feet have each five toes, and the size of the hind foot is about five times as large as the fore foot. In the American fossil the posterior foot-print is not twice as large as the anterior, and the number of toes is unequal, being five in the hinder and four in the anterior foot; as in the European *Cheirotherium* the fifth toe stands out nearly at a right angle with the foot and somewhat resembles the human thumb. On the external side of all the Pennsylvanian tracks, both the larger and smaller, there is a protuberance like the rudiment of another toe. The average length of the hind foot is 5½ inches and of the fore foot 4½. The fore and hind feet being in pairs follow each other very closely, there being an interval of about one inch only between them. Between each pair the distance is 6 to 8 inches, and between the two parallel lines of tracks there is about the same distance. In the case of the English and German *Cheirotherium* the hind and fore feet occur also in pairs, but they form only one row, in consequence of the animal having put its feet to the ground nearly under the middle of its body, and the thumb-like toes are seen to turn to the right and to the left in the alternate pairs; while in the American tracks, which form two parallel rows, all the thumb-like toes in one set turn to the right and in the other set to the left. Mr. Lyell infers, therefore, that the American *Cheirotherium* belongs to a new genus of reptilian quadrupeds wholly distinct from that which characterizes the triassic strata of Europe; and such a generic diversity, he observes, might have been expected in reptilian fossils of such different ages. The geological position of the sandstone of Greensburg is perfectly clear, being situated in the midst of the Appalachian coal field, having the main bed of coal, called the Pittsburg seam, a hundred feet above it worked in the neighbourhood, and several other seams of coal, at lower levels. The impressions of *Lepidodendron*, *Sigillaria*, *Stigmaria*, and other carboniferous plants, are found both above and below the level of the reptilian footsteps. Mr. Lyell then adverted to some spurious fossil foot-prints of dogs, hoofed quadrupeds, birds, and other creatures seen on the surface of ledges of a soft quartzose sandstone in the neighbourhood of Greensburg, which had been confounded with the fossil ones. He pointed out the proofs that these had been carved by the ancient inhabitants of America, whose graves are seen in the vicinity; and that the Indian hunters had sculptured similar bird-tracks, together with human foot-prints, in solid limestone of the State of Missouri,—the true origin of which was first explained by Mr. D. D. Owen of Indiana.* To illustrate the mode of interpreting fossil foot-prints in geology, Mr. Lyell gave a sketch of the discovery of three distinct species of *Cheirotherium* in Europe,—and explained how after it had been conjectured by Link that they might belong to gigantic *Batrachians*, Mr. Owen found, by examining the teeth and bones of reptiles of triassic age, that three different species of air-breathing reptiles of the *Batrachian* order, referable to a new genus, *Labyrinthodon*, had existed, both in Germany and England, at that period; their fossil bones indicating that they were air-breathers, and there being as great a disparity in size between the bones of their anterior and posterior

* For some account of Mr. Lyell's observations on the Pennsylvanian *Cheirotherium*, see *Quarterly Geological Journal*, 1846, vol. 2, p. 417, and *Silliman's American Journal*, 1845, vol. 48, p. 343.

extremities as between the fore and hind foot-prints of the several Cheirotheria. To account for the sharpness of the casts of Cheirotherium on the under surfaces of slabs of sandstone, Mr. Lyell adverted to the manner in which he had seen, on the sea-beach, near Savannah in Georgia, a cloud of fine sand drifted by the wind filling up the foot-prints of racoons and opossums, which, a few hours before, had passed along the shore after the retreat of the tide. Allusion was also made to the recent foot-prints of birds called sand-pipers (*Tringa minuta*), which Mr. Lyell saw running, in 1842, over the red mud thrown down every tide along the borders of estuaries connected with the Bay of Fundy, in Nova Scotia. These consist both of impressions on the upper surfaces and of casts in relief on the under sides of successive layers of red mud (see Lyell's 'Travels in North America,' vol. ii p. 166,—of which he has presented a specimen to the British Museum. The ancient foot-prints of more than thirty species of birds found fossil in the New Red Sandstone or Trias of the valley of the Connecticut river, in Massachusetts, were next stated to be analogous to these modern bird-tracks; and the size of the largest, although they indicate a biped more huge than the ostrich, is exceeded in magnitude by the gigantic *Dinornis* of New Zealand,—of which nearly the entire skeleton has just been found fossil by Mr. Walter Mantell. The absence hitherto of the bones of birds in the ancient American strata of the triassic period appears to Mr. Lyell quite intelligible; for the circumstances which combine to cause foot-prints of sand-pipers in the recent mud of the Bay of Fundy, repeated throughout many superimposed layers, have no tendency to preserve any bones of the same birds,—and none have yet been ever observed in cutting trenches through the red mud, where it has been laid dry by artificial embankments and drained. In all the cases of foot-prints, both fossil and recent, and whether made by quadrupeds or bipeds, the lecturer insisted on the necessity of assuming that the creatures were air-breathers, for their weight would not have been sufficient under water to have made impressions so deep and distinct. The same conclusion is borne out by the evidence derived from the casts of cracks produced in the same strata, by shrinkage, and so generally accompanying the impressions of feet; and it was remarked that similar effects of desiccation are observable in the recent red mud of Nova Scotia, where thousands of acres are dried by the sun in summer, between the spring and neap tides. The ripple mark also so common in strata of every age, and among others in the coal measures, and New Red Sandstone of Germany, England, and America, exemplifies the accurate preservation of superficial markings of strata, often less prominent than those caused by the tread of reptiles or large birds.* As the discovery of three species of Cheirotheria was soon followed by the recognition of as many species of *Labrynthodon*, so the announcement by Dr. King, in 1844, of reptilian foot-prints in the coal strata of Pennsylvania has been followed by the news lately received from Germany, that in the ancient coal measures of Saarbruck, near Treves, the antiquity of which is vouched for by Von Dechen, Prof. Goldfuss has found the skeleton of a true saurian. Dr. Falconer, after a cursory examination of the original specimen, has stated his opinion in favour of its reptilian character, and although the evidence has not yet been rigorously tested by the most eminent comparative osteologists of Europe, Mr. Lyell believes that the opinion of Prof. Goldfuss and Dr. Falconer will be confirmed. Such facts should serve to put us on our guard against premature generalizations founded on mere negative evidence, and caution us not to assume the present limits of our knowledge of the time of the first appearance of any class of beings in a fossil state to be identical with the date of the first creation of such beings.—*Ibid.*

ARCHÆOLOGICAL INSTITUTE.—Feb. 4.—The Dean of Westminster in the chair. —Mr. Tucker read a paper on the Roman remains lately discovered in Lower

Thames Street, consisting of the hypocaust of a sudatorium in very good preservation, and a portion of an atrium paved with small red tesserae. Mr. Tucker considered that these remains were those of a small bath (laconicum), attached to a dwelling-house. A cylindrical shaft, of apparently medieval construction, resting on the tessellated pavement, had been supposed to form part of the building, but without reason. The Roman edifice had been built on piles, many of which were uncovered during the excavations; and it seemed highly probable, from this circumstance and from the character of the soil, that it stood immediately on the banks of the Thames, the waters of which had in the course of ages receded. The spot presented interesting evidence of successive occupation since Roman times, and of the great height to which the *débris* of many centuries had raised the level of the city. Mr. Tucker's paper was illustrated by a plan of the remains contributed by Mr. Bunning, the Clerk of the Works;—to whom it is mainly owing that these ruins have been saved from the destruction which has usually followed similar discoveries in London.

Mr. W. Brooks exhibited a plan and gave some account of the excavations now in progress at Verulamium; towards the expense of which the Institute has made a donation of 5*l*.

A letter was read from Mr. Ferry, the architect, respecting the screen at Christchurch, Hants; from which it appeared that, notwithstanding Lord Malmesbury's refusal to entertain the representations of the Institute against the destruction of that curious relic, the committee for the repairs of the church were fully disposed to let it remain, and an estimate had been ordered of the expense of repairing it.

Mr. J. J. Cole made a communication on the intention and use of hagioscopes or low-side windows in the medieval churches; his opinion being that prior to the introduction of sanctus-bell cots, and commonly when these were not erected, then at the low side window—the only real opening in the church except the doors—the sacristan stood, and on the elevation of the Host rang the sanctus bell, as directed in the ancient constitutions.

Among the objects exhibited were several antique chessmen formed of bone, found at Woodperry, Oxon—considered to be of the period of the thirteenth century, and brought by the Rev. J. Wilson.—Mr. L. Sotheby sent for inspection the gorget, or standard of mail, said to have been worn by Ralph Neville, Earl of Westmoreland, who died early in the fifteenth century; a rare Etruscan vase; various Roman bronze vessels; and the drum of Colonel Colepepper's regiment, so distinguished by the defence of Colchester during the Civil Wars.—Sir W. C. Trevelyan contributed a large collection of drawings of druidical remains, fonts, crosses, &c, from Britany.

The Secretary having announced that Members would in future have the privilege of introducing a friend to the monthly meetings—the chairman adjourned the meeting to March 3.—*Ibid*.

SCIENTIFIC NOTICES.

It is announced that the astronomers of Pulkover have ascertained the existence of a third Satellite of the Planet Uranus.

Elements of the Asteroid Flora.—Mr. Hind has stated to the Astronomical Society the period of the revolution of Flora (about three and a quarter years) is considerably shorter than that of any other smaller planet. It is also less than that of Enke's Comet, which has hitherto taken the lead after Mars. According to the latest and most accurate determination of their elements, it appears probable, that the small planets now have the following order with respect to mean distance from the sun :—Flora, Iris, Vesta, Hebe, Astræa, Juno, Ceres, Pallas.—*Athenæum*, 29th January.

Active preparations are being made to equip the *Arctic Expeditions* under Sir James Ross and Sir Jno. Richardson, destined to proceed in search of Franklin. Dr. Rae will accompany Richardson.—*Ibid*, 5th February.

At Cologne a *Suspension Bridge* is about to be thrown over the Rhine by French Engineers, similar to that which crosses the Danube at Offen. It will rest on a single pillar in the middle of the stream—and is to cost 150,000 thalers.—*Ibid*, 29th January.

The *Paris papers* announce the discovery in the public library of Douai, in a basket of old papers, supposed to be valueless, of a *manuscript of Fenelon*, in good preservation. It is a memoir relative to the Foundation of Seminaries.—*Ibid*, 19th February.

In Brussels the *inauguration of the Statue of the great Anatomist, André Vessale*, has taken place with great ceremony.—*Ibid*, 15th January.

ARCHÆOLOGY.—MR. LAYARD's *drawings of the Antiquities* discovered by him among the ruins of Nineveh—a portion of which, as our readers know, have arrived, and are placed in the British Museum,—were, we understand, on Saturday last, explained by him to a numerous meeting of the trustees of that institution.—In *Paris the Assyrian Antiquities* found by M. BATTÀ and the *Antiquities brought from Algeria*, have been arranged in the rooms prepared for their reception at the Louvre : and these collections are now exhibiting to the Parisian public every Sunday,—the other days of the week being reserved for students only.—*Ibid*.

About twenty little Carvings in Ivory, which were discovered lying on some of the bassi-relievi brought to this country by MR. LAYARD, have been added to the national treasures in the British Museum. They are on a small scale, about 4 inches by 2½ : the greater portion of them resembling Egyptian types rather than Assyrian, indeed with scarcely any variation they correspond with all other Egyptian relics that we know of. The few of Assyrian character will

be a greater acquisition, showing as they do the state of such art at that early period. They are well carved, in low relief. A series of drawings from them are in preparation for publication.—*Ibid.*

Several important excavations are now in progress in the very 'centre of the ancient Verulam: and a fund is being formed to supply the necessary means for carrying the works on in the proper spirit of enquiry, and with as little delay as possible. To this fund **THE ARCHÆOLOGICAL INSTITUTE**—hitherto to our thinking, somewhat tardy in these matters—has given 5£. No great sum is required, and the project well deserves the support of every archaeologist. Lord Verulam, it is understood, is willing to afford every facility for continuing the necessary excavations.—*Ibid*, 12th February.

Solar Spots.—MR. GRIESBACH'S Drawings have been presented to the *Society (Astronomical)* with a drawing made on Sept. 27, 1843 of JUPITER, seen without his moons. This rare phenomenon was also observed at Woodstock, Vermont, U. S.—Mr. Griesbach's drawings of the spots (solar) are executed with photography, or rather the Talbo-type process, which is more rapid, and makes the execution on a given scale, and with every requisite degree of precision quite attainable. His scale is such, that the disk of the sun is represented by a circle of $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches diameter. He recommends observers in every region of the globe to form a collection of the same sort, and to forward them to the Astronomical Society, as being the most probably effectual means of arriving at a knowledge of the laws which govern these mysterious phenomena, and the periods, if any, which they observe in their formation, and thence of elucidating the nature of the sun itself. No single observer at a fixed locality, can however contribute more than a very fragmentary series of such observations. In India there is unclouded weather for months together, and therefore it has the advantage of the united observations of all Europe to secure a continuous series of such observations made at noon.—*Abridged from Athenæum*, 11th December.

MR. HARRIS, of Alexandria, has announced to the *Royal Society of Literature* in London that he has made the acquisition at Thebes, of a papyrus, containing in Greek characters, the oration of an accuser, apparently Hypereides against Demosthenes, for taking the 750 talents at Harpalus.—*Ibid*, 1st January.

Discovery of Antiquities.—Some workmen, who were employed digging a well at Millengen, near Nimequeen, have turned up a number of antiquities such as lamps, plates, bowls, vases, pitchers, fragments of clay and earthenware, an iron arrowhead, &c. One of the vases was of green glass with a flat handle; at each of the angles of the foot, are one of those letters, C. G. C. P.—Several pieces of gold coin were also found, on the edge of which is engraved (VI.) GLORIA AUGUSTORUM. They are probably of the time of Justinian.—*Literary Gazette*, 11th December.

Lockjaw and Cholera have both been cured by the inhalation of Ether and Chloroform, and also fatal cases have occurred from over-doses of both medicines, see notices further in, and also refer to No. 2, for further particulars.

MR. BARRY'S Octagon Court at the New Houses of Parliament.—The visitor to the new Houses of Parliament should make a point of inspecting the roof of the *Octagon Court* or central hall of Mr. Barry's great work. The task is rather a dusty one; but mason's dust forgotten, the ascent is by easy enough scaffolding, and the sight is really wonderful. Conceive 250 tons of stone fashioned into one roof,—and that one roof containing seventy-two bosses, and each boss, when uncarved (as they were when we saw them) of the size of an ordinary mill-stone. The roof of Henry 7th Chapel at Westminster and King's College Chapel, at Cambridge, supply a world of wonder to persons ignorant of the principles of architecture; but here the wonder must still be greater, when they see the enormous mass of masonry, which Mr. Barry has built like a heaven over head. These vast bosses will be fashioned into roses and portcullisses, and when seen from the ground, will be at a distance of about 90 feet. This octagon court is as striking an illustration of the magnitude of the works now in progress at Westminster, as any one would find about the whole building.—*Daily News*.

A New Era in Steam Navigation—*The Washington Union* of January 5th, contains a long report from a board of professional Engineers and others appointed by the Secretary of the American Treasury, to test an important improvement in the construction of the Naval Steam Engine, the invention of CAPTAIN ERICSSON, which is to create, it is said "a new era in Steam Navigation." We give the particulars as they have been abstracted by a contemporary. There appears to be an apparatus called an evaporator, and another a condenser, conveniently arranged amidst the machinery so as to occupy very little space. By this the Steam, after performing its work, is converted into water, and forced back into the boiler—again and again taking the same routine. As some of the steam will always be lost by loose joints, the evaporator supplies the deficiency from the element in which the vessel floats; and from this increased supply of steam, the condenser affords any desired amount of fresh water. The whole is said to be complete and perfect, and the following results obtained:—1. A steamer may go to sea and complete her voyage without ever having one particle of salt water in her boiler, if she will begin it with fresh water. 2. She need not carry any tanks of fresh water, but can make it from the sea at will; thus saving the space for fuel. 3. Besides the supply for the boiler and culinary purposes, enough fresh water can be made to allow each sailor to bathe every day—the supply will be so ample. 4. The fire need never be extinguished to relieve the boiler of salt and sand or mud, as neither salt nor mud will ever get in; thus saving fuel. 5. The boiler will require little or no watching; being once arranged, the machinery will do the rest, and keep up the exact supply of pure water. 6. A boiler at sea, especially in the Gulf of Mexico, will last two or three times as long as at present, as no impurities will be admitted there any more than on the lakes. 7. Nearly one-fifth of the fuel will be saved, as the heat will act on the plates and

flues, free of incrustation from salt or mud, and the water from the condenser, while very hot, will be pumped into the boiler. 8. A low pressure engine will answer on the Missouri and Mississippi as well as on streams of clear water, as the muddy water will be evaporated, the vapour re-condensed, and forced into the boilers as clear as crystal. 9. The awful bursting of boilers so often occurring on the western waters may be arrested *in toto*, as the saving of fuel, and the equal adaptation of the low pressure engine will induce its substitution in lieu of the powder magazines, as the engines now in use may be called. 10. The oil used round the piston of the cylinder, and the rust on the boiler, may impart a little of their taste at first to the steam water; but a very simple filter will make it as pure as when distilled in the chemist's laboratory.

Floating Mattresses: Life Preservers.—We have often heard of feather-bed soldiers; but they are quite a different race from mattress sailors, of whom and their new safety invention we read an interesting account in a recent number of the *Nautical Standard*. These mattresses, it is stated, are patented by Messrs. Taylor and Sons, are filled with cork-stuffing, and were submitted to experiments on the Serpentine river and on the Thames at Blackwall, in the presence of several naval and scientific gentlemen. The results are thus summed up by the journal to which we have referred for our information:

"1 lb. of cork-stuffing would sustain one person in the water.

"3½ lbs. would allow half the body to be out of the water.*

Railway Bridge over the Niagara.—If any thing could be wanting in the attraction of the country about Niagara to turn thither the tour of the multitudes in the pleasant season, this bridge will supply it. Its thousands of tons weight of the strongest iron cord, that the ingenuity of the iron-master can desire, find a safe support in wrought iron anchors built in the solid rock 100 feet below the surface; so that before it could yield the very rock-bound earth would forsake its tenacity. A large wooden framework is to be placed so that no undulating motion can be experienced. In full sight of the cataract the surge of angry waters far beneath—the sullen storm-beaten rocks all around—the quick locomotive will put forth all its quickness to rush beyond the peril of its journey. This glorious work is already begun, the money for its cost paid in and available, the excavations commenced, and the contractor is to cross on horseback by the middle of next June. Its firmness is to be such that with all the burden of a powerful locomotive and a long attendant train of cars, it is not to vibrate one inch in the centre. The railway is to occupy the centre,—two carriage ways on either side and two foot ways. What

* "6 lbs. the whole of the body out of the water, and an ordinary sized sailor's mattress, weighing 10 lbs., would support 12 men in the water."

It is added that they are as convenient for cabin furniture as if they were stuffed with horsehair, and could always be thrown into the water at once as buoys to save human life when any one fell overboard. A paragraph respecting them in the *Times* has a droll misprint for it tells us that upon the floating mattresses "two persons having reached them, stood upright upon them, reclined at full length!"

a magnificent spectacle this road in full use will present ! A road of this kind over the Menai straights is famous for the daring displayed in its construction. That over the Niagara will soon be world-famed. It will be an iron link of civilization between the two ruling powers of the world, and will never be severed. One of the first thoughts that present themselves in reference to the construction, is, as to how the wires are to be thrown across. The steam boat now used below the falls is to take over two cables to which strands of iron are affixed. These are to be drawn over, till two ropes of iron are drawn over, on which a temporary path-way is to be placed ;—and when I inquired where workers could be found, who had nerve enough to work effectually under such circumstances, the answer so characteristic of American strength of action was—“ Oh, there are always plenty of Yankees, who have both the courage to work there, and the ingenuity to work well.” The great rail-way in Canada, which is to be connected with this mighty work presents some admirable features. Its grade is over 20 feet, and a very large proportion of the distance is on a straight line. On one line, perfectly straight, 90 miles are laid out. All the highways of the country are to pass either over or under the road, by depression or elevation, so that there will be neither obstacle nor hinderance to a flight which will put more life into the provincial dominion of her Britannic Majesty than it has yet seen. “ That same” province of Canada West has yet to see great days. “ The last link” is completed when this great bridge of the cataract shall have been completed. From Boston and New York an unbroken line is presented, and the day is soon coming when some correspondent of yours will delineate the incidents of a 30 hours’ journey from the metropolis to Detroit.—*New York Courier.*

Anastatic Printing.—In conjunction with Mr. P. H. Delamotte, who has lately established an anastatic press in this city (under licence from the patentee), I have recently been trying various modes of transferring pen etchings and tracings to zinc plates. Two days ago it occurred to me that drawings made on paper with lithographic chalk, might be transferred and printed from in the same manner. Yesterday morning I had a somewhat hasty sketch made with lithographic chalk on common drawing paper (of good quality but not very smooth surface) and sent it to Mr. Delamotte’s press. An hour after I received a proof similar to the one enclosed ; which is a perfect *fac simile* of the original drawing, and cannot be distinguished from a lithograph. Further experiments will be required to prove whether this method can supersede the finer branches of lithographic drawing—or in other words whether paper can be made with a surface as finely and uniformly *grained* as that which is produced on the stone.

But for less delicate and elaborate works there can be no doubt that the anastatic process has two advantages over lithography.—First, we dispense with the cost and inconvenience of transporting heavy stones. The traveller may now fill his portfolio with drawings made in the field, with lithographic chalk on paper,—and may afterwards print off as many copies of these sketches as he pleases. And, secondly, the drawings do not require to be reversed,

nor even re-copied ; a great saving of the artist's time and labour. Wishing to give the public the benefit of this very simple application of the anastatic art, I lose no time in communicating it to you.

I am, &c.,

H. E. STRICKLAND, M. A.

Oxford, Feb. 10.

Athem. 12th Feb.

Anastatic Printing.—Observing in your last number a communication (given above) from Mr. H. E. STRICKLAND, on the subject of Anastatic printing, in which the desideratum of paper with a surface as finely and uniformly grained as that which is produced on the stone is mentioned with a view to enable this process of printing to compete with the finer branches of lithography,—I beg to observe that if India paper,—or as it is sometimes called Chinese paper, of the best quality, be mounted on soft plate-paper (by pressing the two together while damp through a lithographic press, the Indian paper being in contact with the blank surface of a lithographic stone, which has been properly grained as for a fine lithographic chalk drawing—precisely as Indian paper impressions of lithographs are taken and afterwards dried under a slight pressure to preserve the flatness of the double sheet—it will be found that the surface of the Indian paper has had a clear sharp grain imparted to it by the grain of the stone, of which it will be the exact counterpart ; but little, if at all, inferior to it—adapted to receive drawings with lithographic chalk, that may vie with highly finished drawings done on the stone. These drawings so executed, may, as Mr. Strickland proposes, be subjected to the anastatic process ; and I have little doubt that very beautiful and highly finished works may most conveniently be produced in this manner. I may observe that I have frequently had paper prepared in this way, as I consider it a most agreeable preparation for pencil and chalk drawings of the ordinary description ; and I have found that it would be comparatively inexpensive—as it may be done by any lithographic printer.

I am, &c.,

J. S. TEMPLETON.

Athem. 19th Feb.

Paris Academy of Sciences.

CHLOROFORM : MR. GRUBY laid before the Academy an account of some experiments with the new agent called Chloroform. He states in opposition to the assertion of M. Amussat, that the arterial blood of animals under the effects of chloroform retains its red colour when there is not suffocation ; thus shewing that the respiratory functions are not suspended. This is also the case with the digestive functions,—the peristaltic motions of the intestines at least is not changed by the inhalation of chloroform. Mr. Gruby adds that the insensibility of an animal may be kept up for several hours without any danger by means of frequent and short inhalations ; but that a too prolonged inhalation occasions death. And finally that a limb or any other organ detached from an animal, but still retaining its excitability, becomes inert

when exposed to the action of the vapour of chloroform, and resumes its excitability as soon as that action has ceased. M. M. Roux and Velpeau gave an account of several surgical operations on patients who had previously inhaled the vapour of chloroform :—all which were attended with results establishing the superiority over sulphuric ether.

Probable Antiquity of Chloroform.—At the Medico-botanical Society, MR. HUTMAN stated his reasons for believing that the extraordinary properties of chloroform, viz., the production of insensibility and the creation of dreams, were known in very remote times, but used most probably for magical purposes only. He first drew attention to the words *formica* and *myrmex*, the Latin and Greek names of the ant, the insect which yields the formic-acid. These words, together with *morphe*, the Greek word for form, is stated to have a common origin, and to have reference to the property of creating dreams or immaterial forms. They also gave the name of Morpheus to the god of dreams, and furnished the root of numerous words having reference to those things which produce sleep and dreams, as well as to the various phenomena connected therewith, and even to death itself—viz. *Mors*, which the ancients personified as the brother of sleep. Admitting these points, the speaker said, they contained ample proof that in giving the names *formica* and *myrmex* to the ant, the ancients selected that distinguishing property which the insect possessed of inducing dreams or forms (*morphai*) ; and this would carry back the knowledge of this property to a very remote antiquity, probably to the time when the Magian College in Chaldea was in its zenith, and when chemistry and astronomy flourished under the influence of religious zeal.—*Ibid*.

Natural History of Scinde.

Rome, December 28, 1847.

I have recently received a letter from CAPTAIN VICARY of the E. I. Co's. service, dated *Subathoo*, (at the foot of the Sub-Himalaya range,)—which contains an observation which seems to be worthy of notice in your journal. Your readers, who take any interest in the progress of geology, will recollect that Captain Vicary is the officer who was judiciously selected by Lieut. Genl. Sir Charles Napier, to explore the mineral structure of the province of Scinde ; and that the results of his survey were communicated to the Geological Society of London. His memoirs threw much light on the extension and relations of the great Nummulitic formation, which, ranging from Egypt across Persia by Bagdad, constitutes the chief masses of the meridian chain on the right bank of the Indus. Many specimens of the organic remains of those mountains, and of the remarkable tertiary deposits on their eastern flank have been collected ; and a choice selection of them is now on its way to England. Among the most recent discoveries of Captain Vicary, near Subathoo, is the long-nosed Crocodile, which occurs, I presume, in a portion of those Sub-Himalayan strata of tertiary age that through the researches of CAUTLEY and FALCONER, has so enriched the British Museum, and are undergoing a complete arrangement by the last mentioned of these excellent naturalists. In collecting the living plants of Scinde, of which he is preparing a description, Captain Vicary has “discovered that they are made up of Indian forms, mixed up with those of Persia, Arabia, Africa, and particularly

of *Egypt*; several species of the latter country being absolutely identical with those of *Scinde*.* To the geologist who traces the same Nummulitic limestone from the Nile to the Indus, this discovery is interesting, as shewing that, inasmuch as these two distant regions must formerly have been under a sea, which was pervaded by a Fauna common to the whole of it; so in the present terrestrial state of things the similarity of the Scindian and Egyptian sub-soils (which are continuous, not separated by any great natural barriers,) is accompanied by a striking coincidence in the living Flora of the two countries. The physical geographer will not fail to profit by this new observation on the distribution of plants.

I am, &c.,
RODERICK J. MURCHISON.

Natural History of Scinde.—In the *Athenæum* there is a notice from SIR R. J. MURCHISON, on the *Natural History of Scinde* (given above,) founded on the investigations of CAPTAIN VICARY. I have by the last mail received a very interesting letter from another able botanist, Assistant Surgeon Stocks, now working in the same field. As his information may be generally interesting, I send you below a few extracts, relating especially to the important subject of the geography of plants, and to some of the useful products of Scinde. The distribution of plants is no doubt sometimes connected with geological formations, but, as far as my observation goes, more frequently with the present climate of different countries.

I remain, &c.,
J. F. ROYLE.

"I send to your address by the Steamer, a parcel of Scinde plants, which I hope will reach you in safety. I have as yet collected only about 300 plants in Scinde, out of which I send you about half, you will see by the specimens how peculiar is the Flora of this interesting country,—every plant, however, merely confirmatory of remarks, frequently repeated, made by you in your Himalayan Botany, I mean the connexion indicated by you between the North Asian and the Syrian Flora. I hope at some future time when I have examined all Scinde to say more on this head **. The Ameer's hunting forests are chiefly made up of *Acacia Arabica* with *Vachellia farnesiana*. Other forest trees in Scinde are the *Dalbergia sissoo* (*Tâlee*) and a *Populus* (*Bahun*) allied to *Populus Euphratica*; also *Albizzia Lebbeck* (*Sirree*.) The wild date is common—and on the Beloochistan Hills grows the *Cham-drops Ritchiana* (Griffith, in *Calcutta Journal*.) The tree Tamarisk (*Gus*) grows to a very large size, and yields the *Sakun* or *Tamarisk* galls, much used in Scinde medicine. The Tamarisk manna is very common in Scinde, and I am preparing an account of it. It is commonly sold in the bazaars in some parts of Scinde and eaten as a sweetmeat. I am making collections of the Scinde *Materia Medica*, which I shall be delighted to forward to you. There are great quantities of drugs from Cabool and Khorasan, which promise to be of interest. In the Transactions of the BOMBAY ASIATIC SOCIETY is a paper of mine on the Googul Gum Resin from *Balsamoden-*

* So that Lord Ellenborough shines as a Naturalist as well as a Statesman, a Warrior and an Admiral, for it was he who first likened Scinde to Egypt!

dron Roxburghii, which I hope to send you. The hills of Scinde have a vegetation akin to that of Arabia and the Persian Gulph, to which they are similar in geological formation, and are connected in every way. Their plants must also resemble those of Beloochistan proper and Cabool, especially towards the north of Scinde above Shikarpore; while it is at the south of Scinde and about Kurrachee, that the greatest likeness to Arabia will exist. The sandy soil of Scinde, the arid deserts, and the banks of the river and its branches, will have a vegetation like that of Egypt, from similarity and external influences, &c.;—but also like that of the Punjab, and the space between Delhi and the Sutledge, from actual geographical continuity. And this is exactly what happens.”—*Athem. 5th Feb.*

Volcano in the Moon.—Observing the dark portions of the moon’s disk about 6 o’clock this evening (11th December 1847,) I perceived near the bottom a bright spot, comparatively about one quarter the size of the planet Saturn. It varied in intensity, as an intermitting light, but was at all times visible. The telescope, an achromatic of 5 feet focal length, was charged with (inverting) powers of 80 and 30; and by putting the bright portion of the moon just out of the field, the object was instantly visible to the most uninitiated eye. I followed it with the telescope for an hour and a half, until the moon sunk into the vapours in the horizon. The whole of the dark portion was of a sea-green colour (not so dark as I have noticed it during a lunar eclipse, but very similar) with dark patches,—and near the extreme edge was one very dark and distinctly formed. The moon at this time was 3 days and 21 hours old. The following evening was rather dull; but between the passing clouds I was able to verify the previous night’s observations. It was again just visible on Monday 13th,—though from the increasing brightness of the moon it was very indistinct; but on the 14th the brilliancy of the moon overpowered it; and not a trace of it could be observed.

Athem., 25th December.

R. HODGSON, *Eversley, Hants.*

“THE COMET of 1264, 1556, 1848.—If the cometographers are to be believed,” says the *Journal des Débats*—coining, so far as we know, its word for the occasion,—the year 1848 is to witness the return of a great comet of which history and chronicle make mention in the year 1264, and which was observed by Fabricius in 1556. In the month of March in the latter year, the world was startled with the apparition of a brilliant comet, whose size equalled half that of the moon. Its beams were short and flickering, with a motion like that of the flame of a conflagration, or of a torch waivered by the wind. It alarmed the Emperor Charles 5th, who, believing his death at hand, is said to have exclaimed (startled into poetry by the meteor, if the tale be true in all its parts),

His ergo indicii me mea fata vocant.

This warning, it is asserted by historians, contributed to the design which the monarch formed, and executed a few months later, of resigning the imperial crown to his brother Ferdinand. Halley calculated the path of this comet, and found it in all points resembling that of the great comet chronicled in 1264. The two appearances were supposed therefore to be one and the same

body—292 years were the period of its revolution, and it is due again, as our readers know, in 1848.

Paris Academy of Sciences, Dec. 20.

The Comets of 1585, 1770 and 1844. M. Levefrier read a paper on the periodical comet discovered at Rome in August 1844, by M. Vico. M. Leverrier is of opinion that the periodical comets of 1844 and 1770 are two different bodies, and not identical, as supposed by some astronomers. He also thinks that there is no identity with the comet of 1585, as supposed by M. M. Lauquier and Mauvais. A note was communicated from M. Vico, announcing the disappearance from the heavens of three stars of different magnitude, which had been marked on the celestial charts.—*Athem.*

The Iron Tunnel over the Conway.—One of those “wonders of the age,” the tubular bridge, has far advanced towards completion. The site of the bridge is on the south of Telford’s “Suspension Bridge,” close to the wall of the Conway Castle Bridge (also by Telford), it will be precisely of the same description as the one to be thrown across the Menai Straits; the Conway Bridge, consisting of two tubes or tunnels, (one for the “up,” and the other for the “down” line of rail) each 400 feet in length; while the quantity of tubing required for the Menai bridge is upwards of 3,000 feet. It is rectangular in form, consisting entirely of sheet iron one inch in thickness. The inside through which the trains are to pass is 24 feet high and 16 feet wide. The outside height is much greater, being about 30 feet. The top is of two thicknesses of metal, in the corrugated shape, forming a series of circular tubes of about 3 feet in diameter. This form is considered to offer the greatest resistance to compression. The sides are of sheet iron of one thickness; the bottom has a double thickness three feet apart, connected by intermediate longitudinal ribs, so as to give the necessary stiffness for the carriages to pass over. The whole mass, weighing upwards of 1,000 tons, will be placed on the abutments at once. The place where it is being constructed is on a huge timber platform, in a curve of the Conway, a few hundred yards from the intended site of the bridge. The important process of testing the machine will be carried forth on the spot where it now lies. Immediately the tube is completed, by the aid of a flood tide and pontoons it will be raised so as to admit of the platform on which it is erected being carried away.—*Shrewsbury Chronicle.*

Dredge’s Hints on Ventilation.—A healthy adult requires a certain quantity of air for respiration per minute; one hundred persons collected in a room together, require 100 times as much, which multiplied by 60 and divided by the capacity of the room gives the number of times the room should be filled with fresh air in an hour; and this again compared with the areas of the apertures that admit the air will give the velocity of the current of fresh air flowing into the room. All this is very simple. It is equally easy by artificial means to produce this current, and it no doubt is produced; yet in the middle of the room the crowd still pants for fresh air, and if we were to test the air which is flowing out of the room, we should find it scarcely more vitiated

than that which the people are inhaling within it. It is not only necessary that a sufficient quantity of air should be admitted into the room, but that it should also be diffused throughout, which can only be effected by abstracting the foul air opposite to the part where the fresh air is admitted, and then causing a gentle current direct through the room. Now this is a thing which I fear hardly any known system of ventilation can be said to accomplish effectually; and as the temperature of the room causes the air to ascend, it appears to me that, like the Argand burner, the air should be admitted through the floor, and pass off when vitiated through the ceiling. A maltster's kiln exemplifies this, and is, perhaps, better ventilated than any other description of structure. A maltster dries his malt more by the application of air passing through it, than by the direct application of fire. To effect this, the floor on which the malt is laid, consists of perforated tiles, through which the heated air ascends, and passing through the malt, escapes by means of a cowl in the roof. The perforated tiles forming the floor, admit the air to every part of the room, and a constant current under complete regulation is passing through the room and out of the roof. Now, it would be a very easy matter, and much add to the appearance of our places of public resort, if ornamented porcelain tiles were used for flooring, perforated with holes through which the temperate air might pass, diffusing itself to every part of the house, and when vitiated escape through the ceiling.—*Mechanics' Magazine*, for December.

A Simple Time-piece.—The following idea of a simple time-piece has occurred to me, and I think it original :

Have a flat bar placed perpendicularly or nearly so, with teeth regularly cut in both edges exactly corresponding on either side; then a small piece of mechanism with two cog-wheels, the cogs corresponding exactly with the teeth of the bar: the wheel piece must be heavy, and have a well fitting groove in which the bar is to work. The wheel-piece being placed at the top of the bar (the bar being within the groove,) the teeth catch the wheels, and the tendency of the wheel-piece being of course to descend, its downward motion must be regulated by a pendulum, or similar contrivance; the hours, minutes, &c., being marked on the bar. A bar to last for a day might easily be screwed up to the wall of offices, &c. A plan to detach the cog-wheels, in order to push up the wheel-piece at the end of each day could be easily contrived.

This plan if worth any thing, and not before suggested (and I do not think it has) is at your service.

J. MURRAY.

Mechanics' Magazine, for December.]

Gun Cotton Disapproved.—The Board of Ordnance have definitively decided against the adoption of this explosive compound in the Military and Naval Services. The chief objection to it is, the very low temperature at which it explodes. The mere heating of a gun from a number of charges, fired in succession, has been found sufficient to cause an instant explosion of gun-cotton.—*Ibid*.

Force of the Wind on bodies of Water—We can form *a priori*, very little idea of the power of the wind in propelling bodies of water, and causing

them to accumulate in its own direction. Smeaton states, that in a canal 4 miles long, the water at one end has been raised 4 inches higher than at the other, by the blowing of the wind along the canal; and Kennell mentions that in a lake, 10 miles broad and 6 feet deep, one side has been driven to the other by a strong wind in such volume as to render it 16 feet deep; while the windward side was laid entirely dry.—*Edinburgh Review*.

À Diviner.—Among the smaller *Kons*, who are caressed only in the absence of the *premiers sujets*, will be found an individual possessing great interest, the Curé Parramelle, the humble village priest, who has been sent for by the *Academie des Sciences* in order to enlighten that respectable corps of *savans* concerning the extraordinary gift which he possesses of discovering hidden springs beneath the earth. It is curious to behold the touching simplicity of his manners, and his utter unconsciousness of the importance of the gift with which it has pleased heaven to bless him. It appears that this man's powers are most extraordinary—that he has never once been deceived, but told on the instant without hesitation, the exact spot where water may be found. He is singular amongst those who have hitherto professed the science in his utter independence of the divining rod, which he has never needed. He describes the sensation he experiences when walking over a spring, to be that keen and pricking pain in the throat and nostrils, like that occasioned by the inhaling of phosphorus, or too strong a pinch of snuff.—*Paris Correspondent of the Atlas*.

Light and Heat.—At the last meeting of the *American Association of Geologists*, PROFESSOR HENRY, of Princeton, communicated some interesting experiments, showing the analogy between light and heat. The experiments were made with a thermo-electrical apparatus, a very delicate instrument, which will indicate 1-500th of a degree of Fahrenheit thermometer. It has been long known that two rays of light may be so thrown on each other as to produce darkness. Professor H. showed that two rays of heat might be so combined as to produce cold. Light and heat differ with respect to the length of the waves—those of the latter are longer than those of the former. Experiments were made upon flames. Some flames give little light, but intense heat; as for instance the flame of hydrogen gas. If a solid body is plunged into such a flame, the radiant heat will be increased as well as the radiant light. Experiments made upon the spots of the sun showed that they were colder than the surrounding parts; also that the surface of that body is variously heated. The apparatus was applied to form a thermal-telescope. When turned to the heavens the coldest part was found to be directly over head. Thunder clouds sending forth flashes of lightning were found to be colder than the surrounding clouds. When turned to the moon there was some slight traces of heat, but those were proved to be from the reflected heat of the sun. He showed this to be the case by an experiment which he performed on ice. In this experiment the ice reflected heat. It has long been known that a burning lens could be made of ice.—*Boston Journal*.

“*Couche De Niveau*” means simply any given level; which may be the level either of the sea, or of an inland lake, or of any plain or table land.—*Mechanics' Magazine*.

VI.—TALES.

The Breadfinder. By EDWARD YOUILL.

CHAPTER VIII.

(Continued from our last Number, page 478.)

TIME sped onward, and the month of June brought the summer with it. The people were now convinced that the Reform Bill would be passed. There was no longer any fear of a revolution. A whisper had gone abroad of the existence of a society, organised for physical force purposes; but sensible men set their faces altogether against it. In the house which Boldero occupied an explosion had taken place which did some damage, and it was reported that that misguided youth had employed himself in the manufacture of destructive missiles in anticipation of a popular outbreak. The police inquired into the affair, but no investigation took place, as Boldero had escaped, and had managed to remove all traces of his recent occupations. Still the Reform Bill was the principal topic in men's mouths; but the women had found another subject of interest—the approach of the Asiatic cholera.

At length the Bill that was to effect such wonders passed the Upper House, and received the royal sanction. Then England went mad in earnest, and consumed an infinity of tallow-candles in illuminations. The best thing it did was to provide, in some parishes, dinners of commemoration for the poor, and its greatest folly was the national acknowledgment of abundant satisfaction with the work of its legislators. This was in 1832. We are now on the threshold of 1848. Where are the wonders? What has the Reform Bill done for the people?

The passing of the Bill and the consequent satisfaction of the nation dissolved the P. F. D. Many of the late adherents spread themselves throughout the country, and preached physical doctrines. The riots in Wales and the north, at a subsequent period, were mainly owing to their exertions. Imprisonments took place, and some suffered transportation. You shall never repel wrong by wrong, but you shall conquer the wrong by the right, and overcome hate with love.

Nearly a year had passed since the Reform Bill became the law of the land, and Harding still retained his situation. He was now the father of two children, and Emma practised domestic economy on eighteen shillings a week. They dwelt in a house, as Harding had foretold, *without a passage*: but M. Jean Masson had for a long time visited them, although of late his visits had been irregularly, and less frequently paid. As Madame Cacasi, Emma was to be the delight of the lords and ladies of the Grand Theatre. She had made such progress as a vocalist, that in musical circles her *début* was already talked of, and as no one had ever seen her, M. Jean was beset with inquiries touching her voice and execution, her features, stature, complexion, age. But he was very reserved and mysterious on all these points. However, it got whispered abroad that the husband of the new *debutante* was a cheesemonger's shopman, and people shrugged their shoulders, and remarked that, if she had any talent, it was a thousand pities that she had also such low connexions.

Now, the man ennobles his work. The office never degrades the individual, respect being always had to honour; but the individual confers superiority on the office. Why should William Harding be less acceptable, being a cheesemonger's shopman, than the secretary of state's secretary? Tell me that. Or than the secretary of state himself? Tell me that. Away with this cursed barrier of alleged respectability of station which separates between man and

man! Shakespeare, holding horses' bridles at the door of the Globe Theatre, was still Shakespeare.

I should not have praised William Harding if he had hesitated to accept the situation which he now filled, because it was subordinate. Wherever the brave man serves there are the angels, there is the presence of God. The world overlooks the uses of subordinate men. It is not thankful for benefits unless it views them through lenses of its own construction, which have too frequently the demerit of falsifying the real proportions of services.

Harding had some such philosophy as this to sustain him, or he would, long since, have been a most miserable man. His family was sure of the humble bread, that consideration kept him at his post. The question which he often asked himself was, Am I not better fitted for another service? His wife said from the first that he was throwing himself away; and, after a period, he entertained the same conviction. Now, to throw one's self away, literally means to do a dishonourable action. All other interpretations are conventional, and will fail to influence the brave. The real question was, whether William Harding could be more usefully employed? He found bread, it is true, but was it **BREADFINDING**? For man does not live by bread alone, and there is bread which was never kneaded by baker, by miller never crushed, never sown by farmer.

One Saturday night, entering the house, and throwing down his wages, he told his wife that he should not return to his employment on that following Monday morning as usual.

"I have never given satisfaction to Terry," he said, "and to-day we came to an open rupture. He allows me to go without the ceremony of a notice. And I am glad of it, for I am heart-sick of his service."

She was not surprised, she rejoined. How could it be otherwise?

"God knows what I am to do!" he exclaimed. "I must teach again, I suppose."

"If you can find pupils," she interposed.

"If I can. Yes. And if I can't—what then?"

She did not reply at once, but rocked the infant that she held in her arms faster than before.

"You have been seeking bread these three years," she said, presently.

"And have not found it. Oh, I know. The knowledge is very bitter, Emma."

"It is my turn now. *Let me try.*"

"Emma?"

"I repeat, let me try. You shall stay at home. I will go forth and find our bread. Come, what have you to object to that?"

"You, a woman!"

"You, a man, have failed. Now, let the woman, and the mother, try."

"Ah, yes! You mean with M. Jean Masson's help. You would be a *Can-tratrice*."

"No," she sadly answered. "No, William. My voice is not what it was, M. Jean says so. We have deceived ourselves. I shall never be a singer."

"Are you in earnest?"

"I am. M. Jean assured me, on his last visit, that I must no longer cherish the hope of appearing as Madame Cacasi."

That was bitter news, indeed; and the next day was moodily spent. Harding set himself, for the twentieth time, to review his life. Lest Emma should accuse him of want of fortitude, he feigned a necessity for leaving the house. It was then the coming on of night.

He went forth,—whither he knew not,—cared not. At length, when from scores of church towers the bells pealed forth a summons to the evening service,

he remembered that it was Sunday, and that the public temples offered a seat to the weary. He repaired to one which was nearest at hand. He did not get a seat, however; for there is a fashion in religion, as in other things, and a fashionable preacher officiated at this church. The pews that were paid for were crowded; the few free seats were crowded; the aisles were crowded.

Harding, who, unable to get a seat, had taken his station at the door, was by degrees forced by the pressure of the crowd into the church, and he found himself, presently, beneath a mural tablet, which demanded his attention as a work of Art. It was dedicated to the memory of a young wife, who had died in giving birth to her first child. There was, most exquisitely sculptured, a rose, just spreading into bloom,—that was the young mother; and there was a tiny, tiny bud, and that was the infant. The parson prayed, the clerk gave sonorous “Amens,” but Harding, hearing only the confused buzz of orthodox, saw nothing but the opening rose, and the little fast-sleeping bud. He seemed to have awakened to a new existence. Hitherto he had been apathetic on the subject of poverty, and had contented himself with the reflection that his wife had three meals a-day, a bed to sleep upon, and a fire to warm her in the cold weather. Their unadorned wall and miserable furniture, their scanty wardrobe, their intellectual famine, had caused him no uneasiness. No books, no pictures, no work of Art that was beautiful or graceful, did their dwelling afford. Not even a vase for flowers; not even—so was Nature slighted—flowers for a vase. Emma’s song,—and that had been stilled of late,—was the only evidence of culture, and not for the sake of the Beautiful, but as a means of procuring the unbeautiful, literal bread. Nothing High, Aspiring, Holy,—everything mean, sordid, paltry. Was he to blame for this? He was. He had kept the wolf from the door, but there had his exertion ceased. To be poor, that I may eat virtuous bread, and cherish my soul in purity, is noble; but to be poor, because I am too indolent to exert myself for the attainment of aught that does not belong to the physical need of the present hour, is base; and this was Harding’s baseness. There is bread, I say again, which was never kneaded by baker, by miller never crushed, never sown by farmer. The true Breadfinder will seek diligently for that. Pictures, Music, Poetry, Eloquence, Sculpture, the Dramatic Talent, the Beautiful, which is also the Divine, will afford it to the seeker. Art is the High Priest, who conducts us into the Sanctuary, but the impure of soul enters with veiled eyes. Not even the poet, who is “God’s darling,” shall know the divinity of his mission, who leads other than a simple and a divine life. Only the meek in heart shall see God.

Harding left the church. For the first time in his life his soul had got a glimpse of the true bread. Pursued by this conviction, he did what under other circumstances he would never have thought of doing. He visited an old companion of his school-days, who was now a sculptor of eminence, and whom he had not seen for fifteen years. He scarcely expected a welcome, but he found one, when he made himself known. When he entered the atelier, the beautiful creations of genius which he saw there, recalled to his memory the rose and the little bud.

“Is it possible for one, at my age, to become a sculptor?” he demanded of his old school-fellow.

“Humph? I don’t know,” replied Maherly,—for that was the sculptor’s name. “Alfieri became a poet when he was older than you are, and after years of dissipation. Have you any yearning for the Art?”

“It is so easy to deceive one’s self, and to mistake the power to appreciate, for the genius that is impelled to create. Yet, I think,—but you will laugh at me.”

“I shall not laugh. You think that you could create. Well, I have an engagement. I will leave you alone for three hours. See what you can do in my absence.”

"You are not making sport with me?"

"I am incapable of such cruelty. Strip off your coat, and put on this blouse. I am going to a private concert. You have heard of the new singer, Madame Cacasi?"

"Eh, what of her?" cried Harding, who started, as though he had been stung. "She is to sing, this morning, before a select audience. I am invited to attend. We shall judge if all that has been reported of her be true."

"How can I model the human form,—I, who know nothing of anatomy?" said Harding, resuming his coat, which he had a minute before taken off. "I am absurd,—a madman."

"You are soon dispirited. You will never make an artist."

"You are right, but I will yet cherish the ambition. Give me leave to visit you again."

"Let me see you to-morrow. I will then tell you of Cacasi's success."

Harding hurried home.

"That rascal Masson!" he cried, on entering the house. "He has deceived us, Emma. He has played with you. You are not Madame Cacasi."

And he related what he had heard.

"We are poor," was Emma's quiet remark. "We live in a house *without a passage*. M. Jean Masson likes comfort."

"But, perhaps, Emma, your voice may be as excellent as ever, and Masson's fault-finding, but a device to get rid of you?"

"Ah, if I thought so! You see what I am doing, William? I have undertaken to find bread. These are seaman's shirts that I am making."

"Dear soul!—but wait only till to-morrow."

CHAPTER IX.

WHEN Harding said, "Wait only till to-morrow!" he was building an air-castle. He was a clever architect of air-castles. Your inactive people usually are. But the Hope which he cherished in his own breast, and which he desired to impart to Emma's, was to find a realisation on that important day.

He found Maberly in the *atelier*, employed upon the bust of a celebrated actress. His first inquiry was after Madame Cacasi.

"She will never do the great things that Pepolini has predicted," was the sculptor's answer. "Do you know, it is whispered that she is not the real Cacasi!"

Harding, who was indignant with M. Jean Masson, wanted no other encouragement than this remark to confide the whole story to his friend. Maberly was astonished. He seized Harding's hand.

"What!" he said. "Do I understand you aright? Is your wife the lady whom Pepolini lauded to the skies, six months ago, as the possible rival of Malibran? Be sure there has been some unfair play. Pepolini could not have been deceived in your wife's talent for so long a time."

"You think that he has been influenced?" said Harding.

"Undoubtedly. I wish we knew who this pretended Cacasi is. She is about twenty-six years old, of fair complexion, short in stature, with a disposition to *embonpoint*, rather pretty, but insipid; no character, no expression. Do you recognise her?"

Harding replied in the negative.

"Well, leave it to me to discover her," said Maberly. "You would, of course wish your wife to appear. I can manage that for you."

"You can?" exclaimed Harding. "Ah, I said to her, yesterday, 'Only wait till to-morrow!'"

"You have heard of the celebrated tenor Scheffer. We are great friends. I shall take him into my confidence, and he will more than supply Pepolini's place. They are cat and dog to each other, and Scheffer will be glad to annoy his rival. Now, is there anything else I can do for you?"

"You are a noble fellow," replied Harding, whose eyes were moist with grateful tears. "I am at present without the means of getting bread. Have you influence in any quarter where I may find employment?"

"You were esteemed a good classical scholar, if my memory is not treacherous. Can you translate?"

"Readily."

"The *Timæus* of Plato, or the *Cassandra* of Lycophron?"

"You are willing to try if I am a boaster. Coleridge confesses that he has failed to attach a consistent meaning to a considerable portion of the *Timæus*; and every reader of Greek knows the difficulty of the *Cassandra*."

"Will you undertake to render Aristophanes into literal prose? I know a publisher who wishes to issue such a translation, and he will pay well for it. When you have brought that labour to a termination, I shall probably be able to offer you something more worthy of your talents."

"You are my saviour, Maberly," cried Harding, touched to the quick by the sculptor's kindness.

"And if you will allow me to lend you twenty pounds for your present exigencies, you will confer a favour on me."

Maberly was, indeed, what Harding called him, a noble fellow. A few such characters dropped here and there into odd nooks and corners, are constantly renewing the youth of the world.

CHAPTER X.

THEY removed on the next day into comfortable lodgings once more, and Maberly soon paid them a visit, accompanied by his friend Scheffer who was astonished at the talent which Emma displayed as a vocalist.

"We will, if you please," he said to her husband, "announce Mrs. Harding's *debut* at Drury Lane. I have sufficient influence with the manager who, indeed, will be too happy, to consult his own interest."

"Are you serious, Scheffer?" demanded Maberly, while Harding and his wife regarded each other with astonishment.

"Perfectly. In two months' time I will guarantee her success," replied the tenor.

"Our days of suffering are surely ended," they observed to each other, when their visitors were gone.

"Do you remember the day when you told me that you were not to teach Mr. Boldero any more?" Emma asked.

"I do," he replied. "What of it?"

"Have you forgotten what happened on that occasion?"

"We quarrelled,—did we not?"

"I have yet to expiate a great sin that I committed on that day. Do you remember that I said to you, '*Go out and get bread!*' Was not that unlike a wife,—unlike a woman?"

"Ah, have you forgotten that I once could not eat bread without butter?"

Harding worked steadfastly at his translation. But he allowed himself two hours in each day for the contemplation of the Beautiful in Maberly's *atelier*, or he accompanied his friend to the houses of other sculptors, and to public and private galleries of Art. He had recognised the true bread. He was a Breadfinder in the highest sense.

"But am I still a dweller in Utopia,—a denizen of Cloud-land?" he asked himself. "How shall the people, the masses, attain to, and become the possessors of, other than the literal bread,—happy if they can, at all seasons, possess that? They have to fight the daily fight in the ranks from which I have just escaped,—in which I, too, have been a conscript. They eat the morning's breakfast, not knowing, too frequently, where the next day's dinner shall be found. Or, say, that constant work secures them the due return of large appetites and ready meals, they have usually families that they must also feed and clothe and lodge. They *must* live, even when they are most fortunate, on the quite literal bread. Is then the highest aliment, the pabulum of the soul, denied to the majority?"

"Go you, and study the Beautiful," was the sculptor's reply to such remarks as this. "Schiller's contribution to the stirring events that convulsed Europe in his day, was his *Aesthetic Letters*."

Aristophanes was at length translated, and the version was submitted by the publisher to the criticism of an eminent scholar, who pronounced it nearly faultless. For his labour, Harding received eighty pounds. Scheffer came to tell Emma that the manager had fixed the day for her *debut*. The same night she was stricken by the cholera, which had crossed the Channel, and made its dread appearance in London.

On all sides, Alarm. People lived in daily awe of infection. Undertakers and mutes were early astir. These, and the doctors, apothecaries, hospital nurses, parsons, and sextons, handled some money before the pestilence abated. It was rife on the river banks and in the haunts of squalor, where the poor dwelt. But fresh from the presence of noisome poverty, it made sudden inroad in my lady's chamber, leaving the contact of a beggar's flesh to twitch the features of a countess. Trade, commerce, amusement, went on as usual; and people, as before, bargained, haggled, cheated, and were forsworn. Compared with the virulence which it had exhibited on the Continent, the scourge, it is true, was mild, and the danger less imminent than Apprehension had foretold. But it was still terrifying and mysterious, and while men sinned they had the grace to shudder. Yet, as the coffin of his neighbour passed his door on its way to burial, the tradesman recommended worthless goods, and dropped into the till the defrauded customer's money.

Maberly, the sculptor, was one of the first victims. He was attacked in the morning, and died at dusk: The servant of the elder Harding was stricken at an early period, and dismissed by the trembling usurer to the hospital, with a precipitation that expressed more for his alarm than for his humanity. M. Jean Masson, in his terror, sent for the doctor five or six times a day, until the latter refused to attend his summons. Having persuaded himself that tobacco was a good disinfectment, he smoked two cigars at one time, and at his elbow, kept relays ready for consumption.

Emma Harding's fate was uncertain. Medical assistance had been promptly rendered, and there was room left for hope, and cause for despair also. Harding consigned the children to a nurse's charge, and never once quitted her apartment. But, at length, favourable symptoms were manifested, and the doctor told him that she was saved. It was night, and near midnight, when the oracle uttered the good tidings; and Harding, unable to contain himself within the house, left her to the care of a hired attendant, and plunged into the streets, as was his wont when influenced by emotion, either of grief or joy. He did not know that Maberly was dead, and was only withheld by the lateness of the hour, from rushing to his dwelling to bid him participate in his happiness.

His father was alone in the house at Finsbury. The pestilence had filled him with dismay. The post of the domestic who was despatched to the hospital

was still vacant. Fearful of contagion, the usurer shunned the society of every human being, and did not leave the house. He answered every summons at the door, except those given by beggars and hawkers, but invited no one to cross the threshold.

On the same night that his son's wife passed the crisis of the disease in safety and began to amend, he sat in the room, where he transacted business, with a large tin-box before him, from which he drew in succession many folded sheets of parchment, many promissory notes, and bills payable on demand,—many letters, superscribed "Private and confidential." He read, he reflected, he made calculations, he rose and paced the room, then resumed his seat, and read and calculated afresh. If it were all credible as words could make it,—with the law to bind, he was worth Twelve Thousand Pounds—no more, though he had sold his soul for it.

He replaced in the box its miscellaneous contents, locked it, deposited it in the chest from which he had taken it, and locked that also. Then he took the candle, quitted the room, and ascended the stairs slowly, for he was still thoughtful, on his way to rest. He stumbled as he entered his apartment, dropped the candlestick, and, extinguished the light. But the moonlight filled the room, and he could see every object it contained. He could undress himself without the aid of a candle. The hour was somewhat early for repose, for it struck nine as he deposited his head upon his pillow. He soon fell asleep, however, but speedily awoke, suffering excruciating pain. His limbs, too, were powerless, and he made several ineffectual attempts to leave the bed before his feet touched the floor. Unable to stand, he sank in a heap by the bed-side. No one was near to succour, or procure succour. He was alone, a feeble old man stricken by the pestilence.

Worth, if it were all credible as words could make it, with the law to bind, Twelve Thousand Pounds—no more, though he had sold his soul for it.

He still remained where he had fallen, a confused heap of tortured flesh and quivering limbs, unable to contend with the malignity of the gripe which held him. If his wife had lived—he had maltreated her in life, beaten her, and crushed her spirit—she would have been useful now. He knew that Death was on him, and that there was no escape; but if his son had been dutiful and obedient, he would not have been left to die this untended dog's death.

The clock struck One. He had been stricken nearly four hours. Alas! the pain was less acute, and he felt stronger. By a terrible effort, he reached the window, and raised it. His earnest gaze swept the street for a chance straggler, whom he would pray, in God's name, to fetch medical aid, and help to batter down the barred street-door. Along the opposite pavement, with slow footsteps, with eyes averted from the house, a human being passed,—his son. He recognised him in the bright moonlight, and fell back with a shudder,—no cry for assistance uttered. He was dead.

Worth, if it were all credible as words could make it, with the law to bind, Twelve Thousand Pounds. No more, though he had sold his soul for it.

The house was forcibly entered, two days afterwards, by an intimate friend of the deceased; and, on the same afternoon, William Harding was apprised of the 'loss he had sustained.' He repaired to Finsbury immediately, but made a slight deviation from the direct route, that he might pass the house in which Maberly had resided. The poor sculptor had been buried on the previous day, and Harding had followed all that remained of a true friend to the untimely grave. Deaths from the visitation of the scourge were now becoming numerous, and gloom and awe were general. He had to pass a parochial workhouse, adjoining which was a large space of ground that had been cleared for building purposes. A crowd was collected around this spot, and a noisome stench, as of

smouldering flannel, burdened the atmosphere. Of a by-stander Harding inquired what was going on.

"They are burning the blankets that the cholera patients have died in," was the answer.

"Ugh, ugh, such waste!" cried an old woman. "I was cold, last winter, I was; and I shall be cold again. I could have washed the plague out o' them blankets, I could."

Harding hurried onwards, and stood before the house which the sculptor had inhabited. Already his friends were stripping the rooms of all they contained. Busts, groups, statues, medallions, were being borne away. Harding felt that he must choke if he remained, and he dashed forward towards Finsbury. At the door of the old dwelling, which he had not entered for two years, a man, of unprepossessing appearance, was standing. The door was open, and this man occupied the threshold.

"Mr. —?" said Harding, wondering what his business was.

"Weeman," was the reply. "My name is Weeman. Yours?"—

"I am the son of the deceased."

He had heard his father speak of this man, but he had never before encountered him. He was, also, a money-lender, and perhaps the most unfavourable specimen of this class.

"You are too late, Mr. Harding, if you wanted to see the corpse," he observed, without moving from the threshold, "We have screwed him down. An ugly sight—a very ugly sight."

"I should have liked to have seen his face once more," remarked Harding, attempting to enter the house.

"It may be as well, perhaps, if you don't go in," said Weeman, who had no intention of moving. "Things are all at sixes and sevens; and, till the Will is read, and it is known who's to inherit——"

"Are you sure that there is a Will?" interrupted Harding. Because, if there should not be one——"

"You would be the heir, you mean to say? Yes; but my old friend was the least likely man of any I know, to die without a Will. I am pretty sure that there is a Will."

"Perhaps; but that will not prevent my entering."

"Oh, if you insist upon it, certainly not."

He gave up his position as he spoke, and offered no further obstacle to the young man's purpose. But he followed him, from room to room, with an air of insolent vulgarity, and narrowly watched his movements. Harding selected from a bookcase some volumes that belonged to him.

"That's out of order," interposed Weeman. "I can't allow that. You mustn't remove anything,—not the stump of an old pen,—I assure you."

"Mr. Weeman," said Harding, "what company have you on the premises? I hear voices?"

"I have placed two men in possession till the funeral is over," was Weeman's reply.

"On whose authority?"

"On my own, Mr. Harding,—on my own."

"And by mine they will leave the house; and you will leave it."

"That is good,—that is. You are disinherited; do you know that? You have no title to command here, Mr. Harding."

"Will you leave the house?"

"I have seen the Will!" cried Weeman, in a towering passion. "I have read every word of it, and I tell you that you are disinherited,—that you are a beggar, Sir,—a beggar; and that I shall send you to prison, if you don't pay

me two hundred and fifty pounds, principal and interest of a loan advanced two years ago, on a Post Obit. I inherit, I do. Oh, I will make you feel that."

"Once more, will you quit the house?"

"I tell you that I have seen the Will——"

"Will you quit the house?"

"It is my house. I inherit."

"Will you leave the house?"

"I will take the law of you for this, Mr. Harding, I will.* But you shall have your way; only, mind you don't steal anything; not an old stump——"

Harding was very violent when excited. If Weeman had not escaped into the street, he would have sustained an ugly assault. The men whom he had placed "in possession" followed him, and the son was left in the house alone with his father's corpse. He wrote a note to his wife, explanatory of his absence, and despatched it by the waterman of a neighbouring cabstand. Always avoiding the room where the corpse lay, he entered the other apartments, and took note of all that they contained. The chamber that he had occupied as a child, and as a youth, even to the verge of manhood, remained precisely as he had left it. The bed, probably, had not been occupied since it had received him on the last night—how well he remembered it!—that he had slept under that roof.

It had grown perfectly dark, and he had lighted a candle, when a faint, tremulous knock came to the street-door. Thinking that there might be a messenger from his wife outside, he answered the summons, the applicant was the servant that his father had sent to the hospital.

"What, Mister William, you here?" said the astonished woman. "Something's wrong with master then. Is he dead. Eh?"

Her eyes gleamed joyfully in anticipation of a reply in the affirmative.

"Come in," said Harding. "Don't stand in the street."

"But *is* he dead, though?" she asked again, as she crossed the threshold.

"Do tell us, Mister William."

"He is," replied Harding. "You seem glad, Tizzy."

"Saving your presence, I am," she said, rubbing her hands gleefully. "I've had it too, and he sent me to Bartlemy's, as if I was a scrubby dog, for all the years that I have been with him, and you wasn't out of petticoats, Mister William. Well, well, I'm safe over it; the doctor said so, and he's caught it. Ha! ha! ha!"

She restrained her too evident delight, when she saw that it was displeasing to Harding, and contented herself with learning from him what had taken place, and how, and all about it.

"Has that man Weeman been here?" was one of her first questions.

Harding nodded. They were in the room where was the desk which contained the tin box.

"When's the burying to come off?" she next asked.

"To-morrow."

"And is he coming—Weeman? Don't let him, Mister William. I tell ye what. He's got it all. I know it. I was listening at the keyhole when the Will was making, and," she continued, approaching her companion, to whisper—was it lest the dead should hear?"—"I know where the Will is kept!—there now."

"You do, Tizzy?" said the young man, starting. Guard him, all Good Influences.

"It's not in there," she proceeded, pointing to the desk. There's all sorts of old skins and parchments there, but the Will is not among 'em."

Harding passed his hand before his eyes, as if he would dispel a vision.

"It's up stairs, in *his* room," the woman continued. "Let's come along and make an end of it. We shall find the key of the drawer in his pocket. No, no, that Weeman shan't have it to say that you didn't get a shilling. It's yours, all of it, by right and reason."

"In his room, where the—the body is?" stammered Harding.

"You, you a'nt afraid of corpses, Mister William?"

"No—no, Tizzy; but we must not think of this."

"Why? 'Tis all yours, by right and reason!"

"It would be felony to destroy a Will. I won't hear another word. Leave me, Tizzy; leave me."

He spoke sternly, and the woman went mumbling out of the room. He sat, thoughtfully, in a chair for a long time. Will he ever forget the temptation of that night? Never, though he should live a thousand years. Weeman, as his father's heir, and therefore, the inheritor of the Post Obit, on which, two years ago, he had borrowed fifty pounds of his father, would have power to incarcerate him,—and as the infamous law of arrest then stood, he could order his detention on the morrow, when the Will was read! To open the bureau which contained it,—to kindle a fire in the kitchen-grate and consume it to ashes, and to bury those ashes deep beneath the garden-mould, would be the work of ten minutes. Though twenty witnesses could swear to its making, who could say that the testator had not altered his mind before his death, and, with his own hands, destroyed it?

But not for such a fall had he studied the Beautiful, which is also the Divine, and striven after inward Harmony. The Good Influence preserved him.

He followed the corpse to its resting-place in Bunhill Fields, and returned to the house to hear the Will read. He did not once dream of escaping and hiding himself. Weeman was the heir. The usurer had bequeathed to the usurer. Two hours afterwards he was a prisoner in the Fleet.

CHAPTER XI.

"On which side is it to be?" were the first words addressed to him, after he had got clear of the porter's lodge. He reflected. The publisher for whom he had translated Aristophanes, might have other occasion for his services. And, indeed, if ever he would taste freedom again, he must exert himself as a translator, or in some literary way. Quiet then, and solitude, would be indispensable, though neither, it was likely, were to be enjoyed in perfection within those walls.

"I will pay for a room, if you will find me one," he said to his conductor.

"You can share one with another gentleman, Sir," replied the official, suddenly seized with spasms of politeness, "but you can't rent one out and out."

"Cannot I be alone, if I wish it, and pay for the accommodation?"

"Why, I don't know that you can," the man answered, "leastways you must buy the other out, and would want a smart sum—smarter perhaps than you would like to stand."

"Well, let us see the room."

He was conducted along a passage, where several men were lounging, and noisily conversing in groups. By these, of course, he was unmercifully quizzed. They were mostly habited in motley costume, and the non-descript odds and ends of a once choice wardrobe. Faded bucks in threadbare garments, that were in the extreme of fashion three or four summers before. Exquisites, formerly known at Crockford's and the Opera. Bloods that many a tale could unfold of Tattersall's, the Derby, and the Oaks; with a score or so of rough,

hulking, sodden-faced fellows, who had made ventures in Tavern keeping, or had set up hells and gambling dens, with other people's money, or more literally, without any of their own, and coming to the dogs, had found a kennel in the Fleet. One youthful individual, whose face was scarred and horribly disfigured, left a group, less noisy than the rest, and advancing towards him, addressed him by name.

"I do not know you," said Harding, halting for an instant.

"I will prompt your memory," the other replied. "You were once a P. F. D."

"That is Mr. Boldero's voice surely."

"And his face too, the worse luck for him. You didn't expect to find him here, he conjectures."

"Indeed I did not."

Boldero's comrades gathered around them, to hear their discourse, and glean information respecting the new arrival. Harding moved forward.

"Are you going to have a room?" asked Boldero, placing a detaining hand upon his shoulder.

"Yes."

"Go halves in my crib. My chum will sell himself out for forty shillings."

To this proposal Harding readily acceded, and as the 'chum' was present, he ratified the bargain at once, and accompanied Boldero to inspect his quarters. The man who had sold himself out, went off to buy some liquor, chinking the gold in his hand, and was followed on the instant, by a human stream which flowed after him, along the passage, down sundry steps, and across a yard to the very spot where liquor was dispensed.

Boldero expressed an early desire to be made acquainted with the particular stroke of ill-fortune which threw him into the companionship of a sometime political confreere. Harding briefly gratified his curiosity, and became inquisitive in his turn, especially with reference to the scarred face. He was preparing to listen to Boldero's recital, when a functionary of the prison brought him a note from his wife, to whom he had despatched by a special messenger, the tidings of his arrest. She bade him,—poor soul, and her own was fathoms deep in the abyss of black despair—preserve his heart from sinking,*for she would work, O God, how she would work, to get the two hundred and fifty pounds that must be paid, beside expenses, to procure his liberation. He took the opportunity to kiss the note in private, before he thrust it into his bosom.

"How do you think I maintain myself here?" demanded Boldero, suddenly. Harding could not guess.

"By writing political articles."

"What,—in 'the Startler'?"

"Tush, no. I am for High Church and King now. I've had enough of democracy. I am a Tory of the old stamp."

"Eh?" said Harding, with a stare, though he was not greatly surprised.

"Extremes frequently run into their opposites, and your flaming demagogue stands the best chance of repudiating his principles, of any man I know. Trust none such."

"I write for the 'Loyal Thunderbolt,'" proceeded Boldero. "I have undertaken to prove the divine right of kings, and the impiety of using private judgment in matters pertaining to religion, in a series of letters, signed 'The Ghost of Archbishop Laud.'"

"At least, you decry physical force?"

"I do not. I would have the soldiery use the point of the bayonet, to prick home to his dwelling every unwashed rascal who attends a Radical meeting."

"You are very brave, with your bayonets. But what is this you have here—a turning lathe?"

"Yes. I sometimes amuse myself with turning. I carve too. See, here is a bunch of grapes that I carved out of a stubborn piece of oak."

"You are clever. Will you lend me your tools?"

"With pleasure."

Harding thought of the rose and the little bud. He determined to essay his skill in carving on the morrow.

"The accident that disfigured me in this awful manner," said Boldero, commencing the recital he had promised, "happened when I was a fool of a P. F. D., and the most magnified fool in the Society. I believed the masses to be labouring under oppression, and I thought their rule selfish and base. Their backs bent, as I persuaded myself, under the burden of taxation, and the money levied from their industry was lavished on a bloated, wicked Court. I asked myself—is not the time of liberation come? Am not I their liberator? As for your doctrine of moral force, I scouted it. Is not the intercourse of man with nature, I said, a perpetual striving by physical means, to get the mastery over it? See how he toils at the quarrying and hewing of granite, and is not content till he brings physical force to bear upon it, and transports it hither or thither where he pleases, and makes it serve him as a slave. Very well. These granite hearts of our legislators, we will get the mastery over them."

"I set to work, to manufacture cartridges, intending to distribute them by hundreds among the members of the P. F. D., in the first place, and subsequently amongst the populace generally. I dreamt of nothing else, than repeated engagements with the military, in which the popular cause was triumphant, and England was in universal anarchy. You remember, I dare say that on two occasions, when you called on me, a man guarded my door. I had the house at my own disposal, let me tell you, and paid rent for eight unoccupied rooms. At those seasons, I was busy at my demonwork, and could not receive a visitor."

"But you had especially invited my immediate attendance on the first occasion," said Harding—"I remember that I gave up a dinner party to come to you."

"Yes. But in the interval between the sending of my note and your arrival, a bright idea had struck me. I had conceived a design of seizing all the arms that were in the Tower, before the Government could receive the least intimation of my purpose, and when you reached my door, I was in deep study, and profoundly maturing my plan."

"Well, one day, I paid the just penalty of my proposed treason and crimes. A spark fell from a candle which I incautiously held to some exposed gunpowder, and ignited it. The whole exploded in my face. Fortunately I escaped with my eyesight, but the result is what you see."

Harding passed no comment on this strange recital. He went to bed and dreamed that he was Prometheus and had infused the spark of life into one of Maberly's statues. The sculptor stood by and smiled approvingly. Suddenly his placid and benign features seemed distorted by pain. "I suffer, Harding," he said, "Help me." His cries rang piercingly out, and filled all space. Harding awoke in terror. The voice had not ceased, but still cried, and yet more imploringly, for help. When he had gathered all his consciousness, he hurried to Boldero's bed. The youth was stricken by the Cholera. He instantly gave the alarm to a warder who patrolled the prison, and whose duty it was, during the reign of the pestilence, to apprise the authorities of a prisoner's illness. But the medical officer was engaged in another part of the prison, and it was long before he made his appearance. He shook his head. It was a virulent attack. He had clearly little hope.

"To die thus,—in a prison!" cried the poor youth, gnashing his teeth, when the doctor had withdrawn. "In a prison,—in a prison." That ignominy

seemed to fasten on him. "Listen, Harding. I am a bishop's son,—you did guess that,—a Bishop's son; but the brand of illegitimacy is on me."

"Yes!" he said again, presently, "the Bishop of ——— is my father. I have never met him in private,—have never spoken to him. I have heard him preach, and have seen him as a stranger, on his way to and from the House of Lords. O what seraph words he can drop from silvery lips! When my mother fell, he was Archdeacon of ———."

"Such education as I possess, I owe to him. I was sent, by his orders, to ——— Grammar School. His name was never mentioned there. I was not even aware that he was my father, neither were any of my playmates. But they had learned the shame of my birth, and taunted me with it every day. The treatment I received at that school poisoned any whole being. I have been violent and wrathful in these later years, but I was not formerly so. I owe the corruption of my nature to the injustice of my fellows. Had I the power, I could destroy the world, for it has stung me and trodden on me, I like Physical Force: it suits my humour."

He spoke with difficulty, for his sufferings were great. "I should not have been incarcerated within these walls," he said, at a later period of the day, "if my father had not broken faith with me. When I left school, my mother revealed to me the secret of my birth. She told me whose son I was. She was then slowly dying of consumption. I addressed a letter to him. He wrote, in reply, that he could not acknowledge me, because I should bring scandal on his office and on the church. But he would provide for me secretly. He sent me a hundred pounds, and another hundred when my mother died. When I first made your acquaintance, I told you that I was independent—independent with what remained of these munificent sums, for they were all that I ever received from him. He promised to renew them every six months, but he did not keep his word. I got eighty pounds into debt, on the strength of his promise, and being unable to pay, was pounced upon by creditors and transferred to a sponging-house, from whence I dated a letter to the episcopal palace—my father's palace!—but I received no answer. So they conveyed me hither. I have applied to my father since my imprisonment, but to no purpose. You will give me credit for disinterested advocacy of principles. When I was subsisting on a Bishop's money, and was, in a sense, dependent on the Church, I hated Church, bishops, monarchy, aristocracy, and all their tangled web of interests. When I was deserted by the Church, I began to love her as a venerable parent. Most men praise the bridge that carries them over. I have ever done the opposite."

"It was noble in you," remarked Harding, "not to betray the secret of your relationship to a bishop. The scandal would have taken effect, and irreparably have damaged his reputation."

"Ha! I had, also, become a Tory, and to Tories the reputation of the episcopal church is very dear. Besides, I can hate, but I could never betray."

He spoke but little after this, for he was physically reduced by his sufferings. But he endured heroically, and scarcely allowed a groan to escape him. To Harding, in the event of his death, he gave his lathe, carving tools, and a few books.

"As for my body," he said, "they will be glad to give it speedy interment of some sort, and I am indifferent to the whereabouts of my last lodgings. But, tell me, Harding, do you believe in a future state?"

"I do," replied Harding, startled by the question.

"I don't," said Boldero. "I have been writing up the parsons lately, but they are only useful to keep the people in order—that is all."

The unfortunate wayward youth had uttered his last words. In less than an hour his corpse was removed, and Harding could not learn where they buried it.

At length the plague was stayed, and London relapsed into its old habits of uncleanness. "It will not visit us again,—at least, for many years,"—said the Corporation, "so let us enjoy ourselves, and be dirty!"

The night was fast approaching when Emma was to make her *début*. On that event her husband's destiny seemed to depend, for he had failed in his attempt to get literary work. Scheffer predicted marvels, and the reputation prepared for her, cast that of Madame Cacasi into the shade. If she succeeded to the manager's satisfaction, he was prepared to offer her fifty pounds a-week for the season, so that in six weeks from the time of her appearance, she would be able to liberate her husband. Very frequently she repaired to the Fleet, to spend hours in conversing with him; but every day she was instructed by Scheffer, whose pupil she was, and whom she was to remunerate when her great duty was fulfilled, and her husband was restored to liberty. The tenor's terms were high, for he had stipulated for the third of her salary, for three years.

Harding amused himself with carving, in which art he had become expert. The rose and the little bud bloomed in wood. He delighted to produce grotesque figures of men, busied in various manipulations of handicraft, and quaint unpastoral sheep and oxen. But this art was mere pastime, and, as such, went to frustrate the noble end of being.

Under the sky there is not a sadder object than the man without a definite pursuit,—who has had no call to a specific work. To have no profession which demands the attention of every earnest moment, and engrosses the anxious care of the matured mind, is to be an alien in Nature. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do," admonishes the author of Ecclesiastes, "*do it with thy might.*"

Harding's position was peculiar. He was haunted by shapes of Beauty, which, out of vision, he could not realise, and, so far, his was no uncommon case. For, who can fix the ideal with painter's brush, or sculptor's chisel, or carver's knife? It was strange. The rose and the little bud had done it all. Greek literature, with which he had long been critically familiar, had been without other meaning than the philological one, until this epoch of his life. And all the Arts, and every Science into which he had obtained the merest insight, now became replete with a quite unutilitarian signification. He had attained to the knowledge of the highest breed, but, at present, he sat only at a feast of crumbs. For he had not found his work. Not a little of the evil that is in the world has its origin in this circumstance, that men do not occupy their just position. Nature knows best. Of a certain George Guelph, she made a creditable, it is even said, a clever husbandman, but the Marplot of nature called him George the Third, and lo, a bad King! As a farmer, he would have cultivated the good earth, and brought corn out of her liberal stores. As a king, he devastated her fields with sanguinary wars. 'Translate,' writes Carlyle, 'that impossible precept, *know thyself*, into this partially possible one, *know what thou canst work at.*' The Breadfinder, as I take it, is the man who has attained to that indispensable knowledge,—indispensable to a wise government of himself and the world. Not the material bread,—not that which was flour yesterday, and corn at the last full of the moon, is what is meant by BREAD in these pages. But that is bread—the Bread of Life, which brings me into harmony with Nature, and, transcending conventionality and routine, leaves me the undisturbed recipient of large benefits, and lands me on that shore, beaten by the Eternal surges,—washed by the tides of the Great Ocean of Being.

I know the strife. I have seen the agony, and have heard the prayer. I have been a witness to the incessant conflict maintained for the quite literal, un-beautiful bread. The combatants in that battle-field fall around us like harvest. Not for the soul's need, but for the body's lust have they striven; and the Autumn leaves are rarer than their graves. For them, no poet; for them, no artist; no seer. Yet, even for the lowest and the least of these a deliverance is

preparing. The teacher gathers the young thieves from the street, and discourses to them of Duty, and of the Infinite, lessons, which even Sectarian jargon, and the rubbish of church creeds cannot divest of their importance. A new race shall arise which, the Beautiful shall lead to Freedom. In the meantime, let us take courage, let us know what we can work at, and make poverty welcome to our board. He is rich who has few wants.

Harding worked at the wood carving. He knew little of the history of the art, but he was aware that like that of glass-staining, it had gradually forfeited its rank in modern hands, and had become insignificant. He remembered what elaborate specimens he had seen in the metropolitan churches, and other public buildings. Why had the art decayed? Why had skill, genius, creation, flowed into other channels? He conceived the idea of treating in hard oak a fine mythological subject, and he determined to make the attempt.

Notwithstanding the high praises which had been bestowed upon Emma's singing, each rehearsal at the Theatre indicated a loss of power, and of diminution in the compass of her voice. Those who heard her on these occasions shook their heads. Scheffer alone, would not be disheartened. She was nervous, he said, nothing more. Perhaps in private, he was alarmed. Emma herself was conscious of falling far short of what had been expected of her, but she feared to tell her husband, and only checked his too ardent anticipations of her success.

"Really," said the manager to Scheffer, on the morning of the last rehearsal, "this will never do. She is feeble, positively feeble: we shall be the laughing-stock of the whole town. I must postpone her appearance. It would be a failure, sir, a dead failure."

"I was never more disappointed," said Scheffer. "I am quite confounded."

"Yes. I shall postpone her appearance. Masson has been here to introduce Madame Cacasi. I shall substitute her for Mrs. Harding. It will occasion a delay of a few weeks, but we shall escape the disgrace of a failure."

"Allow her one more rehearsal," pleaded the alarmed tenor, "You have only to postpone the production of the opera for a night or two, on the plea of the vast care required in its preparation."

"Well, I have no objection to do that. One more rehearsal, then."

CHAPTER XII.

It was in an obscure cottage at Deptford, that Grinling Gibbons was engaged upon his celebrated work *The Stoning of Stephen*, when he was discovered by Evelyn, and introduced to the notice of Charles II. It was in the Fleet Prison that William Harding essayed his skill in bas-relief. He chose for his subject *The Raising of Lazarus*. Gibbons followed Tintoretto. Harding studied the narrative in the New Testament, and sketched his own design. He was on wondrous ground now. It seemed extraordinary that he had never done this before; that he had been so slow to discover his own ready access to the Beautiful. It was as natural to carve fruit or flowers, as to gather them from the living branch or stem. It was as easy too. It was astonishing that he found no difficulty in his work,—that Art came to him like a ready friend, and, at the first handling of his tools, made him perfect in the use of them. The same marvel is recorded of Grinling Gibbons, whose earliest efforts were as successful as his latest. It must not be inferred that Harding was another Gibbons, or even a Dievot, a Selden, or a Laurens, Grinling's assistants. But he gave promise of much excellence. And here, let me express a hope, that this ancient and noble art of wood-carving, which, according to Pliny, was antecedent to

statuary and painting, may be revived amongst us, and that our artists may be original, and not mere imitators of the Italian style, which is itself imitative, and dates from the discovery of the baths of Adrian. With the solitary exception of Grinling Gibbons, who is said to have been of Dutch extraction the English have not been celebrated as wood artists. The splendid and elaborate decorations in oak, lime, maple, and sometimes, but rarely, in box, that embellish our palaces, cathedrals, public and private buildings were mostly executed by foreigners. With the one exception named, where are the equals of Albert Durer, of his pupil Taurigny of Rouen, of Demontreuil, of a hundred others?

While Harding was engaged in sketching his design, Scheffer was imparting encouragement to Emma. On the issue of the next rehearsal, her success or failure would depend. M. Jean Masson announced on all sides, that Madame Cacasi would be the public favourite, and that *she was his wife*. The singularity of his previous conduct was now fully explained, and Emma was no longer unable to assign a cause for his ungracious behaviour to herself. Scheffer learned the whole secret, and communicated it to her. He had fallen in love with his landlady's blooming daughter, who, besides many personal attractions, (maugre, a certain insipidity of countenance, which Maberly had commented on) had a voice that promised to repay cultivation. The poor Signor could not resist her blandishments. Emma might have gained him reputation, but she was a married woman. He had already extolled her as Madame Cacasi, and prepared the public for her future appearance. But her real name was unknown, and it was easy to bestow the appellation he had given her, on another. Besides, Emma's education must necessarily be suspended during his professional absence on the Continent, for he could not remain in London when the Grand Theatre was closed. On the other hand, a wife would accompany him wherever he went, and her education could proceed at all seasons. Thus argued the Signor, and sacrificed to passion the dictates of honour. But now he cast off the mask, and proclaimed Madame Cacasi to be in public, the Signora Peppolini, and Madame Masson, in private, and to her friends.

The morning of the rehearsal came. Out of the heavens God never sent a brighter day. The earth laughed beneath the sun. Cheeks, ordinarily pale, had a flush of life in them. Her husband's liberty, perhaps, their future bread, depended on her brave achievement, or unhappy short-coming. She would not fatigue herself by walking, but engaged a cab to convey her to the theatre. Her first annoyance was extreme. The manager was not present,—would not be present, but had deputed M. Jean Masson to represent him.

She had many annoyances to bear. The musicians were late at their post, and there was much tiresome waiting to be endured before the rehearsal began. Then, the actors were frigid and impatient, and the opera was commenced in a slovenly manner. In vain Scheffer strove to rally them. He drew Emma aside, and encouraged her, but he felt dismay, and looked thunderbolts at Masson.

Nevertheless, Emma succeeded, for she was lifted into a higher life at the thought of her husband's striving, since their marriage for their joint bread. And had he not said that the Beautiful was the true Bread? and was not she ministering, imperfectly, it might be, but still ministering, to the Beautiful? Was she not, indeed, its priestess?

Her success was indisputable. M. Jean Masson acknowledged it, and joined with all present, in laudation of the *cantatrice*. Scheffer was so overpowered with joy, that he accepted a pinch of snuff from Masson's box, and promised to smoke a cigar with him on some future, but indefinite, occasion.

She hurried to the prison, and fell upon her husband's neck. He was sketching his conception of the narrative he had undertaken to illustrate in wood. He gently put her aside.

"Sec," he said, "Jesus stands in this attitude."

"I have succeeded," she cried, embracing him.

"And Lazarus comes forth thus. Thus the disciples stand!"

"Still, my success of to-day is nothing, if I should fail when the public fill the theatre."

"But Martha and Mary are wanting to the group; confiding in Jesus, yet hoping against hope. Now, he comes forth, he casts aside the grave clothes, they see,—they believe. How should I represent the sisters of Lazarus?"

"William, do you hear me? I have succeeded. M. Jean Masson could not deny it. Are you not glad? Do you not understand me?"

"Yes,—yes, of course you have succeeded. I never doubted of your success. God is good."

M. Jean Masson, on leaving the theatre, went direct to the house of the manager.

"She was not so bad, really not so bad,—quite creditable," he said. "But she must not lead, at least, in *your* theatre,—positively must not."

"She has avoided a failure, then?" said the manager.

"Yes, that is it; avoided a failure. The Signora will be very excellent."

"I have made up my mind to delay the production of the opera. We will rehearse it again, and the Signora shall sustain the leading *role*. Between ourselves, Masson, I do not want this Mrs. Harding. It was only yesterday that Lord Filmy Gossamer told me of the report that she was the wife of a low fellow, a cheesemonger's shopman, who is now in a prison. The connection would not be respectable. I shall break with her."

"But the Signora is my wife."

"Ah, quite a different matter. You are respectable, the Signora is respectable."

Masson had scarcely departed, when Scheffer arrived. The manager received him coldly, but he was too elated to notice it.

"Splendid success," he cried. "This will be a memorable season in the annals of your theatre. Your treasury will be filled. The public will be in raptures. You will of course, suspend all privileges, but those of the press."

"Humph."

"What do you mean?"

"That I shall do as you say,—fill my treasury."

"Undoubtedly. Such a voice! such execution!"

"So sly of him, to call her Madam Cacas, when she was his wife all the time."

"His wife—whose wife?"

"Masson's."

"Diablo. I am talking of Mrs. Harding."

"And I, of Madame Masson."

"Yes, but it is Mrs. Harding, who will fill your treasury."

"I think it will be the Signora Pepolini."

"Let us understand each other. You intend, of course, after the unequal success of this morning, to introduce Mrs. Harding to the stage?"

"Really, I must decline the honour. Try the provinces."

"Are you then not a man of your word? You are committed with Mrs. Harding. She has attended six rehearsals. Masson's wife has never been on your boards. You have never heard her sing. You will be open to an action, let me tell you."

"Scheffer," said the manager, laying a hand familiarly on the tenor's shoulder. "You are a man of sense. Mrs. Harding is a good singer. I know it very well. She was weak, the other day—perhaps, through indisposition; but I am quite satisfied with your report of her success this morning. Do you not

know, however, that she has low connections,—that her husband is a cheese-monger's shopman? All the world knows it."

"All the world is mistaken, then," returned the irate Scheffer. "He is a man of talent and education. I see the *Times* on your table. Allow me. There," he continued, pointing to an advertisement. "What do you say to that? 'A translation of the Comedies of Aristophanes. By William Harding.' That is the man, sir—that is her husband. A first-rate Greek scholar, sir."

"Are you sure that there is no error, Herr Scheffer? I wish I had known this yesterday, when Lord Filmy Gossamer said to me. '*He is so low.*' Dear me, a Greek scholar, Eh? A gentleman, Eh?"

"Certainly, a gentleman; under a cloud, at present, but quite in a gentlemanly way."

"Explain."

"He borrowed money on a Post Obit Bond, and is now residing in the Fleet. Nothing more gentlemanly."

"Nothing. Dear me, borrowed money, did he? Then he had expectations?"

"His father died worth twelve thousand pounds, the other day."

"You astonish me. Why, he is quite a gentleman."

"Quite. And, between ourselves, there are strange reports about Masson."

"Ha!"

"He pays nobody. There was a writ issued against him this morning. It will be served to-day."

"That is his affair. He is still a gentleman."

"Yes; but his wife is no singer."

"Have you heard her?"

"Frequently. I have had every opportunity of judging. She might do for another House, but not for your's. Your theatre has so high a reputation."

"It has. I have worked hard for it. I have done it myself, Scheffer."

"Everybody knows that. Your skill in catering for the public taste is excellent. And you manage so well to repress the jealousies of your actors. Your work,—what do I say?—your nod is Law in your Establishment."

"It is kind of you to say so. But you only do me justice."

"And you have an excellent discernment of rising talents."

"I pique myself upon it."

"With every disposition to foster merit."

"Yes. The stage owes some of its brightest ornaments to me."

"I am confident that Mrs. Harding's *début* will create a sensation. When shall it come off?"

"Her husband is quite a gentleman. We will say Monday for the *début*."

"Shall I write the advertisement for the papers?"

"I shall be obliged to you if you will. My hands are full."

There is little need that I should lengthen this history. Emma succeeded and opened the prison gates for her husband. On the day that he was restored to liberty, M. Jean Masson passed through the same gates as a prisoner. Indeed, Harding, with his delighted wife hanging on his arm, encountered him in the porter's lodge.

"*Hélas!*" he said, addressing his old acquaintances, in explanation of their meeting. "They say that I have run over the policeman."

"No, no, Moseer," interposed the tipstaff who accompanied him. "Them's not my words. I said that gents came here for *overrunning the constable*. That's what he means, ma'am."

Harding and Emma passed into the street without speaking to him. * * *

Had Harding found his work—that work which he was specially sent to do? I know not. If he had brought his entire moral being into harmony with nature; if he had subdued all discord in his soul, he had. For us, he exists no

longer ; but let him represent a thousand young men, who are thrown into society without a fitting profession, or with no profession. I have not intended to depict the life-long struggle for daily corn-bread, which characterises the existence of the oppressed and neglected, the "hewers of wood and drawers of water." But, inasmuch as Bread is the Beautiful, and the Beautiful is Virtue, it may also be found by them. I acknowledge the difficulty. I anticipate the objection. What can they know of the Spiritual and the Eternal, whose toil for the material and the temporal, for the need of the perishing hour is unceasing from childhood to the grave? Alas! but little; but something they can and do know. The soul *will* burst its bonds, and Virtue enter the tenant's hut as freely as the hall of the landlord. What I insist upon, is, that in our vicious society, we hear too much of the bread that the baker has kneaded. "O most excellent person," said Socrates, before his judges, "Art thou not ashamed that thou studiest to possess as much money as possible, and reputation, and honour—but concernest not thyself about intellect and truth, and the well-being of thy mental nature? These, as you well know, are the commands of the God. And it appears to me that no good can happen to the state greater than my service of the God; for I pass my whole time inciting both the young and the old, to care neither for body nor estate, in preference to, nor in comparison with, the excellence of the soul, telling them that wealth does not produce virtue, but virtue, wealth, and all other good things to mankind, both collectively and individually."

Some Love Passages in the Lives of Every-Day-People. By MARY HOWITT.

MR. JOSEPH HILYARD was a rich dyer in one of our large manufacturing towns, a plodding, hard-headed man of business, who never lost sight of the main chance but once, and that was when he married old Green's daughter, with seven thousand pounds to her fortune, instead of Ellen Stretton, who had nothing. He soon found out his mistake, for his wife was one of those unhappy-tempered women who makes everybody miserable about her. Ellen Stretton married also two years afterwards, not for love, I am sorry to say, and was not more happy than he. Her husband, whose name was Trevisham, was also a dyer, as hard a headed man as Hilyard, but without his good qualities. He was always at law with somebody; he had a desperate lawsuit with Hilyard about the fence of their drying-grounds, which unfortunately adjoined; it was but a small thing to quarrel about, but, like a rolling snow-ball, it grew at every turn, and, in the end, brought on his ruin. He lost his lawsuit and then he died, leaving his affairs in a very bad state. When all were wound up, the creditors, out of compassion to the widow, whom everybody respected, gave up sufficient to ensure her and her only child, a daughter, an annuity of seventy pounds for her life.

Hilyard had been a fierce adversary to the husband, and the widow felt a peculiar grief to see herself, in some measure, ruined by his means; still she was not without comfort, even in her depressed circumstances; she had good health, a cheerful disposition, a heart full of love both to God and man, a beloved daughter, whom she herself was able to educate well, and beyond all—now that poor Mr. Trevisham was gone—peace and comfort at her fireside,

such as she had never known in her most prosperous days. Let nobody exclaim at this, but it is true that when he read the words "Better is a dinner of herbs with love, than a stalled ox and dissension therewith," she could say Amen from her entire heart.

Hilyard had gained the lawsuit and his adversary was dead. "There was a triumph for him!" people said; but he did not find it exactly so. When the man was dead and gone, and his drying-grounds added to his own, many a reproachful remembrance of the widow and her child came to his mind. His own wife, who had been the thorn in his side and the quill-feather in the down pillow for so many years, had, in process of time, like poor Mr. Hilyard, gone to her long rest, and then he thought with himself whether he should not realise the dream of his youth, and make atonement for the wrongs of his after years, by marrying the widow Trevisham. He thought a deal about it; he had never spoken to her for years; in fact it was years now since he had seen her; for, though they dwelt in the same town, he lived in a large square stone house which a lawyer had built and he had bought, in one suburb, and she, since her misfortunes, as they were called, lived in a little cottage—a very little one—in an opposite direction. He questioned, as I said, whether he should marry her, but, some way or other the idea seemed strange; he thought people would talk amazingly if he did. No, his marrying days were over, he decided.

People saw him buttoned up in his good broadcloth going steadily about his business and making his fifteen hundred a year, and never suspected one atom of the romance which had taken possession of his naturally good heart. One day he took a drive to the little suburban village in which the widow lived, and, leaving his chaise at the inn, strolled up the lane in which our cottage stood. He had no idea of making a call, not the slightest in the world, he only wanted to see the place. It was a very small cottage; two gentlemen living on seventy pounds a-year could not afford a large house.

"It cannot be above eight or nine pounds a-year," mused he to himself; "a kitchen, a parlour, and two bed-rooms, and a little wash-house at the back, that must be all; but it is prodigiously neat, and a mighty pretty garden. Ellen was always fond of flowers;" and with that the sunny, rose-scented days of their youth came to his memory bewitchingly. "They keep a girl, no doubt, to do the housework; they could not afford a servant at full wages," continued his musings; "I wonder if any of their relations help them?—but, poor thing, she had so few relations, and none of them rich, and he was such a spendthrift that he drained his own family—I don't believe there is one that would help her; the Trevishams have not a bit of heart among them!"

So pondered Mr. Hilyard as he walked up the lane; in a while he made a stand, and, turning round, took a steady survey of the back of the cottage. There was little to be seen but a thick holly-hedge, a green water-butt, the little back-kitchen window, the cottage roof and one chimney. It was about the middle of November, in the afternoon, and Mrs. Trevisham and her sweet daughter Kitty, then just turned fifteen, were sitting at the little parlour fire, the daughter reading and the mother at her sewing. Kitty had just put on some coal, and the little servant-maid in the little kitchen had just broken up her fire and put the kettle on for tea; there was only, as I said, one chimney

to the cottage, and these movements at the two fires had sent the smoke curling out of the chimney, which made quite a picturesque effect against the dull gray November sky. And it was at this very smoke which Mr. Joseph Hilyard, with his comfortable income of fifteen hundred a-year, now stood looking; he was not, however, noticing the picturesque effect, but, in imagination was picturing to himself the little household that was assembled beside the fire from which this smoke proceeded. You may take my word for it that Joseph Hilyard, middle-aged man and dyer though he was, had a very vivid imagination, for the picture which he thus saw warmed his heart to its very core; the broadcloth in which he was enveloped was nothing to the warmth of his heart. He walked back again, past the little green gate which led to the house-door; a little girl was coming up with a milk-can, and, turning in at the green gate, knocked at the door. He was a wealthy man, as we know, and a girl taking milk to his own house would have excited no interest in his mind; and yet he stopped to see who would open the door to take this penny-worth of milk. It was only the little servant girl. At the bottom of the little garden he stopped again and looked at the front of the cottage; the fire that was burning in parlour and kitchen cast a glow within, for it was getting dusk, and by the parlour-window stood Kitty reading, for she had gone to the window for light. The outline of the bent head, and the youthful bust sent a still warmer glow to his heart; it reminded him of that Ellen Stretton who had once been all the world to him. With hasty steps he then returned to the inn, ordered out his chaise, drank a glass of negus, and then drove home to his large, square house, and his many servants.

People talk a deal about "the luxury of doing good." Mr. Joseph Hilyard determined that he would enjoy this luxury; but he did not say a word to any one—not a syllable! He thought a great deal about the cottage fireside and seventy pounds a year. Christmas-day was not far off, and he remembered that people could not have fine Christmas dinners with only seventy pounds a-year. Two days before Christmas-day, therefore, the carrier's cart stopped at Mrs. Trevisham's cottage, and left, carriage paid, a large hamper. It was carried into the little kitchen, and the little servant-maid summoned her mistress to open it.

"Dear me! what can it be?" exclaimed Mrs. Trevisham, as the girl hastily cut the strings and opened the creaking lid of the hamper. "Kitty, come here!" and Kitty came instantly out of the parlour with her sewing in her hand, which, however, she soon threw down to help in unpacking the hamper;—a turkey, a ham, a dozen of mince-pies, so beautifully packed that not one was broken, a game-pie, such almonds and raisins, and delicious fruit for dessert, and a dozen of wine!

"Who can have sent them? What can it mean?" exclaimed both mother and daughter.

It was long since Mrs. Trevisham had had a regular Christmas-dinner of her own; now and then she and her daughter were asked out, but not often; now, however, here was a splendid dinner for them, and who must they invite to partake of it? Oh! there were plenty of poor folks who should have some of it; that was soon decided; and then nothing was thought of for the rest of the evening but who could have sent this present? They

could not imagine; it *might* be this person and it *might* be that; but they hardly thought it could be! They never guessed the right person—how indeed should they?

It was now five years since this first Christmas-dinner was sent, and at the same time precisely, for the next four years, did the same carrier's cart bring the same present, or slightly varied, to the widow's house. It was a pleasant mystery; it was a real comfort to know that there was *somebody* who cared that much for them. But the delicacies of that Christmas provision were not eaten alone by the widow and her daughter; some poor neighbour, some sick woman or man, or invalid child was always a partaker; and as to the wine, Mrs. Trevisham's little cellar was now never without a supply. She and her daughter only drank a glass now and then, on very extraordinary occasions; on Christmas-day, for instance, when they drank the health of their unknown benefactor; but the sick poor of that populous neighbourhood had many a vial-bottle filled from her store, which often did more good than physic. Indeed, dear reader, I cannot tell you all the good which these Christmas presents did to Mrs. Trevisham and her poor neighbours.

One day, when it was getting rather dusk, Mr. Hilyard took another walk up that lane. A gentleman overtook him; it was the good parish doctor; they walked on together and fell into discourse. Mr. Hilyard was one of those rich men who had not done much actual good with his money. The fact was, he had never thought about it; he subscribed to the Bible Society and Foreign Missions, and the Tract Association, and, as he paid his work-people's wages regularly, he thought he did all that was required from him. He was a stranger, of course, to the doctor, and they began to talk about the poor, of whom this good man knew so much. He said how much more the wealthy ought to do for the poor than they commonly do; that it was often those in straitened circumstances who were their greatest benefactors; and then he proved this by saying how much a lady and her daughter who lived in that very lane, and whose income was under a hundred a-year did for their poor neighbours; how the mother visited them, and was a friend under all circumstances; and when they were ill sent them the best of wine, which was often the means of their recovery, though he questioned if either she or her daughter drank wine themselves, for they had been the means of establishing a Temperance Society which had done a deal of good. He said that this Mrs. Trevisham was the kindest and most Christian woman he knew, and that it was a pity that she had not the means of doing all the good she might; and her daughter, he said, was a pattern to all young ladies; he believed that she and her mother were obliged to make out their income by doing needlework, but, for all that, the daughter found time to teach in the Ragged School, which never would have been established but for her, and that she herself gave half-a-guinea to its funds.

Mr. Joseph Hilyard pulled out his large well-filled green silk purse, and gave the doctor five pounds for this school, which he said must be put down as from a friend; and then taking leave of the good man, he turned back and walked slowly down the lane. Again the cottage chimney smoked, and again his heart was as warm as if he had sat by its fire. He was filled with all sorts of grand schemes of beneficence; he would do—he did not know *what*, for such excellent people as these. While he was thus vaguely thinking, he

approached the cottage ; the door opened, and out came Kitty Trevisham in her dark merino dress, plaid shawl, and straw bonnet with dark-blue ribbon. She looked at Mr. Hilyard as she came out, and then walked briskly on as if she had business in hand. She was a sweet, bright-looking-creature, with the kindest eyes that were ever set in a human countenance. When she came within sight of the parlour-window she looked towards it, smiled sweetly and nodded ; Mr. Hilyard looked also, and there stood the mother, in her plain cap and black dress, and nodded affectionately to her daughter. This little circumstance expressed a great deal ; mother and daughter were all the world to each other : there was the most perfectly good understanding between them, and the last look, even for an absence of an hour or two, was full of affectionate intelligence.

She walked on briskly and he followed ; she had such a neat pretty figure. She walked uncommonly well, and had a remarkably pretty foot and ankle, as he could see when she held up her dress where the road was wet.

" I wish I were a young man for her sake ! " thought Mr. Hilyard to himself ; " now I wonder who she will marry ? " and with that, all at once, a grand idea floated into his mind. He would send for his nephew, Edward Grey, and adopt him as his son, and he should marry this good and pretty daughter of widow Trevisham ! It was a splendid idea. This nephew was the son of his only sister who had married a poor schoolmaster in the country. She had often asked him to do something for this, her eldest son ; he was said to be a fine scholar ; a very gentlemanly young man, of excellent principles, and he was now six-and-twenty. He could not think how he had never done anything for him before ; he felt all at once as if he had been a hard-hearted wretch ; never, till that day, had he given a penny even to a Ragged School. Well, he would turn over a new leaf, now ; he would send for his nephew, get him married to this poor, but good girl, and then he should no longer be ashamed of himself.

Little did sweet Kitty Trevisham know of the schemes which were working in the head of the respectable gentleman who was following her. She was going to the Ragged School for a couple of hours that evening, and she was thinking of nothing but her poor scholars.

In the month's time Edward Grey was at his uncle's, as handsome a young man as his mother had described him, with an open countenance, and a great deal of decision in his manner. He was one of those men who in reality do not need any one to help them on in life ; the elements of success are in themselves ; and men of this character are not such as can have a path chalked out for them by another. Joseph Hilyard found his nephew a very different person to what he expected ; he fancied that he would be pliable and extremely grateful, and that he should open his plans to him with respect to Kitty Trevisham immediately, but there was an independance about him which it did not seem safe to interfere with, and almost an indifference about the large income of which, if he pleased, he might be the heir, so that his uncle felt pretty sure that if he all at once revealed his designs, his nephew would turn restive on his hands ; and there was at the same time so much manliness and straightforward honesty of character about him, that he could not help feeling respect for him. " Besides this," as the foreman said, " he took very kindly

to the business," and seemed at once so thoroughly to understand it, that there was no doubt of his becoming a most valuable assistant, or partner.

They were, in fact, two of the most excellent men that ever met ; and yet, in some respects, they were so different in character, that while they remained in any degree strangers to each other, they worked ill together. Edward Grey was unlike any person with whom his uncle had come in contact; as yet he had been sole king and master of his world ; he had no idea but of remaining so, and now here was a young man whom he had introduced into it, carrying everything his own way, and that with the utmost quietness and apparent self-complacency. He never asked his uncle's leave for what he did, and yet he established directly a Temperance Society among the men, and set about forming a Mechanics' Institute for the whole town. Mr. Hilyard, as we said, was full of all sorts of grand benevolent schemes a short time before, and approved of Temperance Societies, and schools for the people, yet now he was angry with his nephew for zealously co-operating in them. Perhaps he was displeased that men of influence in the place—great philanthropists with whom he had never had any thing to do, should seem to court his nephew's acquaintance as they did, stranger though he was to them all ; it was a sort of tacit reproof to himself, and it annoyed him. But let the fault be where it would, the uncle and the nephew did not get on so comfortably together as they ought to have done, when a little circumstance seemed, for the moment, to be the one drop to the full cup of the uncle's displeasure, and made it overflow abundantly.

He had, immediately on his coming, made his nephew a present of a handsome gold watch and chain, and this the young man lost one day when he was bathing. It was a most distressing thing to him, and he could only surmise, that some dexterous thief had stolen it from his clothes as they lay on the river's bank. He said nothing to his uncle of his loss, for so grieved was he to have failed, as he felt he had done, in winning his affection, that he was unwilling still further to displease him by this apparent carelessness. In his heart, Edward Grey regarded his uncle as a second father ; he would have died to have served him ; but he was not one of those who could make professions, and as his uncle seemed cold and distant, he determined quietly to go on fulfilling every duty, trusting to time and circumstances for making all straight between them.

The watch had been lost a week when it came to his uncle's knowledge, and that accidentally. A person came to the counting-house where they both were, and asked whether Mr Edward Grey had not lost something. "My watch !" said the young man, joyfully ; "a gold watch and chain ; I lost them a week ago !"

His uncle was astonished and enraged ! "Was the watch then of so little value that he could lose it and say nothing about it ?" In twenty different ways he could look at this affair and be made angry by it. He never had lost his own watch, and if he had, he should have been at some trouble to have found it, &c. &c.

Grey thought his uncle unreasonable in being thus angry without hearing him say one word in his own defence. It seemed to him that there was much more said than the occasion warranted, and for that reason he was silent, and by this means his uncle did not know how much he had suffered, nor what pains he had, in truth, taken for the recovery of his loss.

The uncle was not only very angry, but very much grieved ; in his anger he declared it was the last present that he ever would make him, and yet, the next moment, he threw him ten sovereigns, and told him to go and see if he could get back his watch for that money, which he did not believe. Grey took the money thus ungraciously given, and went out with the man who said he was sent by the person who had found the watch.

Mr. Joseph Hilyard would have been no little astonished, could he have seen his nephew conducted to Mrs. Trevisham's cottage. It was a lovely afternoon, towards the close of summer ; the little garden was as full of flowers as it could be, and jasmine and roses peeped in and clustered round the open parlour-window, and there sate Mrs. Trevisham in her mourning, and Kitty in a pretty pink dress and black silk apron ; her lovely dark brown hair fastened up in its simple knot, and no single ornament about her excepting her own dear smiles and affectionate eyes, looking just like a rose, and every bit as sweet, and she told Edward Grey who from the first moment he saw her was quite in a bewilderment of delight, how she and the servant maid set off one morning, at five o'clock, to look for mushrooms in the meadows, because her mother was so fond of them, and how she found, under a sod, which seemed to have been cut out for the purpose, a gold watch and chain ; she said she was so astonished that she did not know what to do, and as she thought that most likely some thief had hidden it there, she brought it away ; that there was no name in it excepting the maker's, and that was a London name ; that she and her mother considered what had better be done ; they thought of advertising, and then it occurred to them that she might inquire of some of the watchmakers in the town if the watch had ever been in their hands ; that she did so, and soon found one who told her that he had sold it only a few weeks before, to Mr. Hilyard, for his nephew, and that to him it belonged, and, in confirmation, he showed her an advertisement in the paper, offering a reward for this very watch. And now here it was, and it was impossible for Kitty to tell him the pleasure she had in restoring it to him.

The watch had become of ten times its former value as he received it from her hand. How he longed to kiss that hand ! He was the last man in the world to make fine speeches, but his countenance expressed something of what he felt. And then Mrs. Trevisham began to say that in former times she had known Mr. Hilyard ; that unfortunately there had been a law-suit between her late husband and him, but that when she was young she had thought very well of him. Grey said that his uncle was the best man living ; that he had given him the watch, but that was nothing to his having taken him into the business, which was a great thing for him, who was poor, and the eldest of a large family. Mrs. Trevisham had evident pleasure in hearing anything to his advantage ; and how astonished the uncle would have been could he have heard all that his nephew said in his praise !

Kitty went on with her sewing, and the mother and he talked a great deal. He sate with the watch in his hand, and the wonder is, that he did not commit some extravagance or other, he felt so unconceivably happy. He said that the thief who had stolen the watch and hid it there, never imagined the blessing he was conferring upon him. He did not explain his meaning, but Mrs. Trevisham knew very well what he meant, and perhaps Kitty did, for she blushed as she went on with her work. He had offered,

in his advertisement, ten pounds for the recovery of his watch, but he never thought of offering it either to the mother or daughter ; he would much more likely have offered his heart and his life ; however, he left a handsome present for the man who had fetched him, and who was a poor gardener with a large family, and after he had taken tea with them and walked in the little garden, and helped Kitty to tie up the carnations, he took his leave, promising to visit them again before long.

If his watch had been suddenly encircled with diamonds, it could not have been more precious. His uncle told him angrily he hoped he would not lose it again. There was no danger of that.

This affair of the watch did not tend to a better understanding between uncle and nephew, and spite of all Edward Grey's assiduity in the business, he could not find the way into his uncle's affections.

"There is something cold about him," said Hilyard to himself ; "a very good young man he is, there's no doubt of that—but I hate your good people : he is not the husband for my Kitty—after all I shall be forced to have her myself," and with that he laughed amazingly. He thought a deal about both Kitty and her mother, and one day he was at the trouble of going to the Ragged School where he thought that he might have some talk with her. There she was, as cheerful as a lark, and as fresh as a flower among the little ragged urchins, and the very expression of their faces, and the tones of their voices were changed as they approached her. The master of the school had not words enough to praise her, and Kitty had no idea, not the least in the world, that it was for her sake that this good man now visited the school and left behind him a second donation.

"How odd it will be," thought Mrs. Trevisham, the day after Edward Grey had declared his passion, and been accepted, "for Kitty to be Mr. Hilyard's niece ; I wonder what he will say, and whether he has forgotten those old times. Edward thinks he will be pleased, though he is so rich, but then Edward is young and in love, and I know that he once thought a deal about money."

It was Edward Grey's intention candidly to tell his uncle that he had fallen in love with a pretty, penniless girl, some day when he was in a good humour, and it was his uncle's intention also to tell his nephew all about sweet Kitty Trevisham some day when they were talking about schools for the people, and such things, for then he thought he should be able to interest him about the young teacher at the Ragged School. He fancied that he could draw a very pretty picture of her in the midst of her forlorn group, and this he thought, considering his nephew's philanthropic propensities, would very likely make a deep impression upon him.

Summer and autumn were now over. Christmas was approaching. There had been, as one may say, a cessation of hostilities for some time between uncle and nephew, they were gradually and silently approaching each other in the spirit of a mutual good faith, still neither of them had found the propitious moment for which they were waiting ; and each was beginning to like the other so well, that they almost feared to make the momentous disclosure lest it should throw them back into that state of alienation which had been so painful to both.

Edward was a frequent, though secret, visitor at Mrs. Trevisham's, and the long history of all their former troubles was familiar to him. He also knew of the five years' Christmas present, and of all their fruitless conjectures as to who their unknown friend could be.

"You will dine with us, Edward, on Christmas-day?" said the mother; "I have no doubt but we shall have our usual dinner, but at all events you will come?" Edward promised, and went home determined that this should be the last visit he would pay to this beloved family without his uncle's knowledge, for he would make an opportunity, if he did not find one, that very evening. The good uncle too, full of the delight of having sent off a still more bountifully supplied hamper than usual, together with a letter, of which we shall speak anon, sat that evening in his easy house-coat and slippers by the parlour fire, the very image of good humour, as his nephew entered. The fire burned brightly, so did the lamp; tea came in, and the urn bubbled and hissed, and, though there were only two men to partake of this meal, which seems so peculiarly to require the presence of woman, yet it would have been difficult to find a better image of comfort than it presented.

"Now," thought the nephew, "I will tell him."

"Now," thought the uncle, "I will make the attack."

Nevertheless the tea was drank in silence.

"Uncle," at length, began the young man.

"My dear fellow," interrupted the uncle; "but go on—what were you going to say?"

"I beg your pardon, my dear sir, after you," said Edward, with a ceremonious manner very unusual to him.

"Well my dear lad," began the uncle in good earnest, "I may as well tell you at first as last—I have often wished to tell you—I want to see you married."

"Very strange," said the nephew, joyfully; "but I was just going to tell you that I am very much disposed to get married."

"What, the deuce; you have no girl in your eye, have you?" asked he, as the idea struck him "that perhaps his nephew might be engaged to some girl at his native place."

"Yes, I have," replied Edward.

"What the dickens could make you think of such a thing? How do I know who you have chosen—what right had you to choose for yourself?"

"Nobody had so great a right to choose for me as myself," said Edward, astonished.

"Sir," returned his uncle, raising himself in his chair and looking very angry, "I had chosen a wife for you before I had seen you; don't interrupt me, sir," said he, seeing his nephew about to speak; "and I should not have sent for you if I had not wanted a husband for this good little girl. It was no merit of yours that made me adopt you, but my esteem and admiration for her; and I have made up my mind, sir, either you shall marry her, or she shall be

my heir!" and with this the uncle crossed his legs, and threw himself back in his chair, in a very determined and dogmatical manner.

"Very extraordinary," said the nephew, in a tone in which his wounded feeling was very evident, "but if that be the case, I must do the best for myself that I can; at the same time I must say that your ideas are arbitrary; I knew nothing of these conditions, and I came to you in good faith. I wished to love you as a father, and to serve you as an obedient son; and fathers do not commonly impose wives upon their sons; besides," added he, cheerfully, as a new idea struck him; "how do you know that the young lady you have done me the honour of selecting for me would like me?"

"She would!" said the uncle; "she's a good girl; one just of your own sort; fond of Temperance Societies, and Ragged Schools, and such things. I don't know one like her."

"Well, sir," said the nephew, with half a smile on his lips, "if these be her recommendations, the girl that I wish to make my wife loves Temperance Societies and Ragged Schools also."

"The devil take her!" said the uncle, in great wrath, for all at once he fancied it must be the daughter of some of those philanthropic people who had been so assiduously courting his nephew's acquaintance, and of whom he knew nothing, and taking up his bed-candle-stick, he went to his room without another word.

The next morning, his uncle, in a much kinder voice than he expected, told him that he had made an engagement for him to dine out with him on Christmas-day, which was on the morrow, and therefore he begged that he would be in readiness at the hour which he named. Edward was engaged already; he told his uncle so, and that in a voice of as much conciliation as possible. Another one drop to the full cup of his uncle's displeasure; and the cup as usual flowed over.

We said that a letter accompanied the hamper to Mrs. Trevisham's this year; it did so; and a letter which occasioned some excitement and anxiety; it said that the friend who had had for some years the pleasure of sending this small present, proposed to eat the Christmas-dinner with them on this occasion, and would also take the liberty of bringing a young friend with him. The hand-writing was unknown to them; it was a very different hand to that which had been familiar to Mrs. Trevisham in former days. Of course they would be very glad to see their kind, unknown friend and his companion yet still there was an undefinable anxiety in the bottom of their hearts as to who it would turn out to be. It was somebody who wished them well, no doubt; they only hoped that it would prove to be one from whom "they would like to receive a favour." We always feel anxious when a mystery, however small, is about to be solved. At all events they were glad that Edward Grey would be there; and let the unknown friend turn out to be whoever he might, they agreed that Kitty's engagement to Edward Grey should be made known to him.

The unknown friend, who had sent much more than his usual supply on this occasion, proposed to be with them for dinner at five. Edward Grey,

however, was there by two, and great were the pains which he and Kitty took to make the little parlour look as pretty as possible, with its red-berried holly, ivy, and other evergreens. Though Mrs. Trevisham had only seventy pounds a-year, and the parlour was very small, yet this was one of the nicest little Christmas dinners that ever was set out or cooked. Mrs. Trevisham had got a neighbour who had been cook in a great family to come in for the day ; and as to the table, it looked beautifully ; there was a fine damask table-cloth on it with napkins as white as snow, and abundance of plate, which had belonged to the family in its better days, and bright glass and sparkling water, and hock and claret which had come among the good things in the last hamper. Bless me ! here was dinner enough for a dozen people, and yet the unknown guest could only expect four ! Mrs. Trevisham, however, expected five.

It grew dusk and then dark ; the blinds were drawn down ; it was nearly five, and the hearts of Mrs. Trevisham and her daughter beat anxiously ; so, no doubt, would Edward Grey's, had he seen his uncle driving along the road towards the house in a cab, and in a very bad humour, although he meant to make himself very agreeable to the two ladies.

The cab stopped at the little green gate, and the house-door opened. It was a very undignified house ; one was obliged to go through the kitchen into the parlour, but there was no avoiding it ; so the little maid-servant stood with the door wide open, and Mrs. Trevisham saw that there was only *one* guest instead of *two*, and that he was rather a stout gentleman, buttoned up to the chin in a great coat with a shawl round his neck. She had not the least idea who he was. She felt considerably excited, and life, we must confess, was rather so himself, and yet, as I have said twice before, he had fifteen hundred a-year, and he had paid for the dinner which he now came to eat.

Mrs. Trevisham stood at the parlour-door to receive him ; he took off his hat in the kitchen, and stood with his uncovered and bald head before her. She saw at once who it was, her own old friend, the adversary of her husband, the uncle of her daughter's lover.

"I feel myself rather in an awkward position, my dear madam," he began ; but no sooner had he uttered these words, than Edward Grey darted from the side of Kitty at the parlour fire, and seizing his hand, exclaimed, "God bless you, my dear uncle, is it you ?"

"And is this you, Edward ? Good Heavens ! how came you here ?"

"I never was so glad in all my life," said Edward, helping his uncle off with his coat, for now a great light began to dawn into his mind. "I declare I don't know how to express my pleasure to think of meeting you under this roof, of all places in the world !"

"And to think of meeting *you* here," returned the uncle. "You must excuse me, my dear madam," said he, turning to Mrs. Trevisham ; and he then sate down in a large chair by the fire, feeling almost overcome. Mrs. Trevisham was hardly less so.

"My good lady," at length he said, "I feel now as if I had done very wrong ; I ought not to have been so abrupt. I have done the whole thing clumsily."

Mrs. Trevisham said truly that it gave her extreme pleasure to find that Mr. Hilyard had been their friend for so many years.

It was now Kitty's turn to come forward, for she recognised in him the kind visitor of the Ragged School.

His eyes glistened as he spoke to her, and then Edward was at her side ; an irresistible power compelled him to speak.

"Uncle," said he, and as he spoke he took Kitty's hand ; "we had made up our minds to be candid to-night, let the guest be who he might ; and you, above all, have a right to know our secret. This is my affianced wife, let us have your blessing !"

The uncle took the clasped hands in his, and pressed them warmly : but he said not a word.

Dinner was placed on the table. He still sat with their two hands in his ; he wiped two great tears from his eyes, and then, in the cheerfullest voice possible, said, "that now they would go to dinner, for that he was desperately hungry, and after dinner they would talk about these things."

After dinner, when the dessert was on the table, how merry the uncle was at the expense of his nephew ; and he told how he had "by chance" met with the doctor, and heard about Kitty and the Ragged School, and how he thought first of all of making her an offer himself, and then he thought of sending for his nephew, and then he warned Kitty that he was a very obstinate young man, and that he would not be guided by his good old uncle, who meant so well by him ; and then Edward had to tell him how it was the losing of his watch, which had brought him acquainted with Kitty, and how happy they had been ever since with only one drawback, and that was, that his uncle was such a hasty-tempered positive man, who would not allow his nephew who wished to be so dutiful to him, the right to choose a wife for himself, and how this said wicked uncle had nearly broken his nephew's heart by quarrelling with him about his intended wife.

There was a deal of laughter and merriment though it was only a party of four ; nor was there a Christmas party, high or low, throughout England, where there was more true-love and kind-heartedness to be found.

After this day the course of this true-love was so exceedingly smooth and sunshiny, that it certainly would have become monotonous, had not Mr. Joseph Hilyard insisted on a wedding by way of variety ; so the wedding was held in May.

The young people lived in a small, but handsome, house, not far from the uncle's large square one. Mrs. Trevisham still kept on the cottage, though she was not much there, for Kitty and her husband insisted on her being mostly with them. Very often too Mr. Hilyard was there : and as he had of late grown so wise as not to care for what people might say when a good action was in question, he made up his mind to persuade the widow Trevisham to give up her cottage altogether, and remove to his large square house in the character of his wife. We believe that the wedding-dinner, and the Christmas dinner, will be eaten together on this present 25th of December, 1847.

A Day with the White Quakers.

My curiosity had been excited during a short visit to Mountmelic, in the autumn of 1840, by various reports relative to a new sect, denominated White Quakers, which had sprung into existence under the teaching of two individuals—Joshua Jacob and Abigail Beale.

In some societies I heard them described as a set of harmless enthusiasts, who sought to establish a kind of Utopian Republic, in which all property was to be held in common, and who had made themselves obnoxious to the members of the sect from which they had separated, by their unceasing denunciations of the lamentable shortcomings and backslidings of the latter; whilst in other circles they were attacked with the fiercest invective, and depicted as arch-heresiarchs, who promulgated the most abominable doctrines, and gloried in their crimes. It is needless to say the darker portrait was from the pencils of their quondam co-religionists. Amidst these conflicting statements I found it difficult, if not impossible, to form a correct judgment, though I thought I could detect in the latter statement a leaven of the old spirit which had lighted the Smithfield fires, and dragged men to stake for theoretic opinions.

I accordingly endeavoured to make myself acquainted with their peculiar tenets, but was compelled, from the shortness of my stay, to leave the scene of their labours without acquiring the desired information.

I now lost sight of the body for a time, but a friend of mine having, towards the latter end of the year 1846, purchased some property from the Society, I was brought into communication with one of its leading members, and received an invitation to visit Newlands, their present residence. This invitation I accepted, and a fine morning in "the merry month of June" found myself and family on the road to their abode. The day was delightful; a few fleecy clouds flecked the bosom of the blue sky, adding new charms to the rich landscape, by the sudden alternations of light and shade which they caused as they floated gracefully across the disc of the sun; whilst the atmosphere was redolent with the delicious perfume of the hawthorn.

On arriving at our destination, the gate was opened for us by an intelligent lad, dressed in the costume of the society, namely, a jacket and trousers of white Russia duck, with shoes of the original colour of the leather. He held in his hand a volume of Murray's Colonial Library—Hay's Western Barbary. On inquiring how he liked that work, he replied, "Very much; that it was filled with interesting anecdotes, narrated in a most spirited manner." From this he digressed to the state of the weather, and stated "that the community would soon commence their hay-harvest."

The demesne, which belonged to the late Lord Kilwarden, contains about 130 statute acres, tastefully planted with oak, ash, and elm trees, sprinkled here and there with magnificent copper beeches, whose tawny leaves add fresh beauty to the whole. The house, a modern mansion, of moderate pretension, stands at a short distance from the road. On our approach, we were met by one of the female members of the community, who bade us welcome to Newlands and ushered us into the library, a handsome apartment of about twenty feet square, well stocked with books—consisting for the most part of history, biography, and travels. The walls were covered with maps and the tables strewed with several volumes of beautifully illustrated works. But what struck us most was the chaste simplicity and exceeding purity of the whole.

The tables and chairs were of common deal, but so white and polished, it might be supposed the female members of the community spent a large portion of their time in keeping them in their present state of perfection, whilst the

wicker flower-stands, painted in the favourite colour of the society (white,) exhibited nosegays of the most brilliant and rare flowers.

We were yet admiring the beautiful arrangement of this apartment, when Abigail Beale entered, and extending her hand to me with the most unaffected grace, said, "Thee art welcome, and so is the family." As some of my readers may be curious to learn what kind of person this founder of the sect is, I will endeavour to describe her. In age, she may be any where between thirty-six and forty; her stature is somewhat above the middle height, and her person slender and graceful. Her face is oval, rather plain than otherwise; but when she smiles, the whole expression is changed, and you almost deem her handsome; whilst there is a placidity in the thoughtful grey eye, which speaks of deep conviction, and a soul at peace with itself. As we gazed on this graceful exterior, and listened to the low sweet tones of her voice, as she descanted with all the enthusiasm of a poet on the superior attractions of a country life, we said one to the other, "Can this person be what her opponents describe her?" and our better feelings replied in the negative. After a short period passed in conversation, she inquired whether we would like to see the community at dinner. Having replied in the affirmative, she led us into the dining-room or refectory, a handsome apartment, lighted on two of its sides by windows reaching from the ceiling to the floor, whilst that facing the south opened into a conservatory filled with the rarest exotics, and perfumed with the odour of orange-trees just bursting into blossom; the fourth, that by which we entered, contained the fire-place, surmounted by a magnificent chimney-piece of white marble, exquisitely inlaid with vine-leaves in different shades of the same material. We were informed that it cost upwards of three hundred pounds.

The members of the community, adults and children, both male and female, were seated round a large table, piled with coarse wheaten bread, butter, cheese, and dishes filled with raisins, almonds, and other dried fruits, tastefully garnished with laurel leaves. The only beverage which appeared to wash down this primitive repast was one of which Father Mathew himself might have partaken, being the simple element, fresh and sparkling as when drawn from the living fountain. As we entered, one of the men was reading from the pages of the "Family Herald" something which appeared to excite considerable amusement. A painter would have loved to sketch the group—the men in their snowy dresses and flowing beards (it is wonderful what majesty the beard adds to the human face) and the women with their uncovered heads and spotless garments. We were particularly struck with one venerable old lady, whose silvery hair proclaimed that she had trodden the thorny paths of life for upwards of sixty years, but whose rosy cheek and brilliant eye bore ample testimony to the efficacy of abstemiousness in prolonging health to an advanced period. On inquiring for Joshua Jacob, we were informed that the person who had been reading was that individual. This took us quite by surprise, for we had pictured to ourselves a gloomy fanatic of the Puritan school, such as Sir Walter Scott delighted to portray; and were surprised to meet, instead of this creature of our imagination, a handsome middle-aged man, of agreeable manners, who could indulge in a harmless jest, without considering that it merited the punishment of the Deity.

When conversing with him on this subject afterwards, he said, "that it was one of the effects of true religion to make us cheerful and happy; and that it was the bigot or the fanatic alone who would convert this glorious earth, given by God to his creatures, into a hell, and make man's happiness only to commence on the other side of the grave." However we might differ with him on other subjects, we were compelled to admit the justness of this reasoning.

On questioning some of the other members as to their peculiar tenets, we learned that they held the earth was given unto all for a heritage, and that noble and peasant, rich and poor, were but the creations of a corrupt order of things; that the time, however, was approaching when this factitious state would pass away, and the whole family of man live together in a state of perfect harmony, worshipping the same God, and redeemed by the blood of the same Saviour.

They said that many calumnies had gone abroad against them from interested or ignorant parties; but conscious of the rectitude of their own views, they could calmly await the time when their principles would stand justified in the eyes of the world.

When they first joined themselves together as a society, their rules were much less stringent than they are at present, and the use of animal food was allowed; but of late, they have restricted themselves to vegetable diet alone, to which may be added butter, cheese, and honey. They go to rest with the sun, and rise at four or five A. M. to commence their labours of weaving, sewing, spinning, basket-making, etc., whilst one of the members reads aloud from some instructive and amusing work selected for that purpose. Having breakfasted, they adjourn to the fields, when the regular occupation of the day may be said to commence. Men, women, and children, alike assist in the cultivation of the farm, for it is one of their axioms, that every hand is able and ought to supply its owner's mouth with food. The community consists at present of about thirty persons, children included; it was at one time still more extensive, but the increasing strictness of their rules has caused the lukewarm and unworthy to fall away.

From the dining-room we proceeded to the gardens, which are extensive, and contain a handsome green-house and graper; the former filled with a superb collection of plants, native and exotic; whilst the latter, even at that early season, might be said to groan under the weight of the incipient clusters, forcibly recalling those exquisite lines of Byron:—

"Sweet is the vintage, when the showering grapes
In Bacchanal profusion reel to earth,
Purple and gushing."

After an hour spent in admiring the brilliant hues of the flowers, and inhaling their delicious odours, we were taken over the farm, a large portion of which is devoted to tillage.

The members of the community who accompanied us, pointed with apparent feelings of pride, to the luxuriant crops of wheat, oats, beans, etc., and informed us that the whole was the produce of spade labour. Their leader, Joshua Jacob, is a great enemy to idleness, and appears fully to coincide in the opinion of Thomas Carlyle—that work is worship. Indeed, the following extract from the "Past and Present" of that eloquent, yet quaint writer, may be said to be embodied in the acts of the society:—

"Properly speaking, all true work is religion, and whatsoever religion is not work may go and dwell among the Brahmins, Antinomians, Spinning Dervishes, or where it will; with me it shall have no harbour. Admirable was that of the old Monk's, *Laborare est Orare*, work is worship. Older than all preached gospel, was this unpreached, inarticulate, ineradicable, for ever-enduring gospel—work, and therein have well-being. Man, Son of earth and of heaven, lies there not in the innermost heart of thee, a spirit of active method, a force for work, and burns like a painfully smouldering fire, giving no rest till thou unfold

it,—till thou write it down in beneficent facts around thee? What is immethodic waste, thou shalt make methodic regulated arable; obedient and productive to thee. Wheresoever thou findest disorder, there is thy eternal enemy; attack him swiftly, subdue him; make order of him, the subject not of chaos, but intelligence, divinity, and thee. The thistle that grows in thy path, dig it out, that a blade of useful grass, a drop of nourishing milk, may grow there instead. The waste cotton-shrub gathers waste white down; spin it, weave it; that in place of idle litter, there may be folded webs, and the naked skin of man may be covered."

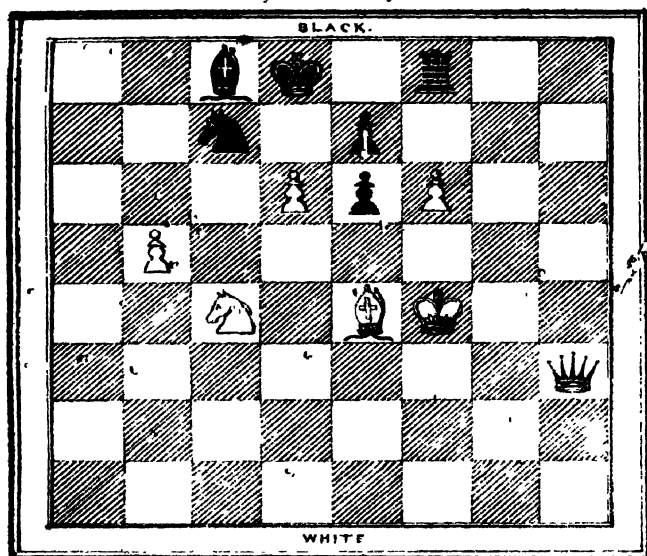
As we returned towards the house, our attention was attracted by a number of squalid-looking creatures, who exhibited every phase of human misery, and who devoured, with all the avidity of hunger, the bread and other refreshments which had been divided among them, according to the daily custom of the community. At a later hour, a man who had fainted by the way-side, from the want of food, was carried by the neighbouring peasantry, and laid at the hall-door to receive that relief, which a grey-headed peasant whispered to us was never refused to the destitute. As we gazed on those good Samaritans, pouring wine and oil into the wounds of the famine-stricken and bruised of heart, we could not help thinking that it were well if those who slandered them would obey the Christian mandate, "Go thou and do likewise."

After partaking of some refreshment, and being presented with a few of the choicest specimens of their conservatory, we bade them adieu, bearing with us the full conviction, that however their tenets may be opposed to the practices and prejudices of the world, they are a simple and honest-minded people, who earnestly believe, and faithfully practise, the doctrines which they inculcate. Dismissing the plural and family we—I shall now speak in my own proper person, and declare fearlessly, that they possess, in my opinion, two of the best attributes of true religion, namely, that expansive charity which embraces within its arms the distressed of all sects—and that Christian humility which teaches self-abasement, and the forgiveness of injuries.

Differing from them, as I do, in religious opinions, I have attempted no defence of their tenets; nor am I prepared, gladiator-like, to enter the polemical arena as their champion: at the same time, I think it but justice to an inoffensive and much-slandered people to attempt by all means in my power to dispel those mists which malice has raised around them, and to place them in a proper light before the world.

It would be alike unworthy of the nineteenth century, and the country in which we live, that vexed sectarianism should be allowed to slander when it could not slay, without some sturdy lover of civil and religious liberty being found to raise his voice and wield his pen in defence of the persecuted.

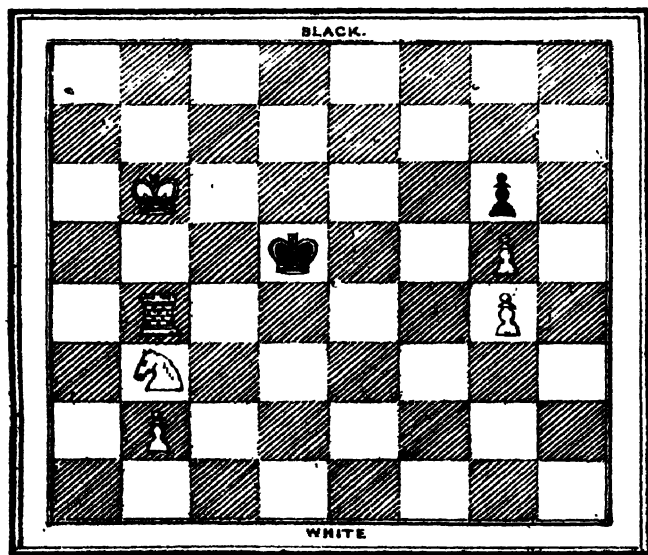
By Mr. M. G. y.



WHITE moving first to Mate in four moves.

6

By R. A. R.



WHITE to Mate in six moves.

VII.—CHESS.

NOTICES.—*The Chess Player's Hand-book : a Popular and Scientific Introduction to the Game of Chess, exemplified in Games actually played by the greatest Masters, and illustrated by numerous Diagrams of Original and Remarkable Positions.* By HOWARD STAUNTON, ESQ.

If love be "strong as death," Chess has proved itself as strong as the Fear of Death,—and from the days of the Eastern monarch and his Ape down to our own far stronger than Temper. The man who can sleep after a two hours' fight on the two coloured board has been lost is a *lusus nature* ; as preternatural an example of nerve as he who, when the vessel was going down, retired to his berth, fell into a deep slumber, and was with difficulty awakened after the danger was past. The bystander, who can maintain perfect command of his countenance, when a friend's king is going into jeopardy, or a castle about to open its destructive fire upon the enemies' phalanx, must be something manufactured by Messrs. Coade and Sealy or Stephenson—not a creature of flesh and blood, but of "*composition*," or cast iron—by no means to be "entered upon our list of friends" ! It is a question whether any book of lawyer's cases, any collection of matters whereby casuists torment consciences, be fuller of anxiety than this newest of Mr. Bohn's volumes ; a plaything according to the forms—yet which rigidly and richly deserves a place in "The Scientific Library : " a companion for the Eddystone Lighthouse or the Bell Rock ; a prison-mate for Ham or for Spielbery (if Austria allows chess boards to her *children* !) a tome for the life's study of a mathematician—crammed to bursting with diagrams, gambits, ending of games, problems, &c. • With this and one of the newly invented paper boards*, a Methuselah might start for a Life's journey across some antediluvian desert—and dying, not leave, "the play played out." Seriously, Mr. Staunton's volume probably contains the largest amount of information and example on the subject extant, in so compendious a form,—more, a Philidor, a De la Bourdonnaye, a Deschapelies himself would hardly profess to say, till after a month's close examination.—*Athenæum*.

2. A Ladies' Chess Club has been established at Kensington,—called the "Penelope Club," to be composed exclusively of female players, though some of the leading gentlemen players will probably be admitted as honorary members.

3. We trust that before we are called upon to send another number to press, we shall be in possession of all our English Periodicals which we promised in our Prospectus ; among them it may be remembered was the Chess Player's Chronicle.

4. ✓The new Bishop's Gambit by M. St. Amant is as yet believed to be a sound game. An interesting match played by Mr. G. Walker and others with full variations was given in the last No. of our Magazine.—*Ed. P. M.*

DECISIONS.—A king and a bishop cannot give mate to a king alone.

2. A king is not deprived of his power to castle by being checked ; but he cannot castle when placed in check to escape from the danger.

3. The king may relieve himself from check by taking the piece which checks him by interposing another piece of his own and by removing out of check.

4. With the most perfect play on both sides it is now considered that the rook and bishop against the rook lead to a drawn game. Such is the nicety and precision in the defence, however, that among ordinary players the greater force will win in nine cases out of ten.

Solutions to the Problems in our last.

No. 206.

WHITE.

1. Kt to Q 6
2. R takes Q
3. R to Q Kt Sqr.

BLACK.

- R to K R Sqr. (best)
P to Q B 5 (best)

And play as black can white will check him with the Kt at Q Kt 8, or K 5, mating with the Rook next move.

SOLUTION No. 207.

(White playing first.)

WHITE.

1. R to Q Kt 8 (ch)
2. Kt to Q Kt 5 (ch)
3. R to Q R 8 (ch)
4. R to Q Kt 8 (ch)
5. R to Q R 8 (ch)
6. Kt to Q Kt 6 (ch)
7. Q to Q Kt 7 (ch)
8. P takes Q (ch)
9. P takes B (ch)
10. P takes Kt mate

BLACK

- K moves
Kt takes Kt
K takes K
K moves
K takes R
B takes Kt
Q takes Q (ch)
K moves
K moves

Again if Black plays first.

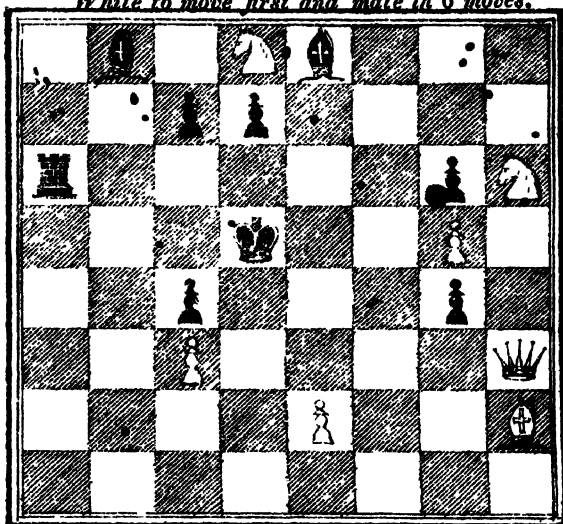
BLACK.

1. B to Q 4 (ch)
2. Kt to Q 6 (ch)
3. Kt to K 3
4. Kt takes P (discovers ch)
5. Q to her B 7 (ch)
6. Kt to Q 6 (ch)
7. Q to her B 8 (ch)
8. P to Kt 7 (ch)
9. P to B 7 (ch)
10. P to Kt 6 (mate)

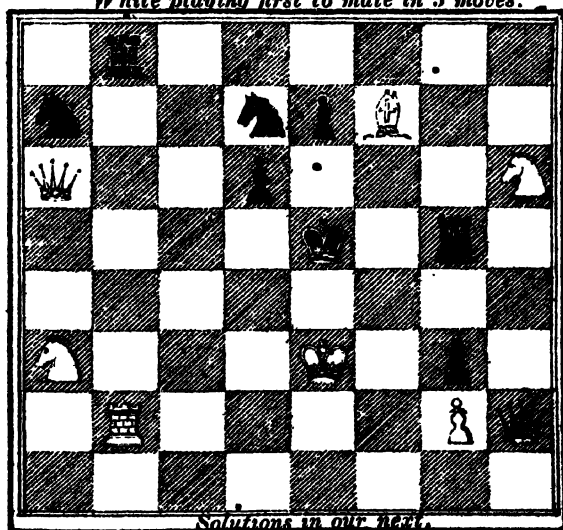
WHITE.

- K takes P
K moves
K moves
K moves
K moves
K moves
B takes Q
K moves
K moves

PROBLEM NO. 212.
 BY C. STANLEY, ESQ. BRIGHTON CHESS CLUB.
White to move first and mate in 6 moves.



PROBLEM NO. 213.
 BY MR. H. J. C. ANDREWS.
White playing first to mate in 5 moves.



Solutions in our next.

CHESS ENIGMAS.



No. 272.—By M. A. LULMAN.

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
K at K B 3rd	K at Q 5th	R at K 5th	
Q at K B 5th		Kt at K 8th	

White to play and mate in two moves.

No. 273.—By H. B. B. OF LYNN.

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
K at his 3rd	Q at Q B 5th	Kts at K Kt 5th	
R at Q R Sqr	P at Q Kt 6th	and Q 3rd	
B at Q B 5th		P at Q Kt Q	

White to play and mate in 3 moves.

No. 274.—By C. E. R.

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
K at his 6th	K at K 5th	Ps at K R 2nd,	
B at K 2nd	Ps at K Kt 3rd	Q 24th and Q B	
Kt at Q 5th	and 4th K 2nd	3rd	
	and Q B 5		

White to play and mate in four moves.

GAMES.

The following game is part of a match of seven games just terminated, which has awakened a lively interest among the amateurs of London. The opponents were Captain Kennedy and Mr. Lowe, a German player of some celebrity, and the result of the contest was to give the Captain four games, and his adversary three, Captain K. winning by the odd game :—

BLACK (MR. L.)	WHITE (CAPT. K.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th
2. K Kt to B 3rd	P to Q 3rd
3. P to Q 4th	P takes P
4. Q takes P	K Kt to B 3rd
5. K B to Q 3rd	K B to K 2nd
6. Castles	Castles
7. P to Q B 4th	Q B to K Kt 5th
8. K Kt to Kt 5th (a)	P to K R 3rd
9. K Kt to K B 3rd	P to Q B 4th

(*) This was obviously a lost move. What possible advantage could accrue from playing the Kt up here ?

BLACK (MR. L.)	WHITE CAPT K.)
10. Q to her B 3rd	Q Kt to B 3rd (b)
11. K Kt to K sq	K Kt to K R 4th
12. Q B to K 3rd	K B to K B 3rd
13. Q to her Kt 3rd	P to Q Kt 3rd
14. P to K B 1th	K B to Q 5th
15. B takes B	Q Kt takes B
16. Q to Q B 3rd	B to K 7th
17. K R to K B 2nd	B takes B
18. K Kt takes B	P to K B 1th
19. P takes P	K R takes P
20. Q to Q 2nd (c)	Q to K R 5th
21. Q Kt to B 3rd	Q R to K sq
22. Q R to K B sq	K Kt to K B 3rd
23. Q R to K sq	R takes R (ch)
24. K Kt takes R	Kt to K Kt 5th
25. P to K Kt 3rd	Q to K 2nd
26. Q Kt to Q 5th	R takes Q Kt
27. P takes R	K Kt takes R
28. K takes Kt	Q to K 5th
29. Q to K 3rd	Q takes Q P
30. P to Q Kt 3rd	K to B 2nd
31. P to K Kt 1th	Q to K 3rd
32. P to K B 5th	Q takes Q (ch)
33. K takes Q	K to B 3rd
34. P to K R 1th	P to Q 4th
35. K to K B 1th	Kt to K 7th (ch)
36. K to K 3rd	Kt to Q B 8th
37. K to B 1th	Kt takes Q R
38. P to K Kt 5th (ch)	P takes P
39. P takes P (ch)	K to K 2nd
40. K to K 5th	P to Q 5th
41. P to K B 6th (ch)	P takes P (ch)
42. P takes P (ch)	K to B 2nd
43. K to B 5th	P to Q R 4th (d)
44. Kt to Q 3rd (e)	K to K B sq
45. K to Kt 6th	Kt to Q B 6th
46. Kt to K 5th	Kt to Q 4th
47. Kt to Q 7th (ch.)	K to K sq
48. P to B 7th (ch)—and wins.	

(b) We should have taken off the Kt first.

(c) What might otherwise have taken the K B P.

(d) If instead of this futile move White had simply played his Kt first to Q Kt 5th, and then to Q B 3rd, we cannot see how Black would have saved the game,

(e) This position forcibly demonstrates the importance of gaining time at Chess. White's lost move of P to Q R 4th at once gave his adversary a won game in place of a dead lost one.—*Monthly Times*.

VIII.—DRAMA.

“*The Wife’s Secret.*” By Mr. Lovell.

PLAYMARKET.—On Monday was produced ‘*The Wife’s Secret*,’—a pocket drama, written, some time since, by Mr. Lovell, for Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean, and by those popular performers already produced with success in the United States. Such a drama becomes, by the terms of the contract, the property of the actors who have purchased it for their exclusive use—and will, in all probability, not be published. The play before us is especially calculated for its intended purpose. Its development depends on two or three characters—the remainder being both few and unimportant. This renders its performance easy at any theatre. Then, its conduct proceeds by so working out a simple incident as to present a series of striking situations. The literary merits of the work consist in a fair sprinkling of poetic passages, and in such humorous relief as may least interfere with the general plot.

The specific incident of Mr. Lovell’s play has been more than once already used—indeed, its interest might have been thought to have exhausted in novel and in drama. Mr. Dickens’s ‘*Cricket on the Hearth*,’ Mr. Spicer’s ‘*Judge Jefferys*,’ and Mr. Bernard’s ‘*St. Mary’s Eve*,’ have all and each embodied it; and Mr. Lovell understands this so well that he has from the beginning abandoned all design of keeping from the audience “*The Wife’s Secret*.” The entire plan of the play is transparent from the first act; and the *dénouement* is suspended only by a succession of accidents ingeniously contrived and cleverly introduced. The story is laid in the period of the Protectorate: and proceeds as follows.—*Sir Walter Amyott*, (Mr. Charles Kean), a colonel in the Parliamentary service, after the dispersion of the few devoted Royalists who made at Salisbury the last effort to restore the monarchy, is invested with the superintendence of a district in Dorsetshire where he resides. At the opening of the play he is absent from home,—but a letter to his wife, *Lady Eveline Amyott* (Mrs. Charles Kean), announces his speedy return. This lady, during her husband’s absence, has offended his steward, a hypocritical Puritan, *Jabez Sneed* (Mr. Webster,) by detecting certain frauds in his accounts; and has secured the latter in her bower-chamber as documents against him. The sanctimonious villain resolves on vengeance. Meanwhile, *Lord Arden* (Mr. Howe), Lady Eveline’s brother, a fugitive cavalier, who had secretly left France to assist in the rising at Salisbury, flies from its defeat into Dorsetshire—and arrives at Amyott’s house. He climbs the window, and seeks refuge in his sister’s bower-chamber—swearing her, however, to conceal the fact from her husband, Sir Walter. The following speech explains the situation of the parties :—

Sister,

Hear what I say—and do not after think
To change my resolution. When I first
Learned you had wedded Walter Amyott,
My rage, that any prick-eared cur should dare
To marry with my sister, knew no bounds—
I heaped upon him insults—public ones—
Challenged him—called his temper cowardice
That would not meet me with as blind a hate,—

Outraged him as I thought no man could bear,
 Though for *your* sake he *did* endure it still ;
 And having done *this*, think you I would now
 Crouch down and ask for service from him ?—bid him
 Who comes here in authority and trust,
 Give shelter to his master's enemy ?—
 Raise war between his pity and his duty ?
 Assault his *conscience*,—for these gentlemen,
 You know, have very tender *conscience* —
 Nay, *do not* interrupt me—Eveline,
 Promise me—swear to me, no word—no hint
 Shall ever reach to Walter Aymott's ear
 I am so much as debtor to his walls
 For shelter from the sky.—Promise me *this*,
 Or on the instant I'll renew my flight,
 And dare all consequence.*

This extract may afford a fair specimen of the style of the piece ;—while it furnishes the key to the whole plot by supplying the motive for the wife's keeping the secret at all hazards. This motive is further strengthened by the fact that her husband, on his return, expresses his resolution to sacrifice on the altar of his country's new-born liberties any man—were it Lord Arden himself—who had, by being engaged in the late affair, put them into peril. The real agent, however, by whom Lord Arden's safety is secured is an ingenious waiting maid, *Maud* (Mrs. Keeley) ;—by whose contrivance the fugitive is locked up in the bower-chamber. Such is the business of the first act :—and it presents all the elements of which the piece is composed. In the second act, we find the villainous Jabez Sneed anxious to get at the papers against him which are locked up in the bower-chamber. By exciting the husband's suspicions, and thus inducing him to demand the key of the apartment, he hopes to effect this object ; but the manner in which the lady meets the request shames Sir Walter out of his purpose—and the steward is baffled for a while. Driven to despair, Jabez Sneed resolves to obtain possession of the papers by climbing the window. In making the attempt, he discovers the cavalier—and retreats. In the third act, Jabez uses the knowledge thus obtained to perform the part of *Iago* towards his master. The succeeding scenes show the progress of Sir Walter's jealousy, much in the manner of the third act of 'Othello' ;—and we may confess that the translation of the Shaksperian idea into the style of the domestic tragedy is skilfully executed. Sir Walter, however, manfully resists the temptation ;—and is convinced at last only by being made a witness, through the window, to the meeting of the lady and the cavalier by moonlight in the chamber. In his agony, he sinks to the earth—and the act closes. The fourth act presents Sir Walter's subsequent interview with Lady Eveline. Here the passion is wrought up with great stage effect. The lady for the first time understands the nature of her husband's suspicions :—and she repels the charge of infidelity with much poetic scorn. She keeps her brother's secret, however,—even though an officer in the Parliamentary service has traced the fugitive ; and finally the husband himself interposes his authority as superintendent of the district against all further search. In the fifth act Sir Walter has resolved on parting with his lady for ever ; and at a farewell interview provides her with a safe-conduct to France, that she may place herself under her brother's protection. This opportune document

Maud contrives to use for the deliverance of Lord Arden. But Sir Walter, hearing the tramp of horsemen, suspects the trick; and rushing to the window, calls in his agitation on his retainers to fire on the fugitive. They do so, and Lord Arden falls—though, as it afterwards appears, his horse only has been shot. Lady Eveline, in her agony, reproaches her husband with having slain her brother; and Sir Walter then learns the real state of the case, Lord Arden being, thereupon, brought in, a reconciliation is of course effected.—Jabez Sneed has, through the contrivance of Maud, been carried off by the troopers as the suspected party of whom they were in search.

The play had all the assistance that could be given to it by good acting. Mr. Charles Kean has returned a better performer than he was when he left England. His mannerisms have been much subdued;—at any rate, they were not offensive in a play written to afford opportunity for his peculiar powers. Mrs. Kean was, throughout, excellent. There were the same pathos in her tone, the same grace in her person and gestures, as ever. Both deservedly received repeated demonstrations of the public favour. Mrs. Keeley was admirable as the servant Maud; an unwilling convert to Puritan manners,—who likes nothing better than an opportunity for a little gay talking and elegant swearing. Mr. Webster, in the steward, was exactly suited with a part. Should The ‘Wife’s Secret’ not have a run, it will be owing to its want of novelty in subject and of copious material in story. As a drama it can evidently claim no very elevated rank; but as the work of a professed play-wright it is entitled to the praise of much stage-cleverness.—*Athenæum*.

Anecdote of Catalini.

MADAME CATALINI.—Mr. Gardner of Leicester, in his work, ‘Sights in Italy,’ lately published, gives an account of a visit paid by him to this celebrated lady a few months ago at Florence. “We called,” he says upon Madame Catalini, “who leaves her *palla-zzo* on the side of the mountain in the winter months to reside with her son Dolabreque, in Florence. She presently made her appearance with that vivacity and captivating manner which so much delighted us in England. She retains her English, and was pleased to talk to me in my own language. I observed it was forty years since I first saw and heard her at the opera in London. She instantly replied thirty-nine. I was in Portugal in 1807, and though the war was raging, I ventured to make my way to England through France. When at Paris I was denied a passport. However I got introduced to Talleyrand, and by the aid of a handful of gold, I was put into a government boat, and ordered to lie down to avoid being shot, and wonderful to relate I got over in safety, with my little boy seven months old. I was surprised at the vigour of Madame Catalini, and how little she was altered since I saw her at Derby in 1828, I paid her a compliment upon her good looks. ‘Ah!’ said she, ‘I have grown old and ugly.’ I would not allow it. ‘Why man,’ she said, ‘I’m sixty-six.’ She has lost nothing of that commanding expression, which gave her so much dignity on the stage. She is without a wrinkle, and appears to be no more than forty. Her breadth of chest is still remarkable: it was this that endowed her with the finest voice that ever sang. Her speaking voice, and dramatic air are still charming, and not in the least impaired.”—*Examiner*, March 4.

IX.—POETRY

SAINT ANTHONY'S WELL.

(In the North-West of Ireland there exists an old belief that springs dedicated to this saint possess the power of Lethe over earthly affections. One of the most celebrated wells so dedicated is known to be in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh,—but whether or not this superstition is attached to it the writer cannot say.)

They had call'd the fount by a saintly name
 From the days of the land's own faith and fame:
 The vase in the cleft lay clear and cold,
 The crag o'er its rest, rose rough and bold,
 Yet track'd by a pilgrim's path of old,
 Where priest and peasant climb'd to pray
 At a chapel shrine of the elder day!
 But the faith was gone and the ruin grey,—
 And autumn's noon on the hill around
 Lay clear in mellow'd light,
 And a stately town with a castle crown'd
 Rose fair and full in sight.

A shepherd stood by that fountain's brink
 When a sage from a far land stoop'd to drink.
 "Shepherd, another isle I knew
 That could boast such saintly fountains too,—
 And they sought them for love's Lethe dew;
 Is it so with this old pilgrim well?"
 "Stranger, 'tis long since chang'd and fell
 My country's trust from saint and spell:
 There may stoop at times dark heads and hoar
 By the hermit's fountain yet,
 But thou with thy wealth of trustless lore,
 What love would'st thou forget?
 Hast thou not travers'd land and sea
 With a fearless heart and a footstep free?
 Is not the wide green earth thy home,
 With the snows to rest, with the spring to roam,
 And thy chosen friend the stor'd tome?
 Thou hast sat with this by the lamp light lone,
 By the greenwood's violet bank:"—
 "But an earlier page to my soul was known!"—
 And deeply the wanderer drank.

"Nay, but thy wisdom's fame spreads far,
 And its light shines cold as wintry star,—
 Thy search is deep and thy doubt is strong,
 And thou tak'st no part with the peasant throng

In the cottage prayer or the evening song,—
 Thy memory burns to no household scene
 From the strife of toiling men?"—
 "But oh, the hills that I left were green!"
 And the pilgrim drank again.
 "And smil'st thou not at the shadowy ties
 That bind the swain to his native skies?
 Falls not thy gaze alike on all,
 Trusted temple and hearth-lit hall—
 The bridal robe and the funeral pall?
 Thou know'st how the clay and iron cleave
 To the homes of every shore;"
 "But oh the tales that my dreams believe!"—
 And the wanderer drank once more."

"Shepherd, the bright springs of the wild
 Flow fresh and free for the peasant's child;
 And the bard may catch like far off chiming,
 Through the onward rush of our charming times,
 The dim old legends, tales, and rhymes
 Bequeath'd to fount and ruin hoar
 By the fond unsearching faith of yore,—
 But their power hath pass'd for evermore!
 I came and drank,—but I trusted not;
 For the wide earth hath no wave
 To feed the heart in its days of drought,—
 And our Lethe is—the grave!"

FRANCES BROWN.

Athenæum.

THE FLOWER AND THE BUTTERFLY.

FROM THE FRENCH OF V. HUGO.—(*"Chants du Crépuscule,"* No. 27.)

To the butterfly bright the poor flower said one day :

"Ah, fly not !

"For behold I remain whilst thou soarest away ;—

"'Tis my lot !

"Yet to love and to live without men, and afar,

"Still be ours ;

"Let us grow like each other, till it seem that we are—

"Two fair flowers !

"But the air bears thee hence, the earth chains me beneath ;

"Fate uneven !

"I should wish to embalm thy sweet wing with my

"Breath in yon heaven !

"Too far art thou fled ! Among numberless flowers

"On yon fleet ?

“ While my shadow, I watch left alone, marks the hours
“ At my feet.
“ Thou fleest, return'st, they to shine elsewhere thy light
“ Disappears ;
“ Thus thou find'st me at morn, on the confines of night,
“ All in tears !
“ That sweet day's o'er, our love may in melody flow,
“ Oh ! my king !
“ Take thou root as I have, or upon me bestow
“ Thy swift wing.”

Lit. Gaz.

Dec.]

THE MARSEILLAISE.

1

Allons, enfants de la patrie,
Le jour de gloire est arrivé !
Contre nous, de la tyrannie
L'étendard sanglant est levé.
Entendez-vous dans ces campagnes
Mugir ces féroces soldats !
Ils viennent jusque dans vos bras
Egorger vos fils et vos compagnes !
Aux armes, citoyens ! formez vos bataillons !
Marchons ! qu'un sang impur abreuve nos sillons !

2

Que vent cette horde d'esclaves,
De traîtres, de rois conjurés ?
Pour qui ces ignobles entraves
Ces fers dès long temps préparés ?
Français, pour vous ah ! quel outrage,
Quels transports il doit exciter !
C'est vous qu'on ose méditer
De rendre à l'antique esclavage ;
Aux armes, &c.

3

Quoi ! ces cohortes étrangères
Feraient la loi dans nos foyers ?
Quoi ! ces phalanges mercenaires
Terrasseraient nos pères guerriers ?
Grand Dieu ! par des mains enchaînées
Nos fronts sous le joug se ploieraient ;
De vils despotes deviendraient
Les maîtres de nos destinées !
Aux armes, &c.

4

Tremblez, tyrans ! et vous, perfides,
 L' opprobre de tous les partis !
 Tremblez, vos projets parricides
 Vont enfin recevoir leur prix !
 Tout est soldat pour vous combattre :
 S'ils tombent nos jeunes héros,
 La France en produit les nouveaux
 Contre vous tout prêts à se battre.
 Aux armes, &c.

5

Français, en guerriers magnanimes,
 Portez ou retenez vos coups !
 Epargnez ces tristes victimes
 A regret s'armant contre vous.
 Mais ces despotes sanguinaires,
 Mais les complices de Bouillé,
 Tous ces tigres sans pitié
 D'échirent le sein de leur mère.
 Aux armes, &c.

6

Amour sacré de la patrie,
 Conduis, soutiens nos bras vengeurs !
 Liberté, liberté chérie,
 Combats avec tes défenseurs !
 Sous nos drapeaux que la victoire
 Accoure à tes mâles accents ;
 Que tes ennemis expirants
 Voient ton triomphe et notre gloire !
 Aux armes, &c.

 VERSE SUNG BY THE CHILDREN.

Nous entrerons dans la carrière,
 Quand nos aînés n'y seront plus ;
 Nous y trouverons leur poussière,
 Et la trace de leurs vertus !
 Bien moins jaloux de leur survivre
 Que de partager leur cercueil,
 Nous aurons le sublime orgueil
 De les venger ou de les suivre !
 Aux armes, &c.

ADVENTURES OF A WOOD-SPRITE

Once on a time, on a Summer's day,
 When mowers were tossing the new made hay,
 And children were playing in garden bowers,
 And butterflies flitting among the flowers,
 And dragon-flies darting here and there,
 All gold and green in the sunny air :
 A Hawthorn tree, that so long had stood,
 Its trunk was all gnarl'd and knotted wood,
 And its bark half cover'd with lichen and moss
 Was cut down, to make a new path across .
 The gentleman's lawn, where it sheltered so long
 The Tom-tit's nest, and the Robin's song :
 Woe is me ! Ah ! woe is me !
 A Wood-sprite liv'd in that Hawthorn tree.

In every tree a Wood-sprite lives :
 With the tree it suffers, or thrives ;
 And if the tree be cut suddenly down,
 The sprite has no longer a home of its own,
 Nor a shelter to hide its head from the storm,
 Nor a place in winter to keep it warm.
 They are very timid, and when they spy
 Men or children approaching nigh,
 Quick they get into the hollow bole,
 As the frighten'd rabbit skips back to its hole ;
 And seldom indeed, in the broad noonday,
 Can these little creatures be seen at play :

But at night, in the moonlight, they all come out ;
 They frisk, they laugh, they frolic about :
 From the slender branches they twist and swing,
 Or they all take hands in a Fairy ring .
 And where their little quick feet have been,
 The grass becomes of a fresher green :
 When you walk out, you are sure to know
 The spots where those little feet come and go,
 For, wherever a circle of green looks bright,
 There, the Wood-fairies danc'd last night.
 But, woe is me ! Ah ! woe is me !
 For the fairy that liv'd in that Hawthorn tree !

When first she heard the woodman come
 And hack the bark, outside her home,
 Her heart beat quick, and she lay quite close,
 Only once peep'd out the tip of her nose
 To see what the man could be about,
 Knocking away, with such noise and rout :

The sharp hatchet went through the wood,
 And trembling, there she stood :
 When the trunk began to crash,
 As she leapt with a sudden dash,
 And hop, skip, jump, away she ran,
 Round the hatchet, over the man,
 Who thought he saw a white rabbit pass
 As she flitted over the sunny grass.

Fast she ran : and she kept away
 All the morning, and all the day ;
 But when the sun had set in the West,
 And every bird was asleep in its nest,
 And little children were lying, warm,
 The least of all in the nurse's arm ;
 And the others, in cots, and cribs, and beds,
 With cozy pillows beneath their heads :
 Back the poor little Wood-sprite came,
 Weak and weary, sick and lame ;
 Back she came in the pale moon's light,
 And sat there crying and sobbing all night !
 Round and round the stump of the tree
 Where her happy home used once to be,
 She wander'd ; sorrowful, faint, forlorn ;
 Till the sun rose up for another morn,
 And people who heard her wailing cry
 Thought that the wind was sweeping by,
 While leaning down, on a branch that broke,
 Thus the poor little Fairy spoke :

“ Oh ! my tree, that I lov'd so well !
 Oh my home, where I us'd to dwell !
 Pleasant branches ! where perfum'd flowers
 Blew in the spring-time's sunny hours ;
 Where, in the Summer, all day long,
 The birds sat trilling a merry song,
 And the squirrel look'd, with his big brown eyes,
 Down at the earth, and up at the skies :
 Pleasant branches ! whose green leaves made
 In the warmth of Summer a cool green shade,
 And a thick soft shelter, when Autumn rain
 Came pattering down on the boughs in vain :
 Where icicles hung, and frosty rime
 Like diamonds and glass in the winter time,
 And bunches of ripe red berries gave
 Food such as Robin Redbreasts crave :
 Woe is me ! Ah ! woe is me :
 Why did they cut down my Hawthorn tree ? ”

Then she thought sadly ; what could she do,
Without a home in a tree that grew !
And she went to the Wood-sprites she knew the best,
And begg'd them for shelter, warmth, and rest :
But though for a time, they let her come,
They could not give her a settled home :
There was no room but for those, they said,
Who in the trees were born and bred :
And she could'nt expect they would strip themselves
And their own little broods of lovely elves !

The proud Wood-sprite in the stately Beech,
Made her a haughty angry speech
Wondering how she could dare to apply
To a tree so gracefully tall and high :
The strong oak gave her leave to creep
Into his huge old trunk to sleep
While his daughters went to dance and play,
But when they return'd, she must wend her way,
The rustling Poplars, whose grey leaves quiver,
The sharp-leaved Willows, down by the river,
The soft green Limes, (those honey'd trees,
Where in June you hear the murmuring bees,)
The stiff Scotch Fir, whose brown trunk shines
So golden bright when the sun declines,
The silver Birch, and the gentle Larch,
The Sycamore with its stately arch,
The Elm, and the lovely Mountain Ash
Which bends where the falling torrents dash,
With its fan like leaves so long and light,
And its bunches of berries red and bright ;
Each and all forsook her, although
They told her they lov'd her, long ago,
When her white May-flowers scented the breeze
And made the air pleasant to all the trees :
When the Hawthorn tree was not yet cut down,
And the little Wood-sprite had a house of her own !

Yet she did pretty well, till Winter came,
Humble and lowly, she took with shame
Whatever shelter the trees would give,
To help her without a home to live.
But one wild night in a cold November,
(Oh ! night whose grief she must aye remember !)
When the whistling wind howl'd cold and loud,
And the moon was hid in a mass of cloud,
And the sudden gusts of the driven rain
Beat like hail on the window-pane,
In that drear night of darkest horror,
The Wood-sprite found with anxious terror,

Every tree was shut and clos'd ;
 And of all the fairies who there repos'd,
 Not one could spare her a jot of room :
 They left her at last to her dreadful doom .
 The strong wind carri'd her off the ground,
 Beat her and hail'd her and swung her round ;
 Lifted her up in the sleety air :
 Wafted her here and drifted her there ;
 In vain she struggl'd with piercing shriek,
 The wind was mighty and she was weak ,
 Out of the wood away it bore her,
 Where valley and hill lay stretch'd before her,
 Over the villages, over the towns
 Over the long smooth Dorsetshire downs,
 Many a breathless terrifi'd mile,
 Till, past even Weymouth, and Portland Isle,
 Woe is me ! Ah ! woe is me,
 The little Wood-sprite was blown out to sea !

She sank, half dead, in the cold green wave ;
 But the Mermaids who sate in a rocky cave,
 Little creatures who live in the sea
 As the Wood-sprite liv'd in the Hawthorn tree ;
 Who drink out of shells, and braid their hair
 With pearls and coral so rich and rare ,
 Who swim like fishes, but dive away
 If they think that men look on at their play
 These little Sea-creatures piti'd her case
 When they look'd on her pale and weary face
 And seeing she was but a Land-sprite's daughter
 And could not live in the cold blue water,
 They lifted her gently up in their arms,
 Striving to quiet her wild alarms ;
 And they swam with her, all that stormy night
 Till they put her on shore in the Isle of Wight.

The storm went down, and calm and still
 The red sun rose upon Fairy Hill,
 (A place where the Mermaids love to play
 On the smooth sand edging the tiny bay)
 And the Wood-sprite sate alone once more
 And look'd about on the quiet shore
 She saw the white sailed ships go by,
 And she sigh'd, with a heavy grievous sigh ;
 To think that whatever wind might blow
 She had no home to which she might go :
 No one to help her, no one to cure
 If she died of hunger, and sick despair !

Now, down on the shore by Fairy Hill,
Some Fir-trees grew, (and they grow there still) !
The Wood-sprite that own'd them was strong and kind,
And he heard her sigh on the moaning wind ;
And start'd out of his clump of trees
To give the poor Hawthorn Fairy ease.

He lay'd some berries down on a stone ;
And he gather'd his fir-cones, one by one,
And broke them, and pick'd the freshest seed
And fed the poor little sprite at her need.
And when she was better and grew more gay,
He carri'd her down with the waves to play ;
And when the Queen's yacht was leaving Ryde,
With a fair fresh wind, and a flowing tide,
What do you think this Wood-sprite did ?
In one of the sails of the yacht he hid,
With the Hawthorn Fairy, safe and sound,
While his strong arm held her firmly round,
For fear the storm should come again
And carry her out on the foaming main.

And when they reach'd land he bore her on
From the dawn of day to the set of sun.
To an old, old oak in Windsor Park
In whose hollow trunk, so wide and dark,
Fifty Wood-sprites live and play,
Who welcomed her like a holiday !

And there she lives ; and if you could know
The moment, exactly, you ought to go, .
And could just get leave to be out at night,
You might see them dance in the clear noon's light ;
And mark the grass with a Fairy Ring !

And let all kind gentlemen warning take
For this poor little Wood-sprite's mournful sake ;
And when any new paths are mark'd and plann'd,
And the woodman comes with his axe in hand,
To cut down some Hawthorn that long has stood,
And drive its Fairy out in the wood,
Let him have strict orders to plant anew
A young tree, near where the old tree grew,
To shelter the Sprite from day to day,
That she may not by storms be blown away.

X.—MISCELLANEA.

Love and Law.

A YOUNG lawyer who had long paid his court to a lady without much advancing his suit, accused her one day of being insensible to the power of love. "It does not follow," she archly replied, "that I am so because I am not to be won by the *Power of Attorney*." "Forgive me," replied the suitor, "but you should remember, that all the votaries of Cupid are *Solicitors*."

Newfoundland

is continually and gradually being elevated above the sea, especially in and about the neighbourhood of Conception Bay.

There are 3,664 known languages,

now used in the world—of these 937 are Asiatic; 587 European; 276 African; and 1,624 American languages and dialects.—*Professor Adelung*
—*Illustrated News*.

King Edward III.

first provided at Windsor an asylum and subsistence for 24 decayed Military Knights, by uniting them in one corporate and joint body with the custos and canons of his collegiate foundation.

A Foreign Order of Knighthood,

although sanctioned by the English Sovereign, does not confer the prefix of "SIR."

The secret of speaking well

is never to talk except on a question you understand.—*Cobden*.

A Clergyman

told an Indian he should love his enemies. "Me do love 'em," replied the latter. "What enemies do you love most?" "Rum and Cider."

The Mortality in London

during November and December 1847 has not only been greater than it was during the presence of cholera in 1831-2, but greater than it has been at any period since the plague; being nearly double that of ordinary years: the average of 1842 to 1846 being 1,046. During the week ending 11th December 1847, the mortality amounts to 2,416; the week before that was 2,454; and the last week in November was 1,677, making altogether an increase of deaths, above the average for one month, of 4,309,—this increased mortality is attributed to influenza.

Difference between Englishmen and Americans.

THE *Literary World*, New York Journal, of the 2d ultimo, draws the following picture of the difference between Britishers and the countrymen of the writer.

"Our mercurial and excitable American race, with its cold English exterior Bull, while puzzled by the latter unconsciously feels to be even more the antipodes of his own than that of the Frenchman or the Italian; and to abuse it, therefore, always gives a secret satisfaction to his self-love. The traits of blood, like the blossom-tints of some bulbous plants, manifest themselves differently with difference of climate, and transplantation develops the characteristics alike of trees and of men in changed proportions from those which marked their normal conditions. The Norman impulsiveness which our glowing skies have fostered to so remarkable a degree, and caused to predominate in the American temperament, is constantly more and more severing us from the Saxon matter-of-factitude which marks the homestead branch of what 200 years ago was one family. The very figure and make of the American has come back to the Norman type; and even as in the time of Edward Longshanks, the squatty Saxon still hated the 'tall-walking Norman' so the long-limbed Yankee race now irritate his descendant by their political stride. The homogenousness of the present English race is based upon its Saxon element, the homogenousness (what there is of it) of the American is recognisable chiefly in its Norman attributes. It took centuries within the confines of that narrow island, to blend these two families into one people; it has taken but a few generations in our broad regions to separate them again into distinct types. They did not mix generally at first. They never can mix sympathetically again. Speaking the same language and with the same common ancestry for the term of centuries, we are now two as distinct people as any beneath the sun; and instead of our fusing together again, we shall only crystallise more severely into characters equally diverse and independent of each other. If the English would only recognize this incontrovertable natural law we should soon begin to receive the courtesy at their hands which they accord to stranger nations which have never been identified with themselves. Let the Englishman learn to look upon America not as a mere flourishing and envied part of the British Empire; but as a dominion marching to a parallel sway without necessarily jostling with his own, and that mean depreciating spirit with which he delights to speak of American matters, a spirit which is fast lowering the standard of English taste and feeling, must at once die out.—*Literary Gazette*.

Philosophical Domestic Economy.

The wetting of coals is very false economy, as though they burn slower, a great deal of heat is wasted in drying, and carried off in the steam.

It is false economy too to purchase moist sugar, for a half pound of pure refined sugar gives more sweetness than one pound of raw, a slight trial in coffee will prove this.

In airing rooms both the upper and lower parts of the window should be opened, as the bad and heated air from its lightness, will pass out at the top, and the fresh cool air come in at the bottom.

A blanket is a cooler covering than a sheet in summer, because it allows the perspiration to escape; sheets feel cooler at first because they carry off the heat of the body quicker; but when they become as warm as the body, they feel warmer by confining the perspiration.

Roast meat is more nutritious than boiled, as in boiling the gelatine is extracted and dissolved in the water.

Coffee should never be boiled, as boiling extracts and dispels the fine aromatic oil, which gives it flavour and strength. It should be made by pouring boiling water through coffee in a strainer.

Writing paper dipped in brandy is often used for covering preserves and jams, but it has a bad effect, as the spirit soon evaporates, and the mixture which remains produces mouldiness.

Measuring Medicines by drops is very fallacious, as the sizes of the drops vary, both with the consistence of the fluid and the size of the lips of the vessel.

Hot water should never be poured into glass vessels until they are moderately warmed with tepid water, or the sudden expansion of the bottom by the heat of the water has a tendency to force it from the sides. Thin vessels are better able to endure sudden extremes of heat and cold than thick ones, because they are sooner heated through their thickness, and consequently expanded equally.—*Howitt's Journal*.

Manufacture of India Rubber.

HERE we saw the manufacture of Rubber. The man of the house returned from the forest about noon, bringing in nearly two gallons of milk which he had been engaged since day-light in collecting from about 120 trees that had been tapped the previous morning. This quantity of milk he said would suffice for 10 pairs of shoes, and when he himself attended to the trees he could collect the same quantity for several months; but his girls could only collect from 70 trees.

The Seringa trees do not usually grow thickly, and such a number may require a circuit of several miles. In making the shoes two girls were the artists, in a little thatched hut which had no opening but the door. From an inverted water jar the bottom of which had been broken out for the purpose, issued a column of dense white smoke, from the burning of a species of palm nut, and which so filled the hut that we could scarcely see the inmates. The lasts used were of wood exported from the United States, and were smeared with clay to prevent adhesion. In the leg of each was a long stick, serving as a handle. The last was dipped into the milk, and immediately held over the smoke, which without much discolouring dried the surface at once. It was then re-dipped, and the process repeated a dozen times, until the whole was of sufficient thickness, care being taken to give a greater number of coatings to the bottom. The whole operation from the smearing of the last to placing the finished shoe in the sun, required less than five minutes. The shoe was now of a slightly more yellowish hue than the liquid milk but in the course of a few hours it became of reddish brown. After an exposure of 24 hours it is figured, as we see upon the imported shoes. This is done by the girls, with small sticks of hard wood, or the needle-like spines of some of the

Popular Rhymes on Involuntary Sneezing.

(Of course the above rhymes are not intended to apply to sneezing produced by cold or snuff-taking, &c.)

**Cut your nails on a Monday ; cut them for news ;
Cut them on Tuesday, a new pair of shoes ;
Cut them on Wednesday, cut them for health ;
Cut them on Thursday, cut them for wealth ;
Cut them on Friday, cut them for woe ;
Cut them on Saturday, a journey to go ;
Cut them on Sunday, you cut them for evil ;
For all the next week, you'll be ruled by the devil !**

"Folk Lore."—*Athenæum*, 5th February.

PUNCH is an envious and malicious writer, a venomous trifler, whose pen is a stiletto, who visits upon honourable names the contempt which attaches to his own : a literary intriguer of low degree, who lives on the nonsense he prints, and on the evil he labours to encompass. It has been remarked that every time this personage came on the stage M. Jules Jamin no longer laughed.—*Literary Gazette, December.*

Indian Relics in America.

DISCOVERIES have been made in the township of Collingwood, which are a complete death-blow to the Jewish theories of the poor *Colonists*. In a tumulus of Indian remains, similar to those formerly found, a sword, evidently of modern manufacture, and a medal, with apparently a representation of our Saviour, on one side and of the Virgin Mary on the other have been discovered. The following inscription on the one side of the medal was very distinct, but no date could be made out—*forma præ filiis hominum*, while all that our correspondent could make out on the other side was, *magna, potens, et præsentè*—an immense quantity of human bones, beads and copper pans were found in this tumulus, as in those formerly discovered, and new mounds are constantly being found. We hope that *the Colonist* is now satisfied, that it was not a direct descendant of the Jews that “took his siesta on the banks of Lake Huron” 200 years ago.—*Toronto Globe.—Ibid.*

Caricatures.

H. B. is prolific on the commencement of the Parliamentary political drama, no fewer than six new caricatures having sprung from his pencil at once. The “State Waggon in difficulties,” is a very good one, and the load seems indeed too great to be dragged along; whilst the driver (the Premier) is told by his fellow labourer (the Chancellor of the Exchequer) that they had better throw some of it out as for instance, a too heavy packet, labelled “The Bank Charter: Peel and Co.” Sir Robert Peel as Caius Marius sitting on the ruins of Carthage, with Cobden, looking mournfully on, is another well conceived allusion; and the next a string of unhappy ghosts are candidates thrown out at the elections—Macauley, Hobhouse, Haws, Roebuck, &c., whilst the boat with Lord John and other members is crossing the opposite shore and beckoning a fond farewell. “The Mask of Comus” furnishes a splendid group of the Palace intrigues at Madrid; and the last two affect the Currency question, in which Mr. Muntz, Mr. Spooner, and the ministers flourish in grotesque character. We dare say the Jewish question will suggest some entertaining ideas to follow these genuine “H. B.’s” of which only six are wanted to complete the extraordinary number of nine hundred, from one brain and hand!!—*Literary Gazette, December.*

Coast Defences.

THE Government have ordered the immediate construction of three forts for strengthening the defence of the Port and Garrison of Portsmouth, and the approaches thereto. They are to be strong works for sustaining the heaviest metal and of the longest range. One is to be raised where Lump’s fort formerly stood, between South-sea Castle and Fort Cumberland; another where Eastney fort formerly stood; and the third is to be pitched on the Hayling Islands, so situate as to command the eastern entrance, or the east side to Portsmouth Harbour.—*Illustrated News.*

Wit and Humour.

Why are Protectionists like Walnuts ?

Because they are very troublesome to Peel.—*Comic Almanac*, 1848.

The two Doves.

THEY are always quarrelling, Mrs. Dove is very ill-tempered, and Mr. Dove very obstinate ; he will smoke cigars at home, and will bring friends home late to supper, and will whistle ; all of which practices Mrs. Dove abominates : Mrs. Dove retaliates—a tiff ensues, and Mrs. Dove goes home to her mother.—*Ibid.*

Beware.

BEWARE of entering a French Shop which has the following inscription—
“ Here they spike the English,”
unless you can speak French very correctly, or are prepared to pay for the consequences.

Beware of a young lady who calls you by your Christian name the first time she meets you.

Beware of a wife that talks about her “ dear husband,” and “ that beautiful shawl” in her sleep.

Beware of a gentleman who is up to all the clever tricks, and knows a dodge or two at cards.—*Ibid.*

Popular Superstitions from Punch's Almanac.

WHEN the tax gatherer calls, if the servant tells him you are at home, it is extremely unlucky ; spilling of salt is most unlucky, when you let it drop upon your apple pudding.

When a married couple are walking in Regent Street, it is very unlucky for the gentleman, if the lady stops and walks into a Bonnet Shop.

A Simile Snuffed out.

A Wiseacre once remarked that soldiers in peace are like chimnies in summer.—How so, when it is notorious that young officers are always smoking ?

“ Picking up a Hunter for next to nothing.

Dealer.—“ There now ! you want a hunter,—pointing to an old spavin creature—there he is. He's quiet, well bred, and low ! with your weight, he's up to any hounds, and an uncommon clever fencer !

Sporting Gent.—OH ! come now ! *that won't do !* I've heard of a 'orse dancing, but I'm not so jolly green as to believe a 'orse can fence, you know.

How to make a man ridiculous.

ERECT a public statue to him [or Punch might have added, vote him a sword and piece of plate, and not raise money enough for either !

FROM PUNCH'S POCKET BOOK.

'TIS THE LAST FLY OF SUMMER.

1.

'Tis the last fly of summer
Left buzzing alone,
All its black-legged companions
Are dried up or gone,
Not one of his kindred,
No blue-bottles nigh
To sport 'mid the sugars
Or in the milk die.

2.

I'll not doom thee, thou lone one,
A victim to be,
Since the rest are all vanished,
Come dine thou with me,
Thus kindly I scatter
Some crumbs of my bread,
Where thy mates on the table
Lie withered and dead.

3.

But soon you will perish
I'm sadly afraid,
For the glass is at sixty
Just now in the shade.
When wasps have all vanished,
And blue-bottles flown,
No fly can inhabit
This bleak world alone.

"A penny saved is a penny got."

THEREFORE never pay a debt if you can possibly help it—and in time thou mayest grow rich.

If properly conjugated the present "*do*" never makes the future "*dun*."

Ever oblige when it costs you nothing.—It is "good nature" and not "charity," which in the eyes of the every day world "covers a multitude of sins."

FROM PUNCH FOR FEBRUARY.

More Atrocity.

Q. Why would the *Ghost* in *Hamlet* have been liable to the Window Tax?

A. Because he had glazed eyes.

Q. When does the early closing movement become very objectionable?

A. When you have placed your finger in a lobster's open claw.

WILKINS'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY,
ADAPTED TO THE AIR OF "SCOTS' WHA HA'."

1.

Juniors, who've your clients bled,
Juniors, whom I've often led,
(Though I've found you thick of head,
On to victory !

2.

Who would fill a coward's wig,
Who for fame don't care a fig,
Who thinks nothing *infra dig*—
Let him turn and flee.

3.

Who th' uncertainty of law
In each document they draw,
Would expose, and find a flaw—
Let him follow me !

There could not be a more appropriate finale to this spirit-stirring song, than a cry of "Make ready coats," followed by an order to "present bills;" and winding up with one tremendous shout of "charge—six and eight pence" !!

"Respectability" in Ireland.

A WRITER in the *Dublin Evening Packet* says of the late Mr. Wal-dron :—

"The deceased has been some time on his keeping to avoid arrest, and though improvident he was a *highly respectable gentleman* of good fortune, but by no means remarkable for his observance of *law or good morals*."

High respectability (in Ireland,) consists in being above the law and out of sight of good morals.

THE OUTLER'S LAMENT.

I never wrote up "Skates to sell"
Trusting to fickle Nature's law
But—when I'd advertised them well,
And puffed them—it was sure to thaw.
Yes, it was ever thus—the fates
Seem adverse to the trade in Skates.

If a large stock I chanced to buy,
Thinking 'twas likely still to freeze,
Up the thermometer would fly—
All in a day—some ten degrees.
Their presence in my window-pane,
Turns ice to mud, and snow to rain.

A Spanish Achilles.

ACHILLES by having had a plunging bath in the river Styx was rendered invulnerable, all but his heel. There is a gentleman in Spain, who has the advantage of the Grecian hero, in being bullet proof all over. The Heruldo states, that,

"A man has just arrived at Madrid, whose body bullets cannot enter. He proposes being publicly shot at by the soldiers of the garrison; and if this be not permitted, he will shoot himself by means of a machine which will let off several muskets at the same time. This strange fellow is said to have invented a garment of a tissue which will resist any bullet."

This individual should lose no time in coming to Ireland, and securing his invention by patent, under the title of the "Ante-Assassin Wrapper, or Tipperary Paletot," it would have a sale that would certainly make his fortune.—*Punch*.

Apparition of Sir George Villiers.

LORD CLARENDON, in his history, gives us the following singular account of the appearance of Sir George Villiers, (the father of the Duke of Buckingham who was assassinated by Felton,) a few months previously to the commission of the murder:—

"There was an officer of the king's wardrobe in Windsor Castle, of a good reputation for honesty and discretion, and then about the age of 50 years or more.

This man had, in his youth, been bred in a school in a parish where Sir George Villiers, the father of the Duke, lived, and had been much cherished and obliged in that season of his age, by the said Sir George, whom afterwards he never saw.

About six months before the miserable end of the Duke of Buckingham, about midnight, this man being in his bed at Windsor, where his office was, and in very good health, there appeared to him on the side of his bed, a man of a very venerable aspect, who drew the curtains of his bed, and fixing his eyes upon him, asked him if he knew him.

The poor man half-dead with fear and apprehension, being asked the second time whether he remembered him, and having in that time called to his memory the presence of Sir George Villiers, and the very clothes he used to wear, in which at that time he seemed to be habited, he answered him, that he thought him to be that person. He replied that he was in the right, that he was the same; and that he expected a service from him, which was, that he should go from him to his son, the Duke of Buckingham, and tell him if he did not somewhat to ingratiate himself with the people, or at least to abate the extreme malice which they had against him, he would be suffered to live but a short time.

After this discourse he disappeared; and the poor man, (if he had been at all waking) slept very well till morning, when he believed all this to be a dream, and considered it no otherwise.

The next night, or shortly after, the same person appeared to him again, in the same place and about the same time of night, with an aspect a little more severe than before, and asked him whether he had done as he requir-

ed of him ; and perceiving he had not, gave him very severe reprehensions ; told him that he expected more compliance from him ; and that if he did not perform his commands, he should enjoy no peace of mind, but should always be pursued by him ; upon which he promised to comply. But the next morning, waking out of a good sleep, though he was exceedingly perplexed with the lively appearance of all particulars to his memory, he was willing still to persuade himself that he had only dreamed, and considered that he was a person at such a distance from the duke, that he knew not how to find admission to his presence, much less had any hope to be believed in what he should say ; so with great trouble and inquietness, he spent some time in thinking what he should do, and in the end resolved to do nothing in the matter.

The same person appeared to him again with a terrible countenance, and bitterly reproached him for not performing what he had promised to do. The poor man had, by this time, recovered the courage to tell him, that, in truth, he had deferred the execution of his commands, upon considering how difficult a thing it would be for him to get any access to the duke, having acquaintance with no person about him ; and if he should obtain admission to him, he should never be able to persuade him that he was sent in such a manner ; that he should at least be thought to be mad, or to be set on and employed by his own, or the malice of other men, to abuse the duke ; and so he should be sure to be undone.

The person replied, as he had done before, that he should never find rest till he should perform what he had required, and therefore he had better dispatch it ; that the access to his son was known to be very easy, and that few men waited long for him : and for the gaining him credit, he would tell him two or three particulars, which he charged him never to mention to any person living but the duke himself ; and he should no sooner hear them, but he should believe all the rest he should say ; and so repeating his threats he left him.

In the morning, the poor man more confirmed by the last appearance, made his journey to London, where the court then was. He was very well known to Sir Ralph Freeman, one of the masters of requests, who had married a lady that was nearly allied to the duke, and was himself well received by him. To him this man went, and though he did not acquaint him with all the particulars, he said enough to let him know there was something extraordinary in it ; and the knowledge he had of the sobriety and discretion of the man, made the more impression on him. He desired that by his means he might be brought to the duke in such a place, and in such a manner, as should be thought fit, affirming, that he had much to say to him, and of such a nature as would require much privacy, and some time and patience in the hearing.

Sir Ralph promised he would first speak to the duke of him and then he should understand his pleasure, and accordingly the first opportunity he did inform him of the reputation and honesty of the man, and then what he desired, and of all he knew of the matter.

The duke according to his usual openness and condescension, told him that he was the next day to hunt with the king ; that his horses should

attend him at Lambeth-bridge where he should land by 5 o'clock in the morning ; and if the man attended there at that hour, he would walk, and speak with him as long as should be necessary.

Sir Ralph carried the man with him the next morning, and presented him to the duke at his landing ; who received him courteously and walked aside in conference near an hour in that place ; and they and Sir Ralph at such a distance, that they could not hear a word, though the duke sometime spoke loud and with great commotion ; which Sir Ralph the more easily observed and perceived because he kept his eyes always fixed upon the duke, having procured the conference upon somewhat he knew there was of extraordinary.—(sic.)

The old man told him on his return over the water, that when he mentioned those particulars which were to gain him credit, (the substance of which he dare not impart to him,) the duke's colour changed, and he *swore* he could come at the knowledge, only by the *devil*, for that those particulars were only known to himself and one person more, who, he was sure, would never speak of it.

The duke pursued his purpose of hunting, but was observed to ride all the morning with great pensiveness, and in deep thoughts, without any delight in the exercise he was upon ; and before the morning was spent left the field, and alighted at his mother's lodging in Whitehall, with whom he was shut up for the space of two or three hours ; the noise of their discourse frequently reached the ears of those who were attending in the next room ; and when the duke left her his countenance appeared full of trouble, with a mixture of anger ; a countenance that was never before observed in him in any conversation with her, towards whom he had a profound reverence ; and the countess herself, (for though she was married to a private gentleman, Sir Thomas Compton, she had been created countess of Buckingham, shortly after her son had assumed that title), was, at the duke's leaving her, found overwhelmed in tears, and in the highest agony imaginable.

Whatever there was in all this, it is notorious truth, that when the news of the duke's murder (which happened within a few months after) was brought to his mother, she seemed not in the least degree surprised, but received it as if she had foreseen it ; nor did she afterwards express such a degree of sorrow as was expected from such a mother, for the loss of such a son."

Morton, who had questioned the preceding account from Clarendon, throws some light on the *mysterious communication* made by the officer to the duke, which engaged his grace to credit the truth of the statement : —"I am though with some privacy, says that the secret token was an incestuous breach of modesty between the duke and a certain lady too nearly related to him, which it surprised the duke to hear of ; as he thought he had good reason to be sure the lady would not tell it herself, so he thought none but the devil would tell it besides her ; and this astonished him, so that he was very far from receiving the man slightly, or laughing at his message."

Irish Wit and Humour.

THE poverty of the Irish is not exaggerated, neither is their wit, nor their good humour, nor their whimsical absurdity, nor their courage. WIT.—I gave a fellow a shilling on some occasion, when six-pence was the fee!—"Remember you owe me six-pence, Pat!"—"May your honour live till I pay you!"—There was courtesy as well as art in this; and all the clothes on Pat's back would have been dearly bought by the sum in question. HUMOUR.—There is perpetual kindness in the Irish cabin, butter, milk, potatoes, a stool is offered, or a stone is rolled, that your honour may sit down, and be out of the smoke, and those who beg every where else, seem desirous to exercise free hospitality in their own houses. Their natural disposition is turned to gaiety and happiness. While a Scotchman is thinking about the term day, or, if easy on that subject, about hell in the next world, while an Englishman is making a little hell in the present, because his muffin is not well toasted, Pat's mind is always turned to fun and ridicule. They are terribly excitable to be sure, and will murder you on slight suspicion, and find out next day that it was all a mistake, and that "it was not yourself they meant to kill, at all, at all."—*Sir Walter Scott.*

Tricks of the Gitánas.

"O HOW many times did these Gitánas carry me along with them, for being, after all, women, even they have their fears, and were glad of me for a protector: and so they went through the neighbouring villages, and entered the houses a-begging, giving to understand thereby their poverty and necessity, and then they would call aside the girls, in order to tell them the *buena ventura*, and the young fellows the good luck they were to enjoy, never failing in the first place to ask for a *cuarto*, or *real*, in order to make the sign of the cross, and with these flattering words, they got as much as they could, although, it is true, not much in money, as their harvest in that article was generally slight, but enough in bacon to afford subsistence to their husbands and bantlings. I looked on and laughed at the simplicity of those foolish people, who, especially such as wished to be married, were as satisfied and content with what the Gitána told them, as if an apostle had spoken it."

The above description of Gitánas telling fortunes amongst the villagers of Navarre, and which was written by a Spanish author at the commencement of the seventeenth century, is, in every respect applicable, as the reader will not fail to have observed, to the English Gypsy women of the present day, engaged in the same occupation in the rural districts in England, where the first demand of the sybils is invariably a six-pence, in order that they may cross their hand with silver, and where the same promises are made, and as easily believed; all which, if it serves to confirm the opinion that in all times the practises and habits of the Egyptian race have been in almost all respects the same as at the present day, brings us also to the following mortifying conclusion,—that mental illumination, amongst the generality of mankind, has made no progress at all; as we observe in the nineteenth century the same gross credulity manifested as in the seventeenth, and the inhabitants of one of the countries most celebrated for the arts of civilization, imposed upon by the

same stale tricks, which served to deceive two centuries before in Spain, a country whose name has long and justly been considered as synonymous with every species of ignorance and barbarism. The same author, while speaking of the female Thugs, relates an anecdote very characteristic of them ; a device at which they are adepts, which they love to employ, and which is generally attended with success. It is the more deserving attention, as an instance of the same description, attended with very similar circumstances, occurred within the sphere of my own knowledge in my own country. This species of deceit is styled, in the peculiar language of the Rommany, *hokkano' bāro*, or the "great trick ;" it being considered by the women as their most fruitful source of plunder. The story, as related by Alonso, runs as follows :—

"A band of Gitanas being in the neighbourhood of a village, one of the women went to a house where lived a lady alone. This lady was a young widow, rich, without children, and of very handsome person. After having saluted her, the Gypsy repeated the harangue which she had already studied, to the effect that there was neither bachelor, widower, nor married man, nobleman, nor gallant, endowed with a thousand graces, who was not dying for love of her ; and then continued : 'Lady, I have contracted a great affection for you, and since I know that you well merit the riches you possess, notwithstanding that you live heedless of your good fortune, I wish to reveal to you a secret. You must know then, that in your cellar you have a vast treasure ; nevertheless you will experience great difficulty in arriving at it as it is enchanted, and to remove it is impossible, save alone on the eve of Saint John. We are now at the 18th of June, and it wants five days to the 23d ; therefore in the meantime, collect some jewels of gold and silver, and some money, whatever you please, provided it be not copper, and provide six tapers of white or yellow wax, for at the time appointed I will come with a sister of mine, when we will extract from the cellar such abundance of riches, that you will be able to live in a style which will excite the envy of the whole country.' The ignorant widow hearing these words, put implicit confidence in the deceiver, and imagined that she already possessed all the gold of Arabia and the silver of Potosi. The appointed day arrived, and not more punctual were the two Gypsies, than anxiously expected by the lady. Being asked whether she had prepared all as she was desired, she replied in the affirmative ; when the Gypsy thus addressed her : 'You must know, good lady, that gold calls forth gold, and silver calls forth silver ; let us light these tapers, and descend to the cellar before it grows late, in order that we may have time for our conjurations.' Thereupon the trio, the widow and the two Gypsies, went down, and having lighted the tapers and placed them in candlesticks in the shape of a circle, they deposited in the midst a silver tankard, with some pieces of eight and some corals tipped with gold, and other jewels of small value. They then told the lady that it was necessary for all of them to return to the staircase by which they had descended to the cellar, and there they uplifted their hands, and remained for a short time as if engaged in prayer.

"The two Gypsies then bade the widow wait for them, and descended again, when they commenced holding a conversation, speaking and answering alternately and altering their voices in such a manner that eight or ten people

seemed to be in the cellar. 'Blessed little Saint John, will it be possible to remove the treasure which you keep hidden here?' 'O yes, and with a little more trouble it will be yours,' replied the Gypsy sister, altering her voice to a thin treble, as if it proceeded from a child four or five years of age. In the mean time, the lady remained astonished, expecting the promised riches, and the two Gitánas presently coming to her, said, 'Come up, lady, for our desire is on the point of being gratified. Bring down the best petticoat, gown, and mantle which you have in your chest, that I may dress myself, and appear in other guise than I do now.'

The simple woman, not perceiving the trick they were playing upon her, ascended with them to the doorway, and leaving them alone, went to fetch the things which they demanded. Thereupon the two Gypsies, seeing themselves at liberty, and having already pocketed the gold and silver which had been deposited for their conjuration, opened the street-door and escaped with all the speed they could.

The beguiled widow returned laden with the clothes, and not finding those whom she had left waiting, descended into the cellar, when perceiving the trick which they had played her, and the robbery they had committed in stealing her jewels, she began to cry and weep but all in vain. All the neighbours hastened to her, and to them she related her misfortune, which served more to raise laughter and jeers at her expense than to excite pity, though the subtilty of the two she-thieves was universally praised. These latter, as soon as they had got out at the door, knew well how to conceal themselves, for having once reached the mountain it was impossible to find them. So much for their divination, their foreseeing things to come, their power over the secrets of nature, and their knowledge of the stars."

The Gitánas appear in the olden time not unfrequently to have been subjected to punishment as sorcerers, and with great justice, as the abominable trade which they drove in philters and decoctions, certainly entitled them to that appellation, and to the pains and penalties reserved for those who practised what was termed "witchcraft."

Among the crimes laid to their charge, connected with the exercise of occult powers, there is one however of which they were certainly not capable, as it is purely an imaginary one, though if they were punished for it, they had assuredly little right to complain, as the chastisement they met with was fully merited by practices equally malefic as the crime imputed to them, provided that were possible—it was casting the evil eye.—*Borrow's Gypsies in Spain.*

Gentlemen in Difficulties.

WHAT really constitutes a case of a Gentleman in Difficulties; it would be very hard indeed to define. We have heard it said, "So-and-so is in difficulties," though we see him driving his cab as usual, and giving his dinner-parties with the utmost ease and off-handedness, as if the word "difficulty" was one quite unknown to his vocabulary. After an earnest and attentive consideration of the subject, we have come to the conclusion that a Gentleman is really in difficulties, when he attempts to pick up a fourpenny-piece with a worsted glove on his hand.—*Punch.*



"WILL, DEAR, SO WE ARE TO BE INVAD'D BY THE FRENCH!"

"LOR! HOW NIC! WHY THEN WE SHALL HAVE ALL THE FRENCH FASHIONS DIRECTLY THLY COME OUT"—*Ibid*

A Recipe for a new Irish Soup called POTAGE D'IRELANDE.

"A SOUP for the Irish, *Punch* fain would propose,
 'Tis a secret he's happy indeed to disclose;
 Its virtue he owns will consist in its name,
 But many illustrious things are the same;
 The splendid invention a line will reveal—
 'Tis Soup à la SOYER or *Soyez tranquille*.—*Ibid*.

"Plain as a Pike-staff."

Q. WHAT is the meaning of 'Tenants' Rights in Tipperary?
 A. Landlords' *Funeral Rites*.—*Ibid*.

